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Volume 24 January 1952 Number 1

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Wyoming Civilian Defense in World War II

By

T. A. LARSON*

Introduction

On October 26, 1951, every county in Wyoming was represented at a meeting in Casper at which, according to the United Press, "More than 55 leaders in civil defense . . . put the finishing touches to a concrete, integrated defense plan for the state."

Was history repeating itself? There had been a civilian defense organization in World War II. Men who were in key positions during World War II were present at Casper in 1951 to instill the confidence that comes from experienced leadership. Governor Frank A. Barrett, who was in Congress during World War II, was present in Casper as keynote speaker. Brig. Gen. R. L. Esmay, who had been executive vice chairman of the State Defense Council in World War II, was also present at the Casper meeting as state civil defense director.

The story of Wyoming's World War II experience in civil defense is here set down for the record and for the light it may cast on present-day problems. The material is drawn from a chapter from Dr. Larson's forthcoming book on **The History of Wyoming in World War II.**

Civilian defense in 1952 is strictly concerned with protective services—at least so far. This was not the case ten years ago. In World War II the national Civilian Defense organization, which was set up by an executive order on May 20, 1941, spread its wings over a numerous brood of activities by virtue of the broad instructions it received from President Roosevelt. The Office of Civilian Defense was to provide for federal-state-local cooperation in civilian protection and also to facilitate the participation of all persons in war programs. Rather than set up a new agency for each new war program, the federal government turned it over to the OCD. Mr. Average Citizen, if he took "civilian defense" literally, was confused by the catch-all tendencies of the OCD. In time the division of Civilian Defense activities into "protective services" on the one

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hand, and "war services" or "home and health services" on the other, brought some semblance of order to the chaos.

This article is concerned with the protective services, leaving the numerous war services, or home and health services, for treatment elsewhere.

The first civilian defense activity in Wyoming resulting from concern over the gathering war clouds was the establishment of a State Guard in 1941. The mobilization of Wyoming's National Guard in September 1940 and February 1941 made it desirable to organize another unit to take over civil protection functions. Under authority of Congress the Wyoming Legislature in February 1941 provided for a State Defense Council, which was to set up a State Guard under the command of Col. R. L. Esmay, Adjutant General. The legislature voted $200,000 for defense purposes, but Governor Nels H. Smith cut the appropriation to $75,000, of which $25,000 was to go for the State Guard and $50,000 for emergency use.

Governor Smith named the first three members of the State Defense Council on March 26, 1941. From time to time he added other members. The council had its first meeting in Cheyenne April 29-30, 1941, with eleven members present: Dr. John D. Clark of Cheyenne, Harvey Cottrell of Kemmerer, James Davis of Rock Springs, Col. R. L. Esmay, State Adjutant General, Col. Goelet Gallatin of Big Horn, Dr. C. W. Jeffrey of Rawlins, H. Glen Kinsley of Sheridan, Leroy Laird of Worland, R. E. MacLeod of Torrington, Warren Richardson of Cheyenne and Edwin J. Zoble of Casper. Col. Gallatin, a reserve officer in the field artillery, was elected chairman and Col. Esmay, secretary. Almost immediately Col. Esmay assumed the responsibilities of executive vice chairman.

The State Defense Council grew until it had 18 members in September 1942. Two of the members named above, John D. Clark and Harvey Cottrell, had dropped out, but nine others had been added: Charles J. Hughes, Cheyenne; Dr. M. C. Keith, State Board of Health, Cheyenne; George O. Houser, Department of Commerce and Industry, Cheyenne; Harry Keller, A. F. of L., Cheyenne; Malcolm Condie, C.I.O., Rock Springs; Sam Hoover, State Board of Welfare, Cheyenne; Miss Esther L. Anderson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Cheyenne; and Ernest F. Shaw, executive secretary of the Council, Cheyenne.

In July 1943 Edwin J. Zoble became chairman, replacing Col. Gallatin who had resigned because of illness. Mr. Zoble was assisted by Col. Esmay, executive vice chairman, and George O. Houser, executive secretary. Three other

members—Charles J. Hughes, Warren Richardson and R. E. MacLeod—rounded out a six-man executive committee.

The Council's Biennial Report for 1943-44 listed the following 18 members: Ed Zoble, chairman, Col. R. L. Esmay, executive vice chairman, George Houser, executive secretary, E. E. Davis, Dr. C. W. Jeffrey, H. Glen Kinsley, Leroy Laird, R. E. MacLeod, Warren Richardson, Charles J. Hughes, Harry Keller, Malcolm Condie, Sam Hoover, Miss Esther L. Anderson, C. C. Averill of Laramie, W. F. Wilkerson of Casper, E. T. Storey of Cheyenne, and G. M. Anderson of Cheyenne.

The first task of the State Defense Council was to lay plans in June 1941 for a State Guard of 488 enlisted men and 52 officers, to be divided into a headquarters troop in Cheyenne and four cavalry squadrons (two troops in each) with headquarters in Sheridan, Casper, Rock Springs and Torrington.

Twelve communities were to contribute to the nine troops. Volunteers between the ages of 16 and 60 were to be enrolled. In July 1941 a State Guard budget of $49,500 for two years was approved, which meant that the emergency fund in the original appropriation would have to be tapped.

In the meantime the State Defense Council had proceeded with the nomination of members for county defense councils to work in collaboration with the State Council. In June 1941 Governor Smith announced the appointment of about 200 members to the county councils. Men who served as county chairmen at one time or another thereafter included: Albany county, J. H. "Bud" Coulthard, Laramie; Big Horn county, A. Verne Patterson of Greybull and Dr. M. B. Walker of Basin; Campbell county, Dr. Ed. S. Werntz of Gillette; Carbon county, H. A. McKay, Rawlins; Converse county, R. S. Anthony and T. Lee Reno, Douglas; Crook county, Lee A. McWethy and C. D. Roberts, Sundance; Fremont county, E. E. Davis, Riverton, and Arthur L. Bettis, Lander (Fremont county had two "county" councils); Goshen county, E. B. Cope, Torrington; Hot Springs county, M. Glen Maret, Thermopolis; Johnson county, Geo. A. Heilman, Buffalo; Laramie county, Rudolph Hofmann, Cheyenne; Lincoln county, Tom Hall, Frontier, and George Johnson, Kemmerer; Natrona county, Judge Bryant S. Cromer, Casper; Niobrara county, E. Floyd Deuel and Dr. Walter E. Reckling, both of Lusk; Park county, Monte Jones and Milward Simpson, Cody; Platte county, W. B. Penman and Arther Rugg, Wheatland; Sheridan county, Louis J. O'Marr and William H. Harrison, both of Sheridan; Sublette county, Harry Klein and G. W. Wise, both of Pine-

dale; Sweetwater county, Claude Elias of Rock Springs; Teton county, Dudley Hayden and Homer Richards, both of Jackson; Uinta county, Wilber J. Watts, Evanston; Washakie county, J. D. Algier, Worland; Weston county, Ralph Olinger and E. E. Wakeman, both of Newcastle; Yellowstone Park, Edmund B. Rogers, Yellowstone Park. Counting the two councils for Fremont county and the one for Yellowstone Park, there were 25 "county" councils in the state.

The first duty of the county councils was to consider volunteers for the State Guard. Gradually the troops were built up, until at the outbreak of war Lieut. Col. Gerald Boyer, general executive officer, was able to report that the Guard organization was complete with 411 enlisted men and 52 officers. The training of seven troops had progressed to the point where rifles, ammunition and supplementary equipment had been issued. As it had been planned, there were nine troops distributed in 12 communities: Cheyenne, Worland, Lovell, Sheridan, Casper, Riverton, Lusk, Torrington, Laramie, Rock Springs, Kemmerer and Evanston.

The State Guard, equipped with special uniforms, drilled once a week without pay. On December 1, 1941, when alerted by Col. Esmay, who took seriously the warnings from Washington, the Guard began drilling twice a week. After our declaration of war, drill was stepped up to three times a week. "That may shatter some bridge games—but it will protect our bridges," said the **Sheridan Press.** At the end of December 1941 the Guard was back on a one-drill-a-week basis.

Right after Pearl Harbor Governor Smith urged the recruitment of a second state guard, but this was not done. Instead, after the temporary excitement of December 1941, the number of enlisted Guardsmen declined. In February 1942 there were 390 enlisted men and 51 officers. At the end of the war there were 271 enlisted men and 70 officers.[1] More than 200 of the men who left the Guard did so to enter the armed forces of the United States.

Except for some forest fighting duty, the Wyoming State Guardsmen were never called out for any emergency, but they drilled throughout the war with remarkable diligence. Adjutant General R. L. Esmay reported to Governor Lester C. Hunt in December 1945 that the Guard's four-year drill attendance average was 79.11%. Considering that they received no pay, the Adjutant General wrote to the Governor: "I think this is almost an unbelievable record of patriotic loyalty."[2] He explained that National Guardsmen

1. Governor Hunt's files: State Guard.
2. **Ibid.**

before the war received one day's pay for an hour and a half of drill, and were considered Satisfactory if they achieved 60% drill attendance. Subsequently, after the State Guard was deactivated, Governor Hunt wrote to all of the State Guard officers October 28, 1946, expressing appreciation for their patriotic services:

> *** Adequate recognition cannot be given your service only because your duties were best performed by being ready for service and not through the necessities of active mobilization.
>
> Working against a great many handicaps you established a high degree of proficiency, loyalty, and dependability. This accomplishment in itself gave our State a sense of preparedness to meet any emergency, which no doubt exercised a very important influence in maintaining our internal security and tranquillity through the war years.
>
> We are grateful for having among our citizens men willing to sacrifice so much in the public service.***3

The State Guard was an important cog in Wyoming's civilian defense machine in World War II, but by itself it would have been quite inadequate in a serious emergency such as the bombing of Cheyenne or Casper. British experience before Pearl Harbor indicated that there was in wartime an important place for numerous civilian auxiliaries for the normal protective forces. The yeoman service of British civilians in fighting fires, saving lives and reducing suffering during the 1940-41 blitzes had been well publicized, and was known to most Americans. It was realized that modern total war might well bring to a community far behind the lines such disaster that professional firemen, policemen, doctors, nurses and Red Cross workers would need the cooperation of numerous volunteers. To make these volunteers effective required organization and training.

The national OCD had been in existence since May 1941, but it was only a planning and coordinating body without any local authority. It could only suggest action, and month after month passed without much action in many states, including Wyoming. There had been thinking and talking about organizing civilian defense workers, other than those in the State Guard, but December 7, 1941, "the day that will live in infamy," found Wyoming with only the skeleton force represented by the State Defense Council and the county councils. Pearl Harbor brought feverish activity.

The State Defense Council in pre-war days had drawn up a list of vital facilities—railroads, refineries, oil fields, dams, gas companies, airports, key highway bridges, and

3. Ibid.

others—and, in cooperation with the FBI, the highway patrol, county sheriffs, local police and company officials, plans had been made for guarding these facilities against sabotage. These plans were put into effect immediately. Local defense councils were ready to cooperate in this but did not have the primary responsibility.

The State Defense Council met in emergency session in Cheyenne December 12-13, 1941. The Council seriously considered, but decided against, starting a campaign to raise a civilian defense fund through voluntary subscriptions. Before the emergency meeting broke up, the Council had embarked upon a ten-point program:[4]

1. Registration of civilians willing to volunteer for civilian defense work . . . . Each county defense council will make plans for conducting the registration.
2. Registration soon of all private pilots and private airplanes in Wyoming to form a civilian air patrol.
3. Complete housing inventory to determine what facilities will be available in case widespread coastal evacuations are ordered.
4. Formation of air raid warning system, including distribution to all citizens of information on what to do during a raid.
5. Organization of emergency, and formation of a comprehensive, health and nutritional program.
6. Organization of a medical service for the state guard.
7. Training and organization of amateur radio operators to work with the state guard and with civilian defense units.
8. Formation of fire districts to protect forests and ranges from fires.
9. Establishment of training classes in blacksmithing and farm machinery repair work. . . .
10. Active participation by local defense councils in war work . . . aiding drives. . . .

In this program appears the twofold nature of civilian defense activity: the "protective services" and the "war services" or "home and health services." The protective services received major attention at the beginning of the war.

The first item in the State Defense Council's ten-point program was the registration of volunteer defense workers. This began in Wheatland December 27, and in some other communities in January and February, but in some communities it took many months to get started. Even so, the State Council announced in April 1942 that 25,000 volunteers had been enrolled, including 4,547 in Cheyenne, 3,019 in Sheridan and 2,739 in Rock Springs. The 25,000 figure for April 1942 appears to have been an estimate, for later reports showed only 17,456 volunteers registered in October 1942 and 19,352 in February 1943. At any rate, thousands of men and women flocked to the registration stations and enrolled for the openings offered. With some exceptions,

4. **Wyoming Eagle,** 16 December 1941.

the men generally were assigned to the protective services and the women to the home and health services.

Lingle reported registrants of ages ranging from 16 to 82. Sheridan reported the registration of Jacob Markert, 73, a veteran who had served with the First Cavalry against the Sioux in 1890. William S. Oliver, 75, was the first volunteer in Washakie county. Officials of Ranchester (population 189) boasted that their community was the first incorporated town in the United States to sign up 100 per cent for civilian defense. Many communities at some distance from county councils formed their own organizations until there were 75 councils in the state.

Defense corps assignments in the first year included: 332 staff, 2,914 air raid wardens, 610 auxiliary firemen, 640 auxiliary police, 586 decontamination, 187 demolition and clearance, 342 drivers, 475 emergency food and housing, 782 emergency medical, 808 fire watchers, 559 messengers, 197 nurses aides, 292 rescue squads, 195 road repair, and 285 utility repair.

Financing county and community council activity was a local problem. Eventually the proceeds from sale of donated scrap and waste paper gave some councils more money than they could spend, but at the outset money was scarce. The B. and P. W. paid for printing the Casper registration forms. Ernest F. Shaw, state executive secretary, attributed the early success of Sweetwater county's civil defense organization to the fact that Rock Springs and Sweetwater county provided funds to pay for an office director.

While forms were being printed and the registration of volunteers was getting under way, some persons became impatient. Everyone in authority, from the President on down, was advising "Keep Calm," but some people could not help being disturbed by the full-page spreads in all the newspapers telling what to do in an air raid: "Keep Cool, Stay Home, Put Out Lights, Lie Down, Stay Away From Windows." And John Lear's syndicated column in the **Sheridan Press** December 19, 1941, advised people to decide which was the strongest room in the house, prepare it as a refuge, put a table in it, put a spare mattress under the table, equip the room with magazines and cards, and be ready to crawl under the table when the sirens sounded. Small wonder that some persons began looking around for more substantial shelter than the average small home could afford. A letter to the editor of the **Casper Tribune-Herald** proposed that instead of thinking about parking meters the city should install an air raid shelter in the center of town. Persons in several communities investigated caves and mine

shafts. Dr. Reckling, CD director at Lusk, announced that an abandoned mine was to be prepared as a bomb shelter. Big Horn county officials and business men from Greybull, Basin and Lovell explored two natural caves north of Greybull. Postal employees in Sheridan received local defense council approval for detailed plans they had drawn up for evacuating the city in case of need.

With everyone being urged to register as air raid wardens, and so on, skeptics restrained their comments. The **Wyoming Eagle** stated editorially January 9, 1942: "There are a few who scoff at the suggestion of such dangers, but their number is growing fewer as the days go by."

Most of the people were not sufficiently excited to begin looking for air raid shelters, nor even to prepare a room as suggested. After all, it would be just about as easy and safe to take refuge out on the prairie. Editor Linford of the **Laramie Republican-Boomerang** January 27, 1942, warned against the danger of carrying the defense program "beyond the realm of credulity." He advocated vigilance but thought that action on bomb shelters could well be postponed.

Although the great majority stopped short of looking for bomb shelters, there were those who deplored the delay. Witness Anne Casper, who complained in her **Casper Tribune-Herald** column February 4, 1942:

> No civilian air raid drills. No blackout practice. No organized emergency measures have been rehearsed. No nothing, in fact, unless you count gathering paper and hoarding sugar. . . . we still haven't got the idea. This is war. Must we also be massacred before we begin to have a little organized training? Have we got to wait till lives are needlessly sacrificed before we at least begin to plan air raid shelters?

Despite a few pleas of this type, most people were not in a hurry, although when given a chance they registered for defense work. The **Wyoming Eagle** in April 1942 noted editorially that "Few people seem to sense the danger that hangs over every head." Publisher Tracy S. McCraken of the Cheyenne newspapers returned in June 1942 from a visit to the West Coast and reported that in Seattle he had seen balloon barrages surrounding shipyards and airplane factories, sandboxes on almost every street corner for extinguishing fire bombs, well marked air raid shelters and interceptor planes on the alert at every flying field. He observed that in Cheyenne "rightly or wrongly, our people have made but scantiest preparations against possible enemy air visitors."

A report of the State Council August 31, 1942, included unfavorable comments for some counties:[5]

5. Governor Hunt's files: State Defense Council.

Big Horn—Much to be desired in this county . . . .
Carbon—Well behind most counties considering its size and important location along the Union Pacific.
Converse—Very little organization work here to date . . . .
Fremont—One of the unusual dull spots for home defense in the state.
Hot Springs—An active council but slow to get started.
Natrona—This is another county where it has been hard to get going, but where things are now happening.
Washakie—Much to be desired in Washakie county.

On the other hand, the report said that Sheridan county had "A very fine council," and spoke of Sweetwater county as "The most completely organized . . . in the State."

Ernest F. Shaw, executive secretary of the State Defense Council, advised members of the Council September 8, 1942, that Regional Headquarters had placed Wyoming first in home defense work among the nine states of the Seventh region, but, added the executive secretary, "we are only getting well started . . . . The fact that we stand at the top among nine states can not be so much a compliment to Wyoming, as an indictment of the other eight states."

While it is true that Wyoming preparations were far short of those along the East and West Coasts, a considerable number of the state's citizens did follow through with training courses as soon as they were set up. First aid courses were basic in most defense training, and they were started all over the state in December 1941 and January 1942. By 1944 some 9,117 Wyoming persons had received certificates. Policemen and firemen of Wyoming's principal cities were training volunteers to be their emergency auxiliaries. Rescue squads were learning first aid, fire fighting and defense against gas.

The national OCD entrusted the training of air raid wardens to the American Legion. George Storey, Legion department adjutant, after receiving training in a civilian protection school at Stanford University, directed a four-day school in Casper July 15-18, 1942, attended by 125 persons representing every county in the state. There were lectures on protection against gases, the use and care of gas masks, types and composition of incendiaries, and a lecture entitled "Air Raid Warden." Army officers, doctors, university professors, police and firemen shared in the training of county representatives who then returned to their communities to instruct the local wardens.

Up to this time the air raid wardens had not done very much. Cheyenne had 450 district, block and assistant block wardens who had received their preliminary instructions April 24. It was reported May 10 that fewer than one-third

of them had surveyed their blocks and turned in reports. On July 10 Cheyenne's organization reached the point of explaining new air raid alarm signals. On August 4 Chief Air Raid Warden Byron Hirst told the Cheyenne Central Labor Union that he "deplored the lack of interest shown by many men and women here—those who believe that an enemy raid will never reach Cheyenne." On August 8 the condition of Cheyenne's defense may be judged by a news story in the **Eagle**: "Of approximately 6,000 Cheyenneites who have received training or are now enrolled for training in the OCD's Red Cross first aid and other classes, a scant 150 have seen fit to place their names and other data on record for call by the local office in case of emergency." They had been urged, pleaded with and begged, it was reported, but they had not registered in the civilian defense office.

The Casper school for instructors of air raid wardens provided the spark needed for the rejuvenation of the defense program. The four-day school in July led to the institution of five-week courses (10 lessons) in many communities. Wheatland's course was started as soon as the instructors returned from Casper. The editor of the **Wheatland Times** observed: "While we do not anticipate an air raid in Wheatland, we have been reminded of our proximity to Cheyenne, Casper and the Sunrise mines, making it possible that our town might at least be used as a landmark, and we are to be prepared for anything." In Cheyenne nearly 800 persons completed the air raid defense course and received certificates September 17. It was claimed that Cheyenne was ahead of all other cities in the Rocky Mountain region. Some 600 Casper citizens received their certificates and arm bands October 27. Smaller groups received certifiicates in other communities.

Wyoming's air raid wardens had just completed their five-week course when they learned that professional odds-makers in the insurance business were not much afraid of air raids. Insurance agents in Sheridan in November began promoting war damage insurance offered through private insurance companies by the federal War Damage Corporation. The rate for dwellings was only 10c per $100 of insurance. In August the Casper school board had considered a proposal of the Casper underwriters association for the writing of bomb insurance for the school buildings, but decided to seek more information before making any decision. The school board members evidently did not think the matter very urgent.

Without any publicity Governor Smith set up an air raid warning communication system in July 1942. This was

done "at the practical demand of the Federal Government."[6] The air raid defense plan was outlined in General Orders No. 3, Headquarters, Central Defense Command, dated June 23, 1942, and forwarded to Governor Smith July 1, 1942, by the Commanding Officer of the Army Service Forces, Seventh Service Command, Omaha. A sub-area warning center was established and manned 24 hours a day in the Capitol Building. George O. Houser became sub-area controller. Calls were taken from the Area Warning Center in Omaha, to be relayed as desired to districts and sub-districts within the state. Many Wyoming cities and towns established control centers with elaborate panel boards. Casper and Rock Springs were praised in the State Defense Council's Biennial Report 1943-44 for being "among the outstanding control centers in the nation." Although the system was established primarily for air raid warning purposes, the Biennial Report stated that "its services were extended to include any emergency calling for fast and accurate communication to all parts of the State." This would indicate that the State Government found the system convenient, despite the absence of air raids.

On November 1, 1943, the operation period of the Seventh Area Warning Center, and its various subsidiaries, was reduced from full time to only four hours a week—1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Central War Time each Wednesday. The Commanding Officer of the Seventh Service Command, Omaha, wrote to Governor Smith that under present conditions it was "possible to assume a certain amount of calculated risk," but this "should be accomplished with the minimum of publicity."[7] Thus after the maintenance of the communication system on a round-the-clock basis for 16 months it was placed on an "alert status" and operated only four hours a week.

In the meantime Wyoming had had two statewide blackout tests to see how well air raid wardens in particular, and the people in general, would respond. The first test, which took place December 14, 1942, was well advertised for a month ahead of time. Only railroads and other vital war industries were exempt. Otherwise everyone should extinguish all lights at 9 p.m. on signal and maintain the blackout for 20 minutes, when the all-clear signal would be given. The test was to apply to rural as well as urban areas, and was to extend over all nine states of the Seventh Service

6. Governor Hunt's files: State Defense Council, Biennial Report 1943-44.

7. **Ibid.**

Command. It was the largest area in the country to be blacked out at one time, 712,000 square miles.

In preparation for the blackout the Laramie city council passed an ordinance designating the Albany county defense council as the city's official supervising agency for civilian defense. The ordinance provided for a fine not exceeding $100 or imprisonment in the city or county jail not exceeding three months to violators. The editor of the **Laramie Republican-Boomerang** warned: "Even though you don't hear the whistles, remember it's lights out from 9 to 9:20 tonight; no telephone calls, no jaunts out on to the street to see how the blackout is coming."

To dramatize the blackout, the **Wyoming State Tribune** printed its December 14 front page with white letters on a black background. The only lights to be permitted in Cheyenne were those in the United Air Lines maintenance shops, the modification center and the Union Pacific shops.

When all reports were in on this well publicized blackout of December 14, 1942, Col. Esmay, executive vice chairman of the State Defense Council, stated that he was much gratified with the response. To be sure, he did not expect perfection. In Cheyenne the doors of two establishments had to be broken into to turn out lights—in accordance with city ordinance. In Laramie four blackout violators were given suspended $10 fines by Judge Coolican in police court. The Judge recognized that the violations were not intentional, and preferred not to assess the maximum penalty—$100 fine or three months in jail. Absentmindedly some of the guilty individuals had left night lights burning in their stores, and were not on hand to turn them off when the warning sounded. Apprehended also was a minister who had failed to extinguish a small light which burned constantly to illuminate a stained glass window in his Church.

In Lingle the wardens quickly found and reminded all who had failed to respond to the signal. Then after the "all clear" the Lingle firemen served a lunch at the fire hall, followed by dancing with music by the high school orchestra. It was Monday night, an unusual night for a dance, but the "all clear" after the state's first blackout called for some kind of celebration. Lander, too, celebrated the "all clear"—with coffee and doughnuts.

The second statewide blackout was a "semi-surprise" test on May 4, 1943. It was well advertised that the test would occur the first week in May. The exact time was not announced in advance, but many civilian defense officials were forewarned. George O. Houser, secretary of the State Defense Council, reported two days later that the test was "generally successful." The evidence indicates that this

second blackout was not as successful as the first one. In Laramie seven persons were hailed into police court for neglecting to turn off their lights.

Somehow the word did not get to Newcastle. On the night of the blackout its chief air raid warden, M. L. Hays, impatiently called the **Wyoming Eagle** in Cheyenne to report that although he understood that a blackout had been scheduled, no warning signal had been received, and all lights continued to burn. The next day the disgruntled warden declared "the city of Newcastle could have been bombed to hell last night."

Cheyenne had enough confusion without any calls from Newcastle. Fort Warren began its test at 9:10, twenty minutes ahead of Cheyenne. Cheyenne's siren at 9:30 failed to achieve a complete blackout. The **Eagle** reported: "The lights of approximately a dozen business houses glared during the first half of the 20-minute test. Others, including the high school, either were tardy or failed to extinguish their lights." City air raid warden Byron Hirst explained later that lights were permitted to burn rather than damage property, but there would be no hesitation in case of an actual raid. Since two doors had been forced in the earlier raid, it appears that a more lenient attitude prevailed in the second test.

In Casper the second test was far from satisfactory. At a meeting of the defense corps at the control headquarters a week after the test it was brought out that many persons had failed to heed the warning. In extenuation it was explained that many violations were due to a confusion of signals and to the fact that the signals were not heard in all parts of town. Despite these legitimate excuses there was a feeling that many citizens had taken the matter much too lightly. The **Casper Tribune-Herald** reported that at the post mortem meeting "It was emphasized that the local Defense corps does not have these tests for the fun of it," and "The possibility that all willful and malicious violators of the city's blackout ordinance will be cited to appear in court after future blackout tests was indicated."

Wheatland also had trouble in this second statewide blackout. The **Wheatland Times** said: "A blackout held Tuesday evening was not successful because citizens confused the second signal with the all-clear and turned on their lights."

Besides observing, after a fashion, the two statewide blackouts, various communities had their own tests. The first recorded was at Fort Mackenzie December 19, 1941. The **Sheridan Press** explained that it was "to accustom the 500 patients to the procedure." Sam Tate earned the dis-

tinction of being the state's first home-front casualty when he ran into a wall in the V. A. office and injured his nose.

Cheyenne had a surprise test July 8, 1943. The city had done fairly well in December 1942 with the aid of much publicity extending over a whole month, and specifying the exact time when the warning would come. The city had done considerably worse in its second test, the "semi-surprise" one in May 1943. The third test, which was supposed to be a real surprise, "left civilian defense officials far from satisfied," according to the **Wyoming State Tribune.** Reva Hurwitz elaborated on the shortcomings in the **Eagle:**

> Consider yourself bombed to death last night!
>
> Cheyenne's first surprise blackout under the newly adopted air raid signals proved unsuccessful, marked by confusion and discrepancies.
>
> Despite wide-spread publicity by newspapers and instructions by some air raid wardens a great part of the general public seemed ignorant or misinformed about the signals. And in some instances wardens themselves seemed confused and unable to cope with their duties.
>
> The caution period, marked by the first signal, was almost generally mistaken for the blackout, and traffic was stopped, lights turned off, and many pedestrians found shelter. Most violations in the downtown district during this period were caused when storeowners on their way to turn off lights were erroneously stopped by wardens.
>
> The next signal, notice of the actual "air raid" caused a blaze of lights—taken for the all-clear.

The evidence indicates that in the first month after Pearl Harbor many Wyoming people were afraid of air raids, but that after that, fear diminished rapidly. Nothing short of a few bombs could have revived the early alarm. Had bombs fallen anywhere on U. S. soil in 1942, protective measures would have received much more serious consideration. Most people conformed in a spirit of good fellowship when blackouts were announced, but there was enough skepticism expressed and enough downright delinquency to give ulcers to conscientious air raid wardens.

The Civilian Defense protective measures which have been considered so far were on the ground. Wyoming also had a form of air defense in the Civil Air Patrol. The CAP was organized nationally under LaGuardia's OCD on December 1, 1941. The plan was to set up an auxiliary force whose personnel would be drawn from private plane owners who were not eligible for service in the armed forces. They would furnish their own uniforms, pay their own personal expenses, and put their planes to use in various types of patrols.

Point two of the ten-point program announced by Wyoming's State Defense Council was "Registration soon of all

private pilots and private airplanes in Wyoming to form a civilian air patrol." Governor Nels H. Smith named W. D. Walker of Cheyenne wing commander of the state's Civil Air Patrol, which was classed as a forest and highway patrol unit. It was announced on February 26, 1942, that there were two squadrons in Cheyenne under Plains Airways flight instructors, and that there would be a squadron at Laramie with a flight group under it at Rock Springs, and another squadron at Sheridan with flight groups under it at Cody and Newcastle.

The Seventh Corps Area Commander of the CAP stated at the outset that the relatively few pilots and planes available in Wyoming and the tremendous territory to be covered would limit the activity considerably.[8] Wyoming's civilian pilots had no chance to participate in the important antisubmarine patrol work which was performed by CAP pilots along the Coasts. Nor did Wyoming CAP pilots tow sleeve targets for gunnery practice as some civilian pilots did in other parts of the country. Wyoming's civilian pilots did, however, participate in an Airplane Crash Service. This was something new that was started outside the official CAP organization by some of Wyoming's local defense councils,[9] but it was encouraged and supplemented by the state CAP organization, and spread to other states.

Nationally the CAP was taken from the OCD and placed under the War Department on April 29, 1943. Meanwhile, with little work to do, interest had flagged in Wyoming. The state was the only one in the Union without a wing of the CAP in July 1944, although there was a squadron at Cheyenne. In order to further the cadet recruitment program, reorganization work commenced in 1944, and squadrons were formed in Casper in July and in Rock Springs in November. There were two groups in each squadron, a senior group of men and women with basic aviation education, and the cadets of ages 15-18 who received basic ground training. Thus assistance in an educational program sponsored by the U. S. Army Air Corps became the principal work of the reorganized CAP.

Another phase of the volunteer protective services was that of the Forest Fire Fighters, many of whom received specialized training. J. S. Veeder of the Forest Service, who was stationed at Laramie, recruited 7,000 persons from every county, and when Veeder was transferred to Texas, C. C. Averill took charge of the program. The State De-

8. **Wyoming State Tribune**, 26 February 1942.
9. Governor Hunt's files: State Defense Council Biennial Report 1943-44.

partment of Education assisted by providing instructors to help train men.

The various training programs for the OCD protective services included men, women and children. Grade school and high school students were taught air raid protection, and high school boys were given forest fighter training in some communities. The main feature of a Boy Scout court of honor in Casper in March 1942 was a blackout first aid demonstration by some of the Scouts.

The block leader plan was widely used for organizing protective activities. Milward Simpson who became head of the Park county defense council in November 1942 was proud of the cooperation he got from his zone and block leaders. He wrote November 30, 1943: "I have seen my zone and block leaders in Powell, Meeteetse and Cody work long and faithfully and enthusiastically without complaint, to put Park county over the top in every enterprise referred to OCD."[10] And again in July 1944 he wrote: "I have had the finest zone and block leader set-ups that I ever saw."

Wyoming's thousands of air raid wardens had little cause for worry in the summer of 1943. A potential threat from the Aleutians had been eliminated when U. S. troops cleaned the Japs out of Attu Island in May. The Allies were bombing German cities heavily and attacking various targets in the Far East, while enemy operations over the United Kingdom were diminishing. Wyoming's State Defense Council met in Casper in the middle of July 1943, with nearly every county council represented. Governor Hunt addressed the group and warned that "at best we are in for a long war." Public interest in civil defense, he said, is geared to day by day news. When the news is good interest wanes. "Our present concern is that in many places we are in the latter state of mind."

The Regional Director of OCD in Omaha wrote to Governor Hunt August 20, 1943, and directed attention to the effective work done by Civilian Defense personnel in Nebraska on the occasion of an ammunition fire, and again when six practice bombs were dropped accidentally on the little town of Tarnov, Nebraska. "Your State May Be Next!" warned the Director. As it turned out, Wyoming never had an opportunity to apply protective measures, except for putting out a few forest fires that were not War-caused. Interest in protective measures declined despite an occasional warning such as was sounded at a Natrona county protective staff meeting December 8, 1943, when a

10. Governor Hunt's files: copy of letter to H. M. Rollins in OPA file.

speaker declared that "As long as we are at war no one can positively say that nothing will happen here." The **Wyoming Eagle** a week later commented that the work of air raid wardens "is done." "It is hardly possible that the war could take such an unfavorable turn that more blackouts in the Rocky Mountain area would be in order." The **Eagle** reflected Wyoming public opinion in this matter very accurately. Much of the state's civilian defense interest had shifted from the protective services to the home and health services. The 1943-44 Biennial Report of the State Defense Council stated that "With the OCD program set up on an over-all nationwide basis there were many occasions when the State office was called upon to function in a negative manner, preventing introduction into the State of programs and activities valueless in this area because of our geographic location."

After Canada dropped part of her civilian defense program early in 1944 a powerful movement developed to cut the U. S. civilian defense program. There was a reduction in personnel in both national and regional offices, but Gov. Hunt and others in Wyoming and elsewhere thought that still further cuts were in order.

To most people, including some who served on defense councils, the boundaries of the OCD authority were never clear. The national and regional offices were supposed to have purely advisory functions, but their advice carried great weight at the beginning of the war. Before long their influence diminished perceptibly. Conceivably the OCD could have been tremendously powerful if some of its planners had had their way. They would have had all programs from the federal government channeled through the state executives and defense council to the local community. Governors and state defense councils were not always eager to undertake the coordination of the many and changing federal programs, and various federal agencies preferred to handle their own programs directly. A statement in Governor Hunt's files written by a Salt Lake City OCD official in December 1943 declared: "I believe that it must be brought strongly to the attention of the heads of the various war agencies in Washington that it is not only a matter of appropriate policy to instruct regional and state chiefs to work with and through state defense councils but also in their own interest to do so. Then the State (which is the Defense Council) must establish a proper working relationship with the agencies."[11] Some governors would not equate the Defense Council with the State. Governor

11. Governor Hunt's files: State Defense Council.

Hunt did not care to insist that the State Defense Council be made the reservoir or funneling agency through which should pass all the diverse programs of the WPB (Salvage and Conservation programs), Treasury Department (War Savings), OPA (Price Control and Rationing), War Manpower Commission and U. S. Employment Service (Manpower Recruitment), WFA and USDA (Food Production and Conservation and Nutrition), FSA, Office of Community War Services (Child Care, Recreation, Social Protection), FHA, War Housing Center (Housing), ODT (Transportation), Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard (Recruiting), Federal Rehabilitation Agency (Re-employment and rehabilitation of servicemen), Office of War Information (Security of Military Information), and so on.

Some such funneling through the State Defense Council saved time and money, as was the case with the early rationing program when something had to be done in a hurry, but it seems likely that the State Defense Council would have been inundated if all of the expanded national war programs had descended upon it. Many reams of paper piled up on county council desks, the way it was.

In reply to an inquiry from an Illinois Congressman, Governor Hunt wrote March 6, 1944: "I am of the opinion that the Office of Civilian Defense served its purpose very admirably but that the need for the set-up no longer exists." A month later the Governor, in reply to a query, told the Acting Regional Director of the OCD that while the Wyoming State Council had been very effective and efficient, other departments especially set up were "sufficient to handle the respective drives and war effort activities."

Some salaried OCD officials outside of Wyoming insisted on the importance of retaining the organization. The national director in January 1944 informed Governor Hunt that in some states the Governors had asked Defense Councils to undertake the responsibility for planning and coordinating programs of services to veterans. He recommended the appointment of a Defense Council committee on such services. A West Coast OCD official sent Governor Hunt a copy of a speech which included the statement "Permit me to suggest nine reasons why you would do well to safeguard and preserve the remarkably efficient Civilian Defense organization which you have created." Governor Hunt was not impressed. When a county chairman resigned in July 1944, the Governor chose not to appoint a successor.

On October 24, 1944, when the Wyoming State Council sent letters to all county councils asking for their frank opinion on what should be done with OCD in the state,

only one chairman went so far as to say that it should be discontinued. All others thought that a skeleton organization should be retained at the state level. Most of the councils felt that if the occasion arose they could start functioning on a moment's notice in a very efficient manner.[12]

The **Wyoming State Journal** (Lander) December 7, 1944, suggested editorially that "The Job Is Done—Let's Disband." The **Journal** felt that there would be a saving in manpower and expense if the OCD were disbanded, and suggested that the head of the "now almost defunct Civilian Defense board in Lander" call a meeting to survey the need and consider the desirability of dissolving.

The State Council met in December 1944 and decided to continue the CD programs after VE day until the defeat of Japan, subject to orders from higher authority. On May 2, 1945, President Truman abolished the OCD and provided that its liquidation should be completed by June 30. Thus the great Civilian Defense organization, which by February 1943 had enrolled 19,352 of Wyoming's citizens and had touched the lives of everyone, soon came to be regarded as definitely superfluous by many, but it lingered on until 1945.

One reason why the OCD organization lingered as long as it did may have been the Japanese paper balloon scare. Late in the war quite a number of paper balloons bearing Japanese markings and equipped with small bombs came to earth at widely scattered points in the United States and Canada. They caused a few small fires, and a few persons who tampered with unexploded bombs were killed. The first public notice taken of these balloons in Wyoming was on December 19, 1944, when the **Laramie Republican-Boomerang** and the **Wyoming State Tribune,** and perhaps other papers, carried an Associated Press story filed at Kalispell, Montana, reporting that "A huge paper balloon, bearing Japanese ideographs and armed with an incendiary bomb . . . has been found 17 miles southwest of Kalispell, the Federal Bureau of Investigation said last night." The news, although known to everyone in Kalispell, had been withheld since the discovery on December 12. The A. P. story described the balloon as 33½ feet in diameter, and armed with a six-inch bomb. A 70-foot fuse had sputtered out without causing any damage.

After this story was released, the censorship curtain was lowered. On May 14, 1945, the Commanding Officer of the Seventh Service Command, Omaha, wrote to Governor Hunt that the War Department had directed that a word-

12. Governor Hunt's files: State Defense Council.

of-mouth campaign be initiated to acquaint the public with the danger from unexploded bombs brought to the U. S. by Japanese balloons.[13] "As you know," wrote the General, "[the bombs] have been arriving in this country for some time. A complete press and radio blackout concerning this matter is now in effect to keep Japs from securing any information . . . ." The General sent Lieut. Col. Jesse E. Marshall to discuss the matter with the Governor. Marshall was charged with the Army responsibility for the word-of-mouth campaign in Wyoming. Luncheon clubs, veterans organizations, state officials, school assemblies, Boy Scouts and other groups were to be told about the danger from the balloons.

Editor Linford of the **Laramie Republican-Boomerang** thought that this was all pretty silly, and refused to abide by the censorship. On May 23, 1945, he published an editorial:

> A word-of-mouth campaign is under way throughout this part of the country, warning residents against tampering with Japanese bomb balloons or fragments thereof which may fall in the area. Information is being told verbally which censorship forbids the newspapers to publish.
>
> Presumably the censorship theory is that the Jap spies can read but can't hear.

A week later in an Associated Press article from Washington, D. C., the Chief of the U. S. Forest Service gave details about the balloons. The article related that the Army and Navy had announced that some of the balloons had landed in the western part of the country but had caused no property damage.

After the Japanese surrender much information that had been covered up during the war was revealed. The **Cody Enterprise** on August 22, 1945, released an "unofficial" account of bomb incidents in Wyoming. There had been no reports of damage to property or injury to persons in Wyoming. The first incident had been near Thermopolis on the night of December 6, 1944. Persons near a coal mine 15 miles west of Thermopolis reported seeing what they took to be flares and a parachutist, and heard an explosion. In nearby Owl Creek valley a resident heard explosions and saw a fire on a mountain. On December 15, 1944, Sheriff Kem Moyer of Thermopolis reported that the explosion of a strange type of bomb had been verified. One of the balloons was sighted January 15, 1945, floating near the Cody refinery, but a three-hour search by Sheriff Frank Blackburn failed to locate any trace of it. Kenneth Adkins sighted a balloon about 25 miles southwest of Newcastle on

13. Governor Hunt's files: Seventh Service Command.

February 8. Adkins followed the balloon in a pickup truck, captured it, and brought it to Newcastle, where it was placed under guard in the state armory. Henry Barrows and several others sighted a balloon near Ralston on February 22. When the balloon burst, a bomb described as three to four inches in diameter and 16 to 18 inches long fell to the ground and backfired without breaking its steel case. Most of the balloon reports in Wyoming were from the northern third of the State, although two were reported found near Cheyenne early in the summer.

Japanese staff officers interviewed after the war told their side of the story. The use of the bomb-laden paper balloons was tried in retaliation for the Doolittle raid on Tokyo April 18, 1942. After more than two years of experimentation some 9,000 balloons were launched from three sites near Tokyo at a cost of more than $2,000,000.[14] The project was abandoned as a failure on April 20, 1945, because there was no evidence of success. Japanese officers said that they had heard of only one landing in America. They had heard of the discovery of an unexploded bomb in Wyoming. They had monitored the Chungking radio, hoping for further reports, but had heard nothing. The Japanese officers explained that the project had been designed to "create confusion" by starting forest fires and frightening civilians. They said that the bombs weighed 30 pounds or less, and were set to explode 40 to 50 hours after launching. It was calculated that the prevailing westerly winds would deliver the balloons and bombs to America in that time. Presumably many of the bombs descended in the Pacific, but at least one traveled as far east as Maryland.

If the project had been tried in the early fall instead of the months of November-April, there might have been greater damage to forests, and civilian defense volunteers might have had their hands full trying to hold down the damage. The technical failures and delivery at the wrong season saved the Wyoming civilian defense force, and similar forces in other states, from what might have been a real baptism of fire. If all-out war should come again with a Pacific power, Wyoming may be visited again by paper balloons, but this time they might deliver potent atomic, biological and chemical weapons in comparison with which the Japanese bombs of 1945 were harmless toys. For this and other reasons the skepticism and carnival spirit associated with Wyoming's Civilian Defense in World War II may have to be discarded.

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14. **Casper Tribune-Herald,** A. P. article, Oct. 2, 1945.

The Days of the Open Range

By

RICHARD BRACKENBURY*

Where are the lads who rode with me
When like the wind, the range was free,
With no barbed wire, not a strand
From Canada's line to the Rio Grande?

We swept the hills and the western plain,
As storm clouds sweep the land with rain.
Our number great beyond belief,
We branded calves, and gathered beef.

We rode in early dawn of light
And held the cattle through the night.
In every weather weeks around
Our beds . . . unrolled . . . lay on the ground.

* * *

Age brings with fleeting years a change
And we who rode the open range,
Young, light-hearted, brave and gay,
Must like the bison pass away.

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*Richard Brackenbury arrived in the United States from England in 1880 at the age of sixteen. He came to act as an interpreter for an Italian Colony which was abandoned while in the planning stage.

After spending three years in Kansas he and a school friend in 1884 assembled a covered wagon, a pair of mares, a bird dog, a gun, bedding and pots and pans and drove to Wyoming. He first worked at supplying hay to stage stations north of Fort Fetterman. That winter while hunting and trapping he came to the banks of the Medicine Bow River where he homesteaded land, eventually acquiring over four miles of the river valley where he raised cattle, sheep and brood mares.

In 1893 he married an English girl. In 1897 he moved with his family to Denver where he originated a sheep market by starting a sheep commission business. He also developed a ranch on the Mesa Mayo range in southern Colorado, which became the largest sheep ranch in the state. Here he ran two to three thousand cattle as well. In 1930 he and his wife retired to La Jolla, California, where he is often called the Philosopher Poet.

In the July 1951 issue of **The Colorado Magazine** appeared an article "Katherine Brackenbury's Letters to Her Mother" as compiled by Richard Brackenbury. The letters are of special interest to Wyoming since they deal with the ranching days on the Medicine Bow in 1893-95.

Levancia Kent's Diary of a Sheep Drive, Evanston, Wyoming, to Kearney, Nebraska, 1882

Edited by

GEORGE SQUIRES HERRINGTON*

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The settlement of the great expanse extending across the western portion of the Great Plains area to the Pacific Coast is largely a story of the trapper, soldier, miner, cowboy, and sheep herder.

After the Civil War and particularly after the completion of the first transcontinental railroad at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869, sheep men played an important role in helping to establish an economic foundation for the settlement of this vast region. During three decades, ending with the closing of the sheep trails about 1900, the trailing of sheep, especially from the West and South, changed the center of surplus wool production from the eastern farm belt to the Great Plains and mountain region.

The population of this area with sheep was primarily the work of individuals rather than that of organized interests.[1] One of those individuals was George Jackson Squires.[2] He trailed 4,000 sheep from Wyoming to Nebraska in 1881. The following year he trailed 8,000 head from Evanston, Wyoming, to Grand Island, Nebraska. At this time, in contrast to an earlier period, Wyoming was attracting flocks to its ranges as well as still providing a highway for sheep travel.

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*George Squires Herrington, Associate Professor of the Social Sciences at Sacramento State College, Sacramento, California, was born May 11, 1909, at Aurora, Illinois. He has received degrees from Northern Illinois State Teachers College, Teachers College of Columbia University and Stanford University where he obtained his Ed. D. From 1947 to 1950 he was a member of the faculty of the University of Denver.

1. The editor has been aided in placing this diary of a sheep drive in its historical setting by reference to Edward N. Wentworth, **America's Sheep Trails.** Ames: The Iowa State College Press, 1948.

2. The editor's paternal great grandfather.

The excerpts from the diary kept by Miss Levancia Bent, George Squires' sister-in-law, concerns the experiences relating to this drive in 1882. Not many diaries of sheep trailing appear extant in the literature; this one may be unique in that it was written by a woman. The original manuscript describes a railroad trip by the party from Aurora, Illinois, to Salt Lake City, Utah, beginning on June 20, 1882, a visit in Salt Lake City from June 24 to July 6, a journey by the party in Brigham Young's family carriage to Evanston, Wyoming, from July 6 to July 11, an encampment on Bear River near Evanston from July 11 to July 20, and the sheep drive from Evanston to Kearney, Nebraska, from July 20 to October 26, including a short excursion by some of the party to Denver, Colorado, from September 12 to September 16. Although the portion of the diary relating to the sheep drive ends at Kearney, Nebraska, where the women board a train for home, the sheep were driven on to Grand Island, Nebraska, and wintered there.

The excerpts from the diary included here begin with the encampment on Bear River on July 11, 1882, during which time preparations which had been underway were still being made to trail the sheep to Grand Island. The editor has deleted some portions of the diary relating to the sheep drive that are largely personal in nature. An attempt has been made to identify individuals, places and events through the use of footnote citations and explanations.[3]

George Jackson Squires, the son of Asher Squires and Polly Priest, was born in Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, on December 5, 1828. He acquired his early education in the district schools of Watertown. When 18 years of age, he spent one winter in Michigan visiting his Grandfather Priest. While there he assisted in cutting the timber from the present site of the city of Lansing. In the spring of 1849 he made arrangements to go to California by way of the "Horn," but after proceeding a short distance discovered that his money had been stolen. The following spring he took the overland route, going by team and passing through Oswego, Illinois, within a few miles of which he was later to settle. He engaged in mining in California for over a year, returning to the east by way of the isthmus. He purchased a farm in the neighborhood in which he was reared with the money he made from his mining ventures. He sold out and started for Illinois in 1853, taking with him

3. The original manuscript in the form of a notebook is now in the possession of the editor's sister, Mrs. Philip (Levancia Herrington) Buchheit of Spartanburg, South Carolina.

his wife Emeline A. Bent whom he had married on January 22, 1852. In 1854 George J. Squires accompanied by his wife and her father and brother went to Austin, Texas, to look for cattle. They spent several months driving 500 head to Illinois. This drive has been referred to as the first cattle drive from Texas to Illinois.[4]

Miss Levancia Bent who kept the diary passed her forty-ninth birthday on the trail. She made her home with Emeline, her sister, as long as she lived, passing away at the Squires' homestead near Oswego, Illinois, in May following the death of George J. Squires in January, 1900. Levancia Bent's father, Silas Proctor Bent, was born in Mt. Holly, Vermont, in 1794 and died in De Kalb, Illinois, in 1874. Levancia (originally spelled Levantea) was the fourth of six children born to Silas Bent's second wife, Orythea (Shaw) Bent, the oldest being Emeline.[5]

THE DIARY

Tuesday, July 11th [1882]

We were troubled with moschotoes [sic] last night, but I was more troubled about some drunken men that were shooting around after dark, and calling to us to tell them where they were . . . had lost their way. [We] stopped at Evanston[6] for Ora[7] and the mail. . . . Evanston is quite a town, but lacks shade and a place to hide old empty cans and bottles. [We] pitched our tent two miles this side on Bear River. Our boy guide[8] has seen us safe through Utah and has gone home. John[9] has joined us, and now our fam-

4. See George Squires Herrington, "An Early Cattle Drive from Texas to Illinois," **The Southwestern Historical Quarterly,** Vol. LV, No. 2, October, 1951, pp. 267-269.

5. The biographical data on this and preceding pages was taken from the **Genealogical and Biographical Record of Kendall and Will Counties,** Illinois. Chicago: Biographical Publishing Company, 1901, pp. 253-255; and from Allen H. Bent, **The Bent Family in America.** Boston: D. Clapp & Son, 1900. The latter publication is a genealogical account of the Bent family in America beginning at Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1638 with the arrival from England of John and Martha Bent and their five children. The migration of the Bent family as revealed in this account may be regarded as a microcosm of the Westward Movement in American history.

6. Wyoming.

7. Ora Ellsworth and his sister Sadie were probably friends of the family. They accompanied the group on the train trip to Salt Lake City.

8. Son of the owner of the livery stable in Salt Lake City.

9. John Squires, son of George J. Squires, had left the party in Salt Lake City on July 6th, and had gone to Idaho to look after a Mr. Smith's flock of sheep.

ily are all together. [We] have settled down to house keeping for a week, taken off and dusted our second best raiment, and put on calico and sunbonnets. [I] painted a few flowers this afternoon and explored the banks of the river . . .

Wednesday, July 12th

Mary[10] and Willie[11] are doing the washing in the old primitive way; camp fire on the banks of the river; plenty of water, and bushes to burn and dry clothes on. Grace[12] sent for some yeast cakes, and tried to make some home made bread, but it didn't rise. We bake good [sic] in the oil stove oven or bake kettle. Em[13] has a good time wandering around, and I am searching for a best view for a picture.

Thursday, July 13th

It is quite a climb up to my studio on the rocks . . . I can't help but anticipate the pangs of dissapointment [sic] and defeat in store for me when I call my picture finished and compare the copy with the original, but I must try it if it does make me miserable . . . [I] feel as though I had taken my allowance of punishment today in a blistered face. My hands are like toads' backs; [I] have always wished to look plump and fat, but find on looking in the glass that plumpness to be becoming should be more equally and judiciously distributed. I made a good target for the sun way up in my lofty perch on the rocks. I am usually quite oblivious to discomfort when doing congenial work, but work this afternoon wasn't so absorbing but that I had a vague sense of being parboiled.

Friday, July 14th

This morning Willie constructed a shelter for me from a piece of the old fly cloth, fastened to some sticks wigwam fashion. [I] use his music rack for an easal [sic] and camp stool to sit on. [I] thought my arrangements very perfect under the circumstances until the sun made it necessary to change my position. The rock floor wouldn't accommodate itself to easal and stool, so I discarded both, and hang on to my canvas with one hand and paint with the other. [In the] middle of the afternoon [I] was obliged to pick up my work and get down from my perch or have everything carried off for me by the wind that commenced blowing about

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10. Mary (Bent) Earle, sister of Levancia Bent and Emeline (Bent) Squires and widow of Dr. J. B. Earle of DeKalb, Illinois.

11. Willie Earle, son of Mrs. Dana Earle (Martha Bent) of Lake City, Iowa.

12. Grace Squires, daughter of George and Emeline Squires.

13. Emeline (Bent) Squires, wife of George J. Squires.

noon every day. My canopy danced about on the rocks, keeping me in an expectant state of disaster to my picture; until finally, it collapsed and left me to the mercy of the cheerful sunshine again. All those little annoyances with a liberal sprinkling of sand on my wet sky almost persuade me that I am working under difficulties. We have very cold night and have to heat stones for our feet . . . [We] have slept warmer since George[14] exchanged our cots for wool sacks filled with hay; keep one to lie on under the trees.

Sunday, July 16th

. . . After dinner we all took a ride out to Almy, a suburban town of Evanston, a coal mine town. The inhabitants are Chinamen and their antagonists, the Irish. [On] the first street are a higher grade of Chinese. Their houses are ornamented with patches of bright colors covered with their hieroglyphics. [On] the next two long streets were plain rough buildings, all alike. It is [a] hot day and their doors were open so that we could get a glympse [sic] now and then as we rode past of their housekeeping. The dirty floors, rough benches for chairs, boxes, and rubbish filling their rooms is [sic] so unlike anything we see among our own people that we felt as though we were in a foreign land . . . [We] felt as though we were at home again when we got into Ireland with their white curtains and plants in the windows. On the way home [we] came through a deserted Indian camp. If we had arrived a few days sooner, [we] should probably have had them for near neighbors.

Thursday, July 20th

. . . I have had a touch of mountain fever; two nights and a day seemed like a long troubled dream, neither asleep or awake, sort of stupor. Em gave me rhubarb and podophylyn. [I] drank freely of sage brush tea which is said to be a cure for mountain fever. I feel much better today but weak. The ride has done me good. We are on the road again, our first day of sheep driving . . . Our night camp is near a stream of ice water from the mountain . . .

Friday, July 21st

All can walk this morning but myself; am too weak . . . [We] met a train of emigrants bound for Washington Territory. . . . John Turpin from Salt Lake, one of our shepherds, gave an exhibition of his horsemanship. It was really wonderful how he could stick on to such a tearing, pitching animal that none of the other men could ride. The boys were so enthusiastic over his valor that we were afraid the

14. George J. Squires.

young man would break his neck for their amusement. We crossed an old California trail, and camp on a pebbly stream. [We] would be in sight of Hilliard but for the high mountain shutting us in. We are on a branch of Bear River so its [sic] called Bear Town. [It's] a natural place for bears, but they don't show themselves; neither does the town. A more suitable appellation would be city of the dead . . .

Saturday, July 22nd

It is bright and clear this morning. We shall stay here awhile for the sheep to be dipped.[15] It was curious to see them pour over the rocks down the side of the mountain like a cascade. Ora looked a mere speck above them. . . .

Sunday, July 23rd

A government train thundered by close to our tent this morning before we were out of bed. Em and I feel very agueish and miserable; we are in search of health.

Tuesday, July 25th

I was sick all Sunday night. Yesterday Em gave me a sweat and medicine. . . . We have moved a mile and a half nearer Hilliard. Am feeling better. When I get used to eating outdoors and can relish my meals as the men do, I shall be all right. I never enjoyed sharing my food with bugs and flys [sic] as people at picnics appear to. I am living on cove oysters at present.

Wednesday, July 26th

Great rejoycing [sic] in camp. George received a telegram from Ben with the glad tidings of a new born son.[16] We could scarcely keep from crying from excitement; shall be anxious to get a letter with particulars. It is so hard that we should be so far away at such a time.

Thursday, July 27th

We have lost our Turpin. He shouldered his blanket and set out for Salt Lake. He will never find a more appreciative audience for his rare stories. . . .

Friday, July 28th

Grace has two objects of affection, a horned toad and a poor little motherless lamb that would have to starve if left to the tender mercies of the men. Any extra humanity be-

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15. The sheep were immersed in a solution in order to restrict spread of disease. In 1882 Wyoming authorized a territorial veterinarian and the following year Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho passed laws to prevent the spread of scab and other contagious diseases in sheep. Wentworth, **op. cit.**, pp. 454-55.

16. The telegram sent by Benjamin F. Herrington of Yorkville, Illinois, announced the birth of the editor's father, George Squires Herrington, Sr., on July 25, 1882, to Mrs. B. F. Herrington (Georgianna Squires, daughter of George and Emeline Squires).

stowed upon animals in a trip like this would be rather unprofitable in a money sense. Milk has to be brought from Hilliard on horseback to feed it. . . .

Saturday, July 29th

Ora, Mary, and Grace rode over to the Indian camp this morning on horseback. Ora offered to buy a deer skin that an old squaw was tanning, as an excuse for their curiosity, but she didn't seem inclined to have any deal with the pale faces. We saw some wonderful riding done by a party of young Indians about a half mile from here. I never saw anything to compare with it; appeared as though they were being blown about by the wind. It seemed cruel on such a hot day. One poor pony dropped dead. I wondered if Willie wasn't afraid of them. They raced so near where he was herding. George has returned from Evanston where he and John went to meet the other flock of sheep and buy provisions. He brought ripe currants and other luxuries including an old batchelor [sic] that he once met down in Texas.

Sunday, July 30th

Our company staid [sic] all night. He is fairly intelligent, a great talker. He knows all about this country; has wandered over the Rockies for the last 30 years. He bought the pitching horse; didn't object to him on account of his little tricks. The horse seems to have found his master. He walked off as docile as a cat; picked up his feet rather dainty at first, but when his master made a few sarcastic remarks, expressing a desire to know if he didn't feel real well, and if this world wasn't large enough for him, he concluded that any effort to get up a sensation would be time wasted. . . . Mr. Poage, Crawford, and Albee have arrived with the other flock; have had a hard time.[17] There has been so little feed that the sheep and lambs have died off terribly . . . Mr. Poage had a severe time with Crawford, who drinks. He wants George to ship him. . . .

Monday, July 31st

The men are busy dipping and sorting sheep, and we are getting things into shape for a start tomorrow.

Tuesday, August 1st

. . . We stopped at Hilliard for supplys [sic]. Grace gave her lamb to the Postmistress' little girl. . . . The town is very new and unattractive. A couple of dirty savages promenaded the main street clothed in thick blankets and long black hair. The train came in with a platform loaded with

17. The editor has been unable to identify Poage, Crawford, and Albee. There is some evidence to indicate that Albee was a friend of the Squires.

them. They get free rides. The conductor recognized some of our party. We passed Aspen, another small town. . . .

Wednesday, August 2nd

I drove the carriage this morning. . . . We had dinner the other side of Piedmont; tasted the best of any meal on the road, potatoes, cucumbers, onions, and mutton. I wonder the Indians didn't scare my appetite away; I don't think I am quite through trembling yet. Two bands met at a respectful distance from our camp, and took a good long look at us. We returned the compliment. I was afraid they would take offense at George's leveling his field glass at them. Two of the young men more brave or more curious than the rest came flying down on their ponies to get a better look at us, and stationed themselves just behind the carriage where I sat reading, and there sat as immovable as statues, peering out through their long black hair dragged over their faces in a most uncomfortable looking manner. It seemed an age before their curiosity was sufficiently gratified to take their departure. . . . We camped not far this side of Piedmont as the boys took the wrong road through a canon towards Fort Bridger. It was after dark before George got them back. They camp on the other side of the railroad track. It is lonesome to be separated in so wild looking a place.

Thursday, August 3rd

George was off after the horses before we were awake; found them beyond the noon camp. They must have worked hard to get there, fettered as they were. I saw a badger this morning; the ground is perforated with their homes, but its [sic] seldom one is seen. . . . A little farther on we came upon quite a colony of Washington Territory emigrants. . . . Three of the men came out to visit George. . . .

Friday, August 4th

We walked a couple of miles in the bed of a dry river. Old Major followed along to protect us. Poor old Maj. was fired at twice yesterday from a passing train. We made purchases of dry goods and groceries at Carter, a town of a little more importance than the two preceeding [sic] ones. . . . We camp to-night on a plateau above Carter.

Saturday, August 5th

Wolves serenaded us, or rather the sheep, last night. . . . We had our first rain since leaving Beartown. The fly stretching from the top of the carriage to the wagon is made of thick cloth; water runs off as from a roof. We caught it in pans for dish washing. . . . We passed Church Buttes this afternoon. They are the most wonderful formations of rock and sand. They represent my ideal of old

country architecture; churches and castles with dormor [sic] and bay windows, French roofs, projecting cornices, and deep entrances. The Saints when passing through here on their way to the promised land found the designs for their tabernacle, I feel sure; for it is a perfect copy of one of these architectural mountains. . . . We had baking powder pancakes for supper, not a success, digestible as leather.

Sunday, August 6th

It hasn't seemed at all like the sabbath. We camped on Ham's Fork tonight. We had a good deal of excitement and hard work for the men. About forty sheep rushed into the river to drink, and couldn't pull themselves out of the mud. John and Willie had to wade in up to their waists, tie a rope around the necks of the sheep, and George and Ora pull them up the bank. It was very dark, the wind blowing terribly. One of us held the lantern, while the others kept the sheep back from rushing in after their brethren. It was dreadful at first to hear their cries for help, but when we found that they didn't drown easily, we could look on with a great deal of interest and some amusement . . .

Monday, August 7th

. . . Such a storm of wind and rain came on soon after starting that we were obliged to stop for shelter behind the butte; heaviest thunder we have heard since we left home, but it was soon over. Riding in the rain and standing in my thin slippers on the cold ground last night has given me an old fashioned bones-ache. Em dont [sic] feel well either. We camp on Blacks Fork. These Forks are so attractive that I look for an Indian camp. They always find the pleasant places; have an instinct for the beautiful in nature.

Tuesday, August 8th

A coyote killed a lamb last night. They are such sneaks. I felt some better this morning, not as well at noon, but better again tonight. Em is feeling very miserable to-night. We met a wagon train of men going to work on the Oregon short line, grading near Granger, a thriving western town of a saloon, depot, and a dwelling house or two. George was here last year at the birth and christening of the new town. It was baptized in beer. A barrel of beer or whiskey is the cornerstone of these far western towns. . . .

Wednesday, August 9th

. . . George concluded as he would have to go a day or two in advance to make preparations for ferrying across Green River, it would be well to take the sick along and find something we could eat. Ora took cold at Hams Fork and has been running down ever since until he is added to the sick list. We rode 24 miles, and camp on an island back of the town. Ora dined at a restaurant; we other invalids

took ours a la picnic. George brought us all the delicacies of the season, strawberry pie, peaches, plums, white grapes, tomatoes, lemons, hot tea, roast beef hot, bologna, and the best bread we have tasted since we left Illinois. . . . We have neighbors at the other end of the island, a family going to Washington Territory. They know how to keep house on the road. They wash, bake, and brew; really make emptings and bake bread. We borrowed a kettle and some flour to make porridge for Em to-night, as we left all our camp equipage behind. . . . We have crossed over to the mainland. Em thought at first that she hadn't courage to ride through the river; would walk over the railroad bridge. I told her I had more nerve for the ford than the bridge. The carriage is high and heavy which makes it safer, but it swayed about some going through the deepest places. . . . We can consider ourselves in the suburbs of Green River City. . . . I haven't learned the population yet. It couldn't be a very large town shut in as it is between the river and the loveliest range of Buttes since Church Buttes but entirely different, soft colors. It is a narrow valley with car shops, courthouse, and a few stores. . . .

Saturday, August 12th

Mr. Smith appeared unexpectedly before breakfast. We didn't know that he was anywhere near us. He surprised us the same way at Evanston. He stayed to help get the sheep across, but they didn't succeed after shouting and jumping all day. George hired a boy to tie his pet lamb on the opposite shore as a decoy. The lad is quite sharp at a bargain. He demanded a $1.25 for his services, when of course he would rather pay something than not to see the show.

Sunday, August 13th

. . . They are trying the sheep again if it is the sabbath. It is a case of necessity. The poor things will starve on that side of the river among the rocks. George ferried last year, but the ferryman is absent; dont [sic] feel that he is needed now that the river is low enough to be forded. The idea of a city without a bridge over its river! I suppose it wouldn't be used enough to pay as there is no one living west of here, east either for that matter. It is a city with no suburbs and no surrounding farming country. We have one flock of 4,000 on the island; will be guarded there to-night.

Monday, August 14th

. . . There was great rejoycing [sic] when the last sheep landed on this side; only lost six. They sailed over as quiet as lambs when they made up their minds to come. The boys started with them this afternoon. We had a good deal

of anxiety about Willie to-night. About noon he went in search of the horses that had strayed off over the mountains. At dark we thought it was time he was home if he wasn't lost. He had no overcoat, and the nights are like late fall, but about nine o'clock we heard a voice call from over the river that sounded familiar. George went with the lantern and piloted him and all the horses over. Now we can go to bed and sleep in peace. I think of poor Martha when danger threatens Willie.

Tuesday, August 15th

We rode to the city to buy eatables for a long campaign. Chinamen were delivering green corn, squashes, and other vegetables from house to house; probably from Nebraska. They carried their vegetables in long square pails suspended from each end of a long pole, and their peculiar teter [sic] give the pails a motion that makes them easier carried. . . . We broke up housekeeping and were on the road again by noon. We shall be out of sight of the railroad until we reach Laramie, 280 miles. A bird rode on the lines quite a distance, good omen. We passed the shepherds and their flocks; traveled 20 miles and put up at Brown's ranch. We get good pastures. . . . A ranchman drove into the yard as we did; had been to Green River City for the necessaries, whiskey included. He treated George and sent a glass of the beverage to the ladies. He must have wondered where we learned our manners to refuse so kind an offer.

Wednesday, August 16th

. . . The sheep have been without water for two days; they made a raid on the pasture spring for which George had to pay 10 dollars and $2.50 for horse feed, rather expensive camping place. The young man carried out his father's orders not to let any droves to the spring in his absence with great thoroughness, the right age to feel the importance of his responsibility. . . .

Thursday, August 17th

We took dinner not far from a large cattle ranch. There were two houses within sight of each other, rare sight. We saw large flocks of sage hens. Ora met his Green River landlord out hunting. A young man called to inquire if we had seen his hunting companions. He got lost and was alone all night. We sent him in the direction of a wagon load of sportsmen that we met hunting deer. This afternoon I had a chat with a barefooted German lady walking with her two grandchildren. She asked a great many questions about the road back to Green River. She said they should have to stop there, "to earn money to buy grub." They must have courage or want of prudence to start out so destitute. They had two teams; one horse had given out,

and one of the men was taking his place. We camp on the pretty water to-night that the old lady seemed so delighted to tell me about; have our soap stones as we do in the winter at home. . . .

Friday, August 18th

. . . We bought a quarter of venison at a ranch. They have more than they can dispose of here. In winter deer come in herds and look down upon them from the mountain just back and above their shanty, so the proprietor told Mary and I [sic]. . . . He says that they can't help making money raising stock, for it costs nothing to raise it; but once in 10 years have had a bad winter that kills it all off. He looks like an honest man, but has two Villianous [sic] looking partners; and as one of the horses slipped out of sight and all the searching didn't find it perhaps they found it. They were willing to give George an old broken down hog-backed horse on the chance of finding it. George thought it the best thing he could do, for he was told that it wasn't safe to follow lost horses very far into the mountains. Men who follow that business are necessarily desperate characters, for they know that lynch is the law for horse stealing in this unprotected country . . .

Saturday, August 19th

We met a long line of emigration. . . .

Sunday, August 20th

. . . Grace celebrated her 21st birthday riding in the rain; steadiest drizzle we have had on the trip. . . . We camp to-night in the shadow of another of nature's wonders, more architecture. There are huge piles of slaty rocks of every color from black to white with openings here and there for wild animals to burrow. Deer make their homes here; suppose that is why it is called Antelope Springs. Two or three men have started a ranch here and have a boarder, a geologist, collecting specimens for Yale College. There is a good field of labor here. I wish he could examine our specimens and see if they are of any value. Two young men driving sheep came to inquire about the roads to Cheyenne. They have 3,500 in their flock; lost 2,000 last winter in California.

Monday, August 21st

The boys took the wrong road and while waiting for George to find them, Em and I had a good time searching the sand hills. There is where we find the best agates. I found some of the best specimens yet, they all say, but may not be as valuable as some of the rougher ones. One piece looks like Cornelian, others like grained wood. . . . We crossed Bitter Creek and pitched our tent opposite the

ruins of an old stage stand tavern on the California trail. John is having his time feeling sick.

Tuesday, August 22nd

I made a pencil sketch of the stage stand, and rode over on Billy to get a better view of it. There are two; one for men the other for horses. There is an old dry well nearby. The patent medicine spirit has reached this far off land. St. Jacob's Oil decorates the walls of the old ruin. Water in this creek makes strong suds. They take the horses back two miles; dare not give them so much alkali to drink . . . We met emigrants who told us we should have to drive 15 miles to find water. We took all the horses that could be spared and tried to drive through before bed time, but had to stop 5 miles short. . . .

Wednesday, August 23rd

. . . The boys had a great time getting the sheep through ravines and grease wood. . . . We had another scare about Willie. He and Ora went to take the horses out for feed, and he didn't come back. They went to the Poage camp; he hadn't been there. Then the fear was that he had fallen into a gully and had been killed. George and John started out in different directions; fired their revolvers, but he didn't hear any of the tumult. In due time he walked into camp as unconscious of all the excitement he had created as could be . . .

Thursday, August 24th

. . . We overtook a Mr. Taylor,[18] a sheep man, with 3,800 California sheep. George wants some of them bad [sic]. He tried his reasoning and persuading powers on him, but to no effect, as he is a Scotchman and knows what he wants to do. . . . Cove oysters for supper.

Friday, August 25th

Boys came in about nine with the sheep. Mr. Taylor camped near; could hear him shoot wolves in the night. He came and visited George while he ate breakfast. We weren't up yet. . . . Mary and Willie killed a snake, the first they had seen. Pepper soup for supper. Beautiful moonlight night.

Saturday, August 26th

It is clear and cool as usual. We mended our straw beds . . . Mr. Poage stopped and had a chat with George about Oswego. Folks must seem somewhat different to George from last year's trip with no one to speak to that he had

18. In a letter to the editor Edward N. Wentworth suggests that it is highly probable that this Mr. Taylor was the Robert Taylor who ". . . strove more than any other single man, by personal precept and practice, to increase the numbers and quality of Wyoming sheep." Edward N. Wentworth, **op. cit.**, pp. 327 ff. and 619-20.

ever known before. We camped near Liscoe's ranch, 25 miles from Rawlins, which town is on the railroad. He keeps a variety store; most important commodities, whiskey and cigars. . . . Mr. Taylor told Em today that she could have found fossils at Barrel and Antelope Springs. He found some and also made the acquaintance of Mr. Smith, the geologist. We are full of regret that we didn't know more while there. Mr. Liscoe dropped in while we were at supper in the tent. He seems to admire our domestic arrangements. We bought some nice venison of him, also milk for our mush, and a plenty of other eatables to refill our empty store room. . . .

Sunday, August 27th

Sent mail to Rawlins. This is a four corners. There is a great deal of travel through here by government trains going west to the fort. George sold hog-back to Mr. Liscoe for 22½ dollars, a lamb for half box cigars. . . . Our drive or rather walk, for Mary and I walked nearly all the way that afternoon, lay between two high mountains . . . We called on the Poage family; met with a friendly reception. We were seated in the dining room on a couple of spare pails. Mr. Poage was making preparations to do the family washing, regardless of the day. Evidently he believes that cleanliness is next to Godliness, only reversed. . . .

Monday, August 28th

We have had the most dissagreeable [sic] rainy night we have had yet. I mention all of the storms because they are the exception. I have undergone a great deal of suffering of body and mind to-day. Mary was taken with pain in her bowels last night. I thought perhaps she had taken cold getting wet and it would wear off after riding and warming up in the middle of the day, but she gradually grew worse. When we stopped at noon, I got out the medicines, charcoal, slippery elm, and brandy. By that time we had made up our minds that she had been poisoned by drinking too freely of the copperas sulphur water. Em and I drank it, but only as a medicine. She took it for thirst and drank all she wanted. It was like cholera. I held her hands or tried to during her paroxysms of pain, but everything turned so dark, was almost paralized [sic]. Grace had to hold me and John tend Mary. She grew worse so fast that I was scared out of fainting. John, Willie, Grace, and I worked for dear life, for a dear life, and saved it, by Divine permission. Believers in especial providences would say that it was in answer to the prayers in our hearts, but I can't think that the result would have been the same if we had sat down and trusted entirely to the prayers. It is faith and works, my creed. . . . A large company of emi-

grants camped near. They were the best equipped for travelling of any that we have seen yet; had rocking chairs, and a woman was kneading bread on a real moulding board. The men were starting out with their guns.

Tuesday, August 29th

Mary is nearly as well as ever again. Her cup of cold poison was a powerful medicine. We all examined a beaver dam, and took away relics in the shape of sticks sawed by their teeth. Before noon George pointed out Elk Mountain. We should have taken it for thunderheads. As we journeyed on, it gradually assumed the appearance of a mountain, and by night was an unmistakable mountain, reflecting all the beautiful colors of the clouds at sunset . . .

Wednesday, August 30th

We reached the Platte before noon, and such a lovely picture lay before us as we rode down the long hill, we thought of the parks in Chicago with the addition of a variety of grand rocks. We ford two channels to get to the mainland. We liked the island best, but it was reserved for the last band of sheep as Mr. Taylor calls a flock. . . . They could only get one flock over. The boys are in high spirits after standing in cold water three or four hours. It would take something worse than water to dampen such an excess of spirits as they are blessed with most of the time. They are the three best natured boys in the world. This wholesome air gives them unbounded appetites, and I am not far behind, for I think I never relished a dinner better in my life. . . . I can imagine Indians skulking around the projecting rocks, and peering down from above, since Em and Willie think they have found one of their battlefields. They have found bullets, arrowheads, fragments of clothing, little shoes, and bones . . .

Thursday, August 31st

I opened my eyes this morning with a thankful heart that we are mercifully preserved through the silent watches of the night. The morning hymn that Ma[19] taught us when children seems appropriate, "Lord I thank Thee that the night in peace hath passed away, and I can see by thy fair light, my Father's smile that makes it day." It would hardly seem appropriate to one unfamiliar with the sounds that assailed my waking ears. The gentle shepherds were persuading the last flock across the river. It seemed to require all the eloquence of a war dance. John and Mr. Poage seemed in danger of dislocating their limbs with their gymnastics. The sheep would start in all right; get about so far when all at once the leader would make up his mind

19. Orythea (Shaw) Bent, wife of Silas Proctor Bent.

that he didn't believe in coercion, make a sudden and unexpected turn and rush back up the bank again with all his followers at his heels, sheep fashion. 32,000 little hoofs scampering over the rocky river bottom with an accompaniment of frantic yells from men and dogs would be rather startling to unaccustomed ears, but to mine was sweet music, the soothing assurance that a thoroughly live spirit still inhabited the body. I suppose I am unnecessarily fidgety and fanciful, but I can't help thinking of the numerous masacres [sic] scattered over this land, and not so long ago either, and that we are a small and helpless band. Of course the government is supposed to protect with its forts the people passing through, but at the same time allows a liberal supply of whiskey and firearms. A civilized drunkard is bad enough, but the noble red man is said to be a demon under the influence of liquor. . . .

Friday, September 1st

My birthday, a 49'er on the old California Trail. George lacked a year of being a California 49'er. I can scarcely realize my abundant years in this rejuvenating atmosphere without the aid of a glass. It's a comfort to have a season of rest from, "seeing ourselves as others see us." George has had a long ride after the horses; they were off in search of water. . . . We saw a herd of elk in the distance. Took dinner near Pass Creek. . . . Last night Elk Mountain was east of us, and to-night, west of us. We camp near Goat Mountain; not as grand but more interesting than neighbor Elk. . . . We were told by a man near here that there is a lake at the summit where goats and mountain sheep come to swim. . . . A man told George that he had a young cow killed last night by a panther or mountain lyon [sic] they call them. . . . My mind runs on rattlesnakes as we camp on a creek by that name; crossed it four times to-day.

Saturday, September 2nd

We replenished our stock of provisions at Fort Halleck. We had canned green corn for dinner, as good as fresh. Grace had quite a visit with the ladies . . . They told Grace about the bloody lake tragedy, a peaceful looking body of water glistening in the sunlight only a little way from here. Four men were killed by Indians; two escaped by hiding behind the rocks. I should think there had been a battle here by the size of the burying ground almost opposite their house. I counted 50 graves with no town for a hundred miles I suppose. There is only one house in sight; neighbors are about 30 miles apart . . .

Sunday, September 3rd

Passed the night at Medicine Bow. Willie played his violin. It echoed through the grove nearby delightfully. Wish we could persuade him to play oftener. We were a cozy family around the big camp fire made of logs. It is a rare thing to find timber to camp near. Mary and I gathered black currants to mix with our service berries, as Liscoe calls them; makes the best sauce, one so sweet and the other so sour. . . . Took our weekly bath. The carriage makes a good bath room. We can put the curtains down tight. . . . The boys use the covered wagon for their dressing room. We met more emigrants. . . .

Monday, September 4th

. . . A long train of travellers for Washington Territory halted near our camp, and two loquacious members of the party made themselves very obnoxious to George by persisting in their endeavors to have a good visit while we were eating dinner, but the boys enjoyed it. One of them was the experienced traveller. . . .

Tuesday, September 5th

We saw an antelope and a band of 20,000 sheep. Crossed Cooper Creek. We are on Laramie Plains; can see smoke from the city 30 miles away. . . . We haven't seen sage brush for two days; have to gather anything we can find for fuel as we drive along. Dined near where they are getting out railroad ties brought from the pine woods on the mountains. There is quite a settlement. George went over and bought some apples. To-night we camp near an emigrant community; children up on the highest hills, singing, happy as larks. There is a sheep corral close by. . . .

Wednesday, September 6th

We had our nooning[20] on the Little Laramie. It is a pleasant valley, and there is quite a little town scattered along the river. There is a better class of houses than we [have] seen for weeks. Some are framed and painted homes. It seems to be a valuable grass region. Reapers are going in every direction. Illinoisans wouldn't waste time cutting it, but it is worth cutting here at 40 dollars a ton. A man at Fort Halleck sold 12,000 dollars worth this year. . . . We had great difficulty getting sheep through wire fenced lanes. We are beginning to meet the obstructions of civilization. Little Larimie [sic] is 20 miles from Laramie City.

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20. In the parlance of sheep trailing, the day stop was known as "nooning" and the night stop as "bedding down." Wentworth, **op. cit.**, p. 272.

Thursday, September 7th

We have accomplished our 280 miles from Green River in one month. Larimie [sic] is much more of a city than G.R., but not as interesting in regard to scenery because more familiar and common. . . . We drove through the city just before dusk, stopping at grocery's [sic] to replenish. We camp halfway between the city and Fort Sanders. Oysters for supper.

Friday, September 8th

. . . We shall be off the line of the R.R. again; shall take a cross cut to Cheyenne instead of going around by Sherman. We have been discussing the question when and where to take the cars for Denver. George had decided it should be here, but has learned that we can get excursion tickets at Cheyenne. We are all very glad for we shall have a longer ride through the mountains. . . . A wolf took a nice lamb in broad day light; must be very hungry to be so bold. . . .

Monday, September 11th

Were up and stirring this morning for our 20 mile ride. Mary made a ginger cake last night for our lunch. The men will have to do their own house-keeping for a while. John is our escort. . . . Reached Cheyenne a little after noon. Ride seemed short, perfect roads. Passed through Fort D. H. Russel [sic]; stopped to see them drill. We are at the Interocean, good accommodations. . . . It is a little over two months since we have slept under a roof; seems close and warm.

Tuesday, September 12th

. . . We left Cheyenne between one and two; cars crowded. . . . Denver strikes me as a bustling old city; doesn't seem a bit new. We stop at the Hotel Brunswick; dollar a day for room; meals on the European plan. . . .

Wednesday, September 13th

Spent to-day at the mineral exposition, exhibition not confined to minerals. . . .

Friday, September 15th

Well we have seen the great mining city and realized all our expectations of a good time . . . We stop at the Dyer house to-night; reached C. [Cheyenne] about noon. All but John were in favor of moving on after dinner. He says there is nothing but section houses; no place to put up for the night, so we decide to start early in the morning. I have one of my old ague headaches for the first time this summer; don't know how I'll ever be able to live in doors again. . . .

Saturday, September 16th

. . . 50 miles of travel to-day. Didn't find our folks until after dark; am glad to find them all alive after what I read in a paper I picked up in the cars coming up from Denver, that Indians were making a raid up through western Nebraska, and troops had been sent for. Pine Bluffs is the last town in Wyoming, and we are 6 miles this side in the states. . . . We are coming into the rattlesnake and prairie dog region; shall miss our pleasant mountain walks with no fear of snakes before us. . . .

Sunday, September 17th

It is not so unpleasant to get back to camp life again if all the dish cloths and kettles are black with the smoke of pitch pine that they have been burning in our absence. We can scrub it off. . . . Lovely hazy atmosphere this morning; can think of nothing but cornfields, ripe pumpkins, and orchards; but its [sic] only a fancy, for we are 250 miles from such luxuries. Saw more of agriculture between Cheyenne and Denver than anywhere this side of eastern Neb. We passed Marshall. It will be depot and section house alternately until we take the cars at G. I. [Grand Island, Nebraska].

Tuesday, September 19th

. . . We are near Potter, 437 miles from Omaha. . . .

Wednesday, September 20th

. . . A woman at a section house brought out some potatoes to show us what could be raised on their ranch. They were very large. The farm must be somewhere on a stream. They irrigate of course. There is nothing growing near the house. They have a large flock of chickens. It was quite delightful to sit in the carriage and look into their open door and see them set their table for supper with a cloth and white dishes. We commenced our housekeeping with table cloths and napkins at Evanston, but soon learned that the less washing we had to do in alkali water the better.

Thursday, September 21st

We added to our stock of provisions at Sydney, quite an important town, saloons and billiard halls by the dozen. There is a road leading to Black Hills from here. . . . Ora has made a change in his wardrobe. We saw evidence of it as we rode past a clothing store; recognized familiar garments on the walk back of the store. It is a tidy way of disposing of cast off clothing; very off-hand and western. We passed through Camp Clark.

Friday, September 22nd

We left a poor sheep dying from the bite of a rattlesnake. F. Albee gave Mary a rattle he took from one yesterday. . . . We bought a gallon of milk of a thrifty Irish woman at

a section house. She only charged 80 cts. George gave her a few pounds of tallow, and she threw off 10 cts on the milk. . . .

Saturday, September 23rd

Wolves almost came into camp last night. Men and dogs gave chase. George fired at them twice, but they kept up their music all night, bursting out unexpectedly here and there. This forenoon we stopped the carriage three times for George to whip the life out of two rattlers and one blue racer. The boys killed 7. We stopped at Chappel depot. A woman gave us a gallon of milk. People are not all alike in this country any more than in other places. We had ham and eggs and musk and watermelon for dinner. Passed Lodge Pole Station. . . .

Sunday, September 24th

Mary and I took our morning walk with much care and trepidation over the burnt grass as the safest place to walk. We passed over another Indian battlefield, Julesburg. It looks as tho it had had its death blow. George says Denver Junction a little farther on killed it. We didn't see a live being but an old hen. She told us that the town wasn't quite deserted. This has been the warmest day of the season. Mary and I were in Boston a year ago now, which was their hottest weather.

Monday, September 25th

We took our dinner a mile this side of Denver Junction. Lee and Bluet [Blewett][21] were shipping sheep near the depot. . . . We are in Colorado again for a few hours. We have left Lodge Pole for good, and shall follow the Platte all the way to Grand Island, over 200 miles. We stopped at a horse ranch for water. We knew that a woman lived there; it was so cozy. There were lots of chickens, house plants, curtains and vines at the windows; but when we found that the housekeeper was a young man, pride in our sagacity took a drop. Wind blows a gale to-night, but warm.

Tuesday, September 26th

The wind blew all day yesterday and all night and so hard today that it is like a desert sandstorm on the dry bed of the Platte. The river is very broad and shallow here and dry in places. We had the greatest difficulty getting and

21. "Lee and Blewett were originally railroad contractors, but became the largest early firm to operate from the east in California, Oregon, and Washington. Their eastern headquarters were in Fremont, Nebraska, where they both fed and traded in trail sheep. They are estimated to have handled over a half million sheep between 1871 and 1887." Quotation from Wentworth, **op. cit.**, p. 277.

eating our dinner; extracted a good deal of fun out of our difficulty. A man hurried down from the railroad to warn us about fire. George told him he should be likely to be careful as he had 8,000 head of sheep to risk. He went away satisfied. We stopped at a ranch for water, three houses and no family, all men. We camp behind a snow fence for shelter. There is a special train on the track with men to make the fences secure for the winter. I wouldn't believe they could be such a protection against the wind.

Wednesday, September 27th

. . . We are all agitating the question whether to go or not to go to Grand Island with George. John wants us to go; is afraid of the responsibility of caring for us through a hard storm, if we have any. "His sister, his mother, and his aunts" vote against it. I guess it is carried, for we don't hear any more about it . . .

Thursday, September 28th

It is cool and bright. We stopped for eatables and horse shoeing at Ogallala. . . . We overtook the first emigrants that we have seen going our way. . . .

Friday, September 29th

The boys drove the sheep across the Platte for water; nearly foundered them on the burnt stubble. Indians set fires and tore up the track along here when they passed through. They say it is their country. George left for Grand Island to-night to see what prospect there is for wintering his sheep there.

Saturday, September 30th

. . . We realize that we are in a land of dew and dampness; miss our good dry morning walks, but we walk never-theless and keep a sharp lookout for rattlesnakes. The eye that was devoted to mountains in Utah and Wyoming is needed for snakes in Neb. . . . We passed Alkali and camped near a cattle ranch; pretty place with two houses, occupied by rough, swearing men.

Sunday, October 1st

. . . We are past O'Fallons, 154 miles from Grand Island. The sheep are getting very lame; many of them are on their knees most of the time. Ora says its [sic] because it is Sunday.

Monday, October 2nd

. . . We have come to our first country schoolhouse with the exception of the one in Hoytsville since we left home. It was so natural to see the children rush towards the schoolhouse when the bell rang. Close by is a farmhouse where we bought butter and milk. We can say farm now instead of ranch for they have a cornfield and trees growing around the house. . . .

Tuesday, October 3rd

We drove into North Platte City and had our dinner on the common, just this side of the home of Buffalo Bill. . . . This is the best looking town this side of Cheyenne. . . . We had to wait 5 or 6 hours for the sheep to be driven over and through the Platte. The railroad bridge is half a mile long and is used for carriages as well as cars, an arrangement I never heard of before. A train had to wait for our sheep. This is the junction of the North and South Platte, and is quite picturesque with islands and bluffs. George came from Grand Island this morning; has arranged to dip sheep at Kearney. . . . Em bought a cake to give John a little festival on the eve of his departure for California. He is going for more sheep; will bring them by rail. . . .

Wednesday, October 4th

. . . We picked up a tired lamb that had dropped out of the flock; gave it a ride and saved it from the wolves. . . .

Thursday, October 5th

. . . We passed through Maxwell; not much farming yet, but a great deal of hay put up. There were two steam hay presses in sight should think Neb. could supply the world with hay. . . . We left our lamb with a York State man from Cayugua [sic] Co. . . . He wants to sell his ranch, for he can't get his boys interested in sheep farming, all of which he told us with the easy familiarity of an old neighbor. We had no doubt about his being Yankee from his lively desire to ask questions and be generally communicative. He didn't seem at all startled at our attractive appearance. He must have taken Mary and I for twins, with the same lop over the left eye in our respective sunbonnets. It is very convenient in a trip of this kind to be independent of much dress, but it isn't always so easy to be indifferent when gentlemen walk or ride up to the carriage to have a little talk with George, and who are probably more familiar with good manners and fine dress than we are, and have come west to make their fortunes because it can be done so much quicker and easier than in the older states. We sometimes fancy like the ostrich that we are escaping notice by keeping our heads back out of sight, but the instinctive politeness of the gentlemen won't excuse them from a few words of salutation to the ladies. "Well ladies, how do you enjoy travelling so far from civilization." It is quite a wonder why they associate us with civilized life; perhaps it is the carriage. If we were only as respectable as the emigrant ladies with their best hats, all flowers and ribbons, tidy dresses, and light colored aprons. We thought it would be a fine opportunity to wear out our old clothes. We bought some cotton dusters to cover the shabbiness, but they soon

looked worse than the dresses. Our way of washing doesn't take out grease spots. We have some of a better quality under the carriage seat with our hats, where we keep our second best to slip on when we come to towns. Our finery for state occasions is packed away in a large trunk in Mr. Poage's wagon. Grace looks well in her riding habit on horseback, and attracts a good deal of attention from passengers going through on the U.P. They seem to wonder where she dropped from. . . .

Friday, October 6th

. . . Our neighbor came this morning and took 70 lame sheep; paid from 1 to 1¼ dollars each. It seems a pity to give them away when a few days rest would make them all right again. . . . We passed through Bradys Island; met two emigrant wagons; wonder where they can be going so late in the season. . . . Apple dumplings for dinner.

Saturday, October 7th

George sold 300 more sheep. Had ham and eggs, turnips, potatoes, and minute pudding with cherries for dinner. I give our bill of fare when other items of interest fail. . . .

Sunday, October 8th

We had our first frost last night since we left the mountains. . . . The air is filled with sand hill cranes and wild geese; have come to prairie chickens. We saw a blue racer and a monster dead snake. We had dinner near Willow Island depot. Three sheep men dined with us, and three others stood around and looked wishful. One of them was so partial to stew that I was afraid he would injure himself. . . .

Monday, October 9th

George bought provisions at a station called Gould, named for the Rail Road King. It is a pity he couldn't infuse some of his life and enterprise into his namesake. It is the deadest kind of a town. We saw a house propped up to keep it from falling. The sand foundation was being carried off by the wind. Evidently the owner hasn't read his bible with care. . . .

Tuesday, October 10th

It rained all night. We didn't get started until near noon. We camp to-night a little east of Plum Creek, the last town I hope made famous by an Indian massacre. The little town looks very innocent and peaceful planted out on the prairie with not a tree for shelter. . . .

Thursday, October 12th

We had dinner near Overton, a town of no particular interest. There are farmhouses of sod; some of them look quite like houses with painted doors, curtains at the windows, house plants, and occasionally a flower garden. One

of the settlers, formerly from Bloomington, Illinois visiting us this evening, told of two young men that were burned to death in a prairie fire across the Platte opposite here. We have noticed nearly all the way that the ground looks black and burned over there. This side is more liable to fires I should think from sparks from the engines and emigrant camp fires. George is very careful to burn a place for the campfire. We can see fires in every direction, nights.

Friday, October 13th

. . . It grows more difficult every day now driving sheep through. . . . The new unfenced farms are on the increase. . . . We were somewhat fearful that we might have to participate in a little unpleasantness to-night when we saw a man ride down from a farmhouse in great haste while we were making preparations for the night camp, but didn't realize our anticipations. Whether it was the mollifying effect of so much beauty of dress and person among the ladies, or the "soft word that turneth away wrath" with the boys, but more likely he had no intention of being dissagreeable [sic] if the boys complied with his request that the sheep be taken about a quarter of a mile back off his range, as he keeps sheep and has just dipped them and didn't like to run any risk of disease from contagion. The boys showed such a readiness to respect his rights that I think he was just a little suspicious that they would do as they like about it when he was out of sight. In the evening he came down with another man, perhaps to enforce his request if necessary, but finding it all satisfactory staid [sic] awhile for a visit with George. I can hear them holding sweet converse while I am trying to scribble in my diary by the light of the lantern hanging from the ridge pole of the tent. . . .

Saturday, October 14th

. . . We pitched our tent this noon near a section house on the banks of a creek. Em, Mary, and Willie did the washing. It is as warm as summer. There is a strong wind to-night; prairie fires in all directions. George went to Kearney to make arrangements for dipping. He brought a postal from John dated Monday, San Francisco. . . .

Sunday, October 15th

. . . We spread our tent to-day for the last time; shall be settled here for a few days, and then take the train at Kearney for home. We must make the most of the short time, and give a pleasant finish to our 4 months holiday. This is one of the most pleasant and sightly locations we have found in Nebraska, and doesn't seem a bit snaky as it did when we camped yesterday. We are among farms with their new made groves. We passed through a grove of good

sized trees. We are on quite an elevation; look down upon Kearney two miles east. It makes a pretty picture with its church spires gilded by the setting sun, and the old Platte about the same distance to the south looks grand by moonlight, a line of silver stretching for miles and miles across the country east and west as far as the eye can reach. . . . The boys felt so settled and at home here in the tent tonight that they thought they would have a game of euchre, but the cards dropped out of sight very sudden [sic] when they were reminded of the day of the week. Its [sic] no wonder they should occasionally forget as there is the same routine for each day, and every day is more or less a day of rest. We get our three meals, wash dishes, and a long spell of rest for men and beast in the middle of the day. Then we take our rides or walks the same as at home on the sabbath. The sheep have the same privilege of eating and walking but combine the two. . . . It was quite a study to arrange for meals when we first set out. We commenced with five meals a day, breakfast middle of the forenoon, then dinner at noon, and a meal or two after that. The boys did not object to such a state of things, as they are always willing to adapt themselves to circumstances when it takes the shape of extra meals, but we cooks and housekeepers took a different view of it, and finally it was settled that George was to arise with the lark or a little before and start the sheep for their days travel while it was cool. That would give Ora and John time for another nap and breakfast which they prepared for themselves, consisting mostly of crackers and coffee. The rest of the family breakfast on the European plan, when and how we like. Then our house and all housekeeping utensils are packed away in Willie's covered wagon, and we are on the move again. We overtake and pass the boys early enough to get settled and dinner ready for the time they have driven their allotted number of miles which is from 4 to 6. We are a united family for the noonday meal, and which is the time for rest and recreation and more or less sleep, and for Grace to revel in her scrubbing and scouring. The tin plates get an extra polish, the cupboard washed and regulated, and all dish and wiping cloths thoroughly washed and dried. Our supper and last meal for the day is usually taken in the tent by lantern light unless it is pleasanter outside. We come to a halt before dark, but it takes time and considerable discussion to decide on a location. George decides in favor of good feed for horses and sheep, and we for our own comfort; but the animals generally carry the day, for we couldn't see them deprived of their greatest enjoyment, eating. The tent has to be put up, and water brought if near a

stream. If not, our supply comes from the barrel that must be kept filled from the streams we pass, which are not numerous and are alkali mostly. We haven't had much trouble about fuel. There is plenty of sage brush which is the best fuel in the mountains with a sprinkling of cedar and pine. We have been able to find and buy old railroad ties through Neb.; for a day or two we were reduced to buffalo chips.

Monday, October 16th

It is beautiful autumn weather. George and Willie were in town all day; brought home some of the largest apples and a sack of tomatoes. We had a boiled dinner.

Tuesday, October 17th

. . . There is a good deal of excitement in Kearney over the murder of three officers by horse thieves whom they were trying to arrest.[22]

Thursday, October 19th

Mary and I had the pleasure of Mr. Crawford's company to dinner, and I had the pleasure of covering with ashes a pool of tobacco juice left as testimony of his enjoyment. . . .

Friday, October 20th

4 months ago to-day that we left Aurora; expected to be home again by this time. . . .

Saturday, October 21st

. . . Mr. Poage has broke [sic] up camp, and will stay with us over Sunday. F. Albee had gone to Grand Island which means happiness and Lillie. The first breath of Nebraska air wafted sweet peace to his yearning breast, and has been borne on the wings of delightful anticipation ever since.

Sunday, October 22nd

. . . We cooked our goose and had an old fashioned Sunday dinner. Nebraska vegetables are excellent, especially potatoes and winter squash. Our ten quart pan full of squash for dinner speaks for itself. Grace made her baking powder bread into biscuits which with sauce answers for desert [sic]. She makes it in the bake kettle in one large loaf when she bakes it over the campfire. It makes a good toast for breakfast, something we never tried at home. We all prefer it to baker's bread now. George bought a large sack of baker's bread in Salt Lake which lasted through Utah. Then he elected himself bread maker with Grace's assistance as no woman made nicer bread than he did some 30 years ago on the way through to California, but he has lost

22. Horse thieves killed Sheriff Woods, R. R. Kelly and Charles Collins at Minden, Nebraska. **Cheyenne Daily Leader,** October 18, 1882, 2:3.

his knack, or more likely, it was the keen appetite of youth that sweetened the bread of those days. He was very willing to promote Grace from assistant to principal and so were the rest of us. . . .

Monday, October 23rd

John took us by surprise this morning although we were looking for him any time now. He enjoyed his trip very much. He says the scenery that we have enjoyed so much is tame compared with that that he has passed through, more especially in Nevada. . . . He was glad to get another look at the old camping places as he went through. He was told at Beartown that the graves that we were so curious to know more about were graves of men killed by Indians. He saw one of the scalpless survivors. John says that the mountains are covered with snow, a fall of 12 inches between Granger and Green River. . . .

Tuesday, October 24th

I had an ague headache all night. Riding in the hot sun by the river yesterday I suppose caused it. I believe any low sluggish stream will breed ague. I am taking the portrait of the carriage for my plate. While I was at work two gentlemen came to look at it, and I retired into the tent. George has just come from town; says they have bought it to take back to Denver. Mary and I noticed some men examining it pretty thoroughly last night while we were promenading the streets waiting for Grace and her mother, but thought nothing of it as people have shown an interest in it all the way through, especially after learning its history. George ought to take it home as a curiosity . . . [Brigham Young's] family carriage which could seat from 6 to 8 of his wives comfortably, will be an object of interest to everyone. It is like parting with a friend, for it has been so good a home for us all summer. Our dear little Mormon ladies[23] we shall have to leave behind. Billy[24] will be sent home in the spring if he isn't stolen. He came very near it the other night or early morning. Thieves had cut his rope, but he made some fuss which awoke Mr. Poage. He shouted which awoke the sleepers generally. Em answered half asleep, thinking it was John returned; but it had the effect to scare away the thief. . . .

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23. The two white carriage horses bought in Salt Lake City by George J. Squires when he purchased Brigham Young's carriage.

24. The horse Grace rode on the trip. He was bought at the tithing office in Salt Lake City with the brand Z. C. (Zion's Cooperative) on his shoulder.

Wednesday, October 25th

The cold wind from the snow covered mountains has just reached here. We have been packing all day; shall take the train in the morning for home, and stop in Iowa to visit Martha.[25] Have finished camp life for this year and perhaps forever. Didn't suppose we should leave it with so much regret. . . . Ora will soon be going home. John and his father will be in town most of the time and full of business. They won't think much about it. They have been used to such trips ever since John was a little boy, but they never had it quite so comfortable before. We are staying at the hotel with them tonight to be ready for an early start. . . . A man stopping here has just been giving us the particulars of the murder of the three sheriffs. He was with them when they were shot. The wife of one of them, a Mrs. Woods from Lincoln, was here boarding when it happened. It is dreadful when we read such things in the papers, but more dreadful to have all the details from an eye witness. . . .

Friday, October 27th

We are at Martha's to-night; left Kearney on the 6 o'clock train yesterday. We stopped at Grand Island for breakfast and Fremont for dinner. . . .

25. Willie's mother, one of the Bent sisters.

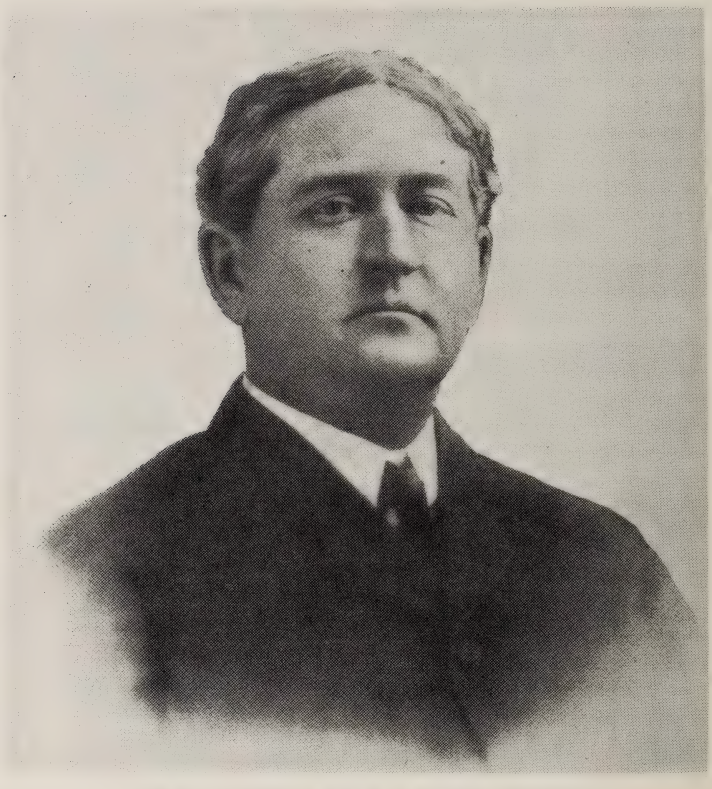


Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago

MERRIS CLARK BARROW

("Bill Barlow—The Sagebrush Philosopher")

Merris C. Barrow: Sagebrush Philosopher and Journalist

By

MARGARET PRINE*

PART I

INTRODUCTION

"There is a certain briskness—yea, peculiar busyness, as it were, about journalism in Wyoming," wrote Merris C. Barrow in 1887.[1] Newspapers then, as now, were powerful in the establishment and development of any community. Often the growth of frontier towns was dependent on the direction in which the town citizens were led by their newspaper, which was usually edited by an intelligent and progressive individual. The journalist of pioneer days in Wyoming was often an energetic, forceful man whose influence grew as his local news sheet reached out to the wider area of his territory or state. Wyoming was fortunate in that this strong force was controlled in early days by men who

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In 1944 she was married to Elmo L. Prine in Pasadena, California. They are the parents of two sons, and they reside in Laramie, Wyoming, where Mr. Prine is an instructor in the Laramie High School.

While working on her master's degree, Mrs. Prine acted as a graduate assistant in the English Department, where she has since taught as a temporary instructor. Her work on M. C. Barrow was written as her thesis on her M. A. degree.

1. Merris C. Barrow, **Bill Barlow's Budget,** Vol. II, No. 13, August 13, 1887. The files of the **Budget** from 1886 to 1905 in bound form are in the office of the Douglas **Budget.** These bound volumes have recently been given to the University of Wyoming and in time will be housed in its Archives. The bound volumes from 1905 through 1910, when Barrow died, are available in the Wyoming State Historical Department at Cheyenne as well as in Douglas. Since all copies are available in bound form, hereafter in this study quotations from the **Budget** will be documented in the text by a roman numeral for the volume, an arabic numeral for the number of the issue, and the year when the date is not given in the text.

fought for more than their own glory. It is hard to find among the early newsmen one who limited his efforts solely to his own advancement. These "small town purveyors of news" realized that by building up their individual communities and by joining with other communities to try to build a better state their own positions as men of power and importance would be enhanced. Working for a larger, greater goal, they were also working, then, for themselves.

It is not meant to convey the suggestion that prominent Wyoming newsmen of the late nineteenth century were men who amassed fortunes. "Those who attained the greatest fame died without leaving wealth made from their business to dependents."[2] According to one account of early journalists of the state, not a single newspaper man reached the $100,000 mark, although a number prospered and some accumulated a small amount of money.[3] One man is said to have been in debt when he left the state, another died penniless, still another left his dependents a small competence made from other sources, and M. C. Barrow, who "probably made more ready cash out of his newspaper work than the others, was a spendthrift and left only a small sum to his heirs."[4] The fortune which these men collected, then, was the fortune of being part of a growing and prosperous state which they had helped to build.

With the exception of numerous treatments of Bill Nye, very little has been written about pioneer journalism and journalists in Wyoming. W. E. Chaplin, an early newsman himself who worked from the back room to the editor and owner's desk up front, did some research on early Wyoming newspapers in 1918. These findings he compiled and published in serial form in the Laramie **Boomerang.** Velma Linford in her book **Wyoming Frontier State,** devoted a chapter to pioneer Wyoming newspapers. Douglas C. McMurtrie published an article in 1937, entitled "Pioneer Printing in Wyoming."[5]

From time to time brief mention has been made in articles and in books of these men of the press, individually or as a group, but there are many stories yet to be told. Chaplin in his series described pioneers of the Wyoming press as "men of strong character who dignified their profession."[6]

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2. W. E. Chaplin, "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 11, 1918, University of Wyoming Archives.
3. **Ibid.**
4. **Ibid.**
5. **Annals of Wyoming,** IX, No. 3, Jan., 1937.
6. "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 11, 1918.

In another article of this series, Chaplin wrote, "Among those who ranked high in western journalism and who have passed on may be mentioned without controversy E. A. Slack, J. H. Hayford, Bill (Edgar Wilson) Nye, and Merris C. Barrow."[7]

M. C. Barrow, who is said to have given "national politics a vigorous airing in Wyoming's 'refreshing, sage-scented breezes'," is especially interesting.[8] To tell his story, and hence to show the briskness as well as the power of early Wyoming journalism, is the purpose of this biography.

Merris Barrow, newspaper and magazine editor, was also a leader in his own community and state and left in his columns a history of the country in which he had faith—the sagebrush country of Wyoming. The Sagebrush Philosopher, as he came to be known to people in and out of Wyoming, was a "fluent writer on many subjects"[9] and had a large and colorful vocabulary. Although sometimes his attacks were bitter and his demands strong, there was always a vein of humor for the discerning reader to enjoy. In Barrow's story can be found an illustration of the role of the journalist and the influence of the small-town newspaper in frontier Wyoming.

THE JOURNALIST'S HERITAGE

A considerable portion of the material that can be collected today on Merris Barrow is difficult to authenticate. Very few of Barrow's own letters and personal papers were preserved, and his newspaper contemporaries as well as most of his friends outside the ranks of the press have died. Available personal recollections, both favorable and unfavorable, have mellowed and ripened perhaps with the years, making their validity questionable. Part of Barrow's story, however, can be taken from existing records of organizations and projects in which he participated and from the columns of his newspaper contemporaries; furthermore, a good many biographical facts and much of his personality can be gleaned from the columns of his own paper.

It is regrettable that some one closer to Barrow and his time did not collect the journalist's personal papers and write a memoir of his activities. Such an account is often

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7. **Ibid.**
8. Velma Linford, **Wyoming Frontier State** (Denver, Colorado: The Old West Publishing Co., 1948), p. 291.
9. Chaplin, "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 16, 1918.

prepared by some one in the family; and, though colored by commemorative reverence, it is valuable to later generations because of the contemporary and more intimate narrative of personal experiences and the accurate dates which it usually includes.

Such a story exists of Robert Clark Barrow, pioneer missionary and father of Merris Barrow. It was recorded by another son, Frank, in a biography which may have been written at the request of the Campbellite church, in which the father served.[1] This book, written shortly after the older Barrow's death, represents the highly eulogistic type of biography, but it does include many valuable facts concerning the man that only a member of the family or a very close associate could know. Since many facts are missing in the early part of Merris Barrow's story, the biography of his father offers numerous suggestions concerning the journalist's home life, early experiences, and possible parental influence which might have shaped his life. For this reason, it seems pertinent to include here some details about the family background and the environment and circumstances which surounded Merris Barrow's childhood and youth.

Robert Clark Barrow was born in Andes, Delaware county, New York, on August 18, 1832, when the American political scene was undergoing a change under the leadership of Andrew Jackson. It was in the "tumultuous thirties" that the New England Renaissance brought fresh confidence in the individual and stirred many men to think of new adventures for body and mind. R. C. Barrow began his life when men of the eastern United States were dwelling on "romantic speculation with its humanitarian emphasis on the potential excellence of man and the equality of human rights."[2] Born in the East, Robert Barrow was to move west in thought and action as did many others of his time; and moving west, where men were trying to adapt themselves to the hardships of pioneer life, he with his son, who ventured even farther, was a part of the movement which vastly extended American horizons.

Robert Barrow was the third son in a family of five boys and five girls. His mother had been born in Scotland under the surname Maxwell, and his father, William Barrow, had

1. Frank Barrow, **R. C. Barrow** (Lincoln, Nebraska: State Journal Company Printers, 1892). Facts about R. C. Barrow included in this discussion have been summarized, unless otherwise noted, from this book.

2. Vernon Louis Parrington, **The Mind of New England,** Book Three, **Main Currents in American Thought,** II (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1930), p. 271.

been a native of England. Six years after the birth of Robert, the Barrow family moved west to Union, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, where as Robert grew up he assisted his father in the carpenter trade. Because of this, he, like many other children of that day, was denied the privilege of a common school education until he was well into his teens. From an early age, however, he looked forward to the time when circumstances would permit him to go to school. Meanwhile he learned many things at home from his parents. They probably devoted as much time as they could spare to teaching him, and some incentive was offered, no doubt, by the few books that were usually found in the modest homes of that day. This taste of knowledge made young Robert even more eager to go to school; but until he was sixteen, he continued to assist his father.

Robert's chance to attend school came in 1848 when his grandmother wrote from Delaware, New York, that she would like to have him come and live with her. She promised to let him stay in her home if he would do the little amount of work which needed to be done around the house. Of course, he immediately determined to go, recognizing this as probably his only chance for any formal schooling. After a family consultation it was decided that he should go in the fall. When he left for school in the autumn of 1848, he took with him all his worldly possessions tied in a handkerchief which had been fastened to the end of a stout walking stick. With this over his shoulder, his mother's kiss, and his father's "God-speed," he left his home in Union, Pennsylvania, for what seemed to him a new and exciting adventure in Delaware, New York.

Robert Barrow began his studies immediately after his arrival in Delaware. He paid well for the privilege of three years of schooling, working during vacations to earn enough money for his books and clothes and working all year around for his board and room. These three years in the home of his grandmother were his only ones spent under an instructor; but during the remainder of his life, he continued to study hard. His eagerness and persistence were rewarded, for R. C. Barrow came to be known in later years as a man of great knowledge, even being recognized, according to his son Frank, as a fair scholar of Greek and Latin.

After this short period of formal education, he entered the teaching profession as did many other young men of that day, unprepared but interested and eager. In Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where he taught his first classes, he met Cynthia Harding. They fell in love and later became engaged, but she became ill and died before they could be married. "To forget his grief, he [Robert Barrow] wan-

dered about with no particular object in view but to keep from thinking."[3] His wanderings eventually brought him to Minnesota as a part of an exploring party. Even this exciting adventure did not hold his interest very long, for while in that state he left his fellow explorers to return to teaching school and for several years was the only white man among the Indians of that area. His son Frank wrote that during this time Robert Barrow learned the language of his Indian associates and could converse quite easily with them in their own tongue when he left.

Eventually he tired of life in Minnesota or gave up trying to find peace in a nomadic existence, for he returned to his old home in Union, Pennsylvania. Back with family and friends, he taught school again and evidently overcame his grief and began to think once more of marriage. In the latter part of 1855 in Canton, Pennsylvania, R. C. Barrow was married to Helen Harding, a sister of Cynthia who had died a few years before.

After his marriage he gave up school teaching for what was, no doubt, a more lucrative position on the Erie railroad. With this company in Buffalo, New York, he acted as baggageman until his health failed him and he was compelled to return to Union.

Probably deciding that outdoor life might help him to regain his health, he purchased a piece of land and began farming and clearing timber. He and his wife were very poor and, like many backwoods farmers of the late fifties, they lived through entire winters "on nothing more than corn bread and squash." The Barrows could not even afford to own their own team but had to use one belonging to a more prosperous neighbor. Barrow worked two days for the neighbor for the privilege of using the neighbor's team for just one day. This was a common practice among frontier farmers who had begun with little capital and almost no equipment. Even with equipment, farming was hard in the locality which Barrow had chosen for his home. The area was heavily wooded; and most land, like that which he had purchased, was new ground which had not been farmed before. He had to cut the trees on his land, haul the logs, and pull out the stumps. The enormity of his undertaking can be imagined when it is realized that when Barrow began as a farmer, he cleared a twenty-acre field.

The one diversion in most of the frontier farm communities was the church. The farmer, his wife, and children worked hard all week and for the most part rested and en-

3. F. Barrow, **R. C. Barrow**, p. 3.

joyed the activity of their community church on Sundays. The Barrows attended a little chapel in Union. R. C. Barrow's wife, Helen, was a constant attendant; and he, having no particular views on religion, accompanied her to the services out of respect. His wife's "earnest, devoted Christian life, coupled with what he heard at the little chapel soon set him to thinking," said his son in Barrow's biography. Foremost in his thinking was the desire to know whether what the preacher said was so or not. To find out, he would spend hours in reading the Bible after coming home from services. Even with hard work pressing him, he still had the desire of his youth to satisfy, if possible, his thirst for knowledge.

Robert Barrow's eager and open-minded study of the Bible at this time exemplified his approach to learning throughout his life. He did not accept a religious belief, for example, because some one told him of it, but because he had worked the belief out in his own mind. He was natively curious intellectually and had the personal discipline and initiative to make home training profitable.

The Christian gospel unfettered by creeds or human opinions, which he found through Bible study, appealed to him and caused a change to come over his life. According to his son Frank, Barrow came forward at the close of a meeting in the little chapel at Union and made the "good confession."

His careful study of the Bible had prepared him for preaching, a field where there was at the time a great opportunity for service. Joining the ranks of the preacher-farmer group of his day, he preached his first sermon in the little school house "where he had first learned to know, love, and obey the Master." On subsequent Sundays, he preached in the different school houses nearby and later gave himself to full-time ministerial service.

Robert and Helen Barrow's first child was born at Canton, Pennsylvania, on October 4, 1857. The baby, a boy, was named Merris C. In 1857 Robert Barrow was still a man of only twenty-five, who was probably looking into the future and making plans for himself and his family. He may already have been looking to the West, as were many other Americans, to less thickly populated areas. Furthermore, political and economic conditions were disturbingly threatening. In 1857 Taney handed down from the Supreme Court the famous Dred Scott decision. The slavery question was agitating Kansas and other territories. The success of railroads and manufacturers in the early fifties had led to over-expansion. Then the panic of 1857 hit, leaving the country in a state of economic depression.

During Merris Barrow's early years, the tension between North and South grew more critical and reached the breaking point. In the role of leader of this divided nation was Lincoln, a self-educated man, who came from poor and humble parentage, a man whose background was similar to that of Robert Barrow. Lincoln's rise to the presidency seemed the ultimate emergence of the common individual; certainly it gave impetus to the optimistic westward movement of which Merris Barrow and his father were a part.

It is not known whether events arising from the Civil War or merely personal considerations prompted the Barrows to move westward. Sometime in the early sixties they moved from Pennsylvania to Oregon, Holt county, in northwestern Missouri. It is likely that the change of home was made because R. C. Barrow believed Missouri offered opportunity for him as a preacher and a good future for his family.

The experiences of R. C. Barrow from this time forth were related in many of his letters and were preserved in the story written by his son. They show in part the type of life which Merris had as a boy. Robert Barrow had no special church, although he started many in Nebraska across the border from his Missouri home. In December of 1864, for example, it is known that he made a short trip to Nebraska where he preached for three evenings at Omaha and one at Plattsmouth. On these first trips he may have been looking for a suitable place for his family to settle, though too busy with his work to move them. If the Barrows were typical of most missionary families of that day, the activities of the home centered around the father's excursions, with family affairs dependent upon his departures and returns.

It appears that sometime late in 1865, he took his family with him. They may have followed him to the many towns in which he held meetings, or they may have settled in some centrally located town. At any rate, Merris Barrow's early childhood must have been rather upset, and the chances are that he did not have much opportunity to know intimately his father, who was away a great deal or busy evangelizing at home. It seems that the family lived at Brownville for a time and perhaps at London, Nebraska. On the last Sunday night of February, 1866, the Reverend R. C. Barrow began a meeting in the Methodist church at London. He had preached at Brownville in the morning because the Methodists of London had wanted to use their own church. "Upon my return at night," said Robert Barrow in one of

his letters, "I found many more people assembled than could conveniently gain admittance to the house."[4]

A committeeman from the Methodist church met him at the door and politely told him that he would no longer be permitted to preach in the Methodist church or even in the town of London. "It must be proved first that you are not a 'runaway rebel from Missouri'," he said.[5]

This was a common occurrence in those days following the war between the states. Probably it was known generally that the Barrows had spent part of the war years in Missouri, and the suggestion that he had made speeches favoring secession may have been credited by an excited crowd. At any rate the wildest excitement prevailed, according to Robert Barrow's own account, even though some understood the situation.[6] An ex-soldier and friend of Barrow from Nemaha City came to the minister's aid, declaring that he was armed and would protect his misrepresented friend with his own life. Barrow was advised to go to the pulpit and demand a hearing. This he did and gave to the Methodist committeeman letters of commendation from every church in which he had held meetings.

This proof was not even enough to satisfy the man who said, "I do not question your standing in the Christian church; but I have been informed that you made speeches in Missouri in the interest of secession; and until these reports are disproved, the meeting will not be allowed to proceed."[7]

Robert Barrow, nevertheless, determined to hold his audience and continued the meeting. At this point many who did not understand the situation before realized that this was just a plot by a few hostile Methodists to close the meeting. In his letter recounting this experience Barrow maintained, "There was no foundation for the report, except the admitted fact that I lived in Missouri a portion of the time during the war . . . and I requested the committeeman to write to the church and county officers of Missouri for information in regard to my political antecedents."[8] This the Methodist evidently promised to do and the meeting was continued.

Frontier churches in the 1860's were as a rule intensely active, each trying to become stronger than its neighbor.

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4. **Ibid.,** p. 25.
5. **History of Nebraska,** J. Sterling Morton and Albert Watkins, editors (Lincoln, Nebraska: Western Publishing and Engraving Company, 1918), p. 731.
6. F. Barrow, **R. C. Barrow,** p. 25.
7. **Ibid.,** p. 25.
8. **Ibid.,** p. 25.

Young Merris probably heard much effective name-calling during his early years of church attendance. As a journalist, at any rate, he employed the same tactics in denouncing his contemporaries and rivals.

Much of Robert Barrow's work in Nebraska was done without any regular salary. The Board of the Disciples of Christ Church did employ him in 1866, but even then he and his family struggled in poverty because frequently the Board was unable to pay him. In fact, at one time he forgave the Board a debt of $1,600, a pretty large sum to a man in his position in a frontier state. This poverty in his youth probably contributed to Merris Barrow's determination in later life to succeed financially. It may also have contributed to his trait of free spending. Having been deprived of much in his youth, it would have been natural for him to indulge in extravagance when he had money to do so.

From the Barrow home in Nemaha City in June, 1866, when Merris was just nine years of age, the Reverend R. C. Barrow made his first trip to what was described in his biography as "whiskey-trodden Tecumseh." At the time Tecumseh was a hamlet of only a few houses, and there was no public building in the place. Barrow's first meeting was held in a long shed which was serving as a kitchen. "The first two evenings the kitchen was crowded with curiosity seekers," said Robert Barrow to one of his correspondents.[9] On the third evening a show at a citizen's home offered competition, and Robert Barrow was left without an audience.

The prestige as well as the following of the Reverend R. C. Barrow grew, however. In 1867 the family moved to Tecumseh to make their home. Church services were conducted in the school until 1869, in the court house until 1870, and in a church built by the members by the fall of 1871.[10]

Thus it was as a minister's son in Tecumseh that many of Merris Barrow's habits and attitudes were formed. He, no doubt, had most of his formal schooling in this little Nebraska town. He may have received more education at home under the direction of his school-teaching father, who, in all likelihood, saw that his son was given a thorough background in theology in addition to some familiarity with literature.

Like his father, Merris seems to have been intellectually curious and may have turned from his father's religious teaching because he, as his father had done, wanted to rea-

9. **Ibid.**, p. 29.
10. **Ibid.**, p. 31.

son things out for himself. Too much religious fervor at home may have turned him to the more worldly element of Tecumseh. The religious background is evident in his writing, but he seemed always to be making light of any seriousness which it might involve. Thinking for himself, he set out on a different path from that followed by his father.

THE YOUNG JOURNALIST

In the little Nebraska town of Tecumseh Merris Barrow began his connection with the journalistic world. As a youth of only nineteen he undertook the job of editing the **Tecumseh Chieftain.** Young Barrow leased this small town paper in 1876 and published it until 1878. Since the early issues of the **Chieftain** are not available, the only known extant file dating from 1880, it is impossible to know whether his flair for personal journalism appeared in this early period. He must have done fairly well financially, however, for he evidently felt able to support a wife in 1877. On March 17 of that year, Barrow was married to Minnie Florence Combs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Bond Combs. It is probable, too, that Elizabeth, Merris Barrow's oldest child, was born during the last year of his connection with the Tecumseh paper. Although he considered himself financially able to marry on the income offered by a small town news sheet, the arrival of a child might have caused the Barrows to have some money worries. It is possible that the increased family responsibilities brought about M. C. Barrow's desertion of the newspaper business two years after he entered it.

Sometime in 1878 when Merris Barrow was only twenty-one years of age, he received an appointment as United States postal clerk. His first runs were from Omaha, but during that same year, he was transferred to Wyoming.[1] Although his run there was from Sidney, Nebraska, to Laramie, Wyoming, he and his family made Laramie their home.[2] Merris Barrow continued in the postoffice service until the spring of 1879, when he had an unfortunate experience which terminated this connection.[3]

He was arrested in January, 1879, on a charge of robbing the United States mail. The court records of the charges against Barrow and of the trial have been lost, and Laramie

1. **Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming** (Chicago, Ill.; A. W. Bowen and Company, 1903), p. 499.
2. W. E. Chaplin, letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.
3. **Ibid.**

papers of that time are no longer available. Barrow's personal account, however, was later given in one of his editorials in the **Budget** (I, 19, 1886), and W. E. Chaplin, who was working on the Laramie **Daily Times** in 1879, gave an account of the affair in a letter about Barrow's life written in 1947.[4]

According to Barrow's own report of the incident, he gave bail promptly, three leading citizens of Laramie being his bondsmen (I, 19, 1886): W. H. Holliday, furniture and lumber dealer; J. H. Finfrock, physician, surgeon and first president of the University of Wyoming's Board of Trustees; and James Vine, sheep raiser. For the trial, which was in a Federal Court under Judge Jacob B. Blair, a jury was chosen of leading business and professional men.[5] Only vague and possibly unreliable references to the trial are available today, but it is presumed to have been a fair one and resulted in Barrow's acquittal.

Though Barrow was legally acquitted of guilt, the incident caused him lifelong embarrassment. It continued all through his life to furnish fodder for virulent attacks upon him by rival "newspaporial" contemporaries with whom he was perpetually at war. In 1886 after an especially vicious attack by one of his rivals, Barrow felt it necessary to offer a complete explanation of the affair in the editorial columns of his paper. He asserted that a fellow clerk by the name of Kenniston had framed him in order to cover up irregularities for which Kenniston was responsible (I, 19, 1886). Barrow also maintained that the jury was out less than four minutes and that it had to take only one ballot to declare his innocence of the charge.

The positions which Barrow held immediately after his arrest, during his trial, and after his acquittal certainly suggest that he was regarded with respect by his fellow citizens. Pending the trial after his arrest, the young clerk was hired as a compositor and reporter on the Laramie **Daily Times.**[6] Evidently Barrow's work before his trial showed that he had possibilities as a newsgetter; for immediately after his acquittal, he was given a position as city editor of the **Times** under L. D. Pease, its managing editor, an advancement worthy of note for a relatively new man in the journalistic world.

In 1886 Barrow wrote as if there were nothing about the affair which he wished to conceal or nothing of which he was ashamed. For the majority of people Barrow's expla-

4. **Ibid.**
5. **Ibid.**
6. **Ibid.**

two and a half columns" by professional rivals jealous of the **Budget,** which Barrow called "the oldest, the largest, and the best," or by other individuals jealous of his political connections.

Perhaps only the urgency of unemployment brought Barrow back into the newspaper field. On the other hand, he might have been awaiting an opportunity to re-enter journalism. Whatever impelled him, his second venture into newspaper work resulted in a lifelong connection with it.

When Barrow became an employee of the **Times,** he, of course, became acquainted with William E. Chaplin, then a compositor on that paper.[7] Here were two of Wyoming's early journalistic "greats" rubbing elbows in the back room of a Laramie daily. Soon these two were to join with another Wyoming "great," Bill Nye. From the **Boomerang,** which was shortly to be founded with Barrow, Chaplin, and Nye as members of the staff, these men would branch out and would contribute much to Wyoming's journalism and government while making their state known over the nation.

During the period that Barrow was with the **Times,** it was a Democratic paper. "The election of 1880 was not at all satisfactory to local Republicans and they decided to establish a paper for the benefit of the party and to give an outlet to the humorous writings of Bill Nye."[8] A meeting was called at the courthouse in Laramie and a temporary organization was perfected. "Judge Jacob B. Blair was one of the chief spokesmen for the new company, but it embraced many of the prominent Republicans of Albany County."[9] One of Laramie's leading grocers, A. S. Peabody, was made president, and Edgar Wilson Nye, who wrote under the name of Bill Nye, was made managing editor. The first issue of the Laramie **Boomerang** came off the press on March 11, 1881, and among those assisting at its "accouchement" was Merris C. Barrow, who in the **Budget** for March 23, 1887, gave a clever and interesting description of the day:

> A small room above a boot store, a Washington handpress, on which have just been placed the forms of what constitutes the first number of the Laramie **Daily Boomerang.** Bill Nye—

7. **Ibid.**

8. W. E. Chaplin, **Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies,** 1919, p. 13.

9. Chaplin, "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 24, 1918.

> then, a comparatively unknown man outside of Laramie—stands near, a smile of eager anticipation on his genial phiz and his 'high forehead' shining like a mirror. Beside him Bob Head, the city editor. More Kingsford, Billy Kemmis and myself—'Slug 2,' 'slug 3' and 'slug 4'—bring up the rear, interested but not excited. Will Chaplin, the foreman with his hand on the tympan awaits the inking of the forms which is being done by Jimmie Mulhern, the devil, under the immediate supervision of George Garrett, the job printer. The tympan falls with a bang, the bed slides beneath the platen, the devil's-tail plays with a double knock against the press-post, the bed returns to the end of the track, the tympan is raised, and Chaplin, with a smile, hands Nye the first paper. (I,42)

All this took place in the second story of the Kidd building, a rickety frame structure on Laramie's Second Street.

Two months after the initial issue of the Laramie **Boomerang,** Bob Head went on a prolonged spree and was discharged for drunkenness. Later he had to "jump the town to escape prosecution on the charge of attempting to murder his wife." (I, 42, 1887). In the **Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies** Chaplin described Head as a "newspaper man of rare ability," but he explained further that "John Barleycorn was just too much for him."[10]

After the removal of Head as city editor, M. C. Barrow was promoted from the composing room. "Barrow was talented beyond Head in imagery and was a more fluent writer."[11] When the Laramie **Boomerang** was just a year old, the paper plant was found to be inadequate and was moved to the second story of the Haines livery stable, which was at the southwest corner of Third and Garfield streets. Here the staff had plenty of space, but the odor was a bit oppressive. According to legend, it was here that the grey mule operated the elevator.[12] In ascending to this office, Bill Nye was supposed to have given the advice to "twist the gray mule's tail and take the elevator."[13]

In the winter of 1882-83, when Nye became ill and did not return to his duties with the paper, Barrow took on the additional responsibility of editorial writer. He continued in this capacity until 1884 when, for some reason which cannot today be determined, the management became dissatisfied with Barrow's work and dispensed with his services.[14]

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10. Chaplin, **Wyoming Miscellanies,** 1919, p. 13.
11. Chaplin, "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 24, 1918.
12. **Ibid.**
13. Chaplin, **Wyoming Miscellanies,** 1919, p. 13.
14. Chaplin, letter to author, January 1, 1947.

The last issue of the **Boomerang** under his editorship, which appeared on March 19, 1884, included an editorial comment which might explain his dismissal:

> With this issue the writer retires from the position of chief mutilator of truth on this great moral and religious journal. Though not as old in the harness as some of our newspaper brethren, we have experience enough to warrant our remarking right here, that it is a thankless job—that of editing a paper. It is a "demnition grind," which wears out body and soul. We drop the faber mentally resolving rather than resume it again, to wield a long-handled pitchfork as shorthand writer in some second-class livery stable, or monkey with brake wheels at $65 per month . . .
>
> To our enemies—for we have enemies—we say "see you later."[15]

A man who could advance so rapidly in the newspaper world was doubtless very individualistic in addition to being talented, and probably Barrow was being entirely truthful when he referred to enemies. Perhaps he found it hard to fall into line with the ideas which his superiors expected him to express, or he may have trampled on the toes of some important people by making comments about them in his paper. One might even hazard a guess that Barrow was too big for his job, or at least that he thought himself to be and said too much.

Rawlins, Wyoming, a little over one hundred miles west of Laramie, conveniently offered opportunity for a newspaper man in September of 1884, and Barrow went there to take the editorial and business management of the **Wyoming Tribune,** a Republican paper. He was the paper's first editor, and in this capacity, according to one of his successors, "whooped her up plenty, and made the **Wyoming Tribune** a treasure and necessity in scores of homes in and out of old Carbon county." (**Wyoming Tribune** exchange, **Bill Barlow's Budget** I, 13, 1886). Although Barrow remained with this paper for only eighteen months, he is said to have reached 600 readers, whom he described as "good-natured and patient." (I, 13, 1886).

Few examples of Barrow's writing on the Rawlins paper are now extant, but those that survive reveal the personal journalism for which Barrow later became widely known. Instead of heading his items of the Territory in a formal manner, he used the more clever headings, "Items of Interest to Wyomingites in Particular and Everyone in General," "Cattle Chat," "Short Bits," etc. In his use of these expressions, Barrow was following the journalistic trend of nation was probably sufficient justification, but the incident was still material for long slanderous editorials, "puffs of

15. Laramie **Boomerang,** III, 300, March 19, 1884.

his day, but his paper also contained writing flavored with something new.

Some of his expressions were crude and awkward, but they are interesting today as revelations of his experimental attempts at writing in the manner he eventually perfected. In the columns of the **Wyoming Tribune** for September 25, 1884, the only issue of this Rawlins paper available, frequently can be found such expressions as "Not bad, eh?"[16] In speaking of the promising future of Rawlins, Barrow said, "Stick a pin dar!" instead of saying the more conventional "Mark this on the map."[17] A reference to one of his later articles in the Rawlins paper was made in the **Democratic Leader,** a Cheyenne paper, of May 31, 1885. His colorful description of a frontier character of fiction, "Howling Coyote from Poison Creek alias Bob Brown the Inebriated Cowboy," was retold in Barrow's own words. In this account appeared such typical Barrow expressions as "spanked the bosom of his pants," "knocked into a cocked hat," etc.

Of course, since the **Wyoming Tribune** was Republican and the state of Wyoming was predominantly Republican, it might be expected that Barrow's editorials would show indications of Republican sentiment. The material of the following quotation is irrelevant, but the style is revealing in view of the fact that it was an early and crude sample of a manner which later came to be the trademark of Barrow's writing, a highly personalized and vivid style:

> The promised shell that was to be thrown into the Republican camp in the form of what was termed the 'mulligan letters,' turned out to be a small tissue paper torpedo that would not explode.[18]

In the columns of the **Wyoming Tribune** for September 25, 1884, can be found numerous other examples of his ability as a free-writing and clever journalist and as a newsgetter. Barrow's paper contained exchanges from other Wyoming papers and notices which championed Rawlins as well as the Territory of Wyoming. He had the following to say of Yellowstone:

> There have been 1,725 visitors to our little park—the Yellowstone—the past season. Wyoming is a modest, retiring maiden, but her charms are so many and varied that the boys all run after her.[19]

Barrow was always ready to add to any news item praise for his adopted state. He was quick to notice any new op-

16. **Wyoming Tribune,** September 25, 1884.
17. **Ibid.**
18. **Ibid.**
19. **Ibid.**

portunity offered by the state and was just as quick to record and sometimes to commend in his news sheet any new development.

In this same paper there appeared in "Short Bits" an article on a new Wyoming settlement which is interesting because of what it might have meant to Barrow.

> The Fort Fetterman military reservation lately opened for settlers is rapidly being taken up by homesteaders.[20]

Probably all of the papers of the state carried similar notices, and some of them went into greater detail in commenting upon the growing population of the state.

As early as December 17, 1872, the Secretary of War had reported to the United States Senate that the "whole of the Fetterman military reservation was no longer needed for military purposes" and could be reduced.[21] The opening of this new land would naturally bring settlers to the country. By 1882 notices were appearing in the Cheyenne **Daily Leader** and in other papers of the Territory declaring that the government would soon give up the post proper.[22] On June 20, 1883, the following notice of the early settlement in the abandoned military post appeared in the **Leader:**

> . . . citizens disturbed lately by an order issued by the war department which directs them to quit the reservation. [The citizens were protesting because the buildings had been sold the fall before to their present owners.] These people expected to live in them so long as the reservation was not used by the Government. The people of the neighborhood are also discussing the plan of taking up a town site on the public lands . . .[23]

It is likely that Barrow, who read state papers for his exchange column, saw the article, and he might have begun then to think of Fetterman's possibilities. He kept in touch with what other newspapers of the state printed, and probably read many times of the movement to the Fetterman country. Possibly even as early as 1882, he saw this newly opened land in the light of the opportunity it might offer to him.

Barrow, the newsgetter, was also a "go-getter" in close contact with all the activities of his Territory. He was no doubt following interestedly the movement of a railroad which was coming west, headed for central Wyoming. As early as January 20, 1869, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company was organized under the laws of the state of Nebraska to build a road from Fremont to the western border of the state.[24] Then in December of

20. **Ibid.**
21. **Senate Document,** No. 14, 3rd Sess., 42nd Cong., 1872-73.
22. Cheyenne **Daily Leader,** May 12, 1882.
23. Cheyenne **Daily Leader,** June 20, 1883.
24. I. S. Bartlett, **History of Wyoming** (Chicago: S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1918), I, p. 347.

1869, articles of incorporation for the Wyoming Central Railroad Company were approved in the neighboring territory of Wyoming. Included in these was a declaration that a line would run to or near Fort Fetterman. The articles were filed on May 12, 1875, but nothing actually was done at that time toward constructing the road.

Work on the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad had gone slowly, and it was not until January 20, 1885, that Congress granted the company the right to run through Fort Robinson, a military reservation in northwestern Nebraska.[25] The fact that the proposed railroad to the state line of Nebraska was, then, becoming almost a reality revived enthusiasm and hopes for the Wyoming Central Railroad, and in October, 1885, another association was formed.[26]

The association which was formed in 1885 had been approved during March of 1884 by an act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wyoming, but the members of the association did not bind themselves together legally until October nineteenth of the following year.[27] At this time the company was formed to survey, locate, build, construct, and operate a railroad from the eastern boundary of the Territory near the valley of the Running Water River westward along the valley of the North Platte River for one hundred and twenty-five miles. The capital stock of the company was listed as $2,000,000, and the company planned for their corporation to last fifty years from October 25, 1885.

By March 16, 1886, the trustees of the company resolved to extend the railroad westerly along the valley of the North Platte and Sweetwater Rivers through the counties of Albany, Carbon, Sweetwater, Uintah and on to the eastern boundary of the Utah Territory.[28] During this year, however, both the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad and the Wyoming Central Railroad passed into the hands of the Chicago and Northwestern Company.[29]

Such big railroad talk along with the reports of the rapid settlement of the Fort Fetterman military reservation, which had just recently been opened for homesteaders, probably excited Barrow's interest. Sometime in the spring

25. **Ibid.**, I, p. 347.
26. **Incorporations, Territory of Wyoming,** II, October 19, 1885, pp. 460-62.
27. **Ibid.**
28. **Incorporations, Territory of Wyoming,** III, March 16, 1886, p. 94.
29. Bartlett, I, p. 347.

of 1886, he made his decision to move to the Fetterman region and throw in his lot with developments there. He had probably been awaiting an opportunity to get into business for himself anyway, as were many other settlers on the frontier. Besides, Barrow had taken by this time, according to the Cheyenne **Democratic Leader** of May, 1885, the pen name of Bill Barlow and had made progress in the development of his own style of writing.[30]

He was beginning to make himself known. In July, 1885, for example, the **Democratic Leader** considered his passing through Cheyenne of enough importance to allow several lines of copy to be devoted to him. The item read:

> M. C. Barrow, editor of the **Wyoming Tribune,** published at Rawlins, returned from Denver yesterday and an effort was made to induce him to remain over last night, but he said that as there is to be a circus in Rawlins today, it would be love's labor lost to attempt to hold him back with anything less than two circuses here and a bonus. He went on, carrying with him a joyous heart and a large invoice of sympathy.[31]

About this time also Mrs. Barrow conveniently received an inheritance of sufficient size to help appreciably in purchasing a small newspaper plant. Barrow's first self-owned newspaper, **Bill Barlow's Budget,** was well on the way to being born. By June of 1886, it was making its cry heard and beginning to flourish in the new home which the Barrows had established in the Fort Fetterman settlement.

THE NEW HOME: BIRTH OF THE "BUDGET"

Barrow may have gone to look over his anticipated home in the Fetterman country; but if he did not, he had enough of the pioneer spirit to take a chance on the possibilities it might offer. In his "Chit Chat" column for May 7, 1902, Barrow said that the "newspaporial caravan pulled out of Rawlins early in '86" and headed for the Fetterman country (XVI, 47). This may have been a reference to a direct trip to Fetterman or to a trip via Chicago, where the machinery for the plant was purchased, and Chadron, the point to which it was shipped. At any rate, it is presumed that the Barrows left Rawlins early in the year of 1886 and arrived in the Fetterman country in May of that same year. In Chicago their equipment was purchased from the well-known foundry of Mardeer and Luse (I, 1, 1886) and was shipped by rail to Chadron, which was as far as shipping on the railroad could go. The Barrows picked up or joined

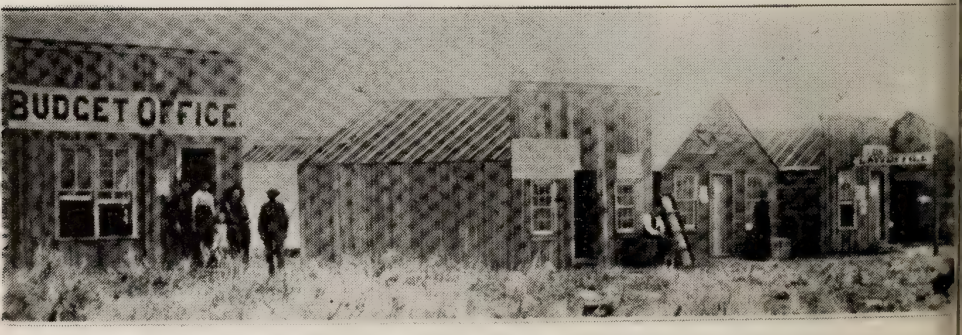
30. **Democratic Leader,** May 31, 1885.
31. **Democratic Leader,** July 14, 1885.

their equipment at Chadron, if they were not traveling with it, and set out for the Fetterman country, their land of opportunity.

With their equipment the Barrows made up a small caravan which, heading west from Chadron, Nebraska, followed a "trail blazed here and there with grader's camps" of the Elkhorn Railroad (XIV, 52, 1900). "The first of three vehicles comprising this caravan carried a printer, his wife and a tow-headed kid and a driver, the others the type and machinery of a nine hundred-dollar newspaper complete in every detail even unto a chattel mortgage representing full two-thirds of the entire layout." (XIV, 52, 1900). Elsewhere Barrow wrote, "Along in the shank of May, the year of our Lord 1886, a somewhat abbreviated newspaper 'plant,' wrapped in a rough-on-rate chattel mortgage blanket, was unloaded from a lightning express mule train at Fetterman, and on June ninth, following, **Bill Barlow's Budget** was born." (V, 52, 1891)

Upon their arrival, the Barrows set up their case racks and presses in a little shack which was later used as a chicken coop. The quarters were inadequate, the atmosphere probably unpleasant and a little discouraging, but the first issue was a success, and the outlook seemed hopeful for **Bill Barlow's Budget** and its owners.

The issue of this paper which was distributed to the people of the Fetterman country on June 9, 1886, was what it was because of teamwork. Barrow probably did all of the writing, but Mrs. Barrow, or "Mrs. Bill" as she came to be known to the readers of the **Budget,** was a thoroughly practical newspaper worker. She was a good type-setter and probably did much of the back-room work from the



BILL BARLOW'S BUDGET OFFICE, 1886, DOUGLAS, WYOMING
Frank Barrow, Mrs. Merris C. Barrow, M. C. Barrow, Sam Slaymaker, and one of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow's daughters are standing in front of the Budget office.

beginning. For that first issue she may have set all or a good bit of the type and may even have helped turn the cylinder press.

Barrow, otherwise "Bill Barlow" or "Editor Bill," and his "better half," another of the titles given Mrs. Barrow by her husband, did have up-to-date, new, and workable equipment. It was only natural that they should have been proud of it and have praised its worth to their future customers. They realized from the first that it was the job-printing which would add to their income that extra amount that would make even small luxuries possible. They had to sell themselves and their equipment from the start. That first issue contained descriptions that made the contents of their wretched shack or office gleam like jewels in a junk heap. Besides the equipment already mentioned, they boasted a fine job press "of an improved pattern" and a "select assortment of job type embracing all the latest faces and styles in plain and ornamental job letters." (I, 1, 1886). "Editor Bill" went to great ends to show that the paper was not a "Catch-penny institution representing ninety percent gall and one of office material" (I, 1, 1886), and he did not spare space in describing it.

By the third week of publication, subscriptions were pouring in. The editor even said that the subscription book was being enlarged—said it in a breezy fashion that was to become typical of the **Budget**. "We have already added a dining room and a summer kitchen to the main structure," he wrote in the third number of his paper, "and the architects are now drawing the plans for an 'L' to be built on the east front embracing a bay window and a big piazza." (I, 3, 1886). He continued, "We can't promise everybody a front room, but we propose to accommodate all comers in some shape at $3.00 a year, invariably in advance." (I, 3, 1886). This weekly paper also included in its price list an offer of three months for $1.00, six months for $1.50 and three hundred years for $300.00. The latter, typical of Barrow's tone of exaggeration, may have been his bet that this enterprise would succeed.

The Fetterman country, which Barrow had chosen for his new home, had already figured prominently for two or more decades in territorial history. A military post was established in the region on July 19, 1867.[1] According to a report submitted to the United States government in 1874, the fort was located on a plateau or high bluff on the south bank of the North Platte River at the mouth of the

1. I. S. Bartlett, **History of Wyoming**, I, p. 515.

La Prele Creek about six hundred feet from and one hundred thirty feet above the stream.[2] This report described the location of the fort thus: "The Plateau rises from the river bottom by steep, almost precipitous bluffs, and then, rising gradually merges into the Black Hills, fourteen miles distant."[3] On this bluff overlooking the river, the army laid out a well-built, commodious and convenient military post. Accessible to the fort were a limestone bed on the road to Fort Laramie, a bed of soft, jet black coal near the fort, and a bed of sandstone of a gray color used extensively for building the quarters of the military post.[4] Although high winds were prevalent in the country, with much snow in the winter and frequent hail storms, there was an abundance of game, and in the fertile soil could be grown early vegetables such as peas, onions, radishes, and lettuce.[5] The early fort had sixteen buildings made of adobe, log and plank, some of these being really blocks of buildings. At this time there were also stables inside the high plank fence surrounding the buildings and a hospital, storehouse, and other buildings outside.

Barrow included in the columns of the **Budget** many colorful descriptions of the Fetterman to which he came in 1886 after it had been abandoned by military authorities. But with his special imaginative ability he could also picture Fetterman as it appeared during its military days and as it might appear in the future as a great city, the focal point and crossroads of eastern Wyoming. Such a description appeared in the very first issue of the **Budget:**

> Fort Fetterman assumed definite shape as a military reservation in 1867, and for years past the phrase "Fetterman country" has been a synonym for all that section lying within a hundred miles of this point, in either direction. The town is situated on a high bluff overlooking the Platte river, on a mesa extending back a mile or more—a lovely spot, embracing all the qualifications necessary to the natural location of a great city.
>
> . . . The topography of the country, together with the fact that a fine bridge spans the Platte at this point, makes Fort Fetterman the natural gateway between the extreme southern and northern sections of Wyoming. (I, 1, 1886)

In 1889 a more vivid description of the fort proper appeared in the columns of the **Budget:**

> From the first temporary buildings of logs and "doby" it grew into a large post comprising some half-hundred substan-

2. "Report of Asst. Surgeons C. Macklin and F. LeBaron, U.S. Army, Fort Fetterman, Wyoming," **General Surgeon's Report on Army Posts,** Circular No. 4, 1874. Fort Fetterman File, Hebard Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.
3. **Ibid.**
4. **Ibid.**
5. **Ibid.**

> tial buildings surrounding a parade ground in the center of which stood a fountain. Situated on a high plateau overlooking the Platte, with its system of waterworks, well-kept streets and walks and grassy lawns and parade, it was a beautiful spot, like unto an oasis in the desert, almost. (III, 42, 1889)

A small garrison had been kept at Fort Fetterman until 1878 when the fort was abandoned by order of the Secretary of War since no necessity for a military post in the locality existed.[6] Most of the fort buildings remained when the Barrows arrived in 1886, but by that time they belonged to private individuals. Barrow related in his columns that the buildings were sold in 1882 to civilians and that Fetterman continued to be quite a lively little town. This was especially true in the summer when it became headquarters for cowpunchers after the round-ups.

As soon as the government placed protective forces in the central part of eastern Wyoming, the pioneer began to appear. Most of them, would-be ranchers, homesteaded, but many bought land and built in the Platte valley. Some homesteaders registered only for the usual 160 acres; others got more than one claim by filing a timber, stone, and desert claim besides the regular one. Some of these lands were declared honestly, but many stone claims were filed, for example, when the land was really good.

Many little ranchers flocked to the area hoping to prosper and later to set up substantial homes for their families, but there were big outfits too. Among these were the Searight Brothers, who drove in 14,000 head of cattle from Texas to Casper Creek in 1877. They comprised the group that built the famous old stone ranch house near the Platte River which is remembered as the Goose Egg Ranch.[7] Another big outfit was established by Joseph M. Carey and his brother Davis, who bought a tract of land and started the "CY" ranch which was to become famous for its size.[8]

Barrow explained in his paper, however, that "Wyoming's choicest land" was not open for settlement since the reservation embracing sixty square miles had not been released (I, 1, 1886). This land was not made available until the 52nd Congress met in 1891-92. The Committee on Public Lands submitted at the first session of this Congress a bill proposing to throw open to settlement under the

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6. Bartlett, **History of Wyoming,** I, p. 321.

7. The Goose Egg Ranch was the setting for one of Owen Wister's practical joke stories appearing in **The Virginian.** It was here that the two cowboys were said to have changed the clothes of two babies while their parents danced, the prank not being discovered until the parents reached home some distance away.

8. R. B. David, **Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff** (Casper, Wyoming: Wyomingana, Inc., 1932), p. 70.

Homestead Law the Fort Fetterman hay reservation consisting of 2,620 acres of land.[9]

Since this land had not been released in 1886, the town of Fetterman was subject to removal and "total obliteration at the will of Uncle Sam." (I, 1, 1886). Quite naturally settlers wanted clear titles to the land on which they planned to build "the future metropolis of Wyoming." (I, 1, 1886). Thus it became necessary for the townsite company to look elsewhere for a location.

It was the railroad which brought people to east central Wyoming in considerable numbers, and it was the railroad that kept them from making a permanent settlement at first. Without a safe, sure, speedy and cheap means of communication and transportation to the world outside, the rich and varied resources offered by the Fetterman country would never have been developed. It took the prospect of a railroad to make humanity in numbers recognize the possibilities of the area. It was natural for the early arrivals to head for the place where there already was a community. Fetterman would, therefore, have been the town about which life and activity developed had the railroad not been compelled because of the military reservation to locate the town in another place.

It was customary for a railroad to have a townsite company, which it backed and controlled, to act in selling land for future towns and cities along its line. Such companies may have kept private land-scalping down, but they did not keep the price of property down. The Pioneer Townsite Company was organized in this instance by the Wyoming Central Railroad to handle the selling of land for the new town in the Fetterman country. The actual townsite in east central Wyoming, as in most cases, was kept a secret; but people soon began to settle in the valley along the probable line of the railroad and in the vicinity of Fort Fetterman.

When there was nothing but "rabbits and rattlesnakes" on the present site of Douglas, early comers were opening their businesses in tents at the mouth of Antelope Creek, north of the Douglas of today. C. H. King was the first to pitch his tent there and offer the merchandise of a general store to the people of the surrounding country. It required faith in the future for an individual to set up in the sagebrush country a tent, in which could be bought articles of necessity and convenience that might be found in a real city store. King was not alone for long. Beside his tent was erected another owned by a surveyor named Wattles,

9. **Senate Reports** (II, No. 439), 1st Session, 52nd Congress, 1891-92.

and soon a saloon was opened by two enterprising cowpunchers named Blaisdell and Mosley. This settlement, termed the temporary town, was soon a thriving community.

The initial issues of **Bill Barlow's Budget** give to the present-day reader a graphic picture of the development and expansion of this town. According to the second issue the temporary town had only two streets, King and Adams, and about 300 people (I, 2, 1886). In the next issue Editor Barrow declared that a new house was being built every twenty minutes. New arrivals were pouring in every day, and tents and frame buildings were "springing up as if by magic." (I, 3, 1886). Five weeks later, a visitor from Laramie wrote back to Douglas a letter which the **Budget** published. He said that the town had doubled its population in the fifteen days between two of his visits, being 1,000 at the time of his last one. Of this growth he said, "The population is peculiarly western and full of life, energy and grit. What is lacking will be made up by push and vigor." (I, 7, 1886). It is also interesting to note what this visitor had to say of Barrow. "He [Barrow] and his paper take immensely, and he like death 'is no respector of persons' and will make himself beloved, feared, and felt." (I, 7, 1886).

Meanwhile, most of the arrivals traveled on to Fetterman. As the center of this ranch area and anticipated railroad community, Fetterman during the spring and early summer of 1886 was truly a boom town. At that time this thriving community had three general stores, two hotels, three attorneys, a meat market, a gentleman's furnishing store, a barber shop, a drug and jewelry store, a bank, a restaurant, and several saloons.[10] Although Barrow called his paper the oldest one published in Converse county, a point substantiated by the **Democratic Leader** of Cheyenne since it declared the **Budget** the first paper actually published there,[11] another paper had been distributed in Fetterman at an earlier date. On May 26, 1886, Colonel E. H. Kimball had started a newspaper called the **Rowdy West.**[12]

The town of Fetterman also boasted a doctor, Dr. Amos W. Barber. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and had been recommended by the Professor of Operative Surgery of that University.[13] He came to be

10. **Coutant Notes,** Fort Fetterman File, Hebard Collection, University of Wyoming Archives.
11. **Democratic Leader,** June 16, 1886.
12. **Coutant Notes,** Fort Fetterman File.
13. David, **Malcolm Campbell,** p. 81.

head of the Fetterman Hospital Association, a cooperative subscription enterprise organized by cowboys on April 25, 1885.[14] He also developed an extensive and strenuous practice in the region around Fetterman, made many friends, and in later years became governor of the state of Wyoming.

Late in June of 1886 the converted army post had close to one thousand inhabitants. During this month, however, according to an account in the **Budget,** the future Douglas was surveyed and given a name. From this time the number of people to arrive in Fetterman began to fall off, and the number of settlers in the temporary town on Antelope Creek began to increase.

It was in the month of June, 1886, that the magnates of the railroad gave the new Fetterman the name of Douglas. It seems that the settlers themselves wanted the new town, "the future great," called Fetterman, but the United States Post Office Department would not permit the use of that name because the post office of Fort Fetterman was still in existence, and two offices with such similar names would cause confusion (I, 2, 1886). According to the **Democratic Leader,** June 16, 1886, the Northwestern managers in Chicago honored the greatest man their city ever produced, Stephen A. Douglas, by naming the new town Douglas. The **Leader's** article explained that surveyors were laying out twenty-four blocks at that time, but that their work had to be sent to Chicago where the streets would be named and then to Laramie City to be recorded. The Cheyenne newspaper explained further that two or three weeks would still elapse before actual builders could get lots at fixed prices.[15]

During June not only was the town named and its blocks surveyed, but the engineer located the depot in the center of the company's tract. A large area between the depot and the river was reserved for shops, switches and stockyards, and the land between the depot and hills was set apart for the business and residential parts of the town (I, 3, 1886). Lots were sold in July to prospective Douglas residents; however, the railroad would still not permit even a tent stake to be stuck in the land. Since such action was to be prohibited until the actual arrival of the railroad, Douglas grew as a temporary town.

As many as one hundred people arrived in the temporary tent village during the course of one day (I, 4, 1886). Housing and food must have been scarce, making prices exorbi-

14. "Circular, Fetterman Hospital Association, April 16, 1886," **Coutant Notes,** Fort Fetterman File.

15. **Democratic Leader,** June 16, 1886.

tantly high. The rapidity of the town's growth is recorded in an account of the observance of Douglas's first fourth of July in **Bill Barlow's Budget,** July 7, 1886. Here, according to the **Budget** story, "in a spacious booth of pine boughs, appropriately draped with the stars and stripes, assembled several hundred ladies and gentlemen to listen to appropriate songs and speeches and to assist in a proper observance of that day so dear to the American heart." (I, 5, 1886). Where only a few months before the prairie dog and rabbit "had ruled the roost" and where five weeks before only one house and two tents had stood, was on July 4th a town of no less than six hundred people who represented almost every kind of business (I, 5, 1886).

Within another week the population had increased at least another hundred. By this time there were three hardware stores, three lumber yards, two livery barns, three markets, three general merchandise dealers, three grocery stores, two barber shops, three bakeries, four hotels, eight restaurants, two banks, three drug stores, three land offices, two jewelry stores, three newsstands, three feed stores, two gentlemen's furnishing goods houses, two steam laundries, six lawyers, three doctors, two brick yards, six contractors and builders, three surveyors, one furniture store, one tin shop, two blacksmith shops, one wagon shop, twenty-three saloons, two dance halls and one church (I, 6, 1886)—all in a temporary tent town.

When the graders arrived, practically everyone living on King Street had to move so that the big fill could be made (I, 6, 1886). Part of these people located on Poverty Flat and the rest went to a place called Nicholsville on Piety Hill (I, 6, 1886). Nicholsville was being built on land belonging to F. S. Lusk, whose generosity some of the settlers questioned. They were permitted by him to rent lots there, but these lots rented at the high rate of ten dollars a month (I, 6, 1886). This part of the temporary town which was located on Piety Hill is often referred to as North Douglas, and it seems that most of the new arrivals located there.

In July when so many people were settling in the temporary town, the Barrows continued to maintain their newspaper plant at Fetterman. Barrow, the good newsgetter, had reporters cover areas of the boom country to which he was not able to go. In the temporary towns comprising Douglas he had W. C. Cannon, a newsdealer, to represent him (I, 6, 1886). This man took over many of the responsibilities which would have been hard for the Barrows to handle from their location several miles away. He received and transmitted news and business locals, standing adver-

tisements, and job work. Barrow emphasized in his **Budget** that all work left with Mr. Cannon would receive prompt attention (I, 6, 1886).

At first **Bill Barlow's Budget** was an eight-page paper, but Barrow was making plans for its enlargement as early as July of its first year. In number eight of volume one, he apologized for the paper's not being the ten pages he had promised his readers in the issue of the previous week (I, 8, 1886). A large order of new type and material that should have reached him failed to arrive. Barrow declared that neither he nor the Most High could say when the needed equipment would reach its destination (I, 8, 1886). Living two days journey from a railroad, an editor at the mercy of transportation companies could of course say nothing more definite, but it was said in Barrow's individual style. These early plans of the editor of the **Budget** are significant, however, for they reveal his optimism about the future of his paper and of the embryonic town.

On August 4, 1886, when the **Budget** was just in its third month, the newspaper plant was moved to Douglas (I, 9). Since this move took place before the arrival of the railroad, this second home of **Bill Barlow's Budget** was in the temporary town of North Douglas. Here, the Barrows chose to remain until after the most of the cattle shipments were over or until a substantial building could be erected on the permanent site (I, 10, 1886). On August 8, 1900, Barrow recorded his recollections of this building in North Douglas and included a picture of the building itself.

Reminiscing, Barrow wrote:

> Elsewhere in this issue appears a half-tone of the home of the **Budget** in August, 1886. Old-timers will remember the native lumber 'shack' which stood on the hill over beyant the temporary town, for which we paid $35 a month rent and through which the sand sifted and the rain played h--avoc with type, machinery and job stock. The building is not reproduced here as a hunch to ambitious architects. I merely ran across an old photograph the other day, and fearing that it might be either destroyed or lost, had it immortalized in metal, with this result. A hundred years from now, when Douglas shall have become a rival of Chicago and Mrs. Bill and I are getting out a thirty-two page daily with Sunday trimmin's from a 'steen-story brown stone block, it will serve to illustrate from what small acorns big trees sometimes grow. (XV, 10)

It was a considerable job to move a newspaper plant in those days, and Barrow was rightly proud of the fact that the equipment had been moved without delaying the paper's publication date. Proof of his pride can be found in the first issue after the move when Barrow indulged in a soulful chuckle of self-gratification because the paper came out on time (I, 10, 1886).

The flood of new arrivals in the Fetterman-Douglas area continued unchecked till winter set in. Each day many wagons and stages came to Douglas on the Rock River trail from the town of Rock River 150 miles to the south on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

People in those days lived from hand to mouth, but there was a happy-go-lucky atmosphere over the whole population in and around Douglas. The railroad would arrive soon and everyone would move to Douglas proper. City life would begin and prosperity would reign. Bankers, stable managers, grocers, barbers, druggists, lawyers, and saloon keepers, not to mention newsmen, were among those who waited with great anticipation the actual settling of the town.

COMMUNITY AND NEWSPAPER GET UNDERWAY

By September 15, 1886, the **Budget** recorded that the temporary town had been abandoned and that only two or three buildings were left. An unbroken surface of sagebrush just a little over a week before, Douglas proper had become a thriving town. In September the **Budget** also moved to its new base in Douglas proper. The quarters which the Barrows completed for occupancy were on Third Street. They felt great satisfaction in having enough space in which to work and to know that they would no longer have to don rubber overcoats whenever it should rain (I, 17, 1886).

Barrow was able to portray vividly in his weekly news sheet the building confusion, the bustle, stir, and activity on every side. Homes and business houses, good, substantial frame buildings with ornamental fronts, were in all stages of construction. Most of the fifty-eight buildings taking shape during that first week in September were business houses, and still there were many business men who had not begun to build (I, 14, 1886). A few remained in the temporary town on the Antelope at first, but within a few days most of the stragglers had followed the others to Douglas, and only a very few tents and houses remained in the bottom or on the hill. Most of the people who had owned these temporary structures located them again in Douglas on the rear end of their lots. From these temporary quarters, many merchants carried on operations until their permanent buildings could be constructed. Some people moved into their new places of business before they were completed. The Maverick Bank was one of the first permanent buildings to be erected, but it was not finished until early in December. Other less elaborate buildings

sprang up rapidly. Everyone was hurrying to finish his building, settle down, and make good in a prosperous boom town.

Actually, if the busy new settlers had time to take stock of their new location, they must have found satisfaction in the beauty of the setting. Located on a wide river bottom which included over five thousand acres of land, the town of Douglas really had a magnificent site. There was just enough sand and gravel in the soil to make it pack, and pavements and sidewalks were at first unnecessary (I, 11, 1886). From Douglas Laramie Peak could be seen to the south at a distance of about thirty miles, a peak whose summit seemed to pierce the clouds (I, 11, 1886). North and south of Douglas flowed the Platte, which assured an abundance of water for all purposes. To the west, the Laramie Range stretched into the distance as far as the eye could reach. Barrow described the view west from Douglas as resembling "the ruins of some ancient city." (I, 11, 1886). Here on the summit of a low range of hills, he observed, were massive ledges of white rocks that the hands of time had converted into miniature domes, walls and battlements. In reality these were only the foothills of the rugged mountain range beyond, but in those days when everything about the "future great" was glowing and beautiful, a description such as the one above was not unusual.

Some years later, Barrow recorded a few of the other glories of the country. He had many reasons for liking this western region, especially Douglas; and these reasons were probably shared by all his Douglas associates. On January 30, 1901, he wrote:

> That the breezy uplands and the cool mountain valleys of Wyoming afford an ideal summer resort has been an established fact ever since Tige-With-a-Knot-in-His-Tail and his lovely spouse Hole-in-Her-Sock-Sue first drifted in from Nebraska and set up housekeeping in a buffalo-hide tepee, on the banks of the classic Stinking Water. Three hundred and sixty days of God's sunshine; a temperature alike pleasant and healthful and devoid of extremes; balmy breezes laden with the scent of the pines and the life-giving ozone of the sage-brush and the prairie; perfect days and more perfect nights if that were possible, when the stars are as opals in a setting of turquoise and Pale Luna gilds and brings to your feet the mountain peak thirty miles away and you slumber and snore under two comforts and a quilt—what more could fault-finding humanity need or desire? No hot, sweltering, tissue-dissolving and profanity-perspiring days and nights; no cyclone cellars; no weeping skies, no mosquitoes! And our winters have never been as severe as those of the down-east variety, except that an occasional blizzard would sweep down from the north and just simply cork everything and everybody up for a day or a week. This drawback, thanks to the weather clerk up above, has at last been removed. There were but three days during the winter of 1889-90 when the

> mercury dropped below zero, and very little snow fell during the entire season, and three days of zero weather is the sum of frigidity for the present winter thus far. Doors are open, and the shirt sleeve goeth about the streets as in July. At this writing I am offering a bounty of one dollar for the scalp and left hind paw of a house-fly which persists in sipping the nectar from my ruby lips and property owners generally are getting their lawn mowers sharpened preparatory to harvesting the blue grass which is springing up on every hand. Who knows but what someday we will wear in truth the some-what misfit title to which we of the Platte valley have long laid claim—the banana belt. (XV, 33, 1901)

Not only was the town growing during the fall of 1886 and the spring of 1887, but **Bill Barlow's Budget** was also improving its plant. Late in the spring, the Barrows received about one thousand pounds of new type and machinery. Included in the machinery was a new paper cutter, which came directly from the manufacturers, and, according to the editor, was "two sizes larger than anything in its line in Central Wyoming." (I, 46, 1887). The paper itself was even expanding, for the forty-sixth number of Volume I comprised twelve pages. Barrow reported that this made it "just twice as large as any paper ever printed in Douglas by either of his contemporaries." He wrote picturesquely of the paper's growth in the final issue of Volume I in June of 1887:

> Birthdays, the world over, are occasions of joyousness. In the young it is a mile-stone along the upward and advancing grade, each of which passed brings youth nearer to the land where the ambitious problems are to be solved in exciting, healthful and inspiring contests, with the laurel awaiting the victor. In the aged it is one more mark drawing them nearer to the great goal of life, and, if the young growing up about them are fulfilling the hopes of the parent it is a day filled with serene satisfaction that gives lustre and brightness to thoughts of approaching decay. In a newspaper laboring faithfully for the people a birthday, closing a volume, is always a source of gratification. Its files, a record of the year, are carefully stowed away, and the new copy is placed upon the hook with a feeling of cheerfulness. A new volume is to be opened, a new history to be written. New history, we say, but how like its predecessors—the cradle of yesterday is the tomb of today. The bride of the last volume is the dejected, heartbroken out cast of the coming one. The hot, stifling, bickering warfare of the days past will be repeated; men will rise head and shoulders above their fellows, dazzle the world with their genius and power, and will sink in disgrace and darkness, to be supplanted by others. Yet the close of a volume marks strength and progress, and we herald the new volume with delight. Today marks a period of the **Budget's** life; with this issue closes its first year. Hence this smile, and these lines. (I, 52)

During 1887 and 1888 the **Budget** continued to grow. In September, 1887, an enlargement of the building was taking place. "The carpenters have undisputed possession of these premises just now," said Barrow, "and the mechanical

force have taken a rear pew and sing low." (II, 14, 1887). Later he commented as follows on the building project:

> The sound of the hammer and trowel is that sort of music to which distance lends enchantment, but which loses its charms when brought within ten or fifteen inches of the ear. Mr. and Mrs. Bill are fixing up for winter—are doubling their office room, and building a residence. When the improvements now in progress are completed, the **Budget** will brace up and wear tailor-made togs—and lots of 'em—once more. (II, 16, 1887)

During the first two years, **Bill Barlow's Budget** also grew in quality of content. It was always printed on full-size news sheet, although many early papers like the **Rowdy West**[1] were only half that size, the sheets being folded in quarto fashion. Barrow headed his paper with **Bill Barlow's Budget** in bold type script, and at first the sub-heading only included the volume and number. By the end of the first year, however, he began to use a little more ingenuity and included some catchy remarks about the paper in the heading. At the left of a March, 1887, issue, he printed, "The Pioneer Newspaper of the Fetterman Country." In the center of the page Barrow declared that the **Budget** was "Independent in All Things." His comment at the right of the sheet gave a sort of complimentary slap on the back, "Largest Circulation in Douglas and Central Wyoming." By July of the second year, Barrow became even more firm in the policies which he chose for his paper. He changed the center caption to read: "Fair, Faithful, and Fearless." From the first issue the columns had clever leads and were just as cleverly written. Pages 2, 4, 5, and 7 contained "patent innards," as Barrow called syndicated material (II, 35, 1888), but the columns of the other four pages were filled with news about Douglas and its activities.

All was not sunshine and prosperity during that first year in Douglas, however, for disease and weather in many cases clouded the optimism and comfort of its people. As early as the summer of 1886 and on into the fall a disease known among the settlers as mountain fever was proving fatal in both Antelope and Douglas.[2] Although Dr. Barber and others were kept busy day and night, not many knew the proper treatment. The editor of the **Budget** was not exempt from disease, for he wrestled for several weeks with what may have been mountain fever, although he was probably right in calling it typhoid. New settlements were

1. Two issues of the **Rowdy West** [Douglas, Wyoming], those for June 23, 1886, and for August 8, 1886, are located in the Wyoming State Historical Department, Cheyenne. The issues for October 24, 1886, and July 24, 1887, are located in the Archives Department at the University of Wyoming in the A. R. Kimball Collection.

2. David, **Malcolm Campbell**, p. 122.

almost always crowded and unsanitary, with the occupants giving little thought to health protective measures, and cases of typhoid fever doubtless occurred frequently.

Although with "Mrs. Bill" assisting, the **Budget** appeared as usual, Daniel Prescott who helped with the editorial work said that the paper didn't run so well with the editor-in-chief in bed (I, 23, 1886). After being down for four weeks Barrow could still give a humorous account of his encounter with the "stranger," the term which he gave to the dread disease. The issue for November 24 contained the following record of his illness:

> Bill Barlow greets the readers of the **Budget** again, after a month's wrestle with typhoid fever. Ever experience it? Awful! Takes you by the collar and fires you into a furnace; the fever gets higher and higher until you long for a swim in a lake of ice cream and pray for a bath in a blithesome blizzard; finally you lose consciousness altogether and when you awake a day or two later you learn that the fever has 'broke.' Weak—oh so weak! Thin as a Missouri razorback and too tired to turn over in bed. Then they 'diet' you—gruel, beef tea and such like, finally leading up to what other people eat. Two weeks spent in your room acquiring strength, and you venture out with a cane and an overcoat. To Mr. Daniel Prescott, who has filled the editorial chair the past three weeks, I return special thanks; to Dr. Wilson who 'broke' the fever, to Brother Crow, who assisted in various ways, and to the many friends whose acts of kindness aided the well and encouraged the sick, I feel grateful. Bill Barlow never forgets a friend—that's his religion. (I, 25, 1886)

The widespread prevalence of disease, whether mountain fever or typhoid, was only the beginning of trouble. The winter of 1886-87 has become famous in western history because its severity brought ruin to the cattle industry and the open range. Barrow's paper furnishes an intimate, firsthand account of what this destructive period meant to one locality. Winter came early in the month of September, and by the end of November there was a genuine blizzard. "The wind blew a gale, and the air was so filled with flying snow as to at times conceal from view buildings on the opposite side of the street." (I, 24, 1886). Even that early in the season the Wyoming Central railroad was blockaded with snow, and no mail came or was sent out for over a week. One morning the railroad made an attempt to send a train eastward preceded by a snowplow, but the snowplow jumped the track near Shawnee siding, and the train had to return to Douglas (I, 24, 1886). The snow blockade even affected the town's first Thanksgiving celebration. There was not a turkey, chicken, fresh oyster, or bunch of celery in the city. "Twas a queer Thanksgiving dinner," wrote the **Budget's** editor.

The poor cattle had pretty short rations, too, and by November were in a pitiable condition; for not only was the grass covered, but the streams were so full of snow that they really were of no value to the stock. With the December blizzards, many of the weak cattle froze, even those that had found sheltered places in which to huddle together.[3] Finally in January there was a thaw which lasted for only a few days and rendered the whole range slippery and treacherous. This was followed by another severe cold spell.[4] Everything froze again, and grass was put completely out of the cattle's diet. The cattle cut their feet on the ice, and dead steers were piled in every gully. It is said that cattle and even the usually wild antelope roamed the streets of Douglas seeking shelter and so weak that, if they were pushed a little, they fell over from exhaustion and starvation.[5]

In the spring Douglas was again cut off from the outside world. One morning the citizens awakened to find four inches of snow; and with the two inches that had come a few days before and a high wind, the railroad cuts were filled, and again no trains could run (I, 5, 1887). The people of Douglas, many living in tents and very temporary buildings, must really have suffered. The only brick buildings in town were the Maverick Bank and King's Golden Rule Store, while dotted all over the town were poorly built shacks with earthen floors. The severity of the cold can be imagined from Harry Pollard's story of Mrs. Olivereau, the wife of the owner of the La Fayette Restaurant. While standing at the kitchen stove one day preparing a meal, she froze her feet. It is not pleasant to speculate upon how cold it must have been a short distance away from that stove!

The activities of Douglas during that first winter were, of course, conditioned by the weather, but some semblance of normality was maintained. The school board, of which Barrow was a member, had managed to start school in September in the Tabernacle on Third Street, financed by contributions from those of all religions (I, 17, 1886). Though the Tabernacle was merely a tent, it had wooden floors and wooden sides which extended up a little way.[6] The teacher was Cora Rice, contractor Rice's twenty-year old daughter. The school, though poor, was over-crowded, for the Olivereau's daughters, who came in October, were not

3. David, **Malcolm Campbell,** p. 122.
4. **Ibid.,** p. 122.
5. Harry Pollard, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
6. A. Rice, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.

admitted.[7] After a few months the deplorable condition existing in a tent building was too much for the young teacher, and she became ill and died. Meanwhile announcement had been made of a new school which was to be erected on Capitol Hill, but it was not ready for occupancy until December (I, 18, 1886).

Through all the distressing cold weather, social life continued to cheer the citizens of the town. One of these affairs was a rare treat for the pleasure-loving people of Douglas. This was a ball at the Valley House on Christmas Eve. Barrow reported that one hundred and fifty or more ladies and gentlemen attended the fine supper and dance (I, 28, 30, 1886). The evening festivities began and ended with dancing, but a sumptuous supper was held during the course of the evening, and gayety evidently reigned unbounded.

Here mention should be made of the dances which were held in Douglas from the beginning. To these everybody came from town and the surrounding country. The banker danced with the hired girl, and everyone had a good time, although sometimes the evening's affair might cost an individual up to ten or fifteen dollars, depending on how much he ate and how generous he was toward others. These dances began at seven in the evening and lasted until seven the next day. Usually everyone had a midnight snack, and breakfast was served in the morning. Much the same type of dance was held in the homes of ranchers all over the Fetterman country. People would drive their wagons for a whole day to attend a dance, "kick their heels" until dawn, and then make the day's journey home again. At country dances, each family usually brought food instead of contributing money for refreshments. Sometimes, however, the hostess would bake as many as two dozen cakes and pies for her guests. There was always plenty of food, music and fun at these gatherings. Undoubtedly some of this wide-spread hospitality was lost as the town grew because, as might be expected, cliques began to appear; and people became clannish. It is recalled, however, by many who knew Barrow that the editor of the **Budget** always had a greeting for everyone, and continued to find and print what he thought was new and significant.

"The extension of the railroad to the westward in 1887 robbed Douglas of her prestige as central Wyoming's frontier outpost, of much of her western and northern trade and of many of her population."[8] However, those who re-

7. Mrs. Harry Pollard, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
8. **Bill Barlow's Budget,** Anniversary Edition, 1907, p. 6.

mained, according to Barrow, "had courage and energy and a firm faith in the future."[9] It was this "bunch of boosters" who incorporated the town, put in a water system, planted lawns and trees, built attractive homes, and publicized Douglas as "the best town in the World." **Bill Barlow's Budget**, whether located in Fetterman or in Douglas, was a vital factor in the growth of the community it served, and under its able editor, Merris Barrow, contributed much to local and state affairs and finally won a nation-wide audience.

(To be continued)

9. **Ibid.**, p. 6.

Book Reviews

Wyomingana: Two Bibliographies. By Rose Mary Malone. (University of Denver Press, 1950. vii + 66 pp. $2.00.)

This monograph ably fulfills its declared intention of providing teachers, librarians, and the general public with a useful finding list of books about Wyoming and the western scene.

The first bibliography contains one hundred and eleven selected references published before 1939, identified by the compiler as "better-known or more standard works about the state and its explorers or leaders," and listed with brief bibliographical details and without content annotations. The implied purpose of the first list is to suggest a basic reference shelf of Wyomingana. Such a list is useful chiefly to non-specialists, or rather to those with little information about the usual bibliographical resources. It seems regrettable, therefore, that content annotations have not been included for the titles in this bibliography. Besides supplying helpful guidance where it might be most useful, such annotations would permit the compiler to justify inclusion of some of the titles selected. For example, mention of specific passages or chapters in **Roughing It** which have to do with the Wyoming scene and reference to the turbulent frontier spirit of the whole book would minimize the startling effect of labeling such a well-known "classic" as a book about Wyoming. Some explanation or analysis of the nature of Thwaites' thirty-two volumes, **Early Western Travels,** would be highly useful in identifying, for those unfamiliar with the varied source materials of this important publication, the journals and diaries having some direct bearing on Wyoming.

The first bibliography represents the compiler's own judgment as to the relative importance of the books listed therein, and there is little fault to be found with her choice. But it is difficult to understand the omission of Mercer's **Banditti of the Plains,** which is certainly one of the significant documents of Wyoming history. M. W. Rankin's **Reminiscences of Frontier Days** seems to deserve a place because it supplies unique source material on the settlement of the Snake River valley in the seventies and eighties—a less glamorous, but no less vital era in Wyoming history, than the fur-trading, Indian-fighting days. And to inject a purely personal opinion from the reviewer, a half dozen

poems in T. H. Ferril's **Westering**—"Fort Laramie" and "Something Starting Over" as examples—have more Wyoming flavor than all of Neihardt's "Songs." The whole volume is so well known and widely loved that it has perhaps earned a right to be listed as a basic item of Wyomingana.

The second bibliography is described in the preface as "the more important" of the two and as "a comprehensive annotated bibliography of recent books about Wyoming, that is, books published in the decade 1939-1949." It lists two hundred and forty-four items, with exact titles, full bibliographical details, and content annotations. The compiler twice describes it as a list of "books about Wyoming" and states her chief criterion in selecting the books thus: "they had to deal with Wyoming, chiefly or entirely." Subsequent remarks in the preface amend the terms of her selection by noting that books dealing with Lewis and Clark, ranch life, cowboys, sheep-raising, Indians of the region, and the like, have been included in some instances because they explain Wyoming history and Wyoming folkways. It is unfortunate that such emphasis has been put upon the conditions, "books about Wyoming" and books that "deal with Wyoming, chiefly or entirely." Fewer than half the books in the second bibliography can be forced into such a classification. All of the titles can be justified, however, on the basis of the implied qualification.

Since the second bibliography is purportedly comprehensive, this label invites the suggestion of additions. Some good books on the building and builders of railroads have been omitted. Two recent novels, C. B. Davis' **Temper the Wind** and Jack Schaefer's **Shane,** Olga Arnold's **I'll Meet You in the Lobby**, and Wilson Clough's new volume of poems, **We Borne Along,** are 1949 items which may have appeared after the bibliography took final form. If so, they deserve listing in the first supplement. Wayne Gard's **Frontier Justice** has good chapters on cattle and sheep wars in Wyoming. Neihardt's **Cycle of the West,** including a helpful preface and all five "Songs," provides a useful substitute for the five separate volumes. It might also be suggested that Frank Waters' **The Colorado** is in many respects a far more revealing and sensitively written interpretation of the geographical and cultural environment of the region than Thane's **High Border Country** or Vestal's **The Missouri.**

It is easy for a reviewer to quibble over misleading prefatory intentions and to point out inevitable omissions in a bibliography. It is more difficult, and of course more important, to evaluate its merits. Miss Malone has done a

solid piece of scholarship and made a valuable contribution in compiling her **Wyomingana.** Her search has been patient, painstaking, and fruitful; her comments on content and style exhibit accuracy and discrimination. The promised supplementary lists will be anticipated and encouraged by all who share her interest in western materials and admire her competency in bibliographical research.

RUTH HUDSON

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Steamboats on the Western Rivers. By Louis C. Hunter. (Harvard University Press, 1949. 684 pp. $10.00.)

In the pre-railroad era, the steamboat was the principal technological agent in the transformation of the greater part of the vast Mississippi basin from a sparsely settled, rude frontier society to a populous region on the threshold of economic and social maturity. Throughout the second quarter of the nineteenth century the wheels of commerce in this immense region were almost literally paddle wheels. "Without the steamboat the advance of the frontier, the rise of cities, the growth of manufacturing, and the emancipation of an agricultural people from the drab confines of a frontier economy would all have taken place, but they would have been slowed to the tempo of keelboat, flatboat, and canal barge and to the tedious advance of stagecoach and wagon train. The growth of the West and the rise of steamboat transportation were inseparable; they were geared together and each was dependent upon the other. p. 32"

In depicting this phase of the development of the West the author has placed chief emphasis on the economic, social and technological conditions which created the need for, and under which the steamboat was introduced and operated rather than following the usual custom of relating its history primarily in terms of the activities and achievements of the individual inventors associated with its development. In so doing, Mr. Hunter has written a thorough and scholarly account of the history of the steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Unfortunately for residents of the Trans-Mississippi West, steamboat navigation of the Columbia, Willamette and Sacramento rivers is not mentioned. Except for scattered references to the upper-Missouri river traffic, little attention is devoted to the role

the steamboat played in the economic development of this part of the West.

He traces the introduction, construction and operation, structural evolution and mechanical development of the vessel itself. Considerable attention is devoted to the hull, engines, shafts, boilers, valves, steam pressure gauges and other highly essential factors in effective operation which have been largely overlooked in the traditional accounts of steamboating on western rivers. He describes the techniques of operation and the organization and conduct of steamboat transportation which, during its heyday, was preeminently the field of small-scale individual enterprises. The typical entrepreneur was a small operator; the typical business involved the operation of a single steamboat. The trend toward monopoly so striking in other lines of business activity during the third quarter of the nineteenth century was scarcely perceptible here.

Mr. Hunter pictures the conditions of life, labor and society on the steamboat, describes the growth of competition among the steamboat operators, and between the steamboat interests and the railroads, and discusses the rise, peak and decline of river traffic. He concludes the volume with the triumph of the railroads, the end of the traditional mode of steamboat transportation and the rise of the tow-boat and barge industry.

The extension of railroad lines into the areas formerly monopolized by the river craft spelled the end of the steamboat industry. Older river men were practically unanimous in the conviction that unfair railroad practices, rather than fair and open competition, were to blame for the collapse of river steamboat traffic after the 1850's. The railroads, according to this view, under-cut and eventually eliminated the old-time steamboat interests not only by discrimination, rate-cutting, monopolizing of waterfronts and obstructing river traffic by their bridges, but also by unethical use by rail interests of their greatly superior resources, their influence with political parties and domination of courts and state legislatures.

The author, quite correctly, draws the conclusion that an objective appraisal of all factors involved in the passing of the steamboat must reject this thesis, while in no way implying that the railroads can be exonerated from the foregoing charges. Where railroads supplied frequent, fast, regularly scheduled and reliable service, steamboat operations were slow, uncertain and unreliable. Limited by nature to a short operating season, beset by a variety of natural hindrances and hazards, steamboats were unable to keep pace in the post-Civil War period. Moreover, "steam-

boats were able to play a vital role in the economic life of the West only so long as population, industry, and trade were concentrated along the trunk lines of the river system. The maximum territorial extent of their service was reached for all practical purposes by mid-century. Through their ability to run virtually anywhere and at all seasons railroads freed the West from the narrow geographic bounds within which the agencies of river transportation operated, providing independent access to all parts of the great Mississippi Valley p. 605"—thus terminating the steamboat era on western rivers.

The work is characterized by a high level of scholarship and general excellence. With the exception of the navigable rivers of the Trans-Mississippi West, the author has covered the phases of the subject as carefully and comprehensively as the availability of source material permits and has illustrated the material with numerous drawings, pictures, charts and tables. Although it is primarily a scholar's volume, chapters 5-11 should provide interesting and informative reading for the general public. Societies, associations and students of history interested in the fresh water aspect of western transportation will find it invaluable.

ALTON B. OVIATT

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The North American Buffalo. By Franklin Gilbert Roe. (University of Toronto Press, 1951. viii + 957 pp. $12.00.)

The complete title of this book, "The North American Buffalo. A Critical Study of the Species in the Wild State," is a very appropriate one because the publication is a very critical treatise of what has been previously written about the North American buffalo. The author presents a vast amount of historical evidence concerning the buffalo from many diverse sources. Since the evidence is so diverse and often times contradictory, Mr. Roe has attempted to appraise the witnesses of the historical evidence which is presented as well as to critically appraise their testimonies and opinions.

The actual historical period of the North American buffalo in its wild state, as far as white man is concerned, is

relatively short in spite of the great numbers which at one time were present on the North American continent. The extirpation of the buffalo from most parts of its pristine range was so rapid that little reliable scientific information was obtained during the time of its greatest abundance. Mr. Roe calls attention to the fact that "The scientific inquirer, instead of being the first in the field, was among the last." Although there was a large number of people who became intimately acquainted with the buffalo as a result of the westward spread of the North American white population and the utilization of the buffalo for sustenance and commercial gain, yet these people were not interested in making and recording accurate observations. Many of these early settlers were practically illiterate and by the time their observations had been passed on by word of mouth to individuals who were interested in the historical aspects of the buffalo they had become distorted, exaggerated, and much of it generally unreliable. Thus it has become necessary to painstakingly search out all available information and to carefully evaluate it in the light of the information which is available. It is my opinion that Mr. Roe has done a most comprehensive job in sorting the wheat from the chaff.

It is pointed out by Roe that there have been "three serious historical generalizers on buffalo." The first of these is Professor Joel A. Allen whose publication entitled "The American Bison, Living and Extinct" was published in 1876. This is among the best of our historical writings concerning the buffalo but it does not include any account of the final slaughter of the buffalo in northern United States and Canada which occurred during the period of 1877 to 1883. Dr. W. T. Hornaday is the next important writer in chronological order whose publication entitled "The Extermination of the American Bison, with a Sketch of its Discovery and Life History" was published in 1877. Hornaday is referred to by Roe as "—a zoologist of the first order, but a very inferior historian." Earnest Thompson Seton is the third of this group of writers and although he had much wider opportunities to benefit from highly important publications which were produced from the time of Hornaday's (1887) until 1910 when he published his "Life-Histories of Northern Animals" he evidently failed to take advantage of them and is referred to by Roe as "—the most deficient of all."

The writings of these three men (Allen, Hornaday and Seton) are very frequently referred to by Roe throughout

this publication in regard to various historical aspects of the buffalo. Those aspects which are contradictory, questionable or not adequately supported by reliable historical evidence by these earlier writers are critically surveyed by Roe who has made a fruitful attempt to, as nearly as possible, straighten out many of these controversial issues. This has involved, wherever possible, the insertion of the observer's testimony in his own words; the reference to as many contributions as possible on questionable issues; and the precise documentation of all statements which Roe makes. Such documentation and the citing of the numerous references by Roe in an attempt to substantiate his own thinking in the matter is commendable but it doesn't make for enjoyable reading. Most every page is subtended by footnotes which would perhaps become wearisome to the average reader. To the historian and to the biologist, however, such documentation offers a wealth of valuable information and sources from which additional details may be obtained.

This publication should be of considerable interest and value to the biologist since most of it deals with the probable origin and distribution of the buffalo in North America; its general life history and characteristics; agencies which were destructive to the buffalo, other than man; populations which were attained in various parts of the United States and Canada; the controversial matters concerning the migratory behavior of the buffalo; the destruction of the "Southern" and "Northern" herds in the United States and the final elimination of the buffalo in western Canada; and the influence of the buffalo on the Indian.

It should also be of value to the historian since the story of the buffalo also embraces the chronology and historical background of the whiteman as he pushed westward from the Atlantic seaboard across the Great Plains region to the Rocky Mountains of the United States and Canada. A great deal of Indian history within the area of the buffalo range is also incorporated.

The body of this publication embraces 680 pages. This is supplemented by 34 appendices which total 216 pages. The bibliography contains over 400 references and is followed by an excellent index.

REED W. FAUTIN

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My Sixty Years on the Plains. By W. T. Hamilton. (Originally published in 1905, now reprinted 1951 by Long's College Book Co., Columbus, Ohio. vi + 244 pp. $6.00.)

The fascinating tale of a native of Scotland, born on the River Till in the Cheviot Hills, who became one of the fabulous company of "Mountain Men" of the western plains, is told by W. T. Hamilton. The story, in the first person, covers the years from 1840 to 1900, and he was 82 years of age when he wrote of his sixty years on the plains.

The family finally settled in St. Louis after traveling over much of the eastern part of the country. Because the young son of the family, William, had developed ill health, his father arranged for him to become a member of a band of hunters and trappers who were to trap in fur country to the west for a year. The party consisted of eight men, with Bill Williams and Perkins as leaders, both famous mountain men. The young man's father paid a third of the cost of outfitting the band, which gave his son a corresponding interest.

From the time he started with this band of fearless adventurers and seasoned frontiersmen, his life became one episode after another of sheer adventure. Told in his dry style, recounting the bare facts with little embellishment, the stark reality of the tales he recounts impresses the reader more than any story done in a lavish fashion with undue stress on the deeds of himself and his companions.

Under the leadership of Williams and Perkins, both outstanding mountain men, he learned fast, and became adept in the ways of the wilds. To a mountain man, it meant his life to become careless, and Hamilton practiced endlessly with his arms, and in woodcraft, to become self sufficient, and able to pull his weight in the company of mountain men.

That the "Mountain Men" were a breed apart is well understood by all who have learned anything at all about them, and Hamilton brings out in his book just how remarkable they really were. His tales of their prowess show their indomitable courage and resourcefulness. He never ceases to give praise to his friends among the mountain men, whom he admired whole-heartedly.

As the party traveled through the trackless wilderness of the western country, searching out the streams where the beaver could be trapped, they naturally came in contact with Indian tribes along the way, and in a very short time young Hamilton learned the sign talk used universally by Indian tribes. He became very proficient, and was known as the most expert sign talker of any white man, and he

was better than many Indians. He said that this came to him with no effort, and was as much a surprise to him as it was to others. Indians often questioned him about his ability, thinking that he must have been reared by Indians or that maybe he was a half-breed. Throughout his career this ability was of great value to him in his many dealings with Indians.

Among the most interesting and valuable parts of Hamilton's book are his detailed descriptions of important activities of the "Mountain Men." He told of their methods of fighting Indians, and claimed that 50 well armed mountain men could hold off any number of Indians, and made the statement, "I know this to be so."

He gave the method for making the pemmican, the dried meat which was life-giving food on the plains for Indian and hunter alike. He explained many of the customs of the Indian tribes he knew, and gave some wise advice, such as "never let an Indian escape who has once attacked you." Also, he stated that Indians were good losers in games or races. He said that well trained horses, and ability to shoot straight paid off. Also, he claimed that the white hunters were better at dressing skins than the Indians, and that they were better at hand to hand combat, and in fact in any battle. "To kill the chief of an Indian band is to win the battle"; also he made the statement that the Indians could not stand the white man's charge, and he described the methods used by the mountain men.

His tales of the rendezvous of the trappers and mountain men were of interest, because that is one thing everyone has heard about this group of frontiersmen. Also, he gave some interesting information on trading companies operating in the west, and his dealings with them.

Hamilton, early in his career with the western men, decided to cast his lot with them, and wrote to his father to say he would not be home.

He lived the adventurous life of a mountain man, until he retired to open a trading post. He served as an army scout, and became a sheriff and later a deputy U. S. Marshal and came to the aid of U. S. forces when the Sioux went on the warpath. He returned finally to settle in the valley of the Yellowstone, and made his home in Columbus, Montana. He died in Billings at the age of 86 years, in 1908. His story is well worth while, and it is good reading; it is a picture of a section of our history which is like no other history anywhere in the world.

Eight fine illustrations by Charles M. Russell are included in the book.

MRS. FRANCES SEELY WEBB

Woman's Editor
Casper **Tribune Herald**

Back Trailing on Open Range. By Luke D. Sweetman. (Caxton, 1951. 247 pp. $3.50.)

Luke D. Sweetman, veteran stockman, arrived in Montana in 1885 at the age of eighteen after helping to trail 3000 cattle from Kansas. The LU herd was taken to the range on Little Dry, sixty-five miles north of Miles City, where the northern and southern herds of the outfit were thrown together on the open range. Here the country was covered with nutritious grass and fresh water streams, and after the passing of the buffalo it became a cattle haven.

Prior to 1882 there were few cattle north of the Yellowstone River, but by the end of 1885 the range was well stocked—over stocked some cowmen claimed and "blackballed" new outfits coming in. By 1883 the buffalo were almost gone, to the author's disappointment, although he later fulfilled his wish to take part in a buffalo chase. He mentions the expedition of Dr. Hornaday of the Smithsonian Institute in which buffalo were killed for scientific purposes.

On the open range roundups were held from early spring until late fall. The author took part in these events and gives the reader a good picture of the work and the play of the cowboy. In winter line camps were maintained and the line riders scouted for unbranded calves to brand and kept the cattle thrown back on the winter range. At such times the author indulged in amusements such as making chokecherry jam, shooting antelope, roping a wild cow to get fresh milk, and an occasional card game.

The question "Why do cowboys carry guns?" is answered by Mr. Sweetman, showing that they carried weapons not to shoot up the town, but for such practical purposes as killing a wounded or injured animal, and protecting themselves from wild beasts.

The winter of 1886-87 was a severe one when the killing wind drove everything before it and high snows left the river bottoms literally covered with dead cattle, a loss to cattlemen in many instances of from sixty to ninety percent.

The chinook wind which thaws the snow failed to materialize, and many stockmen were ruined. While the roundup of 1886 was a huge and spectacular affair, after that date they were never elaborate.

The author was clever and knew how to perform the skillful ways of roping and handling broncs. He became a horse dealer after the winter of 1886 and purchased a small bunch of broken horses. With these he struck north to the line of the proposed railroad, later the Great Northern, where he disposed of his stock. He gives a humorous account of how mosquitoes attacked both horses and men when camped on the Little Missouri River.

With his first venture a success he continued in the horse business. His sales took him eastward to Dakota Territory and Minnesota where he sold horses to the new settlers who were breaking up the virgin prairie. He also took some dirt contracts and freighted grain. For a while he was in partnership with Loring B. Rea until the latter's death.

Mr. Sweetman describes a number of outlaw horses he rode and his method of holding a horse down after the horse was "front-footed." In such a maneuver the horse was roped and choked down. Then "if one of the boys was quick enough he could fall on his head, shove a knee against his neck, grab his nose with both hands, turn it upward and hold it there . . ." The reviewer has found that a more efficient and a safer way to hold a horse down is to pull the tail through between the horse's hind legs and out along his side, stand with one knee on the horse's thigh, the other about the end of the short ribs and pull back on the tail with all one's strength. Some horses can kick a person off their heads.

Mr. Sweetman has given many interesting sidelights on Montana's history and has listed names of persons and outfits once prominent in that state. He has here, in spite of the hardships, the outlaw horses and the long-billed mosquitoes, depicted a life that will appeal to most of his readers and especially to those who have ridden the trails and enjoyed similar experiences, as has the reviewer.

A. S. GILLESPIE

Laramie, Wyoming

Back Trailing is a factual story by one who was thoroughly familiar with the range days in Montana. It is well

written and easy reading—the story of a lifetime from cowpuncher to ranch owner.

RUSSELL THORP

Field Representative, American Livestock Ass'n
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Accessions

to the

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

June 1, 1951 to December 31, 1951

Miscellaneous Gifts

Buhler, Ernest, Lancaster, Wisconsin—Four pieces of French money.

Casselman, C. V., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Moro shield; "house wife" kit, laniard rope used to fire cannon and time fuse used to explode mortar shells, all used during Civil War; New Testament removed from dead Southern soldier January 15, 1865.

Coe, W. R., New York, N. Y.—22 colored prints of early Indian chiefs and early western frontiersmen; autographed portrait of W. R. Coe.

Converse, Mrs. N. Jesse, Estate, Laramie, Wyoming—16 museum items including parasols, fans, inkwells, combs, rocking chair 100 years old.

Dobbins, Gertrude Wyoming, Estate, Los Angeles, California—Numerous articles of clothing, silver spoons, pictures, manuscript materials, scrapbooks, clippings and pamphlets.

Doty, D. D., Freeport, Louisiana—U. S. one cent piece, 1779.

Fox, W., Lagrange, Wyoming—2 manuscripts dealing with the history of Lagrange.

Hale, Dorothy, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Sofa cushion with pictures of ships that made a world cruise.

Hunton, Mrs. E. Deane, Laramie, Wyoming—8 photographs including pictures of Mesdames Warren, Ross, Kendrick, Dawes, Coolidge, Robertson and Eggleston.

Kenworthy, Bob, Cheyenne, Wyoming—Swedish pipe, 10 rare sea shells, 1 Portuguese and 3 Japanese coins.

McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards, Los Angeles, California—W. A. Richards card case; 13 buttons (2 Frontier Days, 1895, 1898, 8 souvenir, 3 Army insignia); back issues of **Annals of Wyoming** and 5th and 6th reports of the Wyoming State Historical Society.

Peyton, Mrs. Pauline E., Douglas, Wyoming—Minutes of Philharmonic Society of Douglas; membership list of Douglas Music Club, 1922; 2 letters of E. B. Shaffner.

Roseboom, Jesse, Portland, Oregon—7 pictures of Indian pictographs in Owl Creek Canyon, Wyoming.

Shingle, Dr. J. D., Cheyenne, Wyoming—Coin silver watch made in 1851; opera coat made from Paisley shawls; hand woven cover made in 1840; shawl made about 1836; program, Wyoming's Welcome to Gen. John J. Pershing, 1920; Wyoming State Tribune, Feb. 19, 1931.

Strong, Mrs. Madge E., Torrington, Wyoming—Check of John London, post trader at Ft. Laramie, dated Nov. 8, 1883, on M. E. Post & Co.

Stimpson, J. E., Cheyenne, Wyoming—899 items, chiefly pictures of early Wyoming scenes and people; early programs.

Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming—J. B. Okie branding iron; hand wrought andirons from late W. A. Richards home on Nowood Creek; flat iron brought to Wyoming by Cicero Avant in 1880's; old time butter bowl presented to Wyoming Stock Growers Ass'n by Mrs. R. E. Holland of Ten Sleep.

Wadsworth, Mrs. Frank, Lonetree, Wyoming—History and programs of the Wyoming Cowbelles for 1950.

Books and Pamphlets—Gifts

Author—**Western Sketches and War Poems** by Richard Brackenbury. 1945.

Author—**Jackson Hole, How to Discover and Enjoy It** by Josephine C. Fabian. 1951.

Author—**Cheyenne Looking North** by E. O. Fuller. 1951 (Reprinted from **ANNALS OF WYOMING.**

Author—**Chipeta** by Perry W. Jenkins. 1950.

Author—**This is the Sun Dance** by Marie Montabe and Lynn St. Clair.

Author—**Mother is a Grand Old Name! An American Family Grows Up** by Alice Downey Nelson. 1950.

Author—**Westport, Gateway to the Early West** by Louis O. Honig. 1950.

Morgan, Nicholas G.—**Heart Throbs of the West,** Vol. 12, by Kate B. Carter. 1951.

Richardson, Warren—**Westward America** by Howard R. Driggs. 1942.

Bretney, H. Clay—**War of the Rebellion, Reports and Correspondence,** Volumes 13, 22, 34, 41. 1893.

Books—Purchased

Brayer, H. O.—**Stock Raising in the Northwest 1884.** 1951.

Coleman, Laurence Vail—**Museum Buildings.** 1950.

Dahlquist, Laura—**Meet Jim Bridger.** 1948.

Dunham, Harold H., Editor—**1950 Westerners Brand Book, Denver Posse.** 1951.

Fischer, Hail—**Author Headings for the Official Publications of the State of Wyoming.** 1951.

Grant, Bruce—**The Cowboy Encyclopedia.** 1951.

Hamilton, Charles—**Cry of the Thunderbird.** 1950.

Honig, Louis O.—**James Bridger, Pathfinder of the West.** 1951.

McPherren, Ida—**Imprints on Pioneer Trails.** 1950.

Mumey, Nolie—**Calamity Jane, 1852-1903.** 1950.

Mumey, Nolie—**1859 Pikes Peak Guide Books (Reprints): S. R. Olmstead; John W. Oliver; Parsons.** 1950 and 1951.

Mumey, Nolie—**The Black Ram of Dinwoody Creek.** 1951.

Nelson, Dick J.—**Only a Cow Country.** 1951.

Parker, Arthur C.—**A Manual for History Museums.** 1935.

Wood, Dean Earl—**The Old Santa Fe Trail from the Missouri River.** 1951.

State Historical Society of Colorado—**Index to the Colorado Magazine,** Volumes I to XXV. 1950.

Calamity Jane (By Herself). A facsimile.

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Annals of Wyoming

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THE LUSK HERALD--LUSK, WYO.



Courtesy of the Douglas Budget

DOUGLAS IN 1900

Merris C. Barrow: Sagebrush Philosopher and Journalist



PART II

FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND SOCIAL LIFE

The Barrows were apparently a gifted couple. Both were sociable, personable in appearance, and industrious. They were different, however, in temperament, thus complementing each other.

Merris C. Barrow was a large, good-looking man,[1] and scholarly in appearance.[2] He was shrewd and intelligent, and impressed people as possessing both native wit and education.[3] One of his most striking physical characteristics was his profusion of hair, which he wore a little longer than did the average man of his time and which, as it turned grey, added to his distinguished appearance.[4]

He is remembered as a happy-go-lucky person who liked to mix with people.[5] It is said that he never passed acquaintances or strangers without speaking, a fact which might explain why he was so popular.[6] In any group Barrow was a good talker, but one never knew what he was going to say.[7] He could always tell a good story,[8] whether truthful or fictitious, and, he made a perfect companion.[9] Not only was he able to adapt himself to any crowd or

1. Mrs. Harvey Allan, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, Oct., 1946.
2. Eli Peterson, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
3. W. K. Wiker, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
4. Ben Steffen, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
5. Charles W. Horr, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
6. Peterson, Interview, March, 1948.
7. Steffen, Interview, March, 1948.
8. T. S. Cook, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
9. Peterson, Interview, March, 1948.

surroundings,[10] but he was a man of wide and varied interests.

He loved horses and had a very good driving team.[11] He must have been a picturesque figure driving his chestnut browns down the street in 1898. He was also fond of dogs. Since he was a hunting enthusiast, he was especially fond of his water spaniel, which was a good hunting dog. The attachment he felt for his pet is reflected in the following passage:

> He died the other day, after a residence of more than twelve years among us. He was honest; steadfast and true in his friendships, and his devotion to duty as he saw it. He had many friends whom he never failed to greet during the years he trod our streets, and who will miss him. He has had troubles—who has not?—but they, as he, are of the past. His body wasted away; his eyes grew dim and his step uncertain; he died. A lowly mound neath a willow tree in my garden marks the spot where kind hands laid him away. His name was Dennis. He was a good dog. (XVII, 9, 1902.)*

Barrow is remembered as a lover of music, especially of the more popular variety. He played the mouth organ, guitar, and banjo himself and liked to join in group singing.[12] It is also said that visiting actors and musicians were often guests in the Barrow home.[13]

Merris Barrow wrote with a flourish, both literally and journalistically, supporting the things in which he believed and opposing strenuously the things he could not accept. Of himself and his own writing he said, "Reasonably truthful, not too lazy, not so homely as might be and never so well pleased with himself as when some democratic imitator of the sometime since deceased Ananias is punching holes in his hide." (XII, January 5, 1898).

He created about himself a sort of legend of mystery, according to some contemporaries, which might have stemmed from some of the peculiarities in which he indulged. For example, anyone sliding into the editor's big chair would have been confronted with the stare of a human skull, occupying a conspicuous place on his desk (III, 15, 1888). On the other side one saw a clock with the hands off, "stopped ninety years ago," with the words, "Time was made for slaves," emblazoned upon the dial (Guest Editor, III, 15, 1888). In the center lay a book which in-

10. **Ibid.**
11. **Ibid.**
12. **Ibid.**
13. A. J. Mokler, Interview, Casper, Wyoming, October, 1946.

*Quotations from the **Budget** are documented in the text by a roman numeral for the volume, an arabic numeral for the number of the issue, and the year when the date is not given in the text.—Ed.

cluded the names of subscribers. Opposite this and to the right was a "Scalp Book," beneath which dangled at one time the following cards, "The Douglas Advertiser," the "Rowdy West," etc. (Guest Editor, III, 15, 1888).

From this "sanctum sanctorum" (III, 15, 1888) he went home to a wife who had a great deal more patience than her editor husband. She was short, somewhat stout, jolly, full of fun, and prompt, a person with whom one could always have a good time.[14] She was, according to Barrow's own report, a very important part of his life. When a writer of the Sheridan **Post** guessed that Barrow was not a bachelor because he knew too much about women's "make-up" and not a married man or his mind would not run so much in that direction, Barrow answered as follows:

> There is a Mrs. Bill. She owns one-half of these premises, real and personal. She is foreman of the **Budget** job rooms; is one of the best newspaper compositors in the territory; is the **Budget's** head book-keeper and cashier, and is a model wife and mother. Even the lazy lunatic who wabbles at the other end of this pencil at this moment is forced to admit that the term "better half" isn't strong enough to describe her many virtues. (II, 12, 1887).

Like her husband she was a hard worker. She helped with the paper, managed a stationery store, and conducted a greenhouse. Yet she also found time to develop her personal interests, for she was a good shot and was known as a chicken fancier.[15] With all this she still managed her home with only a minimum of help.

At first the Barrows lived in the back of the **Budget** office in two or three rooms, but in October, 1890, they let the contract for a $1,500 residence to be erected at the corner of Center and Fifth Streets (V, 19, 1890). The large greenhouse built by Mrs. Barrow adjoined this residence. Here she offered roses in bloom on April 1, 1891, as well as cabbage and tomato plants (V, April 1, 1891).

In spite of the demands of their social and business life, the Barrows still found time for travel, sometimes together and sometimes separately. The members of the press were usually given passes in those days on all the railroads,[16] and this, of course, made more extensive travel possible for those who were just comfortably situated financially. When the Barrows traveled they always stopped at the best hotels of their day, the Brown Palace in Denver and the Palmer House in Chicago.[17] Here they mingled with

14. Rice, Interview, March, 1948.
15. Peterson, Interview, March, 1948.
16. Roy Combs, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.
17. Mrs. Tom Bulline, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.

the wealthy and prominent people of the country. When their paper was but three years old, they were absent several weeks during which time they "did" Chicago and Milwaukee, "the national brewery," enjoyed a run on the lakes as far north as Buffalo, visited relatives in Nebraska, and returned home by way of Denver dead broke according to an account in the **Budget** (III, 13, 1888).

One time Mrs. Bill went to a convention without her editor husband. He announced her planned departure in his characteristic way in the **Budget:**

> Mrs. Bill has served notice on me that during the next three weeks I must darn—or otherwise as the case may be—my own socks, sew on such suspender-sustainers as may happen to let go and do the thousand-and-one other things which fall to the lot of a good wife in "looking after" a careless, rather absent minded and certainly cantankerous old cuss like you and I. She has "rolled her blankets" and goes to Hot Springs, Arkansas, as a delegate to the National Editorial Association which convenes in that city April 18. (XVI, 44, 1902).

Editor Bill did go to meet her, however, and his notice of this trip in the **Budget** contained typical Bill Barlow philosophy:

> Mrs. Bill has returned from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she went to attend the National Editorial Convention, and I have returned from St. Louis where I went to intercept, corral, halter-break and bring home Mrs. Bill . . . I am from that territory lying west of the Father of Waters and immejetly adjacent to the south line of Iowa, over beyant bleeding Kansas, insofar as financial or material benefits to be derived from shopsessions of this sort; but from a social standpoint they are hot stuff, and should be indulged in by the fraternity as often as opportunity offers and one's wallet will warrant. We are all too prone to hold our individual nose on the grindstone of close application to duty. Life is all we get out of life, anyway—and as Demosthenes casually remarked to his typewriter as he kissed her once more for luck and then quaffed the hemlock highball—we will probably be a long time dead. (XVI, 47, 1902).

There were also many short trips to Denver and Cheyenne, sometimes for business reasons but usually for pleasure. As Barrow said, he felt that he would "probably be a long time dead."

In the Barrow family there were three children. The eldest was a girl named Elizabeth, the next a daughter named Helen May, and the youngest a son, Merris C., Jr. The boy died while the Barrows lived in Rawlins, on November 10, 1884. As might be expected his death as a result of pneumonia was a severe blow to Barrow, who had no doubt made many plans for his son. After the death of his son, Barrow is said to have spent many days just walking by himself in the desolate country surrounding the town of Rawlins.

When the Barrows came to Douglas, the eldest daughter

was left at her Grandfather Barrow's probably to attend school, and never seemed afterward to fit into the household of her parents. In the religious home of her grandparents, she apparently developed attitudes and ideals that did not coincide with the home life of her parents. She did live with them, however, during part of those early days in Douglas and shared in home responsibilities. While she was still very young, she met and married a man by the name of Bert Fay, who taught school after their marriage.[18] Apparently she saw little of her parents afterwards.

Little is known of Lizzie, as Mrs. Fay was called, and references to her in the **Budget** are rare. She returned to Douglas at least once after her marriage, for in the paper of April 30, 1902, Mrs. H. B. Fay of C. P. Diaz, Old Mexico, is mentioned as being a Douglas visitor. It is also known that she spent some time with her Grandmother Barrow at an uncle's home outside of Douglas.

The younger Barrow daughter was, on the other hand, close to her parents and upon her they bestowed great affection and attention. The **Budget** revealed much of Helen May, from a childhood birthday party through college and marriage. Helen was the recipient of many generosities from her parents.

Some of the atmosphere of the Barrow household can be seen in a record of Helen's seventh birthday party in the **Budget,** under date of December 19, 1888. Nineteen little girls assembled at the Barrow home to participate in the "ceremonies," and from the report, the little ladies took possession of the house (III, 29, 1888). No doubt, there were many more such childhood parties, followed by mixed parties when Helen began to take an interest in boys. After high school, there was college for her at the University of Wyoming. The **Budget** recorded many vacation visits during her years at the state university at Laramie; and at the time of her graduation in 1901, Editor Bill devoted a part of his "Chit-Chat" column to a discussion of the accomplishment (XV, 50, 1901). In 1902, Helen married Fred Brees of Laramie, a college classmate (XVI, January 8, 1902). Her marriage did not seem to diminish the warm parental interest in her, for many subsequent references were made in the **Budget** both to her and to her husband.

As editor of **Bill Barlow's Budget,** Merris Barrow seemed to be a figure remote from the minister's family of which he had been a part, although many of the attitudes ex-

18. W. K. Wiker and Mrs. Maude Hutchison, Interviews, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.

pressed in his paper probably stemmed from his early experience in a rigidly religious home. Perhaps the son did not respond to his father's religious teachings as much as the elder Barrow would have liked; nevertheless, the Reverend R. C. Barrow always manifested interest in his eldest son. Barrow's father and mother came to Douglas for a visit in August, 1889 (IV, 8, 1889). They arrived on a Thursday; the elder Barrow was guest speaker at the Congregational church on the following Sunday evening (IV, 8, 1889); and they left for home on the next Saturday (IV, 9, 1889). No other records exist of this visit, but it is said that the townspeople were charmed and impressed with the Nebraska minister and his wife.

The following June, Merris Barrow left Douglas suddenly in response to a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of his father (V, 1, 1890). Suffering intense pain from dropsy, R. C. Barrow had gone to the mineral springs at Burlington Junction, Missouri. Here he had given up all hope of ever being well.[19] He was considerably cheered by the visit of his son from Douglas, and from the time of Merris' visit he began to improve. Merris had a way of talking, his brother Frank wrote, that would encourage and raise the hopes of any sick person.[20]

When the elder Barrow returned home, however, he exerted himself too much and had a relapse. Thinking a change of air would do him good, he and his wife made a second visit to Wyoming.[21] He seemed to receive much benefit from this trip, but again he refused to take life easy upon his return home, and on December 10, 1890, he died (V, 27, 1890).

Barrow's mother spent much of her time in and around Douglas after her husband's death and visited there during the entire summer of 1899. No doubt she stayed with her son in Douglas some of the time, but some acquaintances believed that she was not too happy there, since she was used to a more religious and much less active life.[22] Probably most of her visits were with her daughter on a ranch near Douglas. This daughter had married E. B. Combs, a brother of Mrs. Merris Barrow. They had come from Nebraska in April, 1896, with a carload of live stock, farm tools, etc., and had located on a ranch on Fetterman Flat (X, April 29, 1896).

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19. F. Barrow, **R. C. Barrow**, p. 74.
20. **Ibid.**, p. 74.
21. **Ibid.**, p. 75.
22. Roy Combs, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.

Clot Barrow, the younger brother of the **Budget's** editor, was reputedly intelligent and gifted as a writer, although he could never settle down.[23] He evidently lacked that quality of determination which Merris had acquired from their father. Merris' other brother, Frank, was also for a time a newspaper man. He helped Merris and Minnie Barrow as a printer during their first year in Douglas (I, 40, 1887). Some years later he edited the **Natrona Tribune** in Casper (X, August 4, 1895), and later the Meeteetse **News** (XIX, 52, 1905), then the Sheridan **Post.**[24] However, his writing does not seem to have had the vitality found in his oldest brother's work.[25]

Some of the Barrows' relaxation was found in trips away from civilization. Both were good marksmen and loved to shoot, but Mrs. Barrow did not take out much time for shooting or hunting during the first eight years of their life in Douglas. From the beginning of the **Budget,** however, there were many references to hunting trips made by Barrow himself. One account of August 17, 1887, tells of a party of Douglasites, "Bold, Bad Hunters," who spent four days in the Laramie Mountains, "trying to exterminate the wild game abounding in that area." (II, 11). Judge Sam Slaymaker acted as their official guide and, according to Barrow, was on speaking terms with every canyon, peak and precipice in the entire range. "The party slaughtered young sage chickens and grouse by the thousands; found fresh bear tracks, sighted both elk and antelope, bagged two deer, and had a right royal time throughout." (II, 11). This was only one of many such trips on which tries for big game seem always to have come second to bird hunting.

One account of a duck hunt in Cody, Nebraska, told in third person by the **Budget's** editor, is especially good:

> Dr. Jesurun and Bill Earlow went down to Cody, Nebraska, after ducks last Thursday. They took with them some 1,800 rounds of ammunition exclusive of Pringle's Re-Imported Duck Embalming Fluid, and no less than three Saratogas and a half-dozen gunny sacks, in which to ship birds back to Douglas. Every man, woman and child in the town was promised duck soup on their return, and it is even asserted that Joe Hazen and Druggist Steffen each contracted for 150 pounds of feathers, prior to the departure of the mighty hunters.
>
> The boys returned Monday. They brought back the trunks, the ammunition, and the gunny sacks. We might mention, incidentally, that they brought with them a goose, four teal about the size of black birds, and three sure-enough ducks. It is even hinted that these birds were bought of a small boy near Cody

23. **Ibid.**
24. Laramie **Republican,** XVII, 28, March 7, 1907.
25. Combs, Interview, October, 1946.

> who had killed 'em with a club; but affidavits have been filed with the city clerk to the contrary . . . Messrs. Jesurun and Barrow will go down again next fall. (VIII, April 11, 1894).

This report suggested that, since he could speak so lightly of an unsuccessful hunting trip, he loved hunting for more than the glory of a "big shoot." It indicates certainly that he could make a good story out of a relatively uninteresting experience.

Mrs. Barrow's name is listed in the **Budget** as being one of a grouse-hunting party that went out in the fall of 1893 (VIII, 17). She was a hunting companion of her husband's on many subsequent trips. No doubt, it was their love of hunting which made them active members in the Douglas Gun Club,[26] and it is interesting to know that Mrs. Barrow usually rated relatively high in the meets held by this group (IX, 2, 1894), one of the most active of early Douglas clubs.

From the first the Barrows were prominent in the social life of Douglas, which equaled in variety and activity that of any other frontier community. Early in the town's second year, the Douglas Club was organized, a group comprising many of the business and professional men of the town (II, 16, 1887). This club secured and equipped a suite of rooms in the First National Bank Block and provided for a comfortable reading and card room. Barrow, the civic-minded editor, took a leading part in this, too, and was a member of the club's first Executive Committee with Carl Garver, its president, and R. W. Voxburgh (II, 16, 1887).

Together the Barrows always did their part to make any social function of the town a success. They entered wholeheartedly into masque balls, sometime winning awards for their costumes. One report pictures Mrs. Barrow at the leap year "Bal Masque" dressed as a quaint little school girl accompanied by her husband robed as a priest (III, 3, 1888). This dance, along with many other social affairs, was held in the opera house and was sponsored by the Douglas Social Club, a woman's organization. Mrs. Barrow was for a time president of this group (XVI, March 19, 1902).

The Barrows were also active members in the Douglas Whist Club, which several times organized a series of evening contests. At one time Barrow was president of the club (VI, November 25, 1891) and his wife was often listed in the **Budget** as a winner. They played for different prizes; a $16 banquet lamp was given to Mrs. Barrow at the

26. Rice, Interview, March, 1948.

end of one series (XII, February 2, 1898), and the Rices as winners received silver spoons during another series.[27] These spoons were engraved with the initials D. W. C. meaning Douglas Whist Club, but jokingly referred to by the club's members as "Don't Work the Cards."[28]

Barrow was apparently a consistent initiator and organizer of all new clubs. The Douglas Wheel Club, for example, was organized in July, 1899, with M. C. Barrow as president (XIV, 10, 1899). According to the **Budget,** committees were named at this first meeting and $30 was subscribed by the members for a track to be constructed inside the county block at the head of Center Street. The ever-willing editor was on the track committee.

Barrow was also an active Mason, a Knight Templar, and a noble of the Mystic Shrine, and served as Master of the local Masonic lodge in 1899, 1900, and 1901.[29] Then there is correspondence in his copy book for 1906 regarding the charter for an Eastern Star chapter in Douglas, correspondence showing Barrow's good sense in what was probably a touchy situation. In a letter of March 29, 1906, he wrote:

> I am not sure that so large a list will be entirely agreeable to the original petitioners; but it seems the only way to avoid ill-feeling so widespread that it promised to affect the proposed chapter but seemed certain to stir up strife in our lodge as well —something to avoid, if possible.[30]

The picture one gets from the files of the **Budget** and, in the main, from interviews with people who knew the Barrows, portrays them as a busy, social-minded couple, participating widely in organized activities and in many forms of private entertainments, and Merris Barrow as a genial, popular, gregarious figure. But there are people in Douglas today who do not wish to express their opinions of Barrow. This circumstance may mean no more than that most people are reluctant to go on record as speaking disparagingly of a "departed" acquaintance. There are plenty of indications, of course, in the **Budget** that Barrow had enemies as well as friends; indeed, there must have been many people who disliked him violently because of his assumption of authority and his acid pen. It is said that he was regarded by some as a person who "lorded it over his fellowmen."[31] One gets an impression in Douglas, not explicitly stated by anyone there, however, that Barrow had a reputation for

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27. Rice, Interview, March, 1948.
28. **Ibid.**
29. **Progressive Men of Wyoming,** p. 500.
30. Letter to Townsend, March 29, 1906, **Copy Book of M. C. Barrow Correspondence,** p. 111.
31. Harvey Allan, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, Oct., 1946.

worldliness and even "wickedness," which shocked some of his more upright neighbors, and that this reputation took shape largely in his later years. It is possible that his arrogance grew with success and that most of the unpleasant personal traits and habits remembered about him developed in the decade before his death.

For example, his reputation as a drinker probably provoked criticism. It is remembered that he liked his whisky and "lickered up" now and then.[32] It is said extenuatingly that he was under considerable strain before his death and began drinking more heavily. This may have been what he himself meant when he told an acquaintance that he was burning the candle at both ends.[33] Most reports indicate that he was only a moderate drinker or at least one who could drink without being visibly affected by it. W. E. Chaplin commented as follows in 1907 in the columns of the Laramie **Republican,** which he edited:

> The "Sagebrush Philosopher" was given a royal welcome by the Denver Press club the other day and was admonished not to come to Denver again without giving the boys at least two days' previous notice. It is their desire to do a good many things to "Bill," but they must have a care or they will be in the same position that the Chicago fellows got into when they entertained the man from Douglas—all under the table while he whistled merrily homeward.[34]

In 1947 when Mr. Chaplin, then an octogenarian, was asked to record his memories of Barrow for inclusion in this biography, he wrote a letter in which he apparently tried to judge Barrow fairly both as a journalist and as a man.[35] Though his judgment of Barrow's morals was harsh, he recalled that he had never heard of Barrow's getting drunk. Perhaps the best proof that Barrow was not an habitually excessive drinker lies in the fact that he worked energetically and effectively and produced remarkable results. Of his drinking Barrow himself gave the following humorous account:

> The only time your Pastor to the Push was ever laid out cold in his life was in a "dry" town down in Nebraska where you couldn't buy, beg or steal a drop of the vile stuff—and yet Mrs. Bill tells me with tears in her eyes to this day how it took four men and a half-caste coon to bring me home. The fellow with a thirst and the sign right will find it—t'ell with law and license. (XX, 10, 1904)

W. E. Chaplin's attitude toward Barrow perhaps reflects as fair an estimate as one can get of the man. Chaplin

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32. Peterson, Interview, March, 1948.
33. Rice, Interview, March, 1948.
34. Laramie **Republican,** XVII, 27, Feb., 1907.
35. Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.

knew Barrow for as long a period as did any person in Wyoming outside Barrow's immediate family. He worked with Barrow intimately in a newspaper office and was his associate for many years in state affairs of various kinds. In accounts published in the **Republican** Chaplin consistently spoke highly of Barrow and defended him against charges of dishonesty.[36] In 1918 when Chaplin wrote a series of articles on pioneer Wyoming journalists for the **Republican,** he praised Barrow's skill and influence as a journalist.[37] In 1947 when Chaplin composed what he perhaps regarded as his final estimate of Merris Barrow, he labored no doubt to be fair to Barrow and at the same time to his own standards of personal morality. He credited Barrow with high abilities as a journalist, but he expressed disapproval of him as a man. It is impossible to tell of course whether Chaplin was at last revealing his lifelong distaste for one facet of Barrow's character or whether he was expressing a judgment that had taken shape with age and a development of different attitudes on his own part. At any rate he made the following strong comment:

> Socially Barrow did not stand high. He was quite generally known as a philanderer. He embraced vice in nearly all its hideous forms. Alexander Pope gave vice three degrees, endure, pity and embrace. Barrow cut out the first two. At Douglas he belonged to a small coterie that played poker at each other's homes. He enjoyed going over to Deadwood, where vice was considered a virtue and gambling and prostitution were leading industries.[38]

Whatever Barrow's personal morals may have been, he was a man of many friends, an influential editor, and a tireless worker for local and state enterprises in which he believed. These aspects of his life, which can be verified and described in some detail, are after all those which give his story significance.

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36. Chaplin exonerated Barrow from guilt on the old mail fraud charge in Laramie in 1879 (Letter to Author, Jan. 1, 1947); asserted his competence and honesty at the time when Barrow was dismissed from the Land Office (**Republican,** XXII, 25, Feb. 7, 1907); and wrote the eulogistic obituary signed "A Friend" and published in the **Budget** in 1910. Mr. Chaplin identified himself as the author of the obituary in his letter of Jan. 1, 1947.

37. **Republican,** Daily Edition, "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie, April 24, 1918.

38. Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947. This interpretation of Chaplin's attitude has been suggested by Dr. Ruth Hudson, who knew Mr. Chaplin and at one time discussed Barrow with him.

LOCAL LEADER AND OFFICE HOLDER

Each little frontier community had certain essential figures among its citizenry: the contractor to construct the town in a fitting fashion, the operator of the general store to make available for the town's citizens all kinds of important necessities, the blacksmith to keep the horses shod and the wagons in repair, the grocer to ship in necessary food, the banker to handle the money, the saloon keeper to keep it in circulation, and the preacher to supply the necessary spiritual spark. Certainly one of the important figures in the little communities just getting under way all along the frontier was the man of ideas in whose dreams cities were often built and under whose guidance they often systematically materialized. In Douglas a good deal of the enthusiasm and optimism necessary for initiating and pushing the town's development was supplied by Editor Barrow.

One of the most valuable men in any local scene is the one willing to spend time in promoting the little projects which help his community and bring little or no direct honor to him. From the numerous references to such projects in the **Budget,** it seems evident that in this capacity the **Budget's** editor did his share.

Through his newspaper Barrow constantly called to the attention of Douglas citizens the possibility of initiating new and better things. From these records can be gathered a history of the town and its development under the influence of local leaders, among whom Merris C. Barrow must unquestionably be listed as a key figure.

From his early days in Douglas until his death, Barrow supported worthwhile activities in the town which he helped to build. Always he recognized and proclaimed the community's possibilities. Near the end of his second year as editor of the **Budget**, on March 21, 1888, he recorded a militant defense of his town and his paper:

> Envy, jealousy and anger may prompt the assertion that Douglas is a dead town: but the **Budget** itself—every issue of it—proves conclusively to the contrary. No "dead town" could support a newspaper as the **Budget** is supported; no "dead town" could long maintain such an establishment. In fact the history of the **Budget,** dating from the hour of its birth, furnishes ample evidence that the town of Douglas is alive, wide-awake, growing and prosperous. The paper has made money from the day of its inception. While two would-be rivals winked out through sheer starvation, the **Budget** prospered . . . Hence I maintain that the **Budget** is a monument erected by the people of Douglas and central Wyoming which stands today as undisputable evidence of their own prosperity. (II, 42)

Here Barrow credited Douglas with the building of the **Budget.** Whether the paper made the town what it was

or whether the town made the paper, Merris Barrow was right in the middle of the development.

Hardly an issue passed without a plea for some community improvement. Probably the first project which Barrow brought before his readers was the town's need for mail service and a post office. A demand for this service appeared in the first issue of the **Budget** followed by an urgent request that everybody sign the petition being circulated (I, 1, 1886). This item appeared before the town of Douglas had even been located, while people were still flocking to Fetterman.

In the second issue of the **Budget,** Barrow made a call for merchants that the town lacked. "The 'new town' has no blacksmith shop, no bank, no shoe shop, no dry goods nor clothing store, no barber nor harness shop." (I, 2). His advertising of this opportunity may have brought results, for a record of the town's merchants at a slightly later date included the business men of this list.

The first fire which occurred in Douglas during June, 1887, suggested to Barrow another project (II, 4). The fire started at 3 a.m. one June morning and completely destroyed in a half hour a small frame structure on north Second Street occupied by a couple of prostitutes. Barrow's immediate call for a fire protection meeting resulted in the appointment of a committee on plans and estimates as to the probable cost of some kind of protection for the new town against fire (II, 8, 1887). By July 27 over $600 had been subscribed and plans were underway for purchasing fire-fighting equipment (II, 8, 1887).

"Douglas needs a system of water works," cried Barrow in the **Budget** of June 13, 1888 (III, 2). He maintained that the people realized this fact and would carry out the wishes of the city fathers if they would only go ahead and build the system. Barrow must still have had fire protection on his mind, for he applauded the idea of a water system by saying that the necessary extra tax would be saved by the reduction in fire insurance rates given to a town with running water. He spoke of many other things that the water system would bring, mentioning especially trees and lawns which would be made possible (III, 2).

The project for a water system was tabled because of lack of funds and some time elapsed before it was actually undertaken. In the meantime, Barrow's interest in procuring a water system for Douglas had made his awareness of fire hazards more urgent. When the water system failed to materialize, probably it occurred to his practical mind that the next best thing to preventing a fire was insur-

ing against loss in case of fire. So he became an insurance salesman along with his other activities. In November, 1895, the **Budget** was carrying an advertisement for fire insurance. Policies on both ranch and city property would be written by the agent, M. C. Barrow.

Barrow suggested not only the planting of trees and lawns to make his city beautiful but through his columns urged the public to "Clean up!" (III, 3, 1888). He emphasized the importance of keeping the streets and alleys clean by telling his readers that the danger from decaying vegetation and kitchen refuse rotting in the sun could not be estimated. "There is more danger at this time of year than any other," said Barrow in June of 1888 (III, 3). A continuation of his clean-up program was his ardent advocacy in 1901 and 1902 of a sewer system.

Barrow was certainly in close touch with all kinds of progress in his growing community. The **Budget** recorded the closing of the Maverick Bank in January, 1888, and the vindication of its president, the establishment of the town's first ball club the following summer, the organization of a cornet band, the opening of a new saloon, the arrival of a new minister, the planning for the state fair, the opening of a land office, the organization of the town's orchestra, etc.

The editorial concerning the town's orchestra, which appeared in the **Budget** of June 27, 1900, is especially clever and for this reason is included in part for the reader to enjoy:

> Douglas has passed another milestone in her onward march toward metropolitan honors; has taken another reef in her back hair, and cultivates a new strut. We have an orchestra. Originally the musical programme attending social functions in these parts comprised the nasal whine of a circle of half-dressed and less-washed Sioux squaws about a primitive tom-tom, to the rythmic thump of which Jimmie Fewclothes and Knock-Kneed Buffalo did the couche-couche preparatory to hashing the lungs and liver of some luckless captive. True, the air was jerky, the the harmony far fetched and the time most any old measure; but it suited Poor Lo . . . A one-eyed fiddler astride a wagon tongue come upon the scene later, and brawny freighters treaded mazes of a "stag" quadrille or did a jog by the light of a smouldering campfire, and liked it. After him the country fiddler—the self-taught maestro, who didn't know a musical scale from a section of picket fence and who usually rested the bell of his instrument on his knees—but could play "The Irish Washerwoman," "Devil's Dream," etc. . . . But times have changed—likewise the people. A few of the head push have been east, and returned with the two-step and other modern skates, and our children come home from school to spend their vacation and kick because Bill Stubbs plays too fast and by ear and the same old tunes he always did play. Those of us, too, who have dodged the fortieth mile-post and who still hanker after terpsichorean

joys find the time just a shade too lively for starched collars and soft corns—so we've risen to the dignity of an orchestra which plays all the latest music in perfect time, and by note, and well. We'll dispense with the caller next, I presume—that uncrowned king of the oldtime shindig whose "Rope you Heifers and all Chaw Hay," rings in my ears 'till yet—and otherwise conform to social usuages of the copper-cent east. Make way there for the spike-tail coat'. Who knows? (XV, 4, 1900)

The columns of Barrow's paper reveal that he watched with enthusiastic interest and lively comments the progress of telephone expansion in his region. These news items are worthy of mention because of what they reveal about Barrow and about the importance of communication in those days when transportation was still very slow. According to an article in the **Budget** of July 31, 1902, the contract was let in Cheyenne for the distribution of 5,000 poles required for the new telephone line from Cheyenne to Douglas (XVI, 8). In this same issue Barrow quoted the company as saying that the line would be completed as far as Douglas that year. By this time the poles had arrived and had been sent to various points along the railroad from which the distribution would occur. The wire had not arrived yet but was expected within a day or two, and then active construction would begin. The company, according to the **Budget's** account, planned to start a large force of men working on the line northward out of Cheyenne and would put on another force at Douglas to work south if the work did not progress rapidly.

By December 4, 1901, the telephone must have arrived. The paper of that date contained a jubilant article concerning this new luxury:

To sit in your office and talk with a friend who is seven hundred and fifty miles away; to recognize his voice and almost smell the aroma of that last clove which his tongue tells you he must have had—it was this experience which served to bring to my notice, the other day, the fact that the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone people had completed their Douglas-Cheyenne extension, and that through the medium of this wonderful twentieth century achievement I was enabled to swap electrified hot air with an acquaintance at Salt Lake. And being assured that I could play the game without limit and free of tolls, I went the rounds and figuratively touched flesh with the boys at Rawlins, Saratoga, Laramie, Denver, Cheyenne and other points where either pencil-pushers or barkeepers have the honor of my acquaintance. It was a pleasant trip. (XVI, 26)

Among the copies of Barrow's letters found in a battered old copy book was discovered an especially revealing one—revealing in the sense that it tells better than any person could the kind of influence wielded by the **Budget's** editor in his community. This letter, written to W. F. McFarland, Esq., Superintendent of the Telegraph Office in

Omaha, Nebraska, concerned the delayed installation of a promised telephone at the depot in Douglas.

> Friend McFarland: Why is it that the Northwestern (telegraph department) office cat persists in devouring every appeal sent in from this man's town relative to the urgent necessity for a telephone at the depot. As near as I can get at it, nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine letters have been written by gentlemen comprising Superintendent Vance of the Bell company, local agents and on down the scale to poor me—all of which asserted that a phone at the depot would not only be a great convenience to the public generally but to the railroad company as well—the telephone people meanwhile assert ng their willingness to install an instrument as desired and without expense to the railroad for all time—and yet for a year and a half these letters have gone in, only to be swallowed up in the unfathomable whenceness of an unknown what.
>
> Our local telephone exchange has now nearly 100 phones, and the best service obtainable; it is quite a walk down to the depot and in winter a nuisance as well. You were kind enough to say in reply to my last query that somebody or other 'had the matter under advisement.' Did he die? If so, has his successor been named as yet? What t'elle zemazzer, anyway? Truly[1]

This chatty bit of correspondence apparently brought prompt results. On March 30, 1904, in the "Telephone Talk" column of the **Budget** reference was made to the installation of a telephone in the depot (XIX, 42). "All red tape difficulties have finally been overcome," (XIX, 42) said Barrow, not revealing his own part in the operation.

Then in February, 1906, Barrow wrote to the superintendent in Wyoming for the Bell Telephone Company, announcing the anticipated addition of a second story to the Barrow block on Third Street over the post office, part of the same unit which housed the **Budget.**[2] He offered the company a floor space of 23 X 28 feet, "exclusive of stairway but including partitions." He explained that this space would be divided into four rooms "with windows, doors, and partitions as desired" by the telephone company. His prospectus even included reference to a "water closet and lavatory; hot water heat day and night, wiring for electric lights . . . rental of thirty dollars per month on a five year lease" with everything to be ready in five weeks. The Bell Telephone Company accepted the offer.

Many activities of early Douglas in which Barrow participated in turn brought recognition to him as a person and involved him actively as a public leader and benefactor. Early in the town's life he was elected to the first school board, on which he served as clerk for two years (I, 15,

1. Letter to W. F. McFarland, Jan. 25, 1904, **Copy Book of M. C. Barrow Correspondence,** p. 32.
2. Letter to A. J. Vance, Feb. 6, 1906, **Copy Book,** p. 109.

1886). With the other two men on the board he chose the teachers and worked for the erection of a $3,000 brick school building (II, 13, 1886). Late in the summer of 1887 he referred in the **Budget** to this school house, mentioning that it might be erected early in October, although school would begin September 20 in the old **Rowdy West** building (II, 13).

Barrow also engaged actively in the city government of Douglas, working first of all for its establishment, then as one of its officials. In 1887 Douglas was a part of Albany County, of which Laramie was the county seat. It was in Laramie that the resolution to incorporate Douglas was filed on June 8, 1887, although the corporate seal was not adopted until October 22.[3] The first city council, with Carl Garver, the banker, as mayor and M. C. Barrow as clerk, met for the first time on October 19, 1887, and meetings were set for the first Monday of each month with special meetings to be announced twelve hours before they were to be held.[4]

The **Budget,** announcing the first city council, carried an item which suggested that Barrow was proud of his place in the new government of Douglas.

> It has got out, somehow, that I have recently risen to the dignity of a public official, and the press gang is spreading the glad tidings with a breezy freedom which has a tendency to swell my head. (II, 20, 1887)

In 1888 a new mayor was elected, but Barrow continued as town clerk. He remained as town clerk after the election of May 16, 1889, although still another mayor was elected. During this last year as clerk, he was also busy as city assessor. On April 17, 1889, he said, "If there is anything wrong with this issue of the **Budget** please charge it to the fact that the editor has been so busily engaged as city assessor the past few days that the paper has been allowed to run itself." (III, 46).

On May 13, 1890, when the fourth city election was held, M. C. Barrow was elected mayor with 125 votes. The first council meeting of his term of office was held on the evening of June 2, 1890. At this time the council set a dog tax of twenty-five cents, and made plans to work for sidewalks on each side of the street from Fourth to Oak, the council deciding that the owners were to lay the walks themselves.

Again foremost among the things discussed during this year was the water works project. Finally the bill regard-

3. Record Book, City Hall, Douglas, Wyoming.
4. "Rules and Regulations of Town Council," **Minutes of Council Meetings,** City Clerk's office, Douglas, Wyoming.

ing it, which was to have been brought up at the next election, was laid on the table because of lack of funds; however, Barrow and one other member voted to keep the water question on the next election ballot. The tabling of this bill was no doubt a disappointment to Barrow, because he had worked hard to extend the water works and during the year had published many articles on the subject in the columns of the **Budget.**

On May 16, 1891, at a regular council meeting, George Bolln became the new mayor according to the minutes of the council now on file at the Douglas Court House.[5] It has been stated that Barrow was mayor for two successive terms,[6] but the actual city records report otherwise. He was nominated for mayor, however, in 1898 by a caucus which met at the city hall (XII, May 4, 1898). Since he was at the time acting as receiver of the United States Land Office, Barrow could not accept this nomination. He explained his reasons for declining it in the next week's issue of the **Budget** for May 11, 1898:

> On advice of Attorney General Van Orsdel and Judge Lacey, of Cheyenne, M. C. Barrow was compelled to decline the office of mayor, to which he was nominated by a mass meeting of our citizens one day last week. They held that under our constitution a United States official could not legally hold any office within the gift of the state, and that his election to one would necessarily vacate the other. A petition was circulated on Saturday nominating J. J. Steffen. (XII, May 11, 1898)

Distances between the scattered populated areas in Wyoming Territory were great in the late 1800's. During his second year as editor of **Bill Barlow's Budget,** however, Barrow began to think of the time when Douglas and the country surrounding it would have a large enough population to warrant the forming of a new county separate from Albany. On the editorial page of the **Budget** of February 18, 1888, appeared the following short but meaningful notice: "County-seat—then water works!" (II, 35).

In Bartlett's **History of Wyoming,** Converse[7] is listed as one of the three counties created by the legislature of 1888 in the passage of an act entitled, "An act making divers appropriations and for other purposes."[8] This act was vetoed by Governor Moonlight but was passed and signed by John A. Riner, President of the Council, and L. D. Pease,

5. **Ibid.**
6. **Progressive Men of Wyoming,** p. 500.
7. The county was named for A. R. Converse, a pioneering and influential cattleman of the Chugwater and Lance Creek regions. See Bartlett, **History of Wyoming,** p. 515.
8. **Ibid.**

Speaker of the House, on March 9, 1888, over the Governor's objections.[9] The original county of Converse included not only the county that now bears the name but the present county of Niobrara.[10]

The alert editor of the **Budget** "jumped the gun" a little in announcing this bit of news; for although the act was not passed over the Governor's veto until March 9, the paper published the following item on March 7, 1888:

> The **Budget** on behalf of the new county of Converse—which, good sirs and gentlemen, is a bright healthy infant and as lusty a youngster as ever sprang from the loins of any legislative power, and who promises great things for the future—bows its acknowledgements, and acknowledges its indebtedness to you for favors rendered. (II, 40)

May 15, 1888, was set as the day for the organization of Converse County (II, 47), when county seat and county officials were to be selected. In his book, **Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff,** Robert David stated that of the 2,172 votes cast Douglas received more than Lusk, the other contestant for the county seat.[11] He did suggest, however, that "several peculiar things happened in the balloting." It is possible that irregularities in voting did occur, since strong measures were often taken in early day elections involving such rabid rivals as Lusk and Douglas.

Although prior to June, 1889, Barrow had not committed himself or his paper as being either Democratic or Republican, from that time forward he labeled the **Budget** as a Republican paper in which policies of the Republican party would be stressed. Because Barrow was receiver of the United States Land Office, he was not free to run for any county office; but he was very active in the Republican party in his county and was often chosen to represent it at the Republican state convention (XVII, July 9, 1902). The Republican was the dominant party in Douglas, as well as in the state, in Barrow's day; and he was justified in saying in 1902 that the "Republicans carried Converse County as usual in the election." (XVII, November 5, 1902).

Although from time to time in local elections, Barrow recommended certain Democrats for office in the non-partisan elections of the town, he was predominantly a Republican and a very strong and powerful one. It is likely that he wielded considerable influence in Republican circles of the state.

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9. **Ibid.**
10. **Ibid.**
11. David, **Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff,** p. 130.

Barrow's association with the Republican party may have kept the **Budget** on its feet during lean years when other new sheets were "blinking out." The party was in power in the county almost continuously, and when it selected someone to do county printing, Barrow was invariably chosen. Later because of his connections with the Land Office, Barrow was also able to throw more printing to the **Budget,** and this business brought financial help of considerable importance.

Before the establishment of the United States Land Office in 1890, Douglas had a local land office. An item in the "Personal Intelligence" column of the **Budget** for October 8, 1889, conveyed the impression that Barrow had been receiver of this office for some time and announced his appointment as special disbursing agent for the land department of the district (V, 18, 1889). A few weeks later the Douglas land office was again mentioned in the **Budget** when it moved to new and more commodious quarters in the two Third Street rooms of the First National Bank Building (V, 22, 1890). This Douglas land office was the forerunner of the United States Land Office which was established in 1890.[12] Barrow was appointed the first receiver of the United States Land Office by President Harrison, and in this capacity he had responsibility for the public lands and the money received from them until 1894. When Democratic President Cleveland took office, Barrow, a Republican, naturally was removed.[13] When the Republicans returned to power under President McKinley, Barrow was again appointed receiver in June, 1897 (XII, 2). "As receiver his duties were light, giving ample time for his editorial work."[14] Yet they brought him influence and prestige as well as financial assistance.

The editor of the **Budget** always stood out against land fraud in the columns of his paper and showed his disapproval of large tracts being given to one man. Of course it is sometimes hard to tell whether a newsman is attacking an individual for a specific but hidden motive of some kind or because he sincerely sees something of which he does not approve. It appears, however, that Barrow was consistently sincere in his championship of the little man in his fight against what appeared to be arbitrary assumption of power on the part of those with influence and wealth. For example, though Barrow had supported Joseph M.

12. **Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming,** p. 500.
13. **Ibid.,** p. 500.
14. W. E. Chaplin, Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.

Carey's candidacy for Congressional Delegate from Wyoming Territory previous to statehood in 1890, he attacked the Carey holdings for applying for too much land in August, 1897 (XII, 11). His articles concerning Carey's land claims appeared in the August 11, 1897, issue of the **Budget** as follows:

> Attention is called to Bill Barlow's comments on the proposed Carey selection, appearing on the first and fourth pages of this issue. The **Budget** has never for a moment entertained the idea that Mr. Carey's scheme for gobbling up a goodly portion of the Platte valley would receive the approval of the state board. Under all the circumstances it is a most absurd proposition—a manifest injustice to this section of the state and the people who live in it, and could only hope to succeed through the rankest sort of favoritism shown a rich man with a "pull" as against those who are not so fortunate. We had taken it for granted that the proposition would simply die a natural death, through the intelligence and honesty of the state board—and we still believe that it will. The artful attempt of Mr. Carey's newspaper, however, to belittle the Casper meeting by calling those who made formal protest "fools;" its labored effort to gloss over the fact that fully one hundred ranchmen went to Casper on that day for that purpose although only a few of them mustered up courage enough to face the inquiry; its whoop-ia style of comment in discussing the question from its own standpoint, and its too-evident desire that the claims of what it is pleased to term the rabble must not be considered until after Mr. Carey has been satisfied—all this has led the editor hereof to rise in his pew and say just a word or two in behalf of the people who are not rich, who have no "pull," and are without daily newspapers through which to bulldose and mislead the state board. (XII, 11, 1897)

In the next issue Barrow again dealt with the Carey land selection question. Here he employed one of his favorite journalistic tricks by referring first to the friendship between himself and Carey and then denouncing Carey's quest for land. It became habitual with him to preface a derogatory statement about an individual with a declaration of friendship and a reference to his past pleasant relations or friendly feeling for the individual.

> The **Budget** has no quarrel with Judge Carey—his newspaper to the contrary notwithstanding. Our relations have always been friendly. This fact, however, has no bearing upon the question as to whether or no he should be given control of over 22,000 acres of state lands, while others equally deserving must go without. The whole proposition resolves itself into a question of equity and the greatest good to the greatest number, to be considered in its broadest meaning and finally determined by a considerable amount of horse sense. Pending that decision by the state board, we would suggest that all those who desire to select and lease state land—whether a part of the Carey tract or elsewhere—make out their applications and send them to Professor Mead, president of the board of control. (XII, 12, 1897)

It is impossible, of course, to estimate the extent of Barrow's influence in persuading his readers to agree with his ideas of what was right and wrong in the public affairs of his day. His success in initiating local enterprises would suggest, however, that his political opinions carried weight with his readers. It is clear that Barrow was a man with such energy, had a faculty for getting both in and out of trouble, and seemingly enjoyed greatly triumphing over his enemies.

Barrow's verbal tussle with Carey over land was probably not the only controversy he had as receiver of the United States Land Office. Many fraudulent dealings grew out of public land transactions all over the West in those days, with the office and the individual land owners vying for the place of dishonor. Some of these affairs became public, charges were made, and definite decisions, whether right or wrong, were handed down as to the guilty party. Many land affairs, however, were kept quiet or never reached the stage of outright charges.

In 1905 it was probably some enemy whom Barrow had incurred as receiver who wrote to the General Land Office in Washington questioning Barrow's qualifications for the office of receiver. In Barrow's answer to the Land Commissioner's communication on the subject he said,

> If further evidence be required by the President, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior or yourself touching any feature of this malicious and unwarranted attack I will gladly furnish it, for I have reached that age where I want this whole matter defnitely determined and passed upon now for all time.[15]

With this answer Barrow sent many references from friends who wished to vouch for his honesty. In referring to the material he said, "It seems somewhat bulky, and yet in the preparation I refused hundreds of offers from friends who had knowledge of its purpose and wanted to add their mite."[16] To former Governor W. A. Richards, who was then Land Commissioner in Washington, Barrow wrote in 1907:

> Everybody on whom our friend Hitchcock gets his eagle eye has troubles of their own, as appears, and I hate to inflict mine on you—although it is good to know that insofar as the Wyoming bunch is concerned he doesn't seem to have gotten away with anything up to the hour of going to press. But—he is the boy we are afraid of, hence this letter and documents herewith —calculated, I presume, to make the old cuss smack his lips

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15. Letter to Commissioner, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., March 15, 1905, **Copy Book**, p. 99.

16. **Ibid.**

in ghoulish glee as having found so illustrious an imitator in our former clerk Robert F. Potter Jr., who has gotten us into trouble.[17]

In an open letter to his readers some time later, Barrow explained that R. F. Potter Jr. had been a clerk in the land office for five years, during which time $230.00 had been received in fees which never appeared on the records. Most of the items were small and should have been accounted for in a record kept by Potter (XXII, 35, 1907). One failure to record a payment of $197.30 from George Smith was discovered by Barrow and A. D. Chamberlin, register in the Land Office in Douglas, ten months after it was paid. They dismissed Potter and paid the shortage (XXII, 35, 1907). According to the Laramie **Republican** of February 7, 1907, in a reprint item from the Casper **Tribune,** Potter preferred charges against Barrow after his dismissal. As soon as Barrow heard of the charges, however, he sent for an inspector.[18] Barrow referred to this inspector in his letter to Commissioner Richards and indicated that he expected an unfavorable report in spite of his innocence of any mishandling of funds. He wrote:

> Since Inspector Wadsworth came here under your instructions and at our request he has received Potter's formal charges direct from Hitchcock, and I presume will report direct to him instead of to you. In view of this I am sending you herewith copies of Chamberlin's statement and mine, which we ask you to read and retain. These were accompanied by fourteen affidavits as delivered to the Inspector and two of these corroborated—covering many material facts and ALL declaring—from that of Governor Brooks down—that they would not believe Potter under oath. . . . The last page of my sworn statement summarizes the whole matter and shows that outside the moneys in dispute between Potter and the office—which I understand we must now make good but which we insist we did not receive other than to turn it over to him—there is really nothing left on which to base any charge other than implicit confidence in a clerk who took advantage of the confidence to get us into trouble. This, followed by a year and a half in which I am sure there isn't an error—since we have no longer depended upon Potter and have been doing our own work—ought to count for something.
>
> We believe the inspector's report will be against us. He has spent most of his time with Potter, in Potter's office and with Potter's friends . . . We even get, in a round about way from the "Utes" as Ed Wells calls them—although he is still at work on his report—that he will recommend that Al and I both be fired. In view of this possibility I am sending you this stuff, and am duplicating all of it to Wells also with request that he gets the the senators together and read it to them—including Frank of course—so they will be posted in case the ball does open.
>
> As a matter of fact Chamberlin did expect to resign in a couple of months anyway; but neither of us want to be fired—

17. Letter to W. A. Richards, Jan. 18, 1907, **Copy Book,** p. 119.
18. Laramie **Republican,** XXII, 25, Feb. 7, 1907.

although well aware that Mr. Hitchcock—in default of the scalp of Mr. Warren or yourself, will likely be very glad to get that of any of their friends.[19]

In another letter written the same day, Barrow went over the case with a friend named Ed, presumably the Ed Wells of the previously quoted letter.

. . . We are depending, however, upon the fact that a "fire" can only come from the president, and only after notice to the senators. We understand, fully, that Hitchcock would like the scalp of anyone known to be their friends—but find comfort in the fact that he doesn't seem to have won many bluffs in that game as yet. Both Al and I realize that "You all" are busy; but I am sending you this whole matter so that you will have everything bearing on it from our standpoint, with requests that you present it to both Mr. Clark and Mr. Warren—surely they can find a couple of hours for us in which to "post up" on the points so that if called upon to discuss it with the president they can do it with a full knowledge of the facts. As you will see, the whole thing hinges on the personality and character of Potter—whether or no God ever so far forgot his obligations to humanity to make such a man. His admissions to the Inspector are enough to damn him—only that after the first day or two the Inspector seems to have thrown in with him . . .

There has been gross carelessness—cured, however, I believe . . . Then there is the political end of it—the whole thing ribbed up by Johnny Williams and Billy Irvine.

I need not tell you that everybody in town damns Potter—really he hasn't a friend left outside of these two men. Even my political enemies say it an outrage, and for the life of me, I don't see how Potter is to get his flour from this on.

Study this stuff, arrange the affidavits, and then ask the senators and Mondell to give you a couple of hours and lay the case before them so they will be "loaded" when it comes up . . . Al as you know intends to resign in a month or so, and Wheeler will succeed him. I want to serve out my term, and then anyone can have the place. To get fired would not only humiliate me, but it would strengthen the hands of the Utes in many ways as you understand, and neither of us want that.[20]

Though often bitterly attacked and sometimes charged with dishonesty, Barrow usually was able to clear himself of such charges, either because of his real innocence or because of luck or skill in argument. In this case he did not win, however. Barrow announced to his readers on February 6, 1907, "The President, one day last week, accepted the resignation of A. D. Chamberlin as register of the Douglas land office, tendered through Senator Warren

19. Letter to Richards, Jan. 18, 1907, **Copy Book**, p. 119. The "Hitchcock" referred to was Secretary of Interior. "Frank" was Congressman Frank Mondell.

20. Letter to Ed, Jan. 18, 1907, **Copy Book**, p. 120. "Ed" was probably Edmund J. Wells, former Douglas citizen, serving as private secretary to Senator C. D. Clark.

last October, and summarily dismissed me as receiver." (XXII, 35).

If a notice in the Laramie **Republican** of February 7, 1907, can be regarded as typical of public sentiment, evidently Barrow was not judged too critically by the people of the state:

> Both Mr. Barrow and Mr. Chamberlin have been obliging, competent and honorable officers and the shortage was merely a matter of carelessness.[21]

Barrow lost the receivership, but his prestige and influence continued to increase steadily.

BARROW, A STATE FIGURE

Merris C. Barrow first emerged as a state figure because of his interest in political activities and the forcefulness of his comments on political leaders and policies. The process of Barrow's transition from a middle-of-the-road position politically to an influential place in the Republican party can be found in the columns of the **Budget.** Before declaring himself as a Republican, Barrow was almost equally frank in his criticisms of certain leaders in both parties. Some of his early political comments contrast strangely with his staunch Republican sympathies of a later period.

In an editorial concerning the selection by the President of the United States of the Governor of the Territory of Wyoming in 1886, Barrow wrote that the people "would shed few tears over the removal of Francis E. Warren." (I, 6). Nor did he support another of the popular candidates, G. T. Beck, for this office (I, 6).

The "Political Talk" on the editorial page of a later issue in the same year contained a catchy but unfavorably critical comment about another Republican:

> What sort of a man is this Vawsborg, anyhow? Prior to the incorporation meeting he was not in favor of the measure. At the Republican rally Monday night he made a somewhat lengthy harangue in favor of the measure—and of himself. And this man who seems to change his opinions oftener than he does his tie—wants to represent Albany county in the Tenth Legislative assembly! Thanks, no! (I, 20, 1886)

Barrow did not long continue his ill feeling toward Warren. By 1889, however, he had openly declared his paper Republican. Perhaps it was this affiliation that warmed his heart toward Warren and led him to laud President Harrison for naming Warren Governor of Wyoming. He said,

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21. Laramie **Republican,** XXII, 25, Feb. 7, 1907.

"The voice of the people has been heard and their hopes have been granted. All hail to Governor Warren!—Ta-ta to Tommy the Tramp!" (III, 43, 1889). Again in 1896, Barrow defended Warren warmly against attacks made by another Douglas paper, which Barrow called the **No News,** and the Cheyenne **Tribune** (X, February 26, 1896). Perhaps Barrow's increasing opportunities for acquaintance with Republican leaders or his better understanding of Republican policies influenced him to cast his lot with that party. He could have simply decided, of course, that it was good business to throw in his lot with the party consistently in power.

As he came to subscribe more completely to the tenets of the Republican party, he spoke out more violently against the leaders of the Democratic party. Journalistic "mudslinging" against the candidates of an opposing party was freely used as a political weapon in Barrow's day. From the following article which appeared in the **Budget's** "Chit Chat" column in 1900, it is easy to believe that Barrow thoroughly enjoyed indulging in this form of political warfare:

> "Will John Chawles Thompson accept the nomination for Congress tendered him, by the democracy of Wyoming?" anxiously inquires one demo-pop contemporary. Will a duck swim? It is true that the valiant colonel is sorter dallying with the sweet morsel, and thus far has said to every newspaper man who would stand still long enough that he had not yet decided whether he would accept the "honor," or not. But its all a bluff—another instance of the girl, who while vowing she'd ne'er consent, consented. She intended to surrender all the while—and so does John Chawles. Probably began on his letter of acceptance as soon as he sold those mines, for he's smart enough to know that the words "bar'l" and "unanimous nomination" are, in the eyes of a democratic convention, spelled with the same letters and in the same way and mean the same thing. (XV, 3, 1900)

Sometime later when J. C. Thompson, a Cheyenne attorney, was scheduled to appear in Douglas, the following item appeared in the **Budget:**

> John Chawles Thompson—he of Kentucky—who thinks he is running for Congress, will hold forth at the opera house Friday evening and tell the people of Douglas why six cent wool is better than fourteen cent wool, and incidentally explain the beauties of free soup houses. A dance will follow the speech making. (XV, 14, 1900)

As Wyoming Territory grew financially and economically, the population increased rapidly. With this development, Wyoming leaders began to think of statehood. By July, 1889, the members of the Constitutional Convention had been selected. Among those chosen were numerous men of the press. Barrow of the **Budget** was one of these; his

friend Will Chaplin from the Laramie **Boomerang** was another; and a newspaper rival, J. K. Calkins of the Lusk **Herald,** was also chosen (IV, 6, 1889).

Six weeks later near the end of August, Barrow announced in the **Budget** his departure for Cheyenne to spend three weeks attending Wyoming's Constitutional Convention (IV, 12, 1889). Other delegates who accompanied him from Converse County were W. C. Irvine, a man of many activities in state politics whose interest lay with the cattlemen, DeForest Richards, later governor of Wyoming, and Calkins of Lusk. Barrow and Richards were listed as Republicans, while Calkins and Irvine were classed as Democrats.

The minutes and proceedings of the Constitutional Convention do not show that Barrow took a very active part in the debates. The roll calls of each session record that Barrow was not even a consistent attendant; however, he was a member of several committees. He represented Converse County on the Rules Committee, was named to Committee 14 on Railroads and Telegraphs, and served with Chaplin on Committee 17, Printing Publications, Accounts and Expenses. His two-day absences on three different occasions may have been because of trips to Douglas to assist in getting out the **Budget.** An article in the **Budget** for September 25, 1889, indicated that he did not think too highly of what he called the "Jack-in-the-box" atmosphere of the convention.

> The constitutional convention may conclude its labors along in the shank of the current year—and it may not. As a matter of fact the work should have been concluded a week or ten days ago; and it would have been, were it not for the fact that there are a half-dozen or more talented gentlemen in the body of each of whom seems to be a sort of a Jack-in-the-box. Every once in a while—oftener in fact—the catch which holds these gentlemen down slips off, and they bob up and shake their gory locks at the convention. The gentlemen from Gander Creek moves to amend by inserting the word "tweedle dee" after the seventh word in line four of section 1-p. Then the gentleman from Jawbony moves to admend the amendment by substituting the word "tweedle dam" in lieu thereof. Then the catches slip off all over the house and a "general discussion" follows. An hour is spent, and finally both amendments are withdrawn. The convention draws a sigh of relief; but another spring gets in its work, and a motion from the gentlemen from Skeyenne to "strike out" goes on the record. This affords an excuse for another display of "oratory," and the gentlemen from Gremont, and Weetswater and from Yohnson fix their glittering eye in turn upon the pretty stenographer who is compelled to perpetuate on paper their parapetetic peeps, and argy, an' argy, an' argy.
>
> Finally after chewing on the file for a half-day, it is referred back to the committee, and comes up again later for "further

consideration." It does seem, indeed, as though some of these gentlemen would do well to buy one of Edison's latest phonographs. This, is run by an electric motor or a ten-horse power engine, would afford relief. They could sit at their ease, and "hear themselves talk" twenty-four hours in a day. Arguments a half-hour in length and less than a half-inch in width and thickness, upon my honor, have been made in favor of matters which would have passed unanimously without a word having been said. Hours and days have been wasted in motions and amendments of the "tweedle-dum" order, and some members have piled "oration" upon "oration" to that extend that it is darkly hinted that the stenographer's typewritten report, when completed, will comprise 'steen million pages. And the mill is still grinding! (IV, 16, 1889.)

The delegates evidently pulled themselves together, reached some agreement, and finished the Constitution late in September. The Cheyenne **Daily Leader** of October 1, 1889, asserted that the session ended in a pleasant expression of friendship.[1] The **Leader** reported that "there was scarcely any ceremony about the final work of the body, but there was still something impressive about the way a hush fell over the throng as the members one by one affixed their signatures to the document,"[2] Barrow signing last.

By the following June, statehood was almost assured the Territory of Wyoming, and every one, including the **Budget's** owners, was prepared for the celebration. On June 25, 1890, Barrow said, "The **Budget** has attached a steam whistle to its engine and proposes to blow the lungs out of it when the statehood bill passes." (V, 3). "Statehood and a land office the same week! Douglas is getting there," cried Barrow on July 2, 1890 (V, 4). In the **Budget** of this date Barrow told of the way statehood was celebrated in Douglas:

> At 4:30 Friday afternoon, the **Budget** received a telegram from Honorable W. C. Irvine, at Cheyenne, announcing the birth of the new state. At 4:31 the **Budget's** steam whistle was exercising its lungs to the best advantage and the **Budget's** flag was flying from the mast surmounting the office building.
>
> Everybody tumbled!
>
> The good news spread rapidly!
>
> Within a few minutes the hoarse roar of the waterworks whistle swelled the song of greeting to the new state; the fire alarm bell rang, etc.

The two hundred ribbon badges printed by the **Budget** and distributed in Douglas on that eventful day indicated Barrow's excitement over statehood. A great deal of the credit for Wyoming's being admitted as the forty-fourth

1. Cheyenne **Daily Leader,** XXIII, Oct. 1, 1889.
2. **Ibid.** The original document is on display in the State Museum in Cheyenne.

state was due to the work of Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming Territory's only delegate to Congress. The badges which Barrow prepared carried a tribute to Carey.

One of the most exciting events in Wyoming history reported by Barrow was the famous Johnson County War of 1892. It could not have been easy for Barrow to tell the story with some degree of impartiality. On one side were the settlers with small holdings, with whom he sincerely sympathized. On the other were the big cattlemen, mostly prominent Republicans and men whom Barrow knew personally. His reports of the controversy and its results ran through the **Budget** for almost a year, and his comments reflected interestingly his divided state of mind.

On April 13, 1892, the **Budget** had on page five the headline, "War." Under this heading Barrow told of a large, well-equipped, armed party, including a surgeon, two newspaper reporters, and a telegraph operator, which had gone into Johnson County to rid the country of rustlers. Barrow related the story of how two small ranchers had been killed and commented on the serious implications of the expedition and its intentions thus:

> The statements of the captured teamsters is to the effect that they were hired last Tuesday night at Cheyenne, to go immediately to the Bald Mountain country, on a surveying expedition and pleasure trip . . . The captured men claim that they knew absolutely nothing as to the real intentions of the party until after leaving Casper, when they were informed that the object of the expedition was to run out cattle thieves, and that their pay was to be five dollars a day . . .
>
> Public sentiment, which was at first against the rustlers, has rapidly changed in favor of the financially weaker faction as the true condition of affairs became known. No doubt many of the invading party firmly believe they are justified in their attempt to take the law into their own hands, for the sensational and exaggerated newspaper stories have magnified the strength of the rustlers in this county a thousandfold . . .
>
> . . . No community of law-abiding American citizens will permit an armed force of any kind, organized for any purpose, to come into their midst and kill at their option men who have never been found guilty of crime by due process of law. (VI, 54, 1892)

The next issue contained pleas for "strict and impartial enforcement of the law," and for a swift punishment of those found guilty (VI, 46, 1892). Barrow maintained that "the theft of a steer couldn't in any way justify the taking of a human life," and the importation of a band of armed men into the state for any purpose was prohibited by the Constitution of Wyoming (VI, 46, 1892). Here he also told of the surrender without bloodshed of the forty-five invaders and said:



Courtesy of the Douglas Budget

LAWNS AND TREES IN DOUGLAS

> At this writing the situation is critical. On the ground that the prisoners would surely be lynched if surrendered to Sheriff Angus, Governor Barber is arranging to have them brought here under military escort, and probably on to Fort Russell. On the other hand Angus demands that they be placed in his hands, while small stockmen from all over the state are flocking into that section to enforce the demand, and it is reliably reported that today there are from five to six hundred men armed to the teeth waiting to avenge the killing of Champion and Ray. (VI, 46, 1892)

Barrow's own attitude toward the removal of the prisoners appeared in the same issue:

> We believe, however, that it will be a mistake to remove the prisoners from Johnson County unless they are first given a preliminary hearing and are granted a change of venue . . . but there should be no favoritism shown because they happen to be rich and prominent men. The strict letter of the law should be followed in this matter, and no requirement be modified in their behalf other than that accorded every man charged with crime, be he rich or poor. (VI, 46, 1892)

By May 25, 1892, the editor of the **Budget** had begun to soften somewhat his demand for strict justice for the invaders. Here he spoke of the only outcome which he could see to the trouble in Johnson County—the prevalence of honesty. Barrow wrote, "The settlers will win, and the thieves will have to leave the country." (VI, 51, 1892).

In June Barrow spoke for the honest man, big or little, and declared that the **Budget** was for law and order (VI, 52, 1892). In this same paper, however, Barrow published a letter from a Johnson County small ranchman which portrayed the big rancher as benevolent, neighborly, and honest, and gave examples of rustlers posing as small ranchers and antagonizing their fellow ranchers against the big outfits (VI, 52, 1892). In a later issue Barrow practically made fun of the people of Johnson County for continuing to hold the invaders as prisoners and not paying for their keep (VII, 20, 1892). By February 22, 1893, Barrow was really placing the blame for the whole affair not on the invading big cattlemen, but on the juries chosen to try cattle thieves (VII, Feb. 22, 1893).

Meanwhile, according to the October 22, 1892, issue of the **Budget** the war had taken on political significance. A man by the name of Robert Dunning, who was supposedly a member of the invading party, made a confession tending to show that influential Republican leaders, Warren, Barber, and Blake, had known about the invasion, no Democrat being mentioned. Barrow evidently felt, and suggested this idea in the **Budget,** that the Democrats were taking advantage of this bit of unreliable news to cast disparaging remarks upon the Republican leadership in the state. Bar-

row left it to his readers to choose between the word of a "self-confessed murderer," Dunning, and "that of men . . . whose word heretofore had been as good as their bond." (VII, 20, 1892).

Barrow evidently tried to live up to his paper's motto, "Fair, Faithful, and Fearless," in his interpretation of state events and his reflection of state personalities. But prejudices and political expediency, as with practical men of affairs everywhere, sometimes blinded him, no doubt, in his judgments of men and issues. On the whole, he tried, it would seem, to be loyal to his principles as well as to his party and his friends.

With statehood, Barrow's participation in the Republican party became even greater. In the elections of 1892, however, the Republican party was defeated throughout the country and Cleveland became President of the United States the following March. Barrow, no doubt, realized that the election returns would mean a change of personnel in the Land Office when he said, "The **Budget** regrets that the later returns do not materially change the reports of a sweeping democratic victory on the national ticket . . . Cleveland is elected by a large majority." (VII, 24, 1892). The Republicans lost the state elections also, and the fusion candidate of the Democrats and Populists, John E. Osborne, was elected governor. Since the political situation was confused by echoes from the Johnson County War and the refusal or failure of some counties to report election returns, Osborne had himself sworn into office in December.[3] Twelve years later when Osborne was again seeking office, Barrow brought up with telling effect the story of Osborne's unconventional assumption of the governorship in 1892. He headed a page in large type, "Osborne's Record as Governor." The rest of the sheet was left blank. On another page of the same paper Barrow inserted the following sentence:

> December 3, 1892, Osborne crawled through the capitol window into the governor's office. (XX, 21, 1904)

Evidently the results of elections in 1894 were again disappointing to Barrow. Nevertheless, he made the following statement on November 7, 1894, indicating that he would drop his disappointment and look to the future:

> The election is over. Let the result be what it may, we must abide by the result. We are all citizens of a common country, and we can't afford to keep up or countenance the strife of the

3. Bartlett, **History of Wyoming**, I, 216-217.

past few weeks. Accept the result, drop politics, and let's all unite to do what we can toward the development and prosperity of the county, town, and state in which we live. (IX, 24, 1894)

Having been released from the Land Office during Cleveland's administration, Barrow could accept positions in the state government. He was chief clerk of the House in the sessions of the State Legislature of 1894 and 1896.[4] Chaplin recalled that Barrow made an excellent clerk, having a good voice and being a good reader.[5] No matter what he may or may not have contributed to the State Legislature, he brought to the people of Douglas during these years many first-hand accounts of developments in the government of the state, coloring all of them with his own personality. The paper of January 30, 1895, contained a vivid description of a reception for Senators Warren and Clark:

Mrs. Bill and I attended the reception given at Turner Hall last week, in honor of our two new senators. It was an event. "Dr." Barber and "Dick" Repath were in charge of the decorations, and Turner Hall never will wear such fine clothes again. Flags, bunting, banners and electric lights galore served to transform the spacious edifice into a veritable fairy-land, filled to overflowing with fair women and brave men. Two thousand ladies and gentlemen attended, in response to a general invitation extended through the medium of the public press—and they were ladies and gentlemen, in all that the term implies. Senators Warren and Clark, with their charming wives, received this mighty host and gracefully acknowledged the hearty and sincere congratulations showered upon them by friends and admirers until near 10 o'clock, when dancing began. Refreshments were served until midnight, and it was 3 a.m. before the programme was concluded. The entire affair was a credit to the enterprise of the Cheyennese, and a deserved tribute to the gentlemen in whose honor it was given. (IX, 36, 1895)

Two weeks later on February 13, Barrow wrote to the **Budget** of the anticipated close of the session as follows:

The last week of the session begins tomorrow, and it promises to be a busy one for members and employes. Night sessions will be the rule, and it is quite probable that when decent people are holding down a pew in church next Sunday morning, our legislators—with the hands of the clock pointing to 11:30 p.m. of Saturday—will be grinding out laws at a lively rate. "After the ball is over" I shall try, as best I can, to give some inside history relating to divers and sundry matters connected with the session—matters which I have been compelled to put aside in order to properly discharge my duties as clerk of that august body, the house. With five assistants, I find my time fully occupied, just now. (IX, 38, 1895)

This item was followed by one on February 20, 1895, announcing the closing of the session. Here Barrow also

4. **Progressive Men of the State of Wyoming**, p. 500.
5. Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.

mentions his own reward as chief clerk, a gold pen. (IX, 39, 1895)

On February 24, 1897, at the next session in which Barrow participated, the Legislature, according to Barrow's report, passed seventy-nine laws which he believed were just and wise measures, although he predicted that every one in the lot would no doubt be condemned "by one or more blooming idiots scattered throughout the state." (XI, 39, 1897). The **Budget,** which appeared the next week on March 3, 1897, contained an entertaining summary of the session, revealing both its serious moments and the antics of its fun-packed hours of relaxation, praising its accomplishments, but also recording hostile criticisms:

> About the closing hours of the legislative session, there was a heap of fun, and some fire. The usual "horse-play" was indulged in, by both house and senate. A sure enough third house was organized in that wing of the capital about midnight, and Attorney Burke installed as speaker, with Colonel Slack of the Sun-Leader as sergeant-at-arms. About a hundred men were run in from the lobby, who swarmed over the floor and—for a half hour—represented the thirty-eight representatives who for forty days had answered to roll-call. All sorts of queer resolutions were introduced and motions made, all of which were handled by the "squatter" speaker in a manner truly refreshing, and with a dispatch which startled the sure-enough members. Late comers—among them Sheriff Patton, Pat Sullivan, and several other Natrona county boys who drifted in on the midnight train—were seized by the legislative magistrate, hustled before the bar, and compelled to make a speech. Sullivan didn't do a thing to 'em but break the dread news, as gently as possible, that some day the capital would be moved to central Wyoming—and the speaker had the requisite nerve to put the proposition in the form of a motion, and declared it carried. The introduction of a "bill" in the form of a quart bottle filled with genuine Scotch whiskey finally dissolved the somewhat obstreperous assemblage. . . .
>
> After having spent forty days within the "inner circle" of the Fourth legislature; after having read every bill introduced, and having signed every measure which finally became a law; after having had opportunity to compare the appropriations made with those of previous legislatures, and being fully cognizant of the work and results of the entire session, I had made up my mind that the record was a good one, and one of which every man connected therewith might well be proud. . . . As I have said, I had decided that the Fourth State Legislature was destined to pass into history as one of the wisest and best legislative bodies ever convened within our borders; but it seems that in some way I have been most woefully misinformed and misled. The Glenrock correspondent of the Casper **Derrick** has been sizing up the work of the session, as well as I, and he has likewise decided upon a verdict. He boldly declares that it was "the rottenest and most damnable combination of social outcasts and political pirates in the history of the state." Well, maybe so. (XI, 40, 1897)

Meanwhile Barrow had begun to make a place for himself at Republican state conventions, having been elected secretary of the one at Sheridan in 1896 and having been chosen as an alternate to the national convention at St. Louis (X, May 20, 1896). In 1898 Barrow worked with DeForest Richards to bring the Republican state convention to Douglas and was successful (XX, 22, 1905).

In addition to his political activities in the state, the editor of **Bill Barlow's Budget** assisted in organizing the Wyoming Press Association in 1891. It began with enthusiastic plans to include newspaper men from all over the state, but the obstacles in the way of successful meetings in a state where distances were so great prevented it from functioning actively. Several references to the Wyoming Press Association appeared in the columns of the **Budget.** On October 18, 1893, Barrow informed the new "pencil-pushers" of the state who were clamoring for an Association that such an organization existed, although meetings had not been held regularly because of the size of the territory:

> For the information of these gentlemen the **Budget** will state that in the fall of 1881, at Laramie, Wyoming, the Wyoming Press Association was organized, with a membership of twelve editors present. Bill Nye was chosen president. Since that time, Dr. Hayford, of the Laramie Sentinel, and E. A. Slack, of the Cheyenne Sun, have also held that office for one or more years. The last meeting of the association was held at Cheyenne in September, 1889, when M. C. Barrow of the **Budget** was chosen president; W. E. Chaplin of the Laramie **Republican,** vice-president; John C. Friend, secretary; C. E. Blydenburgh, treasurer; and E. A. Slack, J. F. Ludin, John F. Carrol, J. H. Hayford and M. C. Barrow, executive committee. It was decided to hold the next meeting the following year at Douglas in case the Cheyenne and Northern was completed in time, but the executive committee decided to omit the annual gathering because of the failure of the road to reach this city in time. No meeting has been held since. We might add that there is something over $50 in the association treasury, which would buy the cigars for the gang should they decide to meet again. Experience has proven that Wyoming cannot yet successfully carry on the work which necessarily belongs to an association of this character. The territory is too large . . . . (VIII, 22, 1893)

The Association met again in Laramie in 1896 (XI, 3, 1896), but its activity apparently lapsed once more. In 1901 Barrow announced that a fresh attempt was being made to revive the Association at a meeting in Cheyenne. He was clearly skeptical of the success of the attempt. "I fear me much that history will repeat itself—but an' it don't rain, I'll be there." (XVI, 5, 1901).

BARROW DIPS HIS PEN IN ACID

"Barrow's personal journalism was at times rather bitter and was calculated to get him into trouble," wrote W. E. Chaplin in 1947.[1] A present-day reader of the **Budget's** columns would be inclined to say that Mr. Chaplin was guilty of understatement. Sometimes comments appearing in the **Budget** produced results which Barrow did not expect. "On one occasion a citizen of Douglas met him on a street and gave him a rather sound beating. Barrow appealed to the Masonic lodge for aid in the punishment of his assailant, but got no consideration."[2] At another time Barrow said too much in the **Budget** about adjutant-general Frank A. Stitzer, an appointee of acting-governor Fenimore Chatterton, whom he described as wearing "celluloid cuffs that rattled when he walked."[3] A short time after this statement was published, while Barrow was attending the Wyoming Industrial Convention at Casper as the guest of A. J. Mokler, members of the state militia appeared at the Mokler home and demanded that Barrow be turned over to them. Their intention was to throw him in a blanket and toss him in the Platte River, but Mokler prevented the ducking.[4] He maintained that a man's house was his castle and, taking a rifle from his gun cabinet, "announced in a firm voice that he would shoot the first person who cared to enter his gate."[5]

Barrow's fiercest editorial battles were against other newspapers and their editors, and these seldom brought threats of violence. When he was assured that his assailant's rebuttal would be made verbally, Barrow could feel reasonably certain of success from the beginning. In the columns of his paper Barrow attacked indiscriminately, at one time or another, most of the newsmen of the state;[6] however, he saved his most acrimonious outbursts for rivals in his own locality. He and rival editors haggled over possible improvements for the town, politics, and the contents of their papers. Often they just found fault with each other in an effort at self-preservation.

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1. Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.

2. **Ibid.**

3. Agnes Spring, **William Chaplin Deming** (Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1944), p. 170.

4. A. J. Mokler, Interview, Casper, Wyoming, Oct., 1946.

5. Spring, **W. C. Deming,** p. 171.

6. Two newspaper men of the state whom Barrow apparently regarded so highly that he did not subject them to his usual bitter attacks were A. J. Mokler of Casper and W. E. Chaplin of Laramie.

When one considers the six papers that passed out of existence in Douglas while Barrow kept doing business, one can understand that the **Budget** probably survived only by battling for supremacy. After boom days when the population of Douglas leveled off, the town could scarcely support two papers adequately. A slight quarrel originating as a contest for leadership between two news sheets very often became a fight for existence. The editor of the **Budget** was always ready to accept the challenge of a competitor, and with his talent for devastating name-calling, he found ways to ridicule the rival paper and to smear its editor's reputation to his own satisfaction.

Under Barrow's leadership the **Budget** was instrumental in putting numerous newspaper contemporaries out of circulation. The **Rowdy West,** edited and published by E. H. Kimball, an early arrival in the Fetterman country, lived only a year. The Douglas **Advertiser,** which was edited by I. R. Crow, an old friend of Barrow, had an even shorter life span. The Douglas **Republican,** that claimed to have "skinned" the **Budget,** went out of business in July, 1889, after a short life of thirteen months. Another Kimball-edited paper, the **Graphic,** appeared next, met the **Budget's** antagonism, and passed out of existence in 1891. The **Converse County News,** supposed mouthpiece of DeForest Richards, whom Barrow had angered, held its own for only eight months. Then the **Central Wyoming News,** stronger than the others, kept circulating a weekly news sheet from October, 1894 to May, 1898.

Although Barrow always posed as having been attacked or misused and protested his reluctance to become embroiled in a verbal fight, he enjoyed composing the caustic editorials against these men and their respective papers. The following is a typical Barrow approach to a bitter battle:

> I do wish my local contemporaries would let me alone. First the Wooly man jumped me, and I let him hammer away unnoticed for a couple of months, hoping he'd get tired; but he wouldn't let up, so I had to let him down. Now the Leet-Crow combination is snarling and barking at my heels and I am again compelled to take up the cudgel of self-defence. I know it is wrong to quarrel and fight—have not forgotten that the good book tells us to turn the other cheek when some rooster biffs you on the jaw—but I am tired. I have practiced patience and forbearance until either has ceased to be a virtue, and both must take a back seat until I have taught my envious and jealous rivals to let me alone. Print your little papers, boys; but don't persist in sneering at, lying about and slurring the **Budget.** (I, 37, 1886)

The **Rowdy West,** printed in Iowa for distribution in the Fetterman region, was the **Budget's** first newspaper rival.

This competitor provided the people of Douglas with an eight-page paper, which was, however, only half as large as the **Budget** in size. Like **Bill Barlow's Budget,** its title spread across the top of the first sheet in large script type each word being sloped upward; but, unlike the **Budget,** this title was placed on a background of etched figures engaged in various activities.

E. H. Kimball, the editor and publisher of this news sheet, offered it to the public for $2.00 a year in advance, one dollar cheaper than the **Budget.** An examination of early issues led to the conclusion that it was worth even less as a newspaper.[7] The "Wild and Wooly West," the name given Kimball's paper by the **Budget's** editor, also had "patent innards," and the remaining news space was only half that of the **Budget.** These columns were then loaded with much news from exchanges and contained very few personal items about the people of the frontier town and their activities. This dearth of Douglas news was probably unavoidable, since the sheet was at first printed in Iowa. The August 8, 1886, issue announced the arrival in Douglas of the printing plant and later issues may have shown an improvement in local news. This issue also announced the changing of publication date from Wednesday to Sunday. Kimball evidently had begun to feel the effects of the **Budget's** existence and the competition which its circulation on Wednesday offered.

At first Barrow tried, or pretended to try, to be friendly. He welcomed the arrival of Kimball's plant by saying, "the more the merrier." (I, 8, 1886). Hostilities apparently were beginning by the end of August, however, when Barrow commented on the three-column paragraph which Kimball had included in his last paper, devoted to some person, probably Barrow, who had been talking about him. Here the **Budget's** editor assured Kimball that time would make amends. He went on to say that the **Rowdy West** was a fair paper in all but the color and the name, although it had a little too much dime-novel slang occasionally. By December a good deal of warmth had evidently been produced, for Barrow had begun a verbal warfare with Kimball that was to continue for years. Barrow first gave space in his paper to the derogatory statements about the **Rowdy West** made by other Wyoming editors, and then attacked both the paper and its editor viciously.

7. Two copies of the **Rowdy West,** those for June 23 and Aug. 8, 1886, are preserved by the Wyoming State Historical Department and have been examined.

> Yet, as one reflects upon it, anger dies away. . . And more pitiable still, it does not realize its position any more clearly than its editor who, steeped in liquor, goes to sleep in the gutter occasionally if not more frequently, unconscious of the spectacle which he makes of himself and of the shame and scorn which he awakens. (I, 29, 1886)

By December Barrow had also affixed to Kimball's name the title "Castor Oil," a term which he used to designate his rival for years (I, 30, 1886). He called the **Wooly** man a liar although not an artistic one, classed his paper as a "Mud Bath" and "journalistic hybred," a "disgrace to Douglas" (I, 31, 1887). Barrow even accused the **Rowdy West** of using more vulgar and obscene language than that used by professed sporting papers (I, 32, 1887). A month later on January 25, 1887, Barrow warmed up to the quarrel by saying that although Kimball's paper did not contain as much filth as formerly, the editor was still a contemptible pup, who did not pay his bills and could not be trusted to handle the financial affairs of others.

Since only one side of this quarrel in print was available for study, it is impossible to estimate the validity of Barrow's accusations that the **Rowdy's** editor kept up the fight which he climaxed in a five-column spread against Barrow in one issue of the **Wild, Weird, Wooly Winsome yet Winked-out Wowdy.** It is known, however, that Barrow held up his side of the battle and finally published the following malicious notice in the **Budget** when the **Rowdy West** announced a move to Glenrock:

> As a community we weep! A deep and crushing sorrow, has come upon us! None of your soft corn or jumping toothache sorrows, but a great grief which runs the pulse-beat up to 102 in the shade and makes heart-strings twang with an exceeding great twing! Death has again entered our journalistic circle, and laid its palsying hand upon another member thereof!
>
> The **Rowdy West** is dead!
>
> ****

In September of Barrow's first year in the Fetterman country I. R. Crow, an old friend and "boyhood pard" who had been printing the **Argus** at Buffalo Gap, gave Barrow notice that he had been "froze out" there and that he intended to move to Douglas. Barrow warned Crow in his "Chit Chat" column that two papers were enough for the "boomer," but expressed hope that Crow would do well, and said, "If it comes to a question of freeze-out between him and my pink-eyed neighbor [Kimball], I'll empire [sic.] the game impartially." (I, 15, 1886). The **Advertiser** "winked out" even before the **Rowdy West** on April 16, 1887 (II, 5, 1887).

The next rival, the Douglas **Republican,** appeared first on June 20, 1888, and by October Barrow had begun to quarrel

in his "Chit Chat" column with its editor, Dilworth. On December 26, 1888, a typical Barrow barrage appeared in the columns of the **Budget:**

> The **Republican** claims to have "skinned" the **Budget,** and to have tanned the said skin "to the queen's taste," but people who will take the trouble to compare that sheet with this—with its ten pages teeming with news and bearing every evidence of prosperity and permanency—will wonder whether or no the **Republican** hasn't put the shoe on the wrong foot. If this means to be skinned, blessed if it isn't a much more pleasant torture than I had supposed, and I only hope my esteemed contemporary will continue in the good work. It's heaps of fun—and it pays—to be skun in this way. (III, 30, 1888)

In two more months Barrow was poking fun at his rival in earnest by comparing him to the preacher who turned his nail keg of sermons over when he had exhausted his supply.

Dilworth was accused of using stereotype plates which Barrow did not actually condemn but which according to the **Budget's** editor should not be repeated regardless of their humorous content as was "Bob Burdette's Humor" published first on January 12th and again on February 23rd. " . . . The same," said Barrow, "is true of an article bearing the ghastly title of 'Beheading a Corpse'," which is found in these same two issues. (III, 39, 1889). According to the **Budget,** times were getting bad for the **Republican** in April (III, 45, 1889), and on July 27, 1889, this paper also ceased circulation.

In 1891 the Glenrock **Graphic** was purchased, probably being backed by prominent Democrats of the county, and moved to Douglas, where Colonel E. H. Kimball, who undertook the editorial and business management of it, could again exchange words with his editorial rival, M. C. Barrow. As usual Barrow wished him well at first (V, 48, 1891); six weeks later he again extended a hearty welcome to the newcomer, Douglas's fifth paper, when he said that he "in no wise feared honest and honorable competition." (VI, 2, 1891). The competition lasted only a year, for on June 22, 1892, Barrow reported that the Douglas **Graphic** had suspended publication indefinitely.

In 1893 DeForest Richards and Dr. Wilson, who had had their "toes pinched" by the **Budget** according to Barrow, decided that **Bill Barlow's Budget** and its editor must be starved out. With this end in view they made plans to establish a Republican paper. They brought a man by the name of Campbell to Douglas to canvass the town personally. They assured him that the **Budget** had only a few

friends (VIII, 27, 1893). In the November 22, 1893, issue of the **Budget,** Barrow greeted his new competitor, the **Converse County Press,** with the usual fraternal greetings and promise of courtesy, but gave a warning note of future tangles in his reference to the two gentlemen who posed as its godfathers (III, 27, 1893). More disparaging remarks about the new Republican paper appeared in subsequent issues. Finally on December 13, 1893, Barrow announced that since Colonel Richards was sending out sample copies of his new paper, the **Budget** would do the same in order that those who were not on the **Budget's** subscription list might compare the two publications. The **Converse County Press** sold for less than the **Budget,** but Barrow wrote, "Western people always buy the best, and are not to be caught by Cheap John goods because they are cheap." (VIII, 30, 1893).

Bitter words were being exchanged between Barrow and the editors of the "handpress" by the end of May, 1894. The **Budget's** competitors printing "a half-column" howl about being slandered gave Editor Bill a chance to strike again.

> No amount of newspaper bluff can deceive the business men of Douglas as to the circulation of the **Press.** They see its little package of ready-prints—about the size of a roll of wall paper—carried up from the depot each week, and no amount of newspaper "guff" or abuse of the **Budget,** such as our esteemed contemporary indulged in last week can convince them that its entire weekly circulation exceeds 100 copies. (VIII, 52, 1894)

By fall, Barrow had succeeded in putting another Douglas newspaper aspirant out of business.

> The **Budget,** this week placed another newspaper heading within the crepe-enshrouded frame which hangs above the office desk—that of the late lamented **Converse County Press.** Five cold clammy corpses have been interred to date—since the birth of the **Budget**—in the Douglas newspaporial cemetery—the **Rowdy West,** the Douglas **Advertiser,** the Douglas **Republican,** the Douglas **Graphic** and now the **Press.** Peace to their ashes. (IX, 19, 1894)

When the **Converse County Press** was out of the way, the editor of the **Budget** could devote more time to exterminating another Douglas news sheet which had begun publication in the same year as the **Press.** Almost as he wrote the death notice about the **Press,** he began his campaign against the **Central Wyoming News** by saying:

> I suppose the **Central Wyoming News**—name bigger 'n the paper itself—will soon begin to brag about the rapid increase

> of its subscription list, and pat itself on the back in other ways, just like its predecessor. If it does, look out for another funeral, for it's a sure sign. (IX, 21, 1894)

The **News** was run by a little Englishman, Arthur Phillips, who reportedly was afraid of Barrow;[8] however, the editor of the **Budget** said that Colonel Phillips had called Barrow a "bloated numskull" a "Chump," and lots of other pet names. Barrow on the other hand, spoke of Phillips as a "gifted writer," a "brilliant journalist," etc. In 1897, however, Barrow began a more vigorous assault than he had previously made upon the **News:**

> Evidently His Nobbs, Kunnel Authaw, of the **Central Wyoming Hangman's Noose,** knows as little about legislative procedure as he does about matters newspaporial. I notice that in the last issue of his little leaflet he gives Senator Cross a dose of his celebrated "love and lather" specific, and adds that "The people of Douglas have reason to thank him for his strong opposition to House Bill No. 32, which contemplates the confiscation of city licenses." The fact is that House Bill No. 32 never reached the senate, but received its indefinite postponement quietus in the house, consequently, Senator Cross had absolutely nothing to do with its defeat. Possibly His 'Iness, the Kunnel, has an idea that Mr. Cross sorter presides over both bodies of the legislative layout, and can vote in either branch, as the notion strikes him. Either this, or he thinks his readers are all blooming idiots. (XI, 37, 1897)

Finally Phillips sued M. C. and Minnie F. Barrow for libel, asking $10,000 damages. In April, 1898, to the chagrin of the **News,** the court ruled that the article on which the suit was brought and which had appeared in the **Budget** of June 5, 1895, was insufficient cause for action (XII, April 20, 1898). A little over a year later the **Budget** contained a notice of death for the **Central Wyoming News** (XII, May 25, 1898).

Thus the **Budget** warred against and defeated six local newspaper contemporaries. Another rival, the Lusk **Herald,** though not of Douglas, was too close to be ignored. Jimmy Mayes, who had been a printer on the **Budget** in 1888, had by the turn of the century become editor of the Lusk **Herald.** In this capacity he became a competitor of Barrow's for county printing and thus brought himself and his paper within range of the **Budget's** caustic editorializing. Barrow did not succeed in eliminating the **Herald** as a rival, but he delivered painful thrusts in bitter passages like the following:

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8. Henry Reese, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, October, 1946.

Among the journalistic freaks of this corner of the vineyard, none can hold a candle to the little Lusk **Herald.** As a rule Wyoming's demo-pop papers are poor, weak sisters who don't even pretend to either virtue or good looks. They are a skinny, pimply-faced, ringboned and spavined outfit; they know it, and everybody else knows it, and they don't care a cuss. But its different with the **Herald.** True, its local page, like those of its sisters in crime, is made up of rotten English and badly tainted French mixed with Bowery slang—exemplifying as it does the lamentable ignorance and gross instincts of the writer thereof. On the other hand—no; same hand but other page—we find grandiloquent ideas, well-rounded sentences and an elegance of expression which is not met with else where in the press of the state. It's simply beautiful, at times, and I've often wondered who wrote it. Mayes, of course, grinds out the local stuff—no question about that, for one can see his phiz between every line. But no man but a lunatic—and he an incurable—would venture to assert that the same man wrote both pages. One is written by a third-rate printer who dreams that he is an "editor," the other by a gentleman and a scholar and I presume, a good judge of whisky, for much of it has the southern twang of eloquence as well as polish. Who ever he is he either has the patience of Job or else never sees a copy of the **Herald,** for Mayes has stolen his stuff right along and reproduced it as "original" for over ten years now, without a kick. But if he should die, what would become of the **Herald's** editorial" page? Horrible thought! (XV, 1, 1900)

In 1898 Emerson H. Kimball, who was later a resident of Casper for many years, was evidently stirring up trouble again and evoked this acrimonious response from the editor of the **Budget:**

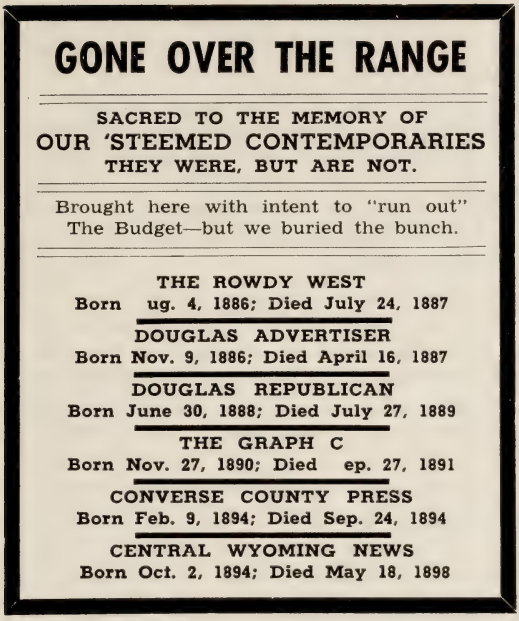
Everybody knows I'm a man of peace, possessing a temper like Wyoming oil for evenness and absence of friction and a nature which just naturally cottons to chicken pie and feather beds. I hate a row. It's wearing on the patience and the mind —likewise the proboscis at times—and makes a man lose sight of the old-time proverb which directs him to love his neighbor as his—not his neighbor's wife. "But there comes a time some day," even in the affairs of pencil pushers, when suthin' has to be did; when some d--d fool who imagines he is a torpedo destroyer or a Dewey II, gets to prancing around on the tail of your robe, swipes you a few swats on the smeller and asks you how you like it—and you simply can't do anything else but get next to him or run. A fellow known as "Old Castor Oil"—who prints a paper at Casper called the **Derrick** and who, just now, is posing as the mouthpiece of and wet nurse for Congressman John E. Osborne, has seen fit to climb onto my collar and insists on a ride—and he's going to get it. (XIII, 3, 1898)

After making reference to his guinea-hen laugh, loud-mouthed pretensions to honesty and decency, double-dealing, rascality, insufferable egotism and unlimited egotism and unlimited gall, Barrow wrote that "Old Castor Oil" had realized twelve years ago that if he expected to stay in Douglas long he had to run the **Budget** out (XIII, 3, 1898).

Barrow also recalled that Kimball accused him of dodging vigilance committees and being a consort of prostitutes and thieves and charged him with going to church drunk and to bed in the alley to get sober. Barrow went on to say that after Kimball's accusations during those early days in Douglas, he had begun to wonder "why the cussed officers of the law were so lax in their duties" as to permit him to run at large and why "Mrs. Bill," whom he had always considered an exemplary woman, persisted in trying to longer live with him. (XIII, 3, 1898). Because of this early controversy, asserted Barrow, the euphonious prefix of "Castor Oil" was so firmly fixed to Kimball's name that he came to be known by it throughout the state. Barrow also maintained that "it's a bunch of Philippine islands to a hand of Weyler's hair that even St. Peter will use it in directing the old cuss to take elevator 23456, on its next down trip." (XIII, 3, 1898). In the characteristic violent journalism of the day, Barrow in more acrimonious passages called Kimball a shyster, a sneak, a fawning hypocrite, a blow-hard, and a political prostitute whose stiletto could be bought by anyone for a dollar and declared that "careful housewives were unable longer to even use it [his paper] on pantry shelves for fear it would make the butter taste." (XIII, 4, 1898). The attack continued in the issues of the next three weeks until Barrow, expressing regret for time and space wasted on so trivial a rival, ended his series on Kimball in the **Budget** of July 13, 1898:

> . . . The fellow has ability in a way; but with the instincts of a brute, the education of a bunco-steerer, the habits of a Hottentot, the treachery of a Spaniard and the political training of a prostitute and demagogue, the inner consciousness of the man is soon revealed to even the most casual observer . . . However, I'm sorry now that I devoted so much time and ammunition to him, and if I inadvertently get a projectile into his case-hardened anatomy anywhere which hurts this feelins', I'm equally repentant. I sincerely hope we'll be able to jog along in the newspaper harness together without further trouble. (XIII, 7, 1898)

The continuous publication of the **Budget** during the years when six local competitors passed out of existence and editorial wars raged with other newspapers was a commentary on the quality of both the paper and the man. Barrow used every means in his war for survival. By modern standards his personal attacks would be considered foul rather than fair. But in a period when such tactics were commonplace, perhaps he had a right to be proud of his boxed reminder on the editorial page that while other Douglas papers died, the **Budget** lived on.



GONE OVER THE RANGE

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR 'STEEMED CONTEMPORARIES
THEY WERE, BUT ARE NOT.

Brought here with intent to "run out"
The Budget—but we buried the bunch.

THE ROWDY WEST
Born ug. 4, 1886; Died July 24, 1887

DOUGLAS ADVERTISER
Born Nov. 9, 1886; Died April 16, 1887

DOUGLAS REPUBLICAN
Born June 30, 1888; Died July 27, 1889

THE GRAPH C
Born Nov. 27, 1890; Died ep. 27, 1891

CONVERSE COUNTY PRESS
Born Feb. 9, 1894; Died Sep. 24, 1894

CENTRAL WYOMING NEWS
Born Oct. 2, 1894; Died May 18, 1898

Record of Defeated Local Newspaper Rivals

THE BUDGET COMES OF AGE

No startling change was made in the physical make-up of **Bill Barlow's Budget** from the day of its inception until Barrow's death. The title which was scrawled across the top of the page was the same in 1910 as it was in 1886. While column headings and advertising remained similar, the style of the articles grew into something crudely artistic and to many readers appealing.

The headings for special columns, although not always exactly the same, varied only slightly. Almost each issue issue contained a "Chit Chat" column in which some news was reported, but usually it was reserved for editorial comment. During the early years of the **Budget,** this column was generally placed on the first page of the paper. Page four, with the owners and staff listed in the upper left-hand corner, was customarily devoted to editorials and exchanges, but comments on local news were often scattered over the page. Barrow evidently realized that an item about the boy next door or the girl down the street was more interesting to the average reader than news of

the conditions of the world in the state or national capital. The volume of local news which appeared in his "Short Stops" column on page five indicated that he knew something about practically everything in and around Douglas. He realized that legs were as good as brains in reporting[1] and did not sit around the **Budget** office waiting for news to come to him. Barrow probably enjoyed his excursions among fellow citizens to get the personals, local announcements, and notices similar to present-day want ads which he printed on page five.

The paper continued through the years of Barrow's editorship to have "patent print" because he thought it of "untold value to the country press." (II, 35, 1888). He believed his "patent innards" to be "worthy of all praise" since they were typographically and editorially perfect and contained in his opinion the "gist" of the best literature of the day:

> It enables the **Budget,** for instance, to lay before its readers each week just twenty columns more of bright and interesting reading matter than would be possible were the paper printed all at home. To print such a paper as we now issue all at home would increase our payroll at least $300 a month, or $3,600 a year—men everywhere were slow to endorse the so-called "patent print," but its value is becoming recognized more and more, and its sphere of usefulness largely increased as Father Time's hour-glass changes ends. Even the daily press now uses "plates"—including every daily paper published in Wyoming—and there is really no difference between a "stereotype plate print" and a "patent print." . . . All would use it [patent print] did there not exist some good reason preventing its use. (II, 35, 1888)
>
> The **Budget** is proud of its patent. When Douglas rises to the dignity of a Daily **Budget,** the Weekly **Budget** will be printed all at home and not before. (II, 35, 1888)

Bill Barlow's Budget, like other papers of its day and locality, carried many advertisements. The locally printed pages were sometimes nearly half full of notices from local or regional merchants and producers, and the "patent prints" carried advertising by national companies. Although the **Budget** ran fewer advertisements than some early news sheets, it must have averaged fair profit from such sources. At times, especially when Barrow put out a twelve-page paper, there would be at least one page filled completely with advertising.

Like their contemporaries in the newspaper field, the Barrows advertised their own enterprises extensively. They included notices about the stationery store, announcements about the plants and flowers available at the green-

1. Chaplin, letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.

house, suggestions concerning suitable insurance policies, and of course continuous reminders of their job-printing service.

Barrow evidently recognized that the issues of the **Budget** afforded a valuable record of a town and its people —a record not duplicated elsewhere. Even though the issues of the **Budget** had not been consistently bound during the first fourteen years, each issue of a year was consistently identifiied as a part of a single volume. By April, 1900, almost enough issues had been published to fill fourteen volumes.

Barrow reported in his "Chit Chat" column April 25, 1900, that the job department had for the past week been "engaged in arranging, compiling, and binding in book form the files of the **Budget** for the past ten years." (XIV, 47, 1900). It is interesting that Barrow himself saw the significance of his paper as a record of local history and commented as follows:

> What a record of city, county and state—a truthful and complete history wherein everything is set down, from the birth of triplets to the estimable wife of Mr. John Smith to the failure of the A. L. New legislature to elect a senator because of a shortage of cocktails and coin. Incidentally the prosperity and progress of state and nation is recorded, likewise. Ten years is but a notch in the stick of time and comparatively nothing in the immensity of eternity; and yet in the growth and development of any community it comprises much of interest, and furnishes a vast amount of that stuff which newspapers term news. (XIV, 47, 1900)

In going through these volumes one notices some changes and improvements from one year to another. Barrow put into use each year new ideas and methods and thus gave his readers a better and more interesting coverage of what was going on around them. An examination of the files reveals as the first noticeable new development the appearance of extra issues—only a few at first but more frequent with the years of publication. Barrow was endeavoring to give to his readers the important news that he felt should not be held a week. This development first occurred at election time. In 1888, for example, Barrow wrote the following on his editorial page:

> From this date until the day of election, the **Budget** will issue two papers a week Wednesdays and Saturdays—and a copy of each number will be sent to every tax-payer in the county, as shown by the tax list free of charge. Keep your eye on us! (III, 20, 1888)

Earlier in 1888 the owners of the **Budget** had been making plans for the establishment of a branch paper at some point in the oil country west of Douglas (II, 39, 1888). Although this project did not materialize, it was one of the things

the Barrows considered in making plans for their **Budget** to come of age.

On May 28, 1891, in the last issue of Volume V, the **Budget** announced a reduction of rates. "From this date," said the owners, "the **Budget** will be mailed to any address for $2.00 per year." They explained further:

> For four years past the price has been $3.00 per year, and although most of the weekly papers throughout the territory were held at $1.00 less, the **Budget's** circulation has equalled, if not exceeded, any of them. We have decided, however, that the rate is too high; that while it was in accordance with the local and sectional scale of prices existing in all branches of business at the time the paper started, it is nevertheless too high now . . .
>
> We are still offering the San Francisco **Call** and Philadelphia **Press** as premiums—The **Budget** and either of them $2.50 per year, or all three for $3.00. (IV, 52, 1890)

Probably the greatest change for the **Budget** that took place through the years was improvement in its equipment and surroundings. Even before Barrow's publications were being scattered to the far points of the country, the building had undergone renovations and many new pieces of equipment had been added to the shop. As has already been noted in earlier chapters, additions and improvements were made as rapidly as space and funds permitted. In February, 1889, Barrow announced plans for still more equipment, a new job press, "much larger and better even than the one now in use—and a large assortment of new type and other aids to job-printing." (III, 38). In 1895 the **Budget** told of the placing of the steam engine on a stone base or pier, an arrangement which remains in place today with certain changes in the equipment itself. Still more machinery was added to the back room in 1899. On November 29 of that year, Barrow proudly wrote of the $1,000 recently invested for the improvement of the **Budget** plant as follows:

> The **Budget,** the past few weeks, has added to its plant, in the way of new presses, new type, and new machinery. The latest thing is a water motor, which takes the place of the small steam engine which has furnished our power for several years, and while the engine did its work well we take off our hat to the new arrival. It is always ready, runs like a sewing machine, and does all that is claimed for it and more. No more annoying delays in waiting for steam, or water in the boiler—simply turn a valve and everything is in motion. . . .
>
> We can handle an edition of 10,000 and supply the state with stationery now, if necessary. (XIV, 26, 1899)

The **Budget** was becoming a well-established institution in the community it served and needed to give itself plenty of elbow room. As early as 1901 the building was being enlarged. "Must keep up with the procession you know,"

said Barrow on September 11, 1901 (XVI, 14). Then in 1903 talk began about the "Budget Block." Barrow himself told of these plans on August 5, 1903:

> A contract was signed . . . last week for the immediate erection of the Budget block, on Third street . . . A portion of the present office building will be utilized, to which will be added an iron structure 28 x 45, with plate glass front, to occupy the vacant lot between the present building and Temple block. This will be divided into two rooms, one to be occupied as a business office for the **Budget** and the other rented as a storeroom. The front of the old and new building will be made uniform and of pleasing design and both will be covered with iron . . . The building, heating and plumbing contracts complete call for an expenditure of something over $3,000. (XVII, 9)

After completion of these additions a portion of the building was rented for use as the Douglas post office. In 1906 the second story of the building was completed and rented to the Bell Telephone Company. Thus the owners of the **Budget** had not only improved facilities for the paper, but had provided additional sources of income for their business enterprise.

The picture of the "Budget Block" which appeared in 1907 in the Twenty-first Anniversary Edition of **Bill Barlow's Budget** revealed that the **Budget's** home had improved remarkably over its original "tar-paper-roof emporium." In 1907 Barrow felt justified in describing the block comprising 4,235 square feet of floor space as handsome, adding that the **Budget** had "one of the most complete plants in the state from the standpoint of machinery and material" to which more was constantly being added (**Bill Barlow's Budget** — Anniversary Edition, 1907). But before the **Budget** could really come of age in 1907, certain advances had to be made in quality of content as well as in quantity and quality of plant equipment.

It was not surprising that Barrow, whom no one ever charged with underrating his abilities, frequently devoted much of the **Budget's** space to eulogistic comments about his paper. In 1900, however, he confessed that he had been made to question whether the **Budget** really deserved to be praised. Appreciating a good joke on himself almost as well as a good joke on another, he related his experience in the "Chit Chat" column of the **Budget:**

> About four months ago Jim Powell, of the LaPrele, blew into my den, and said he guessed he'd settle up and quit. We settled. Jim is an old-timer—a progressive up-to-date Republican ranchman, and a reader—and as I handed him a $4.00 quit-claim deed to my interest in his broad acres and fat cattle I expressed regret that his name would no longer appear on our subscription list. To erase a $2.00 name is like removing a pebble from a Platte river sand-bar; but I have always felt that the old-timers—who braved the dangers and privations

> incident to early days and who laid the foundation on which the country of today is built—were my special clients, and to lose one of them hurts. So I asked Jim, straight-out, why he stopped the **Budget.** "Do you want me to tell you the truth?" said he. I did and said so. His reply was like him—"Because there isn't a d-d thing in it any more!" And after I had caught my second wind and mentally scanned the pages of the paper as issued during the past few months, I agreed with him. Since then, there must have been a change, for we have actually added over 200 new names to our subscription list, and we want to make it 400 before the year closes. To this end we propose to send out sample copies to non-subscribers during the next few weeks, for which no charge is made. (XIV, 14, 1900)

It is likely that for a time Barrow was preoccupied with his varied activities outside of the **Budget** office and let the paper run itself. Probably he really needed a reminder that he should be more concerned about whether the **Budget** was readable or not. It is interesting, at any rate, to observe that a definite improvement in the content of the paper took place after 1900. The editor apparently began to devote special effort to his "Chit Chat" column and to his editorials.

On April 17, 1901, for example, Barrow gave part of his editorial column to a "Chit Chat" paragraph on paint. Whether it was written to get results in Douglas or only to amuse himself and his readers, it was certainly a step in the direction of the style which he later exploited thoroughly. A part of the passage read:

> Blessed, thrice blessed, is paint! From wiping the wrinkles from the downy cheek of a blushing maiden of forty summers and several winters to adorning the home of potentate and peasant, it is a renovator and beautifier. You can always feel the pulse of a community through the medium of paint. A recent trip along the Elkhorn served as an object lesson. Chadron is picking up—and painting. Whitney is as black and weatherbeaten as of yore . . . New lumber and plenty of paint tells the story. Lusk's color card proves that the town is all right, and believes, and uses paint. Douglas—well, Douglas always did paint and always will. (XV, 44, 1901)

The "Chit Chat" column of the next issue carried a little essay on the average man. Here, Barrow described cleverly the average man that the world could not get along without:

> Do you know the average man? You see him alluded to in the papers and by public speakers frequently, but have you ever tried to locate him? He differs vastly from the extraordinary individual and the common plug—in being gifted with qualities possessed by neither. They develop only in the average man, and form his distinguished characteristics. For instance, the average man is one who carries a torch in the political parade and never complains when burning oil from the lamp meanders down his neck. It is a duty he owes the country. Twice or maybe three times a year the average citizen gets real drunk, and invariably lands in jail, with his coat ripped up the back. He is also the astute individual who warily watches the little

pea as it flits from shell to shell until he has the game down fine—then bets his money and loses. The average man goes out for a walk with his wife and pushes the baby carriage. Cheerfully and without ostentation he steps forward and helps hold the hot-air-balloon for the parachute jumper while the big bag is being inflated in the public square. And when the ascension is about to begin you find him in a position of trust and responsibility at the end of a guy rope. The average man attends the funeral of everybody he ever knew, and wears his glad rags on Sunday, but he is never seen on the platform with the prominent citizens at a public demonstration. Taken as a whole, the average man is a sort of chump, anyway you fix it—but the world could not get along without him. (XV, 45, 1901)

Barrow contributed writing in this amiable, ramblingly philosophical tone to the **Budget** during the next few years. Such passages became longer and more frequent as he developed his style and assurance in the experiment he was trying. In December, 1902, just before he began in earnest to present his writings as philosophy, Barrow told a very interesting story about his first experience at a football game. The following amusing sketch appeared in the December 3, 1902, edition of the **Budget**:

Well, I have seen a football game—my first—and still live, although I lost my voice somewhere in the shuffle, and my back teeth are loose from too much "Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax, where? Right in the neck, the neck, the neck, there" with rising inflexion and double extra emphasis on the "where" and "there." I never dreamed that a little thing like that would work me up so. Mrs. Bill asserts that for an hour and thirty-three minutes I was stark, staring mad, and they tell me that the police patrol actually legged me off the field a dozen times during the progress of the game. It was a warm one. Eleven strapping big fellows in brown, and eleven comparatively little fellows in white—God how they did fight! There were times when they looked like a box of dessicated sardines dumped onto a bread-board, and again they scattered and milled and tumbled and tossed until you couldn't see them for dust. There was a whole lot of good plays made on both sides—so they said. You can search me! I only saw our boys—little fellows from an avoirdupois standpoint and therefore presumed to be the under dog—but brave, manly lads all, striving to maintain the prestige of their town—taking punishment as though they liked it, and eventually bearing our blue-and-white penant to victory. Both sides concede that it was a clean game, devoid of slugging and like dirty work. The black eyes, skinned faces, bruised legs and broken slats which our boys brought back with them are—so they explain—mere incidents which properly appertain to this sort of sport. Evidently I wasn't born to be a gridiron Gladiator. (XVIII, 26, 1902)

Four weeks later in the issue of December 31, Barrow moved his "Chit Chat" column to a less pretentious place in the center pages of the paper and gave most of the first page to what he called, "Some Cerebral Percolations which

Might Help a Little." (XVII, 30). Three weeks later he commented about the change in the following way:

> Probably you've noticed that the **Budget,** of late, has been undergoing a transfiguration in both face and form—likewise growing some in stature. This issue marks a decided change in this regard—and the next will show a greater still. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bill sits smiling at the cashier's counter; and will enroll your name among the elect who feel that they ought to help a little, if you have the price—being two plunks per. And now is the accepted time—although tomorrow will do. (XVII, 33, 1903)

With Volume XVII, No. 37, appearing on February 18, 1903, Barrow inserted under the title on page one a phrase for which he was to become famous, "Sagebrush Philosophy Done Into Some Scintillating Solecisms." The columns under this heading were filled with the kind of material which in time came to characterize "Bill Barlow." Sometimes there was a story, often a moral teaching, usually a joke, occasionally a bit of current news, told, however, with a new vividness. Always there was a bit of philosophy to give what Barrow termed "social, mental, and spiritual freedom, plus — ."[2] Meanwhile, the more commonplace and localizing captions which had appeared beneath the title of the **Budget,** such as "Only Newspaper in the Fetterman Country," "Independent in All Things," and "Largest Circulation in Central Wyoming," were changed to "Periodically Printed on Handmade Prickly-pear Papyrus," "Fair, Faithful, and Fearless," and "Sold to the Push at Five the Chunk or Two Plunks Per." "Bill Barlow" was changing the appearance and tone of the **Budget** to harmonize with the new role he was preparing to assume as "Sagebrush Philosopher."

THE SAGEBRUSH PHILOSOPHER

Among the Douglasites of the early 1900's, there were probably those who passed quickly by the "Sagebrush Philosophy" of the **Budget's** first page and read the personal notices of the "Short Stops" column on page five just as many today by-pass the editorials and syndicated columnist to read the funnies or local society section. Some people did read Barrow's "Scintillating Solecisms," however, were impressed, and passed on to the **Budget's** editor their appreciation of the light-hearted happiness reflected in Bill Barlow's philosophy.

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2. From "Bill He Believes," Inside of front cover of **Sagebrush Philosophy,** XIII, No. 4 (April, 1910).

Probably upon the suggestion of friends, Barrow began to recognize that the optimism, wit, and philosophy of the articles would take in other parts of the country. Admiring readers may even have shown him the possibilities of a monthly magazine compiled from the columns of the **Budget**. No doubt, it took little encouragement to start Barrow on his way toward the creation of such a periodical.

On December 9, 1903, he revealed his plan to his readers as follows:

> To those among my congregation who find spiritual solace and intellectual nutriment in the pure stuph which appears on this page from week to week I wish to whisper the word that I am about to launch a monthly magazine—the which will face the footlights early next month. It will be a pocket publication, handsomely printed on prickly pear papyrus, with a two-color cover on which will be emblazoned the title of "Sagebrush Philosophy." It will comprise stuff written only to be read—a careful selection from these weekly presents, and other things as happen to percolate through the mental vertebra of the Person who vibrates at the other end of this pencil. Though really worth very much more, **Sagebrush Philosophy** will be sold at ten cents the copy to casual readers and $1 to those who want it for a year and move right in. I would like very much to have a good audience present when this temple is completed and would suggest that while you are in the notion you might send in your name, right now, with credentials sufficient to enroll you as of the elect. And if there be others whom you believe would be benefited thereby, their names and addresses will be thankfully received—to whom a sample copy shall be sent. Now don't delay. (XVIII, 27, 1903)

The first issue of **Sagebrush Philosophy** was dated January, 1904, but it had been put in the mails in December. It measured four and three-fourths inches by six and one-fourth inches and had thirty-two pages. Since today only bound copies of that first issue are available, the appearance of the cover cannot be described accurately; however, the announcement of it in the **Budget** reported that, like later editions, it was of a rough-textured, colored paper, the color varying from one edition to another. The same words greeted the reader at the top of the first page of the text as greeted the readers of subsequent issues, "Just let this thought sorter sink into your soul: The mummy aint had no fun for moren five thousand years."[1] On the cover was probably inscribed the proverb, "Live, Laugh and Love—There'll Come a Time When You Can't," which appeared on later issues. The pages were unnumbered, were printed in quarto fashion, and may have been distributed unclipped at first. There were titles given to the various articles, but a short line was drawn between them at the middle of the

1. Bill Barlow, **Sagebrush Philosophy**, I, 1 (Jan., 1904), p. 1.



Courtesy of the Douglas Budget

M. C. BARROW HOME AT EXTREME RIGHT AMONG THE TREES

page to suggest a division. The first letter of each long article was boxed in a four-line space; the jokes and maxims, which were Bill Barlow's proverbs, sometimes had only the first word in capitals and at other times appeared with the whole passage in darker type to show that a new thought was beginning. Among the articles listed in the Topical Index of that first issue were discussions of the following:

Time flies—twas New years only yesterday.
Heres a health to the god Dionysus.
Weuns sure dont like Injuns, out this way.
Bear fables—including how Windy Smith found four.

The "scintillating" content of this first issue evidently was what many readers over the country were seeking, for Barrow wrote in the January 13, 1904, issue of the **Budget** that **Sagebrush Philosophy** seemed to have caught on and added:

> I had no serious intention of trying to blanket the continent with my first number; but printed what promised to be more than a plenty—and yet within ten days after the little mag had hit the mails the first edition was entirely exhausted and a second printed—to the great joy of both Mrs. Bill and Bert the Benign, who likes nothing better than to feed a voracious two-revoluter ream after ream of popular pulp done into a prickly pear papyrus. A great many good people have moved right in for a year, and newsdealers everywhere assure me that Pure Stuph is a swift seller—likewise a sure satisfyer [sic.].
>
> To the newspaper push I tip my tile—albeit a Chicago press clipping bureau doing business on a short-order rate schedule has already boosted my somewhat attenuated bank balance over into the red. From a full half-page bouquet headed "Introducing Bill Barlow, the Elbert Hubbard of Wyoming," appearing in the Chicago **Inter Ocean** of January 3rd down to the modest four-line wood violet—each pregnant with the aroma of kindly welcome—all are noted and appreciated, and here acknowledged —until opportunity serves if ever, to repay. (XIX, 31, 1904)

By March, however, Barrow was beginning to receive unfavorable criticisms of his new style from those whom he called "well-meaning" friends. In his own defense he gave a long, rambling discussion of the "mag's" content and manner. He described the style in which his "Pure Stuph" had been written as "plain tales . . . plainly told." He explained, moreover, that "in the house of letters are many mansions, the which are constantly undergoing alteration and repair." (XIX, 39, 1904). He had substituted, he wrote, for his attempts as literary and polished passages what he called a "Saturated Solution of Scintillating Solecisms." With the development of the idea of a "Sagebrush Philosopher" Barrow had begun to experiment with devices to point up the folksy, colloquial quality of the "wisdom" he was offering his readers. He deliberately misspelled, ran words together, attempted to represent an uneducated

pronunciation, as in "suthin," "moren," "handlin," omitted apostrophes in contractions, and filled his sketches with slang and colloquialisms. These peculiarities no doubt displeased many readers and probably provoked criticism, but Barrow defended his material and method vigorously. "It is my purpose to be truthful, to portray life as you and I both see it, despite the hysterical mustnt-touch screams of thin skins." He pointed out that "slang, bretheren, is at times the vehicle through which the good work can be accomplished—the nude in Literature" and that "Language either spoken or printed must be thought itself without domino or other damphool disguise."

Barrow had a good deal to learn about how to make the **Sagebrush Philosophy** a financial success. He first obtained the names of news-stand operators all over the country, picked a few news agencies in the more thickly populated areas, and sent them sample copies of the initial **Sagebrush Philosophy.** In some cases he sent as many as fifty copies of the new publication, and, according to one of Barrow's letters written on July 22, 1904, one-half of these were released as samples for free distribution. Here, he added that the "entire lot might be so considered if necessary—it being our desire to introduce the publication and induce you to handle it for us in the future."[2]

Barrow sent glowingly phrased letters of announcement along with the first packets of his magazine which were distributed. The replies, which he soon began to receive, made him realize, no doubt, that the distribution of a periodical was not as easy as he had thought. The head office of the American News Company in New York must have written back to Barrow, for example, explaining in a courteous manner how news agencies functioned; for an answer to them is found in Barrow's **Copy Book** under date of January 8, 1904. Among other things Barrow included the following in this letter:

> I . . . assure you that your suggestion as to the disposal of copies sent you as samples has our full approval, I have today written your branch house at Denver enclosing your letter, and trust that within a few days we will reach a satisfactory arrangement under which we may be able to send you the magazine hereafter.
>
> Sagebrush Philosophy is a winner. Chicago, Omaha, New York, and Washington papers have paid it some very handsome compliments, as well as every prominent paper published in the Rocky Mountain region.[3]

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2. "Letter to Brentano," Chicago, Illinois, Jan. 22, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 29.

3. "Letter to American News Company," New York, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 2.

A similar letter was sent to the Washington News Company, which apparently had also written that Barrow contact the News Company branch in Colorado. Barrow immediately wrote to the Colorado News Company, hoping to work out as soon as possible some way of putting his new contribution before the reading public. He reported the extent of his sales to date and told them that there were more orders for the January number than could be filled, although 1,500 more copies were being printed to fill orders received.[4]

After writing to this company and asking that an arrangement be settled upon, it was necessary for Barrow to write to the other news agencies that he had approached with his letter accompanying sample copies. He explained that he had contacted a branch of the American News Company to distribute his magazine but assured the other news companies that he was still in the market.[5] As Barrow received more correspondence from the various news agencies, he learned that as in any other business the middle man wanted his cut. In his case, he felt that the amount requested by the agencies was too great and would not leave a large enough margin of profit for the individual news-stand operators.

The review of the magazine in the Chicago **Inter-Ocean** had been at the first the best instrument of Barrow's sales talk; however, he later capitalized on his direct contact with the dealers. He always let the dealers know that he was really doing them a favor by sending his little "bibliomag" directly to them.

> Although we have about twenty type-written pages from the American and other news companies now on file in our office, in which they ask the exclusive sale of the mag. with a 2c rakeoff which the retailer must pay, we have decided to pass them up for the present and deal direct with the retailer only.[6]

Meanwhile the editor of the **Budget** was not being altogether frank with the Colorado News Company. While continuing to contact prospective customers directly about ordering the magazine, he wrote the following contradictory statement to the Colorado Branch of the American News Company:

> . . . We have not yet decided about the agency business. The fact is that the Mag. has had such phenomenal—or unexpected, we might say—sales that we cannot broaden our field until we

4. "Letter to Colorado News Company," Denver, Colorado, Jan. 8, 1904, **Copy Book**, p. 4.
5. **Ibid.**, Jan. 11, 1904, **Copy Book**, p. 10.
6. "Letter to Brentano," Chicago, Illinois, Jan. 22, 1904, **Copy Book**, p. 28.

> install a new book press and other machinery necessary to handle it, hence we are in the unique position of being compelled to close our doors, almost, to other than old customers. When we get ready to spread out—as we will as soon as possible—we will write you.[7]

Barrow wrote more and more letters asking over and over, "Can you handle any Februarys, and how many of March shall we send you when out? Please examine the publication and let us hear from you." and "We are printing something as handsome as type and ink can make; distinctly western and unique in both makeup and meat."[8] Always he declared that the first edition was exhausted within a fortnight, and that a second had been printed. In some cases he even maintained that the second was also gone. At one time he said that the first edition had numbered 5,000.[9] Six months later he wrote that the initial edition had numbered 2,000.[10] Since many of these first issues were used as free samples, Barrow was of course not being accurate or even honest when he used the number printed as a measure of the magazine's popularity. He probably felt, however, that some exaggeration was necessary for good salesmanship.

Later in 1904, the tone of Barrow's publicity letters was distinctly changed. This was possibly an attempt to arouse or interest those dealers who had not replied to Barrow's first letters. To the Railroad News Company of Boston, Barrow wrote:

> We . . . have had no word from you as to how sales are going. We have secured quite a number of subscribers in Boston, however, and they write us that when wanting extra copies of several issue they have been unable to get them at any of your news stands.
>
> SAGEBRUSH PHILOSOPHY is gaining circulation by leaps and bounds—every dealer who handles it, almost, having doubled and trebled his order with each issue. Many have jumped from 10 to 100 and others have even exceeded this increase. Why have we not heard from you along this line?
>
> A Boston friend writes us that you have many news stands, and in his opinion ought to easily sell 500 copies a month—possibly more. At his solicitation we are writing you—also sending you this mail 50 copies of the May issue.[11]

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7. "Letter to Colorado News Company," Denver, Colorado, Jan. 29, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 34.
8. "Letter to Wakoff Brothers," Park Row Bldg., N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 46.
9. "Letter to Colorado News Company," Denver, Colorado, Jan. 8, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 4.
10. "Letter to Allrupp & Chappell," Little Rock, Arkansas, June 18, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 53.
11. "Letter to Railroad News Company," Boston, Mass. May 7, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 51.

Still another approach to salesmanship was employed in June, 1904, when in an answer to a news-stand proprietor in Little Rock, Arkansas, Barrow expressed pleasure in being able to get back numbers which his correspondent had evidently been unable to sell.[12] Barrow explained that there were constant applications for issues out of print and that he and his staff had just been unable to supply the many requests.

Even more unusual correspondence followed. A letter, dated July 23, 1904, included an example of Barrow's next experiment as publicity man for his magazine. Here he wrote to an unsuccessful distributor that he and "Mrs. Bill" would be saved from suicide if the old issues could be bundled up and "fired in," and as a rousing finale added:

> Don't forget the Junes. Aprils are worth $1.00 each, but of course you haven't got any. We didn't know what we were up against at first and didn't print enough—but are catching on.[13]

By May 31, 1905, Barrow was informing readers of his **Budget** that he had reached a circulation for June of 12,000 copies and that orders already showed an icrease for July to at least 15,000. A few months earlier on March 15, 1905, he had written to the Colorado News Company asking that a contract be prepared and sent to him. He evidently had decided that one man could not handle so many phases of a periodical's publication and asked the company to send him, in addition to the contract, such suggestions as their experience dictated for gaining circulation.[14]

As the subscription list grew and as Barrow publicized its growth, advertisers, no doubt, began to investigate the magazine's possibilities as an advertising medium. W. H. Greenfield of Philadelphia in 1904, according to existing records, was the first to approach Barrow on this matter. The Sagebrush Philosopher informed him that no effort was being made to get advertising and that he did not desire any until the magazine's circulation had grown from 7,000 to 10,000. But Barrow added that by the end of the year this mark should be reached, at which time a rate card asking for advertising business would be sent out. He also quoted to Greenfield the price of $10.00 a page, assuring him, however, that the price was just a "mouth to mouth" agreement and likely to be increased at any time.[15]

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12. "Letter to Allrupp and Chappell," Little Rock, Arkansas, June 18, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 53.
13. "Letter to Dailey," July 23, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 60.
14. "Letter to Colorado News Company," Denver, Colorado, March 31, 1905, **Copy Book,** p. 102.
15. "Letter to W. H. Greenfield, Esq.," Philadelphia, Penn., Sept. 3, 1904, **Copy Book,** p. 73.

Then in 1907, Barrow asked the Oliver Typewriter Company for a new machine in exchange for a three-month full page advertisement. It is not known whether he was able to make his bargain with this proposal, but, his "sales talk" was convincing:

> **SAGEBRUSH PHILOSOPHY** is "The olive of Lucullan literature"—pungent, but always palatable. It is the essence of current comment, plainly expressed and handsomely printed—deals with life as you see it and humanity as you know it—never a knocker—always an optimist. It is written to read, and we believe has a greater circulation based on actual copies printed than any other publication—is invariably passed about the home or office, and then carried in the pocket until handed to a friend and by him or her to others—because always of interest.
>
> We have refused all advertising until we had gained a circulation; but now feel that we have reached that point where we are justified in urging our claims to a limit of thirty pages based on rate card herewith. And, as I have said, we want another Oliver, and to that end make you the special offer of a full page for three months in exchange for one of your machines.[16]

Barrow's untiring efforts toward wide publicity seemed to bring results, but there must also have been something appealing in the philosophy itself. Although certain portions of Bill Barlow's philosophy may have seemed coarse to some, the magazine was read from its comments on news, to its critical discussions, philosophical ramblings, and presentations of helpful maxims and proverbs.[17]

Since Barrow began his philosophizing by commenting on news of interest in a clever and unusual way, it might be well to consider this phase of his magazine material first. The news between the covers of **Sagebrush Philosophy,** like the critical discussions, proverbs, jokes, etc., appearing in Bill Barlow's monthly magazine, was also included in the "Scintillating Solecisms" published weekly on the first page of the **Budget.**

In September, 1906, Barrow reported in his magazine that the members of the First Methodist Church of Groveport, Ohio, had suffered a shock the other day from which they would not soon recover. He wrote that their original church had been built back in 1859 when a corner-stone containing a Bible and compilation of local church history was laid with a great deal of ceremony. They had planned to deposit these relics in the corner-stone of a new church under construction, but:

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16. "Letter to Oliver Typewriter Co.," Chicago, Illinois, March 5, 1907, **Copy Book,** p. 129.

17. Rice, Interview, Douglas, Wyoming, March, 1948.

> Imagine the horror of pastor and brethren who had assembled to recover the precious relics to discover, when the old stone gave up its contents, that it had held all these years—instead of holy and local writ—a greasy pack of cards, a battered tobacco box, a faded photograph of an altogether fairy and an empty booze bottle. It was evident that at some stage of the original corner stone deal, some sinner in jocular mood had switched decks.[18]

From this introduction Barrow went into a lengthy dissertation on superstition as a competing factor in everyday life, using as example the superstition of the surprised and stricken people in Groveport.

In another news item Barrow spoke of John D. Rockefeller's announcement that he would give money toward a home and school for chorus girls. Using this item as a kind of text, the Sagebrush Philosopher went into a long and certainly not dull discussion of the chorus girl.[19] Billy Sunday, well-known evangelist of Barrow's day, was the subject of another of Barrow's comments on current news. In June, 1910, the Sagebrush Philosopher reported that Sunday was scheduled to make over the town of Everett, Washington. This bit of news, although not especially a scoop, became interesting and readable when told by Barrow:

> Sunday is understudied by a high-salaried apostle named Gill who in strict accord with Barnumesque ethics is already on the ground joyously prophecying the reclamation of full 3,000 souls as result of his principal's labor of love and lucre. Everett may need a housecleaning all right; but after Sunday has pocketed his fee and made his getaway, the local clergy and congregations, including a well laundried proletariat, will have gotten onto some new wrinkles anent reform.[20]

Barrow's criticism of contemporary writers had much the same tone as his editorials on local newspapers. His comments on one of the victims in this category, William Allen White, are of interest. In 1905 Barrow wrote the following of White:

> That dread disease known to the profesh as literary polish has swept the poor cuss into the maelstrom of common-place space writers, whose work is really no better nor worse than the best, and absolutely devoid of that individuality which was once a gleaming lighthouse in a fatuous fog. (XX, Feb. 8, 1905)

The Sagebrush Philosopher consistently threw laurels, however, to writers past and present who were "fair, faithful, and fearless."

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18. Bill Barlow, **Sagebrush Philosophy,** VI, No. 3 (Sept., 1906).
19. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** VI, No. 3 (Sept., 1906).
20. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** XIII, No. 61 (June, 1910).

In formulating a reply to the adverse comments on the language of his "mag," Barrow used his knowledge of the great writers of the past:

> What a world of hypocrites we are anyway, in this matter of literature. Nobody ever heard an oration on the subject without some reference in it to "the immortal Bard of Avon," and yet few people can honestly read and enjoy him. Milton is deified as one of the world's greatest poets, and yet it is true that a large proportion of the educated men and women of today take his "Paradise Lost" on trust, and have not read it. John Bunyan belongs to the same class—how many of you have waded through "Pilgrims Progress?" We praise because tradition tells us we must, just as we recognize many other superstitions which have come to us through the centuries. And yet while we profess an admiration verging on veneration for a score or more of old-time authors whose work hangs high in the temple of fame, how carefully we have revamped and sandpapered some of their productions in order to bring them within the limits of present-day literary censorship. (XIX, 51, 1904)

He grieved over the "latent laxity of mind" which led some of his readers to "carnal rather than moral conclusions," and took advantage of an opportunity to review the unsavory qualities of the immortals of literature in hopes that it would make people understand better that any "word bears different definitions and interpretations."

> Shakespeare was a libertine, Coleridge a dope-dipper, Poe a booze-fighter for fair, Burns a profligate and pothouse bum, Byron had as many mistresses as he could manage . . . yet these trifling idiosyncracies of their day did not prevent the perpetuation of their genius on the pages of history. It is admitted that each was a great teacher along certain lines, and that the world is wiser and better because they once lived, and yet were they on earth today they would be classed as degenerates and much of their best work denounced and damned. (XIX, 51, 1904)

In 1906 Barrow wrote that Smollett and Fielding and Boccaccio practiced what they preached, that the family matters of Shakespeare were "deucedly irregular," and that the life of Swift would have been refused by even the "high-class, low-priced magazine." He added that George Eliot was a "shameless hussy according to smug measurement" and mentioned Villon as a "rascally chest and pothouse brawler."[21]

Barrow's criticisms of what the drama of his day did to literature are very readable. He wrote how he had once loved **Ben Hur,** had taken it off the shelf with reverence, and had spent hours "in the tent of Sheik, or in the deserted arena of the circus of Antioch where the proud Roman was humbled by the powers of the Jew." (XIX, 49, 1906). He

21. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** VI, No. 2 (Aug. 1906).

added, however, that he had seen the play and could never again pick up the book without hearing:

> the rumble and roar of that devilish mechanical race-track on which Messala and Ben-Hur did their stunt; the skeleton of the story as paraded on the stage glaring at me from between every line—all the beauty and pathos of the tale lost in whittling it down to a peg to fit a hole. (XIX, 49, 1904)

Barrow made the comment on **Ben Hur** by way of preface to a remark or two concerning Owen Wister's Wyoming story, **The Virginian,** which he had recently seen produced on a Chicago stage. He described in picturesque detail the Virginian as he had known him—of his consumption of whiskey straight, his grammar which was "most in gen'l salted with enough biblical Tabasco to give it both pith and point," and his fondness for the four-card-flush. Of the Virginian on the Chicago stage, however, Barrow wrote:

> The cuss I met in Chicago who pretended to be our old pard was a low-down, cotton-chewin, Montgomery & Ward representative and thats the answer! Though evidently suffering from a thirst born of the night before he never took a drink during the progress of the play which appeared to lap over a good many months. Think of a cowboy on a water way, men and women of Wyoming, and weep! And his grammar! I have heard Chicago as she is spoke, have interpreted Hoboken, slowly sifted St. Louis through my cerebellum, digested the Frisco dialect and bearded the bean-eater in his very lair; but all these are as primal understudies beside the land-laundried lingo which this rooster lifted over the footlights. It was Ladies Home Journal delicatessen, with an oratorical orchid chucked in here, and a long-stemmed orthographical Beaut at $12 the doz. pinned on there—and never a rib-roastin persuader appearin in the entire procession.

Some years later he defended James Henry Stark for "Doing things to the hiatus of some American heroes in his book," **The Loyalists of Massachusetts, and the Other Side of the American Revolution,** and maintained that Stark was "neither subsidized muckraker nor yellow sensationalist."[22]

Barrow's philosophical comments on everything and anything in general may have made by far the most interesting reading for the people of his day. These portions of **Sagebrush Philosophy** and the "Scintillating Solecisms" of the **Budget** included rambling sketches and comments about Christmas, friendship, wickedness and religious intolerance, the naivete of youth, the cowboy's appreciation of Shakespeare, the love of the world for a sinner, human sentiment, praise of western women, etc. Most of these articles were six to eight pages long but made interesting reading in spite of their loose connections and irrelevancies.

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22. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** XIII, No. 4 (April, 1910).

Barrow's article on Christmas in 1904 was especially revealing because of his background. He wrote that of all the events of earth "since historians first began to trim the lamps of imperishable records," the Nazarene's "life and death whether viewed as mortal, or myth, fable or fact, must be accepted as the most momentous to society."

> In an age of strife He came preaching peace, in an age of violence and brutal oppression He taught charity and forgiveness; in an age of beastial licentiousness He declared that man must live rightly if he would be happy—who, unlettered and ignorant of laws, drafted a moral code from which neither seer or sage can erase word or line without marring its perfect beauty; who while living a persecuted life wreathed the world in smiles and preached only good-will to men. . . . Hence the anniversary of His birth—whether admitted or denied—may well be observed as opportunity for the expression of that kindly feeling which is more and more manifest in humanity as the years pass. (XX, 26, 1904)

If Barrow's "Sagebrush Philosophizing" can be accepted as personal, his comments on wickedness may explain the basis of his standard of morality and in turn explain why others often looked at him askance. He expressed his belief that wickedness was more "a matter of opportunity and environment than of moral pervert." (XX, 3, 1904). He maintained that deliberate wrong-doing was rare and that "sin was usually the child of weak self-indulgence, thoughtless omission and commission, or light-headed folly—and not infrequently the accidental consequence of a over-enthusiastic attempt to do good." (XX, 3, 1904).

In August, 1906, Barrow wrote "Somehow, the world loves a sinner—particularly if his transgressions lie along certain lines—and why?"[23] He explained this by saying that there was the "instinct of the brute to seize his prey" in every human heart. He even suggested that in every one there was an inborn racial tendency to transgress and that this might be why humanity loved the sinner and made light of his offenses. To put across his point, the Sagebrush Philosopher wrote of the loveable and prominent people of history and literature, who lacked virtue in one way or another: Columbus, Washington, Oliver Cromwell, and others, and ended his article by showing how all the world loved the sinners in literature and even admired the unsavory qualities of their creators.

In 1910 Barrow praised the western woman and attempted to dissolve the myth built around her by the "rape-ridden imagination of the novelist and playwriter."[24] He wrote:

23. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** VI, No. 2 (Aug., 1906).
24. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** XIV, No. 2 (Aug., 1910).

> . . . There have been heroines in the west, as everywhere—willing to sacrifice life itself if need be in the defense of honor, . . . The west, too, has its society of cities and towns and localities, regardless if need be that the nearest ranch is twenty miles away . . . Our afternoon teas are confessedly lacking in empty gabble and eye glasses—there is a dearth of vulgar small talk and ornate display—and yet these are women who know their world, who read the newspapers and best magazines, who can discuss plays and operas theyve never seen but know much about nevertheless, who vote intelligently and I believe far more conscientiously than their liege lords, and yet in thought and sentiment and hopes and aspirations are the same wives and mothers who from the beginning have rocked the cradles of the world . . . behold the western woman.[25]

Scattered in between the longer passages of philosophizing were jokes and proverbs meant both to amuse and teach. They dealt with love, wickedness, dishonesty, and other human attributes. Some of these bordered on obscenity, and others could have been accepted by the most pious people of Barrow's day. Here as in all phases of the magazine, Barrow gave "Some Pure Stuph Including Some Long Shots at Sin the Which Was Written to Read," the notice of which appeared on the first page of every issue. From the many proverbs and witticisms of Bill Barlow, the Sagebrush Philosopher, the following have been taken at random as examples:

> Happiness is a divine Heritage and no less a duty—learn a lesson from the mummy who hasnt had any fun for moren 5,000 years.
>
> Neat fitting shoes and black hose will catch more flirtatious flies than a ton of paint and powder.
>
> I want no other tribute in life nor epitaph after—I am willing to be both judged and remembered—by the enemies I have made.
>
> Ambition is still climbing that mountain—but in the modern version it is only the foolish braggart who flourishes a flag.
>
> As man thinketh in his heart so is he as concerns his age—as woman looketh in the face, she am.
>
> To fret is to fear—and real trouble waits around the corner always for the coward and cur.
>
> Give freely to your friends of such virtues as you possess—not forgetting, likewise and always, to profit by the ill will of enemies who, as is barely possible, do sometimes tell the truth.
>
> Genius is not a pot of gold buried neath a friendly rainbow and possessed whether or no by whoever stumbles onto the treasure. Tis painstaking observation and understanding, cleverly elaborated in the woof of hard work.
>
> Better to make yourself beloved than feared.
>
> The morning cocktail is the banana peel on which so many slip when setting out on the path of reformation.
>
> Announcement is made through a fashion-plate publication that long, loose cloaks will be the style this winter. More trouble for the stork. How will he know where he is expected?

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25. **Ibid.**

> First, always, is the wish to be happy—after, maybe, the folly of becoming wise.

These various presentations of philosophy and humor combined to make up the little "mag" which Bill Barlow sent to the public each month. Barrow had an ingratiating way of telling a story. He added a touch of suggestion of scandal to many stories and made others seen unusual even though the incident may have been very ordinary or the joke one in current circulation. It might be said that he approached some of his articles in reverse; often he began by writing about nothing in particular and suddenly applied his philosophizing to some definite incident or idea. He played with words and made new combinations to express his ideas more adequately. Of his curious spelling he wrote:

> Anent the threatened spelling reform—if you find any symptoms of it in the Philos., it is because the proof-reader ought to be fired.[26]

Barrow took the fancies and prejudices of an ordinary human being and made of them reading material for both optimist and pessimist. Although **Sagebrush Philosophy** contained ideas with practical applications for everyday people, the way the ideas were expressed sometimes left the reader wondering whether he should be shocked or amused.

Possibly Barrow picked up some of his stylistic tricks from Bill Nye, but he could hardly be said to have been influenced chiefly by Nye. Chaplin wrote that Barrow subscribed for the **Iconoclast** of Brann and the **Philistine** of Elbert Hubbard.[27] Barrow took suggestions, in all likelihood, from these publications, but he had ability and individuality in his own right.

In the 1890's William Cowper Brann, journalist and lecturer, published the **Iconoclast** at Waco, Texas. In this periodical he gave "violent and often unconventional treatment to the moral and social problems of his day."[28] He became notorious in his time because of this, but his scope was much narrower than Barrow's; and in his attempt to cure the world of what ailed it, he tried to make every man think as he thought.

There is considerable resemblance between Elbert Hubbard and Barrow as men and as writers and philosophers.[29]

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26. **Sagebrush Philosophy,** VI, No. 4 (Oct., 1906).
27. Letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.
28. J. D. Hart, **The Oxford Companion to American Literature** (London, N. Y., Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1941), p. 90.
29. The impressions given here of Elbert Hubbard were gained through study of the following book: Felix Shay, **Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora** (New York: William H. Wise & Co., 1926).

They had similar attitudes on many things, shared certain hobbies, and loved telling stories at their own expense. As writers they were both influenced by the Bible and used many expressions from it in their writing. Both wrote one-man magazines filled with smart sayings and commonplace philosophy; both claimed to be writing for those who could discern their irony and enjoy it.

Of the many laudatory letters received by Bill Barlow, some included remarks which compared the Sagebrush Philosopher with Elbert Hubbard. Portions of these letters from appreciative readers were published from time to time in the **Budget** under one of the following headings: "Breezy Bouquets in Big Bunches," or "Some Posies Handed the Mag." They came from Florida, Pennsylvania, Iowa, California, Texas, Illinois, Nebraska, Georgia, Colorado, New York, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Winnipeg Manitoba, Nassau, and the Bahamas. A reader from Omaha wrote, "It is just the thing—excelling the **Philistine, Iconoclast,** and all others along that line." (XX, 17, 1904). From Augusta Georgia, came the prediction that "**Sagebrush Philosophy** will run the **Philistine** out of business down this way." (XX, 17, 1904). A newspaper in Elmira, New York, the **Telegram,** wrote:

> Bill Barlow has won a front place in journalism in this country and his fame is not confined to the east nor the west. He has secured it because he knows when, where, and how to write his "hot stuph." . . . In style and makeup **Sagebrush Philosophy** is an attractive little magazine and . . . withal possessed of a breeziness that is pleasing and captivating. It is of about the size of Elbert Hubbard's **Philistine** and in a short time is certain to be famous and as much sought for. (XX, April 26, 1905)

In early issues of **Sagebrush Philosophy** Barrow himself had a statement to make about what he was attempting. He wrote:

> That your Pastor makes no pretentions to literary style, polish or ability; has no hunch he will live in book-lore legend, nor does he hope to write anything that has not been evolved from the mind of man again and again since Adam first made his mark. But this maglet is Bill's—to fill its pages his joy and his privilege—and so long as health and pencil last every line of Refined Rot therein appearing will be his. It will lack, of course, the finish and lustre—the hyphenated heaviness which attaches to six sawbucks the column and no cutback—but it will be Pure Stuph, written to read—designed to amuse and entertain—with the wide world and its ways for a text and "Live, laugh, and love" as the theme—the which is offered at ten cents the chunk or One William to those who want it for a year and move right in.[30]

30. This appeared on back of title page of issues through 1906.

Although he told his readers that to fill the pages of his magazine was "his joy and pleasure," his associates maintain that "To write this magazine once a month was quite a task." Barrow told Chaplin, for example, "that it was his custom to take a bottle of whiskey and a pot of black coffee and write the magazine at a single sitting."[31] This might indicate that he found philosophizing to order something of a chore; certainly to turn out an issue at one sitting required a brain which "moved with great rapidity under pressure."[32]

In his later years Barrow did most of his writing at a large ranch home built west of the Platte River, not far from Douglas. "He had a fine team of horses . . . and enjoyed going to his office and back to this good home."[33]

At this home on October 9, 1910, the Sagebrush Philosopher died at the age of fifty-three. His death was caused directly by heart failure, but his strenuous life and concentrated work were contributing factors. His funeral was the biggest in Douglas history, and flowers, telegrams, and letters, as well as admirers themselves, came to Douglas from all areas into which Bill Barlow had spread his philosophy. Some Douglas residents remember that all school children were dismissed for the funeral. Each one was given a carnation, then was lifted up to see the deceased, and allowed to place his flower on the casket. The children marched as a part of the funeral procession from the Unity Temple to the cemetery, and one of them remembers today how the event impressed her—awe mixed with a bit of humor—a procession so solemn and yet ridiculous to a child whose most vivid recollection of it is an image of a corpulent Mason with a wooden Bible rack over his shoulder and a big stomach in front.[34]

Readers all over the country responded in different ways to news of Barrow's death. Some sent letters of condolence; others wrote verses, sincere in sentiment though pretty poor as poetry, like the following by H. R. Drummond:

Bill Barlow's gone. His work, unfinished, stands to mark the place
Where he laid down his tools to meet his Master face to face.
Gauge, gavel, plum, square level, trowel, all tools are cast aside
Clad in white gloves and apron Bill has crossed the Great Divide.

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31. Chaplin, letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.
32. "Obituary" **Bill Barlow's Budget,** Oct. 12, 1910.
33. Chaplin, letter to author, Jan. 1, 1947.
34. Related to the author, March, 1948, by a Douglas woman who prefers to remain unidentified.

His comrades mourn, their prayers ascend to that Great
Architect.
To grant them strength and cunning so that their hands may
erect
A tablet to his memory—one that this message sends
To all the world—Bill Barlow's here,
God bless him. "He had friends."[35]

All who had read and appreciated Bill Barlow's **Sagebrush Philosophy** knew that it had been a "creature purely of his brain and could not survive."[36] The magazine was discontinued after the publication of two issues after his death; the last was a memorial edition.

In 1903 Barrow had described the Wyoming newspaperman in his "Sagebrush Philosophy" column:

> The Wyoming newspaper man is an optimist, if there ever was one. Even in his sober moments—and he has 'em—he see things. Given a country store or two at an isolated cross-roads and he builds a city; . . . a forty-dollar addition to your modest shack makes it a mansion, and his town is the only town, and the best ever. He is always willing to fudge a little in handling cold facts, and as prophet he simply skunks Elijah and all his ilk. . . . Of necessity he is sometimes a liar; but to sorter toy with the truth in prophetic spirit for the good of the country or community in which he lives is with him a labor of love, and by reason of a special dispensation granted him direct from Deity, these trifling idiosincracies [sic.] which we of the profesh term "essential errors" are not charged up against him in the Big Book. In many cases he is snubbed and sinned against—by the man who has mental mumps, the mossback and the miser—of whom we do have a few rare specimens . . .
> . . . He's not a whiner—he must set the pace if you please, and he most in gen'l does.

The Wyoming newspapermen, Barrow also wrote, are those:

> who print a book each year wherein is written a history of their locality; who don't print all the news, thank God, but with wise discretion make a record of births, deaths and marriages, social events and business and industrial enterprises, wherein naught is set down in malice and much is given the benefit of the doubt. And when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to remove the professional pale—the Wyoming newspaper man does the job decently, and without undue shedding of blood. And when he sets out to paint the rose for you, his pencil can cough up colors theyve never yet been able to find in the kaleidoscope. (XIX, 19, 1903)

In his description of Wyoming newspapermen Barrow told his own story well. His is only one story among many that could be told. The frontier newspapermen who suc-

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35. Copied from papers which had belonged to Mrs. M. C. Barrow, now in the possession of Roy Combs, Douglas, Wyoming.

36. Chaplin, Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 24, 1918.

ceeded were of necessity "men of strong character," as Chaplin put it,[37] but there were only a few like Barrow who with genius and a touch of audacity reached out of the West and commanded the attention and admiration of the reading public in other parts of the world.

37. "Early Wyoming Newspapers," Laramie **Republican,** Daily Edition, April 11, 1918.

The Road of Yesteryear

Lights and Shadows in the Life of the Methodist Church in Basin.

By M. B. RHODES*



METHODIST CHURCH IN BASIN, 1906

TO THE MEMORY of Reverend Lewis C. Thompson, pioneer preacher in the Big Horn Basin, organizer and builder of churches, known and respected far and wide for his commendable attributes as minister and man, this work is dedicated in recognition and appreciation.

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*Marvin B. Rhodes was born on January 8, 1874, at Palmyra, Missouri. He obtained his education in the public school and Ingleside College, Palmyra, and West Plains Academy, Missouri. In 1897 he was married to Mazie Darr at Edgemont, South Dakota. A son, Paul, died in infancy; a daughter, Ruth, now Mrs. W. F. Petrausch, resides in Thermopolis.

Mr. Rhodes came to Wyoming in the winter of 1900. Between the years 1892-1922 he was connected with five different banks, in Missouri, Wyoming, and California, one of which was the Big Horn County Bank at Basin, 1900-1910. From 1910-1914 he was the receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Lander, and during 1923-1931 he was cashier of the Pacific Department of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company at San Francisco. During World War II he was for three years a mechanic in one of the Kaiser shipyards at St. John's, Oregon. Mr. Rhodes is living in Basin at the present time.

THE STREET CALLED ALDERSGATE

The lights were dim and the way was long,
But with manly purpose, high and strong,
He, his feet urged on by fate,
His whole mind centered on sober thought
Of his efforts that had come to naught,
Reached a house where Godly things were taught,
In the street called Aldersgate.

And a man read there from Luther's book,
Of peace that comes when to Christ we look,
Our lives to ameliorate;
Not dreaming, as he diffused the light,
That its radiance would glow more bright;
That history would be made that night
In the street called Aldersgate.

The stranger listened, as was his part,
Felt a surge of warmth swell in his heart,
Felt it with joy palpitate.
And he cast aside his weight of care,
For he trusted Christ to save him there
In the house built on that thoroughfare;
In the street called Aldersgate.

Now, two-hundred years and more have gone,
But the soul crusade still marches on
With a zeal naught can abate.
Though millions honor that convert's name
Whose work for God brought undying fame,
Not many know that the blessing came
In the street called Aldersgate.

Nor does history tell us, today,
Who read from the book that showed the way;
Heaven will that one compensate.
Still today, "perfect love casts out fear";
God, give us the will to make it clear,
Like the one whose words caught Wesley's ear
In the street called Aldersgate.

FOREWORD

This writer offers no brief for churches; they need none. Ever since the historic landing on a rock-bound coast Christianity has been basic in our American way of life.

This is the story of a church, a small-town western church and the road over which it has come during its

almost half-century of existence, its beginning, struggles and vicissitudes, its errors, failures and achievements, the material prosperity which has come to it and its place in the life of the community.

The story follows somewhat the pattern of the official church history, completed two years ago by the same author, although there are differences. The official history, having been intended primarily for the local Methodist congregations, present and future, much of it, because it would be of interest to them only, has been omitted from this one, thus materially shortening it. The remainder has been more or less diluted in its essence in order to adapt it to general reading.

A feature of both this and the official history is the inclusion of much contemporary early local history, in as much as the church and the community have virtually grown up together; a mere recital of events unaccompanied by a background or delineation of the conditions under which they occurred or the causes leading to them is dull.

The writer, named for a great bishop of the Methodist Church and nurtured in that church in more ways than one, found no Methodist organization when he came to Basin many years ago. Before long he united with another denomination and his interest in Methodist affairs promptly ceased; yet, the community having been small, it was inevitable that many things would come under his observation.

Three years ago, his wife being in feeble health, and the Methodist Church being directly across the street, they returned to the faith of their youth. Two days later the pastor, Rev. T. Stacy Riddick, requested him to write the history of the church.

If nothing more than membership rolls, treasurers' reports and minutes of board meetings were required, almost anyone could write church history; but the fact cannot be escaped that the real annals must come from the memory or memories of some person or persons. In the present instance this writer was the only living person who remembered all or most of it; and thus he consented, realizing that otherwise a complete and comprehensive history would never be written.

He has borne in mind that he set himself to the task of writing annals, not romance or fiction, and thus he has written frankly, though in some instances with restraint.

THE OLD ORDER

A story went around several years ago about a pious old lady who came west to visit one of her married children. The day she arrived, or perhaps it was the next day, she said to a little grandson "Go bring me the dear old Book." The boy, anxious to please grandma, hurried away, and returning presently, handed her a Sears-Roebuck catalog.

The story may be pure fiction. But if it is true, this writer does not know where or when the incident occurred. Alas, it could have happened recently in our own community; but the story more nearly reflects the spiritual state of the majority of the people in the Big Horn Basin fifty-five to sixty years ago.

They (speaking of the majority) were not outlaws; they did not come a few jumps ahead of a sheriff; they had their own reasons for coming, "even as you and I," and their coming needs no defense. But, (still referring to the majority) most of them in their former homes had not been strangers to Christian influence, yet while there had from choice been indifferent to it; and because only a spiritual rebirth could have changed them, it was but natural that upon coming to a region peopled mostly by their own kind, removed from religious influence, the newcomers, instead of breasting the current, drifted with it.

The minority, which was a small one, embraced the two extremes; some of them were almost saintly, while the others should have had their backs broken.

But, with the exception of the last-mentioned class, the people were good citizens, neighborly, generous to a fault and quick to act, even riding miles in any kind of weather over poor roads and rough trails to assist others in times of sickness and misfortune.

Most of them had been in the basin a long time, the influx of new people being but a thin trickle; modes of transportation being such as they were, the great tide of westward migration, deflected and divided by the Big Horn Mountains, went around them and continued onward. Christians especially did that, for churches and good schools usually loom large in their perspective.

There had been a time when the entire area of the basin had been given over to grazing; Henry C. Lovell ran 50,000 cattle in the central part, Otto Franc, for whom the town of Otto was named, ran 20,000 in the upper Greybull Valley, and there were a number of other large outfits. In 1883[1]

1. B. F. Wickwire in letter to A. W. Coons, Oct. 9, 1941.

there were 150,000 cattle in the basin. At a roundup that spring on No Water Creek, in the southeastern part of the basin, there were wagons from Platte River, Sweetwater River, Powder River, Tongue River, Wind River and Lander; also, that spring, there were other roundups in the basin. Besides, there were several sheepmen with large holdings, including C. H. (Dad) Worland. But the memorable hard winter of 1886-87 had cleaned out most of the large cattlemen and sheepmen. Also, people had come in and settled along the creeks and the Greybull River, with a very few along the Big Horn River. They had built up small herds, and this had given rise to the bloody war of 1892, between the cattlemen and the homesteaders, which was fought in Johnson County but had repercussions in the basin.

To some of the people the county seat meant Lander, to others it meant Buffalo, to still others, Sheridan; it depended on where they resided in the basin.

Roads were few and poor; there were no bridges on the principal streams, but several ferries, which were operated during periods of high water, but at other times the streams were forded. The people transported themselves in wagons, buggies and buckboards and horseback. Billings and Red Lodge were railroad and supply points, although the cattlemen in the eastern part of the basin trailed their cattle out over the mountains in the fall to Parkman for shipment. There were no telephones; mail service was infrequent and irregular, one or more weeks sometimes elapsing between deliveries. There was no church, minister or doctor; J. L. (Uncle Joe) Denney, Basin's first town marshal, often told of taking his wife in a buckboard from Shell Creek to Rawlins when she had an ulcerated tooth; it was extracted by Dr. John E. Osborne, who afterward became Governor. In an area equal to that of Connecticut and New Jersey combined there was but one newspaper, **The Big Horn County Rustler,** owned by Governor William A. Richards and associates and printed by Thomas F. Daggett, formerly Assistant City Editor of the **New York Sun;** it was published at Bonanza. There were two other villages, Hyattville and Otto, although there were a number of country postoffices and several country stores.

The chief diversions of the men were poker, seven-up and other card games, also pitching horseshoes and broncho busting. Drinking was common and gambling was rampant. Sabbath breaking and profanity were common to both sexes. When someone gave a dance, word somehow got around beforehand quickly, although when someone

brought home a jug of whiskey from Billings word got around quicker. People thought nothing of going fifty miles to attend a dance, and dances sometimes lasted two or three days. They were held in private homes, there being no other place to hold them. Usually perfect decorum prevailed; nothing else was tolerated. All met on a common footing; there were no class distinctions.

Such, then, was their mode of life, and few found fault with it. But all unbeknown to them the basin had a date with destiny; and fate, standing at the loom, plying the shuttle, was weaving for them another and better pattern.

THE ADVANCE GUARD

It is not here fatuously claimed that the advent of Christian ministers in the Big Horn Basin was responsible for the remarkable transformation that came to it. Nevertheless, until the ministers came, development, progress and enlightenment were there conspicuous by reason of their absence. If that fact and the numerous parallel examples all over the land represent nothing more than the working of coincidence, there is much coincidence to account for.

The Methodist field in Wyoming was at first under the jurisdiction of the Colorado Conference, and was known as The Wyoming Mission. It was separated from the conference in 1888, and in 1914 The Wyoming State Conference was organized.

In 1893 Dr. N. A. Chamberlain, Presiding Elder, (whose official designation would now be District Superintendent) appointed Rev. Lewis C. Thompson to open a virgin field, the Big Horn Basin. It seems quite probable that Dr. Chamberlain first sought Divine guidance. In any event he could not have chosen a better man for the work.

On Dec. 15 that year Rev. Thompson hitched a team to a buckboard in Alliance, Nebraska, and set out via the Platte Valley for Otto, Wyoming. He arrived in the basin on New Years Day, 1894.

He soon organized a church with 21 members, most of whom resided at great distances from Otto. He and others hauled dimension lumber from a saw mill on upper Paint Rock, and the finish lumber and the hardware from Billings, and practically with his own hands he erected a frame church building in Otto, valued at $1200.00.

Dr. Chamberlain, in his annual report to the Conference, stated that Rev. Thompson had traveled 4,000 miles with his buckboard in the snow and the wind, and besides maintaining three preaching schedules forty-five miles apart

had opened two more; he had received less than twenty-five dollars from the people of the basin, nevertheless was anxious to continue there; he got his wish.

Rev. Thompson was a capable minister; he was not the flashy type, but he would have been a credit to any pulpit, city or country. He was a large man physically, and possessed the strength needed to perform the labors and the stamina both physical and moral needed to endure the hardships of a pioneer minister's life. He was resourceful, had great breadth of mind, was tactful without compromising principles and was always unruffled. Because of his great faith he was always optimistic and pleasant.

Besides the church at Otto, Rev. Thompson organized several others and erected buildings, including the one at Thermopolis. He would have organized a church at Basin City quite early, but his hands were full at the time, and another denomination saw the opportunity and grasped it. Some years later he was pastor at Casper. In 1908 he was appointed Superintendent of the Big Horn Basin District and at the same time pastor at Worland. He lived in a tent there the first three months and later built a parsonage. Nearly all the early day ministers in the basin came and went. Rev. Thompson came to remain, and did so until his death, more than thirty years afterward.

The life of an early minister in the basin, while it was not without its rich compensations, was a hard one. There is a story about a pig, perhaps a Communist pig, that preached to the other animals on the farm that all animals are equal, and so stirred up a revolt and the animals took charge of the farm, with the pig as manager. Later, when they found that he was getting most of the food, they complained and reminded him that all animals are equal. He replied "Yes, but some are equaller than others." The life of the average minister anywhere was hard, but that of the early minister in the basin was harder.

The home of such a minister was where he laid his head or where he hung his hat. He did not have all the comforts of home or the privacy needed for study and preparation of discourses. Sometimes he would travel all day without meeting anyone, not always knowing, if it was his first trip that way, where he would put up for the night, but confident that somewhere he would be taken in and made welcome. He might have to sleep on the floor or in the barn, or with the children, which latter sometimes had its disadvantages. Most of the houses, being small, were crowded without him; all but a few were built of logs, and topped by dirt roofs from which tin flues projected. The ceilings and interior

walls of the dwellings were lined with cloth. When the cloth was kalsomined or painted, which was usually the case, it became an excellent sound amplifier when the kerosene lights below were extinguished at night and the mice and pack rats ventured out to play or fight fierce battles punctuated by their squeals and the thumping of their heads against wood. Also at that time, from out the innumerable cracks in the logs behind the cloth lining, there issued a ravenous horde of repulsive creatures advancing stealthily and swiftly upon their sleeping victims, to make their dreams troubled and their sleep unrefreshing. They or their progenitors came down from the mountains hidden in logs. They were as difficult to eradicate as wild morning glory in a field or garden, hence this is not meant as a reflection on pioneer housewives; well, not many. People who a few years later built good homes dared not relax their vigilance, as there were always people in the community who were suspected of being "common carriers." More than once after some house was destroyed by fire, Josh Ellis was heard to remark "There must have been many lives lost." Thanks to the advance of science, and evolution in local building construction, this writer has not heard those pests mentioned for many years.

Sometimes from choice the minister at night would spread his bed outdoors on the ground, even in winter if there was little or no snow. In summer that was not always pleasant, because of mosquitoes.

By act of the Wyoming Legislature early in 1890, Big Horn County was created out of those portions of Sheridan, Johnson and Fremont counties lying within the Big Horn Basin, except a small area south of Owl Creek and west of the Big Horn River; thus, when the town of Thermopolis was moved to its present site in 1896, it was in Fremont County, while the hot springs, bath houses and some of the hotels were in Big Horn County.

The now vanished town of Bonanza, in the lower No Wood Valley, was at that time the center of oil prospecting activity in the basin if not in the state; drilling had been done there years before the discovery of the Salt Creek Field, near Casper. Bonanza had a general store, hotel, drug store, saloon, harness shop, newspaper and a lawyer. The creation of Big Horn County was the beginning of the end for Bonanza.

Winfield S. Collins, a lawyer and civil engineer, was then residing at Bonanza. Years before he and his wife had come from Ohio and settled at Fort Fetterman; later he had helped found the town of Douglas. Still later, he had been

informed that near Bonanza was a place where crude oil seeped out of the ground and that settlers in the vicinity used it to lubricate their wagons and buggies and to some extent for medicinal purposes. He moved to Bonanza, where he practiced law, surveyed canals and ditches and promoted oil exploration and drilling.

When the new county was formed Mr. Collins planned to locate in the county seat, which he presumed would be Otto, on account of its central location. Most of the lots in Otto townsite were unsold, and Mr. Collins drove there hoping to buy them from the owner, Frank S. Wood. The two men dickered and haggled all day but could reach no agreement; at one time only ten dollars stood between them and a deal; finally Mr. Collins drove away, declaring he would found a town on the bank of the Big Horn River.

He soon platted a townsite, which, as he said, straddled the big gulch; the name he chose was Basin City. He made application under government townsite laws then applicable, sent the papers and the fee to the land office at Buffalo, well knowing they would be forwarded to Washington and a long wait was ahead.

That spring John M. Tillard, a Civil War veteran, moved with his family in a covered wagon from Keith County, Nebraska, and he having used his homestead right, one of his daughters, Daisy, filed on land bordering on the river, opposite the proposed townsite. Mr. Tillard built a log house. He also built a ferry and began operating it. (Later on he with John Larson, Charley Anderson, William Lewis and others down the river, constructed the Tillard Canal, on the east side of the river.)

William F. Johnson, a blacksmith, came then with his wife, daughter and three boys from Holt County, Nebraska, and located in the lower Stinking Water (now Shoshone) Valley near the present site of Lovell.

Also, Lewis A. Barrett, his wife and five children and William Mardis, came from Thomas County, Kansas, and settled in the Gould district in the lower Greybull Valley.

C. W. Mason, his wife, son and daughter were then residing a few miles up the river. The daughter, Nina, was afterward a school teacher and married Barnett G. Rogers.

Basin Methodists have good reason to remember the names Johnson, Barrett and Mason.

Tall, dark young Dr. R. W. Hale, the Big Horn Basin's first physician, located that summer at Otto.

The Johnson family came the following spring (1896) from the Stinking Water Valley and located on land border-

ing on the river and adjoining the proposed townsite on the north; they lived at first in a tent.

Mr. Collins then received notice that his townsite application had been approved. He at once rounded up a crew and surveyed and staked out lots; Mrs. Johnson cooked for the party. Mr. Collins announced that a picnic would be held on the townsite July Fourth.

Picnics were none too common; people came from far and near. A number bought lots; the price was ten dollars for a thirty-foot lot and twenty dollars for a sixty-foot lot.

The town of Cody was founded that year, also the town of Thermopolis was moved.

All the early business buildings and dwellings in Basin City were constructed of logs, and there were a few dugouts. The first building was occupied by **The Basin City Herald,*** published by Joseph A. Magill and O. T. (Tom) Gebhart. Zane and Richardson, then running a store on upper Shell Creek, opened a store in Basin City; they sold the Shell store to C. F. Mackenzie, who died in Greybull about a year ago. Josiah Cook moved his store from the lower Stinking Water Valley, James I. Patten moved his drug store from Bonanza and Otto Maier came from Bonanza with his harness shop. Mr. Collins came and opened a law office. The town soon had three saloons, one of them opened by Al Pease. During the late 1880's and early 1890's Bald Mountain City, on Bald Mountain, was a flourishing gold mining camp with a population this writer has never heard estimated at less than 5,000. Al Pease ran a saloon there. In his saloon in Basin he had one of the finest collections of elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep heads in the west.

C. Dana Carter, who had then graduated from a medical school in St. Louis at the age of 21, came with his bride and located in the new town. He made quick decisions, did not spare the scalpel, and his fame spread. He kept a corral full of fast broncs, none of which when hitched to a buggy needed to be told to pick them up and put them down. He thought nothing of driving fifty or one-hundred miles, day or night, in any kind of weather, sometimes going as far as Lost Cabin. He performed many emergency operations on dining room or kitchen tables. His son, Lester W. Carter, is a prominent hotel man in Billings.

George N. Mecklem and Abraham L. Snyder filed on homesteads adjoining the townsite on the south.

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*A copy of Vol. 1, No. 1, Aug. 26, 1896, is located in the Walter Curtis Collection, University of Wyo. Archives Department.—Ed.

Travel between Basin City and Billings was by way of Ribbon Canyon, so named because it was narrow and very winding, with many quick turns, although the floor was hard and smooth and mostly level. It is between Basin and Lovell, although not on Highway No. 20. The larger freight outfits drove four or six horses, pulling two wagons. They uncoupled at the canyon and took one wagon through, then went back for the other.

It is surprising how many luxuries, conveniences and refinements one can dispense with and be none the worse for it. There were neither trees nor grass in the town; nor walks. It stood on a wind-swept flat, the only vegetation being sagebrush, salt sage and cactus, the landscape dotted with innumerable ant hills and the habitations of prairie dogs. Heavy dust storms were frequent, and the dust sifted under doors, through keyholes and around windows, also through cracks between the logs where the plastering had fallen off.

Water was carried from the river in pails or hauled in barrels; just as every Basin home now has its garbage or fire barrel, each then had its water barrel; Josh Ellis for some time was water boy. Sometimes in winter when one went to the river for water he took an axe to cut a hole through the ice. During high water, in the spring and summer months, the water resembled in appearance nothing more than thick, red soup, and when brought from the river was not used until it had stood awhile and the sediment had settled. Ranchers brought fresh meat to town during cold weather; at other times it was not to be had.

In 1912, this writer, making a trip from Lander to Powell, arrived by stage in Thermopolis late in the afternoon and was obliged to wait until noon the next day for the northbound train. On the street he met Dr. Carter, who had moved there two years before. Fortune was smiling on both. They went inside and during the conversation which followed the doctor said earnestly, "Could we but have known it, the years we spent in those log houses in that town down the river were the happiest of all." The response to his remark was "Doc, I think you said something."

In the fall of 1896 Basin City, Otto and Cody were candidates for county seat honors. Tom Daggett moved **The Big Horn County Rustler** from Bonanza to Otto, where Lou Blakesley was already publishing **The Otto Courier,** and the ensuing war between the Otto papers and the Basin City paper was, to say the least, acrimonious. Some of Basin City's supporters went to Cody and convinced the people

there that Cody stood no chance and asked them to support Basin City, promising that in the event the people in the west half should later wish to divide the county they would meet no opposition from Basin City. As a result Cody's supporters threw their weight to Basin City and that town won. Otto's adherents then instituted a contest. Tom Daggett at that time moved **The Rustler** to Basin City.

William L. Smith, of upper Shell Creek, erected a two-story log building in Basin City, the first floor to be occupied by the county officers, the upper floor to be used for holding court, dances, religious and political meetings and other public gatherings.

There were two livery stables; one, the Riverside Barn, situated by the river, owned by Dan H. Rinehart, and the Jo John Barn, owned by John A. Anderson. (His nickname was Jo John, with the accent on the Jo.) Mrs. Gertrude Hunter (afterwards Pennell and still later Quiner) opened a small hotel; Mrs. Sallie Gebhart soon opened another.

Basin City was then receiving and forwarding its mail through the Otto postoffice, via Meeteetse, Cody and Red Lodge, usually twice a week, depending on the condition of some of the creeks.

Miss Emma Tillard, daughter of the ferryman, opened a subscription school. (She afterwards married Walter B. Curtis.) When a school district came into being, a low-walled, dirt-roofed, one-room log schoolhouse was erected in the northwest part of town.

When a local postoffice was finally established, the Post-office Department gave it the name of Basin; now the former name lives only in the memory of the few remaining old timers. Charles F. Judkins, a son of a rancher on the lower Greybull, was the first Basin postmaster. He was single, and being a cripple, always walked with the aid of a cane. He was an atheist, also a hard drinker. He did not long remain postmaster. About forty years ago he moved to California. A few months ago, in reply to a question by this writer, Oscar Robertson, of Basin, said that Charley Judkins was still living, also that he was quite religious and somewhat noisy about it.

Otto lost its contest. Justice Willis M. Vandevanter ruled that Basin had won fairly and squarely, and he predicted a bright future for it. He little dreamed of the bright future that was to be his; he was afterwards an able and revered Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

On December 18, 1897, Rev. John L. Limes, who had been the first pastor of the Baptist Church in Sheridan but had later become a rancher on the lower Greybull, organ-

ized the First Baptist Church of Basin. Several of the members resided on the Greybull between Basin and Otto; one was on upper Shell Creek; one was at Hyattville, two on the North Fork of the Stinking Water, above Cody; the sons and daughters of the Tillard family, across the river, were nearest. The meetings were held in the Smith building.

In the spring of 1898 Frank T. Brigham left Edgemont, South Dakota, and not long afterwards came by way of Hyattville into Basin, on a bicycle. He was a building contractor, but as no building was then in prospect he opened Basin's first restaurant.

During the summer the Northern Pacific Railroad began grading roadbed for extension of its Rock Creek Branch, the extension to run from Silesia to a terminus to be known as Bridger, thus bringing the railroad within 105 miles of Basin.

In August David L. Darr, of McCook, Nebraska, came by train to Sheridan, and from there he drove over the mountains to Basin. In a few days he organized the Big Horn County Bank, the first in the county; then he returned home to pack up. He and his wife shipped their household goods and a saddle horse in a chartered freight car to Sheridan. Being unable there to make satisfactory arrangement for having the stuff brought over the mountains, Mr. Darr procured a wagon and another horse, loaded a cook stove, bedding, dishes and clothing into the wagon, and after rebilling the car to Billings, he and his wife started on the drive to Basin. In Buffalo they met a boy, Josh Ellis, who said that he, his older brother and their parents were on their way from Des Moines, Iowa, to Basin.

On arriving in Basin Mr. Darr dispatched a freighter to Billings for his goods, and Mrs. Darr began counting the days. Thanksgiving came, then December, with the bank opening for business, then Christmas and New Year, with no news of the freighter.

The winter was mild until noon of January 24; then a raging blizzard roared in from the northwest, bringing snow, which, with subsequent ones was three feet on a level. Bitter cold came, and it persisted, the thermometer at one time indicating fifty-two degrees below. How much colder it may have been no one knew, as that was as far as the thermometer would register. Freighters could not come in or go out. Supplies in the stores dwindled; coal and kerosene became scarce. When spring came one of the stores had no food on hand except some dry beans. Then

the stockmen took inventory and many of them discovered that they had been put out of business.

Life in the village during the winter had not been without its incidents. The Smith building was destroyed by fire, as was the White Elephant, a dance pavilion on the public square. Tom Cannon, a saloon man, sat in a game one night and lost his saloon, his bicycle, his watch and his gun; but he boasted that they hadn't taken away his woman friend. George H. McCray, a rancher on the No Wood, while intoxicated one night, became abusive in Al Pease's saloon and Pease struck him with a chair, inflicting injuries from which he later died.

In the spring Mr. Darr's freighter came in with his wagons. He had loaded up at Billings, but when he had arrived at Pryor Gap on the way back, graders on the railroad extension had many horses at work and the horses were eating much hay; the freighter was offered a job baling hay on a nearby ranch and went to work, after first dumping Mr. Darr's stuff by the roadside. When the blizzard came the freighter couldn't continue working, but neither could he get to Basin or anywhere else. The goods by the roadside were buried in the snow until spring, then he brought them all in except a barrel of silverware which was never found. Josh Ellis has stated that very little of his family's goods ever reached Basin.

The Big Horn County Bank once ordered one thousand silver dollars from Omaha, and Henry (Dad) Payne, the leading freighter, was told to get them out of the express office and bring them to Basin. On the way back, when he got to Pryor Gap he had a breakdown. He put the silver in a keg and marked the keg "Horse shoes"; then he went horseback for repairs. When he returned to the wagons the silver was there.

The County Commissioners hastily erected a small one-room board building and the county officers moved in.

The Baptist people that spring began erecting a small frame church building which is still standing and is the only building they have ever owned, although they now meet in a basement which has recently been constructed under the building. Frank Brigham was the contractor on the church building and received fifty dollars for his work, although he donated part of it. Those people through the years have consistently stayed out of debt; and this writer makes no mistake about it, they have prospered spiritually.

The next year, 1900, the B. & M. Rail Road, as it was known locally, (Burlington and Missouri River Rail Road in

Nebraska) began work on a branch line from Toluca to Cody. Toluca was on the main line, east of Billings.

Also that year the Basin Brick Company was formed and work was begun, the object being to supply brick for a new county building. The Commissioners let a contract for the building and work was begun in the summer. Also that year the Basin Water Company was formed, mains were dug and work of laying pipe was begun.

During most of that year many long caravans of covered wagons passed through Basin, going north. In the wagons or with them were people on whose faces faith, courage and determination were written large. It was an epic migration. The people came from Idaho and Utah. The writer has acquired a great respect for them, for there is about them much that others would do well to emulate. Many of them found work on the new railroad extension, living meanwhile in tents.

Josiah Cook was running a stage and mail route between Bridger and Basin; stages went three times a week.

Court was held in the Baptist Church; the Modern Woodman also held lodge meetings there; as for dancing, Basinites were out of luck.

In the spring of 1901 the new county building was completed; there were three offices and the jail, all under one roof.

Water was turned into the mains that spring. A small stone building by the river housed a small gasoline engine which pumped water to a tiny red wooden tank on the nearest hill west of town. Frank Brigham rode down twice a day on his bicycle and did the pumping.

That spring the Wyoming Legislature changed the name of the Stinking Water River to Shoshone. Also, Congress donated to the town of Basin all unsold lots in the townsite; it meant that Basin must in time incorporate.

The railroad was completed into Cody that summer, also the town of Garland sprang into existence with what appeared to be bright prospects; it became Basin's shipping point. Josiah Cook discontinued his stage and mail route to Bridger, and O. C. Morgan carried mail and passengers between Basin and Garland; stages came and went three times a week, usually.

Early in September Mrs. Agnes L. Hoover, postmistress at Otto, came into the bank in Basin and drew out some money and then went on to Thermopolis. Her husband, John W. Hoover, had died late in December. He had been postmaster, owned a general store in Otto and a ranch on Shell Creek. Mrs. Hoover stated that she was going to

Thermopolis for the baths, and no doubt that was true, but it seems as likely that she was trying to avoid a troublesome suitor, Joseph P. Walters. He was an elderly man who was traveling over the basin taking orders for men's made-to-measure clothing. At one time he had been a county attorney in Nebraska. He followed her to Thermopolis, met her in the State Park, on the east side of the river, and when she refused to marry him he shot her dead. The crime was committed in Big Horn County.

Rev. Ernest T. Everett, the Methodist minister then stationed in Otto, had come to Basin occasionally and preached. He was the rough and ready type and could easily adapt himself to any kind of circumstances; he was well educated, and very bright. He was an able minister, also sang and played the organ well. Rev. E. P. Hughes at this time succeeded him in Otto, and Rev. Everett, who was an old newspaperman, came to Basin and helped on **The Big Horn County Rustler.**

Two years before, Rev. August C. Wunderlich, of Hemingford, Nebraska, brought a large colony of Lutherans from that state and they settled on land under the Wiley Ditch, promoted by Solon L. Wiley, of Omaha. The land is on what was then known as the Germania Bench, but now the Emblem Bench. Rev. Wunderlich organized a church and was its first pastor.

Also about two years before, L. L. Moffett, of Red Lodge, built a telephone line from Red Lodge to Basin, via Cody and Meeteetse. There was no exchange in Basin; the only phone was for long distance calling and was in the Z. & R. Store.

In the fall of 1901, W. S. Collins rounded up a crew of volunteers and they went up the river and began preliminary surveys for the Big Horn Canal. They were gone several weeks.

Came then 1902. On the cold cheerless morning of February 7, a young tenderfoot lawyer ambled into the county building and proudly informed County Clerk Willis J. Booth and Deputies Frank I. Rue and Leslie Davidson that he was having a birth anniversary. Something in the eyes of the three officials suggested to the young man that he had talked out of turn, and he moved toward an exit, but found it guarded. One of the men went out and brought in a barrel and laid the young man over it; Willis Booth produced a pair of cowboy's chaps, and he was well skilled in the use of them on such occasions.

Rev. E. P. Hughes, of Otto, had gone to Cody in January and organized a church and the people were now preparing to erect a building.

W. S. Collins was then in the east, interesting capital in construction of the Big Horn Canal. In March a stranger came into the bank in Basin and handed this writer a card bearing the name of C. F. Robertson. The stranger said he was going up the river to look around. He did that, and was so impressed that he promoted the Hanover Canal, up the river, on the east side.

Early that spring people on Broken Back Creek in the Ten Sleep country sent word that Tom Gorman, a young rancher, his wife, Maggie, their infant daughter and Tom's brother, Jim, had disappeared under suspicious circumstances. Sheriff D. N. Hale, Coroner C. Dana Carter and Acting County Attorney C. A. Zaring went up and found the partly burned body of Tom Gorman in a shallow grave. The sheriff and his deputies got on the trail. One of them, Tobias J. Borner, a nephew of Calamity Jane, overtook Jim and Maggie Gorman and the child near Red Lodge, brought them to Basin and Jim Gorman was jailed.

Late in the spring Josiah Cook completed a two-story stone store building; the upper floor was used for dances and public gatherings, including court. J. P. Walters, who had killed Agnes L. Hoover, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang. His counsel appealed.

Early in July the new Methodist Church building in Cody was dedicated free of debt; it was the Cody way.

Late that month the people of Basin voted to incorporate the town; a month later, W. S. Collins very appropriately became the town's first Mayor. C. Dana Carter, M. B. Rhodes, Frank I. Rue and William Staley were elected Councilmen.

For several years all efforts to build a public hall had failed. Such a move required the united efforts of all the people, and meetings had been held, but each one had ended in a squabble. In August, 1902, this writer evolved a plan, the success of which required secrecy at first. In a few hours the project gained such headway that no one wanted to stay out of it. Work began at once on two lots on Fourth Street donated by Willis J. Booth, and that street was then destined to become the principal business street of the town.

At the October term of court Jim Gorman was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The next morning while Lawyer C. A. Zaring was at breakfast, Judge J. L. Stotts came in and said "Enterline

(Gorman's lawyer) is going to ask for a retrial. I will grant it, and the next time we will . . . "

Fraternity Hall was completed early in November. Battery "B," Wyoming National Guard, was mustered in then with C. C. Blake, Captain, Ira L. Van Camp, First Lieutenant, and George W. Black, Second Lieutenant. The first floor of Fraternity Hall was used as an armory, for holding court, dances, funerals and other public gatherings, including political meetings. Freemasons in Basin and surrounding territory had met informally in the Baptist Church in the spring and taken steps toward forming a lodge. In December they met for the first time as a lodge, in Fraternity Hall, and were at once swamped with work of conferring degrees; the following November the lodge was instituted under a charter.

When 1903 came, Basin had about 120 inhabitants, one church, four saloons, three general stores, two drug stores, one bank, one newspaper, one doctor and four lawyers. There were a few walks and crossings, all wooden. Four of the dwellings were of frame and one was of stone.

In January a lodge of I.O.O.F. was instituted.

Mr. Collins was again in the east, and this writer was Acting Mayor.

At a meeting of the Town Council early that year, Rev. E. P. Hughes, of Otto, appeared and informed the Council that if the town would donate two lots he would buy two and build a Methodist church and parsonage. This was pleasing news. But when the writer asked Rev. Hughes which lots he wanted, he specified the lots on which the parsonage is now situated. The writer said, "Oh no! Not if I can help it!"

The writer, then living in a log house by the river, was preparing to build a dwelling across the street from those lots. When a boy he had lived across the street from a Methodist Church, and he wanted no more of that. Whenever anyone got sick or fainted or was stung by a yellow jacket, that person was brought across the street and one or more of the writer's family had to leave services and go along. The church often lacked a table cloth, water pitcher or glass. Always, after Sunday School some of the children were sure to want a drink, which they usually needed as much as a dog needs two tails; but when one of them wanted a drink, he or she wanted a drink, especially if it would involve the novelty of getting it away from home; they seldom came singly, which meant that someone across the street would be late for church. Often when the bell rang, some dogs in the neighborhood howled mournfully.

The writer offered Rev. Hughes other lots and he accepted them. Sanford S. Halstead then owned two lots in the block which had been Rev. Hughes' preference. Rev. Hughes exchanged lots with him; then L. A. Barrett came in from the Greybull and bought two adjoining lots and presented them to Rev. Hughes, who thus got what he had been wanting.

Rev. Hughes at once hauled poles from the mountains, also procured some rough boards and built a shelter for his team on the back part of the lots. Next he constructed a dugout on the back part of the lots and moved his family from Otto, although he continued as pastor there. He and his wife had a small daughter; a married daughter lived at Otto.

Rev. Hughes was tall and rugged, and he could "take it." He sang well and had a powerful voice.

He began getting material on the ground for a parsonage, which, together with the church, would cost, on an estimate, $2,700.00 to $3,000.00; building was much less expensive then than now. He got the dimension stuff and sheathing from sawmills in the mountains; the finish stuff was hauled in from the railroad. He did most of the hauling. It was fifty miles to Garland and almost as far to the sawmills. He did most of the work on the building.

Hilliard S. Ridgely located in Cody that spring. He was a young lawyer from Col. W. F. Cody's old home town, North Platte, Nebraska, where he had been County Attorney of Lincoln County. At the spring term of court, Ridgely and C. A. Zaring assisted County Attorney John P. Arnott in prosecuting Jim Gorman for the murder of his brother. Gorman was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang.

Early that year the Bell system acquired the Moffett line and began building extensions in the basin. J. B. King was at first in charge, later succeeded by J. E. Frisby. A small exchange was installed in Basin.

One evening in June Jim Gorman was permitted exercise outside the jail and he escaped; two days later he asked for breakfast at the home of C. C. Smith on upper Shell Creek; Smith had been on the jury which had convicted him; he returned him to the jail. People in the east part of the county began chafing at the law's delay.

Jim McCloud, a bad man known as "Driftwood Jim," had stolen a horse on the upper Greybull; he was also suspected of having robbed the postoffice at Buffalo. In the middle of July he was caught by Edmo LeClaire, of the Lander country, who took him to Thermopolis and Sheriff J. J.

Fenton and Fred Garland went up to get him. Then at night, Fenton and the prisoner started on foot for the bridge where Garland was to meet them with the wagon; but Fenton and the prisoner found the bridge bristling with guns and lost no time in returning to town.

For two weeks this writer had gone each evening to the county building and helped Assessor C. B. Kershner. C. Earl Price, a model young man, widely known and popular, was Deputy County Clerk. He slept at night in the Clerk's office on a cot which he rolled under the counter during the day. He came in early each evening and sat in the dark with his head on his desk. His fiancee, Maude Hoover, had died a month before.

On the night of July 18, 1903, Chief Justice C. N. Potter, of the Wyoming Supreme Court, who was then Grand Master of Wyoming Masons, paid a visit to the local lodge. This writer did not go to the county building that evening; he went to lodge, and at midnight to bed.

Shortly afterward a party of armed men from Shell Creek, Paint Rock and the No Wood, ferried themselves across the river quietly, and with military precision formed ranks and marched to the county building. They beat upon the east door; Jailer George S. Mead fired through the door, over their heads, and a hail of shots came quickly from the other side; Earl Price, in the act of getting off his cot, fell dead.

The mob broke down the door and entered the jail. They failed to open the cell door, and J. P. Walters, holding up a lighted candle, told them to shoot him, which they did, after first shooting Jim Gorman.

As the mob prepared to leave, their captain's voice betrayed him when he gave commands. Impulsive young Dr. C. L. Gillam wanted to open fire on them with a rifle but was dissuaded by cooler heads. As the mob almost reached the river again, Town Marshal G. E. (Bert) Brigham emptied a .32 cal. revolver at them from behind a pile of baled hay, without inflicting any damage.

Jim Gorman did not die instantly but was taken to Dr. Carter's office; when asked if he had any statement to make, he replied "I never peached on anyone in my life and I'll not do it now." Maggie Gorman was then working in the hotel in what there then was of Worland, on the west side of the river. When told Jim had been killed she asked "Did he tell anything?"

Two years before, A. G. Rupp had come from Illinois and opened a store up the river at a postoffice which he named Welling. The telephone line north from Thermopolis had

reached Welling, and former Sheriff D. N. Hale rode up there to phone Earl Price's people on Owl Creek. When he had done so the operator at Thermopolis put Sheriff Fenton on the line. After conversing with him Mr. Hale returned to Basin, and Captain Blake, after making phone calls to Cheyenne, ordered out Battery "B" and they began rounding up horses to go as cavalry. They left at 4:00 p.m. in one of the worst dust storms ever seen in this region and escorted the sheriff's party to Basin without incident.

The grand jury indicted a number of mob suspects and one of them was put on trial, but as the witnesses were afflicted with very poor memories, all the cases were dismissed.

That summer many Basin people saw a moving picture for the first time. It was the Great Northern Train Robbery, here one night only.

After living in the dugout eight months Rev. Hughes moved into the parsonage although only the lower floor had been plastered. He had entertained the District Superintendent and others in the dugout, besides keeping his regular appointments at Otto.

Very few members of the Baptist Church lived in or near Basin. A number of new people had elsewhere been church members; also there were some who had backslidden, and some who had never been Christians. Rev. John M. Jones, Mission Superintendent, planned to hold a revival, then reorganize the church.

Mention of backsliders recalls an incident in Lander forty years ago. Preparation was being made for holding meetings in the armory, in which there were no seats. The manager of a lumber yard told a young employee to load some plank onto a wagon and deliver them at the armory. When he went out a few minutes later he found that the young man had chosen planks that were knotty, resinous and full of splinters and he explained that they would discourage backsliding.

Rev. James B. McKeehan, a college president from Kentucky, came and preached for three weeks, with power and unction. In the language of Mark Twain when he wrote about St. Patrick and the snakes, "He exalted his staff and let them have it." An atmosphere of seriousness settled down over the meetings; quite a number found God for salvation, some backsliders were reclaimed and the glory of the Lord was there.

One night during the meetings a young man convert gave clear, ringing testimony. The following night he was there, but sat with his girl friend in the farthest row back, and

remained silent while testimony was being given. Rev. McKeehan called to him and asked "How do you feel tonight?" The young man stretched his arms and legs, yawned and replied "Oh, I feel fair to middling." Rev. McKeehan then asked "Do you feel as good as you did last night?" The reply was "Well, I don't feel any worse."

In those days ministers who transferred to Wyoming, with its poor pay, hard work and deprivations, usually did so for one of two reasons: either they were earnestly striving to do the will of God, or they had become too well known elsewhere and for them it was any old port in a storm. At the close of the last century Dr. E. E. Tarbill,[2] Presiding Elder, complained bitterly of some "misfits" who had been well recommended and foisted onto weak Wyoming churches. This writer had a vivid recollection of a case a few years later in which good Dr. Tarbill was shamefully imposed upon. The writer's experience with ministers dates from the time he was able to walk and he can usually size one up quickly and "get his number." He had close acquaintance with Revs. Limes, Jones, Thompson, Everett, and Hughes, all of whom came before 1904, and knows they were all able men, well grounded in Christian doctrine and deeply consecrated. And many who have since come have been like them.

During the revival in the Baptist Church Rev. Hughes gave wholehearted assistance; he and his wife were present every night, singing, praying and counseling seekers and others; for after all, Christ knows no denominations. After the meeting closed, as some of the converts were of Methodist families, he decided, as he told this writer, to "strike while the iron was hot."

REV. E. P. HUGHES

On Sunday forenoon, November 1, 1903, Rev. E. P. Hughes held services in Fraternity Hall, and at that time organized the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Basin, with ten members, namely, William F. and Lucilla Johnson, Lewis A. and Hannah L. Barrett, C. W. Mason and his wife and their daughter, Mrs. Nina Rogers; also Mrs. Nora Linnabary, Mrs. Susie Black and Mrs. Virginia McMahan. Mrs. Linnabary and Mrs. Black were wives of Basin merchants; Mrs. McMahan was a new arrival from Atwood, Kansas. All but the last three were transferred from the Methodist Church at Otto.

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2. Wyoming Conference Journal, 1950.

On November 8 four boys and two girls were received on probation.

Mrs. McMahan was Superintendent of the Sunday School. Al Pease and his wife lived in an annex to his saloon, and according to reports, the Ladies' Aid Society was organized there.

Work on the church building was begun in the spring, with Rev. Hughes doing most of the hauling and carpenter work; it was a frame structure. A two-room stone schoolhouse was built one block east and two blocks south of the church. The log schoolhouse was left standing, which was fortunate as it was needed the next year. A local corporation erected a two-story frame building in the west part of town to house Big Horn College, with the Baptist pastor, Rev. E. W. Mecum, at the head. The project revealed a combination of noble impulse and poor judgment and was foredoomed to failure.

The town that year voted bonds and took over the waterworks.

The following advertisement appeared weekly in the Basin paper: "If drinking interferes with your business, quit your business, but drink Puritan Rye." At the same time the following appeared weekly in **The Meeteetse News**: "What must I do to be saved? Drink Puritan Rye."

That year, on Copper Mountain, south of Thermopolis, a mining boom started which was to last several years.

That year a tall, raw-boned man, red-faced and rough-featured, with sandy hair, drifted into town. He was roughly garbed, quiet mannered and liked his tobacco. He lived in a tent across the river, and soon drilled with a spring pole and got gas enough to cook his meals. He was Philip Minor, discoverer of the Torchlight Field, so named by him; later he got a big gasser at Greybull. During the years he remained, and when he left, he was as poor in purse as when he came.

Big Horn County Bank that fall contracted for a lot of cord wood, stacked north of town; in the winter they burnt a kiln of brick with which to erect a new building.

Other fields needing an organizer and builder such as Rev. Hughes were calling him and early in 1905 he resigned his charge and moved. The church then had twelve members. This writer has no further information concerning Rev. Hughes, but he is sure that wherever he went he gave to the cause the best that he had; it was not in him to do otherwise.

REV. CHARLES E. FENTON

More new people came to Basin in 1905 and 1906 than during any other two-year period in its history; they were two great years for the town and should have been good for its two little weak churches.

Fit ministers were not always available in the middle of a Conference year. Rev. J. D. Cain, at Hyattville, a good man, was assigned this charge, but instead of coming he moved away. On February 12 the above-named individual arrived with his family in Garland, flat broke, and phoned into Basin, saying "Here I am; if you want me, come get me." A few months before, the other church had a like experience. Both church treasuries were bare but some of the brethren paid for hauling them in. It didn't turn out well in either case, though the other church got a man of good morals.

The new Methodist pastor was 37 years old, with a fair education. Much frontier preaching had given him confidence in the pulpit; he lacked none when away from it; he was exuberant and garrulous, the "life of the party" sort, and in time it was found that his ways were devious and had long been. There were four bright children. Amanda, the mother, was a devout woman and loyal to her husband. She was definitely faded, but she had reason to be after having borne children and nursed and cared for them and the husband on a minister's poor pay with the hardships endured for years in the Nebraska sandhills.

Work was progressing on the two big canals, news of the Copper Mountain excitement and Philip Minor's oil exploration had leaked out. The ceded portion of the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian Reservation in the Lander country was due to be opened the next year. The Northwestern Railroad wanted to enter the basin via Wind River Canyon and the Burlington wanted to extend and go out through it. The Interstate Commerce Commission decided in favor of the Burlington. The result of all this was that the eyes of many restless people, yearning for greener pastures, turned toward the basin and its capital. Bricklayers, stone masons, carpenters, lathers, plasterers, painters and unskilled laborers began coming. Basin got another doctor, six more lawyers, another saloon, a wholesale liquor house, two houses of ill fame and gamblers galore. New dwellings sprang up all over town and a number of business buildings were erected. Basin had come alive and was going to town.

The Basin Republican was founded that year by Phillips and Son.

The pastor was intermittently ill during the last half of 1905; members of the church, neighbors and others were sympathetic and kind and were unremitting at his bedside and in ministering to him and his helpless family. Water was piped to the parsonage by subscription. Money was donated in another subscription. A woman skimped and denied herself and bought winter underwear for the entire family. Such acts of kindness usually bring out the best of a man's nature, but apparently not always.

Late that year a bridge across the Big Horn was built south of Basin.

The Big Horn Railroad, a subsidiary of the Burlington, then building south of Frannie, had reached Lovell, but no decision had been reached as to whether to go across country via Otto to Thermopolis or go up the Big Horn River. Later their representatives met with the Basin town fathers, who granted them a right of way through the town, with other concessions. Seven log houses were moved to another part of town at the town's expense. Then the representative of the road's land department wanted the two homesteads adjoining the town on the south, but they had been sold to Sheridan parties who intended making whatever profit was to be made. Fred N. Pearson, spokesman for the road's land department, then declared that they would build a town at the mouth of the Greybull and make Basin a whistling post.

Early the next year the pastor was in good health, though he faked an illness downtown one night.

On March 26 an ice gorge in the Big Horn River carried the new bridge away.

The pastor by that time was better understood and laymen of the church and other citizens convinced him that he should move; but it was again in the middle of the Conference year and he had no place to go; besides he had not the wherewith.

Late in the afternoon of June 21 a construction train came into Basin, its crew laying rails ahead, and it went on to the new town of Worland; that place was the terminus for two years; then for two years it was at Kirby, afterwards for two years at Thermopolis. Greybull and Zada were founded in the fall of 1906; the name of the latter town is now Manderson.

Our church was dedicated July 15, 1906.

The Conference, at Wheatland, in August, moved the pastor to a small coal camp across the mountains, then the following year to Ranchester, a nearby village, but he soon resigned, explaining that he was going to Kansas to

farm for an uncle. Many years later he was pastor at Bridger, Montana, where he remarried, his faithful wife having gone to her reward. He did not visit Basin; five or six years ago he went the way of all flesh.

REV. JOHN H. GILLESPIE

Mission Superintendent Rev. J. C. Bickell having been made aware of the needs of the church and the wishes of the people of the community, Rev. Gillespie was assigned to this charge. It was an admirable choice. He had been in Wyoming so long that his fitness for the ministry was well known; his ability and zeal and his ripe age (63), and his proven probity begat confidence and were assurance that while holding up a lamp for others he would himself walk in the light. He had served at Thermopolis in 1903-4-5; the latter year he had organized a church in Worland and planned a building. The little flock in Basin took fresh courage, and quickly realizing that Rev. Gillespie was the answer to their prayer, they backed him to a man and to a woman.

In the fall he held evangelistic meetings in the church; he was assisted by Rev. H. A. Toland, Methodist pastor at Hyattville. The result was an increase in church membership, seventy-five per cent.

After the Conference the following year Rev. Gillespie became agent for Nebraska State Hospital and continued thus for many years. He died in 1927, at the age of eighty-three.

REV. HENRY D. GOUGH

This sketch is short and sad.

Rev. Gough came from Worland in the fall of 1907 with his wife, Letitia, a small red-haired woman, and their small red-haired son, Richard.

Some years before, Rev. Gough had been connected with the Salvation Army. He was zealous and sincere, and his preaching impressive.

Late the following January the first birth occurred in the parsonage, that of a girl. Complications set in and brought about the death of the mother. Sheriff B. F. Wickwire and wife, a childless couple, adopted the baby and Rev. Gough and Richard left town.

There have been other births in the parsonage, but no other deaths.

Sewers were installed in 1907 in Basin, the town having voted bonds. The year before a private corporation (local) had built a light and power plant.

REV. HOMER E. SHEPHERD

Rev. Shepherd took up the work here April 1, 1908, having but recently been pastor of Grace M. E. Church in St. Joseph, Missouri. He began preaching in that state in 1893 and had filled some important charges. He was a widower, tall and bald. He was able and energetic, employed no flourishes and results soon became apparent.

Farmers along the line of the Big Horn Canal were supplied with water that spring for the first time. A year later Basinites began using water from the canal. Only those who were here in the early days can realize the transformation that took place. The town voted bonds and acquired the local light and power plant in the fall of 1909. Also that fall a group of men whose leaders came from Sistersville, West Virginia, turned natural gas into mains in Basin, which was the first city or town in the northwest to enjoy that convenience. The group later incorporated as the Wyoming Gas Company. That year, due to the untiring efforts of Raymond B. West, a young lawyer, work was begun on the local Carnegie Library. In the spring of 1910 the town fathers caused trees to be planted on all Basin streets, and Basinites in a few years found themselves living in the midst of a forest.

Rev. Shepherd was assigned to the Worland charge in the summer of 1911. On November 30 his successor in Basin, Rev. S. W. Albone, united him in marriage with Miss Mattie Radcliffe, of Basin. Rev. Shepherd served six churches after leaving Basin, besides being Secretary of the Endowment Fund and Conference Statistician. He retired in 1938 after forty-three years in the ministry and until two years ago resided in Cheyenne. His wife died at that time and he went to California; he is 85 years old, if still living.

REV. S. W. ALBONE

In September, 1911, Rev. Albone and his wife, Adelaide, an elderly couple, came to Basin from the Colorado Conference. He had been in the ministry since 1889 and had filled charges in California and Nevada.

The following summer Mrs. Albone's brother came from England to visit them and was surprised to find tomatoes ripening out of doors, something they don't do in England.

The first night, when he retired he put his shoes outside the door of his room; he had another surprise next morning when he found the shoes hadn't been shined.

That year a house diagonally across the street and a few doors down, caught fire, and when the fire company arrived a nine year old son of the family stood at the gate with an accordion in his hands, playing "Home, Sweet Home." The same boy had a pet magpie; one day a carpenter was roofing a building in the north part of town and thought someone has spoken to him; he turned and a bird sitting on the roof said "Hello!"; he got down and went home, concluding he had taken one too many.

At the Conference in Newcastle that fall Rev. Albone reported church membership at 69 and Sunday School enrollment at 150; he was then assigned to Upton. The few remaining old timers in Basin remember the Albones as very fine people.

REV. W. E. CALDWELL

Among a collection of old phonograph records in this writer's home is one the title of which is "He Walked Right in and Turned Around and Walked Right Out Again."

When the writer stopped in Basin in July, 1914, on the way to Oregon, Rev. Albone was still here; when he returned the following March, Rev. Morton Creath was pastor. Two years ago the writer while looking through an old Conference journal found mention of Rev. W. E. Caldwell's ministry in Basin in 1914 and began making inquiry; no one knew anything about Rev. Caldwell except one good sister who said she remembered the name. Inquiry through correspondence revealed that Rev. Caldwell came to Wyoming in 1907 from the Northwest Kansas Conference, and served at Dietz, Upton and Newcastle before coming to Basin in 1914, and that he then went to the Northwest Nebraska Conference. The membership roll reveals that he came in September and left late in October. The cause of his leaving is as much a mystery to us as two questions that have intrigued people the past eighty years, namely, "What became of Charlie Ross?" and "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

REV. ULYSSES M. CREATH

Rev. Morton Creath, as he was known, came to Basin with his wife, Lula May, in December, 1914. They were middle-aged and childless, and very sociable people. Rev. Creath planted a garden the following spring. He also

began raising chickens, but his ardor was chilled one night when coyotes broke in and killed half of them.

At Conference, in Laramie, in August, Rev. Creath reported the church membership at 74 and Sunday School enrollment at 100. He also reported that the Ladies' Aid Society had raised $569.00 for church purposes and that a new sidewalk costing $118.00 had been built and paid for. He declared the church would soon be free from debt. That happy condition soon existed, but not for long, as we shall presently see.

Rev. Creath was good natured and obliging. Once when this writer was absent his wife wanted a cat killed and wished the job on to Rev. Creath, who cheerfully performed it. He was moved to Pine Bluffs in 1916; afterwards he filled charges in Illinois and Indiana. His wife was a beautiful brunette, tall and slender, very nervous and seemingly delicate, but she has outlived Rev. Creath many years. Now, as Mrs. Robert A. Matlock, she lives in Jeffersonville, Indiana, across the Ohio River from Louisville, Kentucky. She has written and published two books, one of them a novel of over 500 pages.

REV. RALPH M. JONES

Rev. Jones, his wife, Frances, and her adopted sister, Ruth Kiger, came to Basin in September, 1916. Rev. Jones was an energetic, tireless worker, naturally and by reason of experience a leader, possessing a magnetic personality, a man with great persuasive power. Doubtless he would have gone far and reaped great emoluments if he had ever chosen to be a life insurance salesman. He set about building up the church membership. Whether or not he at that time made a mental appraisal of the resources and potentialities of the church and community is not now known. Whether or not he subsequently did that, we know, and we know whether or not his judgment was accurate.

At the conference in Buffalo in 1917 he reported a membership of 107 and Sunday School enrollment of 171; at Torrington the next year he reported 131 members and Sunday School enrollment of 200.

Basin, which today is not a large town, was smaller then, but so much bustle and activity were in evidence that it was deceiving. The post-war boom had not spent itself, there was no unemployment, and people everywhere viewed the prospect through rose colored glasses. The church building had become inadequate or was about to become so.

This writer has in his custody a small book containing the minutes of what are sometimes styled the Executive Committee, sometimes the Building Committee and at other times the Advisory Committee.

The only business transacted at a meeting on June 23, 1919, was that of voting $400.00 to Rev. Jones "to pay for the expenses of his trip to Mayo Bros."; also $200.00 "for his added and successful labor on building project."

At that time no contract had been let or bids called for, and no plans or specifications had been adopted. The writer has been informed that the labor performed by Rev. Jones was that of soliciting subscriptions to the building fund, but that no further commissions were paid him, to his great disappointment and grief.

Rev. Jones' report to Conference that year in Sheridan gave membership at 148 and Sunday School enrollment as 242.

At a meeting in October it was voted to notify subscribers to the building fund that their first payments were then due. The book records minutes of a meeting on November 2, "held after church on Sunday evening."

Rev. Jones conferred often with the heads of the three local banks, who insisted that the program should not involve an outlay in excess of $30,000.00. That amount wouldn't go far now, but even if it would, it would be quite an undertaking, and our membership is now crowding the 400 mark. Most of the pledges were secured from people outside the church.

After rejecting the first bids, scaling down the plans and opening new bids on April 1, 1920, the contract was let to a local firm, whose figure was $29,990.00. The little book records minutes of a meeting on April 22 at which bids for plumbing were considered. No further minutes appear in the book. Excavation for the basement was soon under way on two corner lots adjoining the church.

The Conference that year moved Rev. Jones to Lander. Several years later he and his wife moved to California; he died many years ago.

REV. EDWARD BOWLING

Rev. Bowling began preaching in the Southern Illinois Conference in 1906. From 1908 to 1913 he filled charges in Colorado, including two in Denver. He was then transferred to Pine Bluffs in the Wyoming Conference. In 1918, 1919 and 1920 he was Treasurer of the Conference.

In September, 1920 he and his wife, Carrie, and their two children came to Basin, where he faced a difficult and trying situation, one calling for the exercise of most of the Christian virtues; fortunately he was not lacking in those qualities.

Subscriptions to the building fund were payable in instalments if the donors desired, and most of them so wished. Payments had been coming in fairly well, work on the building was progressing, and an elaborate ceremony of laying the corner stone was planned. On October 12 the corner stone was laid by Temple Lodge No. 20, A. F. & A. M., of Basin, acting for and on behalf of the Wyoming Grand Lodge. The dedicatory address was made by Rev. L. C. Thompson, the Big Horn Basin's first minister, who was present with his Masonic brethren, and it must have been highly gratifying to that good man to realize how his labors in the Master's vineyard were bearing fruit.

Early the following year the church was in serious financial difficulties and work on the new building had halted. Many subscribers to the building fund had not paid their instalments, and the contractor could not take care of his payroll or bills for material.

Many of the delinquents excused themselves on the ground that Rev. Jones had represented to them that they were to help build a community church and they had in time discovered that it was not to be one. It was a convenient excuse, but it seems likely that the real reason was that they had been overpersuaded and Rev. Jones was no longer here. Both he and they should have known better. Just what they expected to find in a community church that they could not have received in any other church is a question. A few people still contend that if Rev. Jones had not been moved he could have collected all subscriptions or most of them. That is doubtful, as the country was then gripped by a financial stringency. Be that as it may, many of the subscribers claimed that they had been "gypped."

A separate arrangement for finishing the basement was made with the contractor, and on Easter Sunday, 1922, the first services were held there.

In May one of the local banks closed its doors, owing to heavy withdrawals and inability to realize on its assets.

The old church building was sold and moved away; the church bell was loaned to the Worland fire department. The contractor has told that a local lawyer who was prominent in the local lodge of a secret order, proposed that the contractor assign to the lodge his claim against the church; he would thus receive his pay; the lodge would

complete the building for its own use. The contractor consulted his wife; she, being a very devout woman, though a member of another denomination, begged him to not let the church down. And about that time, the contractor tells, "a nice old gentleman" who was a church dignitary of some sort, came to town and he assured the contractor he would be paid. Work was then resumed on the building.

Later in the year work was again halted. A meeting of the church officers, committees, members and other interested persons was held in the church basement the evening of December 15. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded. It was the general opinion of those present that for the church to have begun building at the time it did was a mistake amounting almost to a crime.[3] However, it was agreed that the only thing to be done was to finish the building, though by what means was not clear.

The Church Extension Board of the General Conference made another advance of $10,000, and work was resumed.

The beautiful leaded glass windows in our church were a gift of Mrs. Ann E. Allen as a memorial to her deceased husband, James D. Allen. The Allen family had come from northern Colorado in 1887 and located on Paint Rock Creek. Mr. Allen, a Civil War veteran, was an influential and public spirited citizen. He and his wife in time moved to Basin.

On February 5, 1923, the church was dedicated by Bishop Charles L. Mead.

The church then owed the Church Extension Board of the General Conference $20,000.00. (Some persons place the figure slightly higher.) It also owed the contractor $5300.00, a subcontractor $600.00 and a painter $56.00; what if anything was done about those debts this story will later reveal.

At the Conference in Laramie that year Rev. Bowling reported a membership of 177 and Sunday School enrollment of 215.

On March 13, 1924, Harvey J. Spencer, a young man who was President of the Epworth League and faithful in his duty to the church, was called home. The beautiful communion table in the church was a gift from the Epworth League as a memorial to him.

That year Basin had its third bank failure, the second having occurred the year before.

In the fall Rev. Bowling became District Superintendent and moved to Cheyenne. He now resides in California.

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3. Big Horn County Rustler.

REV. ALVIN R. DICKSON

Rev. Dickson and his wife, Grace, came to Basin in September, 1924; he was deeply devoted to the cause and impressed all with his sincerity. During his first year here the church received many new members, but many inactive ones were dropped, leaving the total about as it was. Conference in 1925 returned him to Basin, and he was also elected conference statistician; but in December he transferred to a charge in Salt Lake City, Utah.

William F. Johnson, head of the first Christian family in Basin and one of the organizers of the church, went to his reward.

REV. WILLIAM T. METHVIN

Rev. Methvin and his wife were not yet in middle age. Both were of pleasing personality and he was a tireless worker for the cause.

Our church and the town were greatly honored in June, 1926, when they entertained the Wyoming State Conference. The honor and privilege has come to us but once. Statistics at that time showed the church membership as 201 and Sunday School enrollment 224.

There were quite a number of Presbyterians in Basin. They had some years before bought lots and were looking forward to building. Their women's society was large and very active. But by 1927 they had abandoned their project and all or most of them united with the Methodist Church.

At the Conference in the fall, Rev. Methvin was transferred. He had done good work while here.

REV. JAMES L. WILLIAMS

Rev. Williams, an Englishman by birth, came in September, 1928, with his wife, Amanda, and their two children. The daughter then was about nine. If what neighbors told was true she must have been a human fly; they declare that she climbed almost to the top of the church, on the outside.

In June, 1930, Rev. Williams promised to perform a wedding ceremony in the writer's family, but forgot and while the crowd waited he was sternly reminded by the bridegroom.

During the three years he was here the additions to the church little more than offset the losses; the figure reported to the Conference in 1931 was 203. Rev. Williams was then moved to Wheatland.

REV. NELSON A. WURGLER

Rev. Wurgler, his wife, Florence, their small daughter, Jean, and infant daughter, Joan, came in August, 1931. Rev. Wurgler and wife were about thirty years of age. They made a good impression, which turned out to be lasting. The work went on smoothly.

The pastor's wife was a talented musician, and most of the time while here gave piano lessons which doubtless was a welcome addition to the family income.

A son, James, was born in the parsonage in 1933.

The report to the Conference that year showed a membership of 283, a gain of 80 in two years.

Although the church building had been occupied ten years since completion, little or nothing had been done about its debt, but the Extension Board wasn't letting it forget; as for the contractor, although he was a poor man, he had no illusions about collecting his pay. There were few if any wealthy people in the church; it was during depression times and the New Deal. Some of the people said "The church is here; they'll not take it away."

The report to Conference in 1937 showed 202 members and Sunday School enrollment of 157; evidently many had been dropped from the rolls. Rev. Wurgler had served six years in Basin. He was transferred to Colorado Springs, Colorado, later to a charge in New Mexico and at last accounts was in Marfa, Texas.

REV. DAVID A. GREGG

Rev. Gregg, when he came with his wife, was 64 years of age. A native of Texas, he had been a newspaper man before entering the ministry in the M. E. Church, South. Before coming to Basin he had filled charges in Colorado, Utah and elsewhere.

The report to Conference in 1938 showed church membership as 226, a gain of 24, and Sunday School enrollment as 132, a loss of 25.

Rev. Gregg was quiet and studious by nature, though not reserved. He was a gardening enthusiast with a knack of making things grow; during 1938 and the two years following he made the church property a beauty spot. It was during 1938 that iron railings were placed on both sides of the church steps, thanks to Mrs. Mary Avery, who was always thoughtful of others.

The debt of the church was still a plague to all concerned. Just before Rev. Gregg went to the General Conference, Mrs. Mary Avery, solicitous as usual for the welfare of her

church, approached him quietly to offer $5,000.00 provided the Church Extension Board would accept the amount in cancellation of the debt. Rev. Gregg followed her instructions and made the offer, which was declined.

The report to the Annual Conference in 1940 showed a church membership of 187 and Sunday School enrollment of 157. Rev. Gregg was assigned to the charge at Pine Bluffs, where as usual he set about beautifying the church grounds and making things grow. In February, 1942, he rested from his labors and was buried at Pine Bluffs. His widow has since been teaching in Oklahoma and Texas.

REV. SAMUEL A. C. GROVE

Rev. Grove came in July, 1940, with his wife, Marjorie, and their two children. He had pastored Trinity Church, in St. Louis, in 1933 and 1934, then had joined the Wyoming Conference and filled charges at Sundance and Pine Bluffs. He and his wife were well liked in Basin and he was regarded as a very able minister. He obtained leave of absence from the Conference, resigned his charge and left with his family on June 22, 1941. He has ever since been a chaplain in the United States Army, filling that position with great credit and has been in many parts of the world.

REV. C. BENNETT WARE

Rev. Ware and his wife, Inez, a couple in late middle age, came alone; he had transferred from the South Georgia Conference. He had preached twenty-eight years, including seven years in Indiana. He was an able and conscientious minister. He served here two years. At the Conference in 1943 he reported membership at 198 and Sunday School enrollment 94. He was moved to Rock Springs, two years later to Buffalo; after three years there he transferred to the Memphis Conference and was assigned to the work in Germantown, Tennessee.

REV. RUFUS D. WEBSTER

Rev. Webster and his wife, Martha, were an elderly couple and came alone. He began preaching in the Southwest Kansas Conference in 1911 and filled many charges in that state and Colorado, including Denver. In 1942 he had transferred to the Wyoming Conference and served at Kemmerer before coming to Basin.

The greater part of 1944 he was employed in a local lumber yard.

Until that year there had been no garage on the church lots, and if pastors could not rent garage space or if it was not donated them their cars remained out in the weather the year round. In 1944 P. P. Anderson agreed to donate an unused hen house provided the church would move it away; this was done and the building became a garage.

The indebtedness to the Church Extension Board at that time was, in round numbers, $16,000.00; the board proposed to cancel it for $4,000.00, and an effort to raise the money was begun.

Late in 1944 Rev. Webster resigned his charge and moved to Fort Collins, Colorado, later serving on the Carpenter Circuit in Wyoming, and at Pavillion. He was placed on the retired list at his request in 1949.

REV. FRED W. MARTIN

In February, 1945, Rev. Martin came with his wife, Mary, their son Mearl and daughter Marilyn, both high school students. Rev. Martin, an energetic and sincere worker, began preaching in 1928 and had filled charges in Iowa, Wyoming and Kansas.

By strenuous and persistent work the amount needed to satisfy the requirement of the Church Extension Board was raised, and early that year the mortgage was burned by the late T. P. Bollman during appropriate services celebrating the event. Letters from a number of former pastors were read. It was truly a time of great rejoicing.

People had given until it hurt and could do nothing about the debts due the contractor and the two other men and they were forgotten in the upsurge of life and growth of the church later on, and the church has made other commitments that have taxed the ability of the members to the utmost.

The old church bell was returned from Worland that year and after lying on the ground some time was finally put in place.

The report to Conference showed membership at 194; Sunday School enrollment had dropped to 65.

Early in 1946 Rev. Rose and wife, evangelists, held a series of meetings in the church, without result.

During the winter which followed the pastor's wife was employed picking beans in a local elevator. Rev. Martin resigned and left with his family in February, 1947. He first was at Carson, Iowa, later with the Sheldahl-Slater charge. Because of one thing this writer will remember Rev. Martin after he has forgotten some of the others.

Whenever he called at the writer's home he never left without first saying "Shall we have a word of prayer?" That is also a habit of Rev. Floyd Ellison, Baptist minister, of Basin. "Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them."

REV. T. STACY RIDDICK

Rev. Riddick, with his wife, Margaret, arrived in time to conduct services on Easter Sunday, 1947. He began preaching in the Memphis Conference of the great M. E. Church, South, in 1930, filling charges in Memphis, Bolivar and Greenfield. During those pastorates he studied at Lambuth College where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; at Emory Union School of Theology where he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity; also at Garrett (Evanston, Ill.).

In Basin it soon became apparent that Rev. Riddick was a man with a message, and the church began to feel new life. In the fall a new pulpit, choir screen and chancel rail were placed in the church, the accoustics were improved, the interior refinished and redecorated and the exterior woodwork given two coats of white paint, the parsonage redecorated and new furniture installed. Later that fall the church was the first in the state to reach its quota for a retired ministers' pension fund. In fact it was oversubscribed $77.00 making a total of $927.00. At the Conference in June the membership reported was 260 with Sunday School enrollment 246, a gain of 37 per cent for one and 139 per cent for the other. Later a Hammond electric organ and choir robes were bought with a fund raised by subscription; C. C. Peters topped the list with $500.00. The following May a handsome and substantial bulletin board was placed at the street intersection.

The report to Conference in June (1949) showed a membership of 340, a year's gain of almost thirty-one per cent. Rev. Riddick was granted five months leave of absence in order to study at the University of Edinburgh. Rev. Edward White was designated supply pastor and came with his wife, Della, on June 9; they were an elderly couple. He had then completed four years in the Lovell-Deaver charge and previously had pastored in Colorado and Utah. District Superintendent J. Clyde Keegan described him as "a hard-driving brother in more ways than one; he gets things done."

Rev. Riddick and wife returned from Europe in November and Rev. White took over the work at Hyattville and Ten Sleep.

During December a beautiful pulpit lamp, the gift of Mrs. Cornelia Metz, was placed in the church. In January the Womans Society of Christian Service at a cost of $1,000.00 carpeted the center aisle of the church, the space in the rear, also behind and in front of the chancel rail. In the spring concrete steps into the basement from the outside were built, the money being raised by subscriptions. The work was supervised and most of it done by Hubert C. Avery who as a member of the Property Committee has been efficient and unsparing in his attention to the building.

As the time for Conference neared Rev. Riddick was offered his choice of several large charges, but he preferred to be closer to the center of the nation, and in June the Conference at his request transferred him to the St. Louis Conference. He was stationed by that Conference at Cabool at a salary of $2400.00; in Basin he would have received $3600.00. Last October he was moved to DeSoto, Missouri, to be pastor of the Fourth Street Methodist Church.[4]

REV. EDWIN F. ESHELMAN

Rev. Eshelman came from the Northeast Ohio Conference; his last charge there had been at Madison and he had afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh. He is a graduate of Muskingum College, also of Boston University School of Theology and has filled pastorates in Cambridge, Ohio, and Clinton, Massachusetts. He and his wife, Sara, and two small boys arrived in Basin July 1, 1950. He is a tireless worker and popular with the younger element; the church continues growing.

On October 1, John T. Bishop on behalf of the Bishop family presented the church with a massive brass table set consisting of two collection plates and two candlesticks, in memory of his father, the late Thomas K. Bishop. On November 22 Robert L. Henderson, Jr., on behalf of the Henderson family, presented the church with a beautiful baptismal font in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Flossie Henderson. On November 26 a beautiful illuminated cross which was hung a few days before in the church porch was presented the church by Mrs. Percy W. Metz and her sister, Mrs. C. F. Nicklos, in memory of their late parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Keiser. These good ladies, serving on the Flower Committee, have been faithful and

4. Rev. and Mrs. Riddick were killed in a collision on a California highway while returning from the General Conference in San Francisco in May, 1952.

have never failed us. On February 4, 1951, a beautiful brass cross which now hangs back of the pulpit, was presented the church by Mr. and Mrs. Hubert C. Avery in memory of the former's mother, the late Mrs. Mary Avery.

IN CONCLUSION

Perhaps there are still living some persons who as adults left the Big Horn Basin fifty or more years ago and have not since been back. If so and were they to return, it would amaze them to drive in the daytime over smooth, paved highways, through rich farming areas dotted with oil rigs, and to drive at night through large towns blazing with neon signs and through a countryside with R. E. A. lighting.

It would have amazed them had they been in the new high school gymnasium in Basin the evening of January 19, when bands and choruses from eighteen Big Horn Basin towns were present. Had they been here in March they would have been amazed at the revival meetings held in every town of any size in the basin. One of them began at Greybull March 1 and moved to Basin March 19. At the time this is written the results in Basin were 51 conversions, 41 backsliders reclaimed and 37 renewals of faith; it is expected that complete reports will bring the total to 140. On the night of March 29 the Wigwam Theater was packed. There were present Basin, Greybull and Thermopolis Baptists, Basin and Greybull Nazarenes, Greybull Presbyterians, Worland Lutherans, all with their pastors, and a few Basin Methodists, also a monster crowd of Worland Methodists with their pastor; he made a fervent opening prayer and all ministers worked afterwards in the inquiry room. About thirty young men and young women dedicated their lives to service as missionaries, nurses and teachers, and four young men pledged to become ministers. It was a scene that will linger in memory. Truly, we have come a long way in the basin.

Our church, also, has come a long way. Some of the going has seemed rough, but there will be more hurdles, and of a different nature, with the real test yet to come, one that people of a church sometimes face without being aware of it; and thus the future of the church will be exactly what its people make for it or permit to be made for it. In a world of change and confusion our people travel the road of today as it stretches ahead to the far horizon. What awaits them no one can foretell. Gloomy days may come, but faith speaks of clearing skies on the morrow, and they go on, hopeful and unafraid.

GETTIN' MY SOUL INTO SHAPE

(By the author of the history)

I've had no such thrill since the day I was born
As will come when I'm wakened by Gabriel's horn,
Wherever I sleep on that radiant morn,
Under cactus, or where willows drape.
With the multitude then very soon I shall wait;
When my number is drawn I'll check in through the gate;
And the way I've lived here will determine my fate,
So I'm gettin' my soul into shape.

To learn how to be saved, in the Book we must search;
If we think our lodge tells us we're left in the lurch,
And it takes more than mere membership in a church,
Outward form of religion to ape.
God wants no one up there who's a stranger to him;
If but slightly acquainted one's chances are slim,
And it won't be real pleasant caught out on a limb.
Well, I'm gettin' my soul into shape.

Some, who have never got close to God on their knees
Feel so sure of his mercy they do as they please;
And they say that they'll clear Judgment hurdles with ease,
That they'll get around any red tape;
That their parents and neighbors were good folks, the dears;
And got by; they live like them, why have any fears?
Well, it's too soon to know who got by, it appears.
Me, I'm gettin' my soul into shape.

We all make good resolves, but sin nature is strong.
Once I tried all alone to dodge error and wrong,
And I've oft wished old Samson would happen along
To hold them so I might escape.
But One stronger than Samson has come to my aid
By my trustin' in Him when my prayers have been made.
Glory be to His name! Now I'm makin' the grade,
And I'm gettin' my soul into shape.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

The Wyoming State Historical Department has moved into new quarters in the recently completed State Office Building in Cheyenne. The museum, which occupies the south wing of the building, was opened to the public on April 28. The more spacious quarters have enabled the staff to arrange the displays in a very attractive manner.

The museum is divided into several areas to enable visitors to better enjoy the exhibits. Main areas are the Indian, pioneer, wild life, geology, stock growers and forts and trails sections.

The historical records, gathered over the years from pioneers in the state, the nearly 4,400 volumes of state newspapers, the pictures, maps, books, pamphlets, and the archival records of state offices and former state officials which have been placed in the department were all moved into the new quarters and are now being made available for the use of researchers.

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The State Historical Department recently had the opportunity to acquire the negative collection of the late Joseph E. Stimson, pioneer photographer of Cheyenne. The pictures in this collection cover every corner of the state and date from 1900-1950. Numbering between six and seven thousand glass plate negatives, it is one of the most valuable and significant collections of the West today.

Wyoming has lost too many significant collections through apathy and disinterest. In order to save this collection for Wyoming it was necessary to act quickly, for organizations outside of Wyoming were more than interested in acquiring it. Consequently, while $1,300 in state funds were obtained toward the purchase of the negatives, it was necessary to obtain a loan of $700 to complete the transaction, and the loan must now be repaid.

A number of interested persons have already contributed to the fund to repay the $700. Contributors to date are: George E. Brimmer, Cheyenne; J. Elmer Brock, Kaycee; Fred Marble, Cheyenne; Judge and Mrs. P. W. Metz, Basin;

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Nicklos, Basin; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Pence, Laramie; George B. Pryde, Rock Springs; H. N. Roach, Laramie; E. Keith Thomson, Cheyenne; Henryetta Berry, Lola M. Homsher and Mrs. Winifred S. Kienzle of Cheyenne.

Contributions to this fund should be marked "Stimson Fund" and mailed to this department.

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The Wyoming State Historical Department in cooperation with the Community Club of Ft. Laramie sponsored services at the grave site of Mary E. Homsley in observance of the centennial date of her death on the Oregon Trail June 10, 1852. Services were held on Sunday, June 8 at 2:30 p.m.

Reverend George Woodard of Ft. Laramie, who gave the invocation at the first services held at this grave site in 1926, gave the invocation. Mr. Clarke P. Rice of Torrington told of his finding the gravestone and grave site in 1925. Mr. W. W. Morrison of Cheyenne, historian of the old Oregon Trail who has become acquainted with descendents of Mary Homsley and has learned her story from them, talked on "Mary E. Homsley—Her Family". Mr. David L. Hieb, Superintendent of the Ft. Laramie National Monument, reviewed the history of the Oregon Trail and stressed that the services honoring Mary E. Homsley honored all pioneers who braved the frontier and fell along the way.

Mr. Tom Mort of Lingle led the group in singing, after which Mr. R. J. Rymill of Ft. Laramie introduced some of the members of the audience, including Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Pence, L. C. Bishop, Joe Weppner, Mrs. L. G. Flannery, Tom Green, Charles Frederick, Mead Sandercock, Mangus Larsen, Jim Fleanor, and Ike and Dick Darnells.

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On January 7, 1952, Miss Mildred McIntosh passed away in Cheyenne. Miss McIntosh, daughter of Robert and Mary Ellen McIntosh who founded a ranch on the Snake River in the 1880's, was a resident of Slater, Colorado, for thirty years. At that place she was the postmistress, the owner of a picturesque old-fashioned general store and a prominent rancher. A graduate of both the University of Wyoming and Wellsley College, Miss McIntosh was an authority on Wyoming history and did considerable writing on that subject.

On February 8, 1952, John Charles Thompson, editor emeritus of the Wyoming State Tribune, died in Cheyenne at the age of 72. A Wyoming newspaperman since 1897, with all of his experience at Cheyenne, he was a member of a prominent pioneer family of that city. His extensive work on statewide news beats, his editorials and his columns "Cheyenne, Wyoming" and "In Old Wyoming" established him as one of the state's best known and most prominent men.

On February 8, 1952, Joseph Stimson, former Cheyenne artist and photographer, succumbed to a heart attack at Hartford, Connecticut, at the age of 81. Mr. Stimson was at one time photographer for the Union Pacific Railroad. His collection of negatives covers a period of more than 50 years and is one of the most valuable collections of Wyoming pictures in existence.

D. C. Wilhelm of Gillette passed away in Sheridan on December 31, 1951, after an extensive illness. Mr. Wilhelm came to Gillette in 1916 and in the early 1920's began collecting early day historical data on Campbell County, publishing the items in a clever advertising sheet, the "Flatyre". He also became a zealous collector of Indian artifacts and local early day relics of the area and at one time had a private museum which he opened to the public.

On March 31, 1952, Dr. Aven Nelson, the first faculty member hired by the first Board of Trustees of the University of Wyoming, President Emeritus of the University, and world famous botanist, passed away in Colorado Springs at the age of 93. Dr. Nelson was a civic leader, teacher, researcher and writer. Over the years he did much for the state of Wyoming and brought many honors to Wyoming as a result of his work in his special field of botany.

Wilson S. Kimball, 85, pioneer businessman and former mayor of Casper and long-time member of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, died April 4, 1952, after an illness of several months. He was a resident of Casper for 62 years where he served nine terms as mayor. Upon his retirement from the drug business in 1947 he engaged in ranching east of Casper.

On March 3, 1952, Mrs. Catherina Facinelli of Rock Springs passed away at the age of 85. Born in Austria, Mrs. Facinelli came to the United States in 1886 and to Wyoming in 1887. She and her family have been prominent in local and state affairs for many years. She is survived by two sons, Victor J. and Thomas P. of Rock Springs, and Mrs. C. E. Bon of Cheyenne.

Mrs. John Whitaker passed away at the age of 82 on June 8, 1952, in Cheyenne. She was a member of a long-time prominent Wyoming family and had resided in the state since territorial days.

Mrs. Isabella Kinnear, daughter of Jim Baker, the famous pioneer Indian scout and later a rancher of the Baggs area, passed away on June 10, 1952, at the Wind River Indian Hospital, Ft. Washakie, at the age of 89.

William Jones, 80, Fremont County pioneer, passed away June 9, 1952, at Lander. He was born at South Pass City in 1871 where his father ran a meat market in that old gold mining camp. A life-time friend of the Indians, Mr. Jones spoke both the Arapahoe and Shoshone tongues fluently. He was at one time mayor of Lander.

The following tribute was written by Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, historian and member of a pioneer Wyoming family, and at present the Executive Assistant to the President of the Colorado State Historical Society:

From all corners of the state of Wyoming and from Montana and other parts of the West, cattle kings, cowboys, ranch cooks, sheepmen and herders, state and county officials, and friends of high and low station gathered at Buffalo, Wyoming, on January 25, 1952, to pay their last tribute to Mrs. Martin A. Tisdale, a former State Librarian of Wyoming. Mrs. Tisdale died on January 22 as the result of an automobile accident, which occurred on a branch road from Kaycee as the Tisdales were returning from a trip to Denver's Stock Show.

Daughter of one of Wyoming's pioneer ranchmen and a relative of the late Governor Joseph M. Carey, Mrs. Tisdale was born Frances Angelina Davis on December 8, 1887, at Milford, Delaware. Her parents were Annie Paynter Marshall Davis and Henry Winter ("Hard Winter") Davis. Her father came to Wyoming in 1878 and in November, 1881, established the Spectacle Ranch on Powder River. He was a member of the first state legislature of Wyoming in 1890.

Frances Davis received her schooling at her father's ranch, also in schools at Buffalo and at Miss Roney's School at Bala, Pennsylvania. She served as State Librarian under Governor Joseph M. Carey and Acting-Governor Frank L. Houx from 1913 to 1917. On December 13, 1917, she was married to Martin Allison Tisdale of Johnson County at the Trinity Cathedral in Omaha. Their romance was similar to that of a story book, as the families of each had been identified with opposite sides of the famous so-called "Johnson County Cattlemen's War."

The Tisdales established their first home on a ranch at Mayoworth. Later they moved to Buffalo where Mr. Tisdale served as sheriff of Johnson County for sixteen years. Since 1943 he has been manager of the Three T ranch near Kaycee.

At the time of her death Mrs. Tisdale was President of St. Luke's Auxiliary in Buffalo. She is survived by her husband; a daughter, Mary Bradford Hinckley; two sons, Thomas Martin Tisdale and Robins Davis Tisdale; by three brothers, Henry Winter Davis of Ft. Washakie, Mark Jay Davis of Casper, and Francis Robins Davis of Tensleep; and two sisters, Dorothy Bell Gibbs of Recluse, Wyoming, and Madelene Marshall Murphy of Kingsbury, California.

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Two loans to the State Museum are now on display. An elk skin painted by Charles Washakie, fourth son of the famous old Shoshone, Chief Washakie, has been loaned by Mrs. Mable Cheney Moudy of Laramie. The picture on the skin represents the Buffalo Hunt with dancers dancing the Buffalo Dance in thanks for successful hunting. The skin was tanned by Ellen Hereford Washakie and the elk was killed by Mrs. Moudy's father, Ervin F. Cheney, pioneer of the Lander area.

The buckskin suit and headdress of Chief High Eagle, Sioux Indian who took part with the Indians in the Custer Battle of 1876, was presented to the Cheyenne Frontier Days Committee following the death of the Chief in an automobile accident the past winter. Chief High Eagle had for many years been a member of the Indian group which attended the Cheyenne Frontier Days celebration each year, and his last request was that his costume which he had worn at Frontier Days be given to the Cheyenne Frontier Days Committee. The Committee has given it to the State Museum on a loan basis for display.

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Recent Acquisitions

Mr. W. R. Coe of New York City has given to the State Historical Department a valuable gift of more than two hundred historical books and an equal number of historical periodicals. The books, ranging in date from 1833 to the present, cover a wide variety of subjects, all on the western theme. This addition to the small but fine library in the department is a very important one. In addition Mr. Coe

has had sent to the department from time to time recent publications just off the press.

The Coe Collection of Western Americana has been on special display in one of the cases in the museum, and visitors have found it of special interest. The books are at present being cataloged and will be available to researchers and students working in the library of the department.

From the dismantled home of the late Governor Joseph M. Carey the members of his family have given to the State Museum a mantel piece from the front hallway and the nine and one-half foot door with full length mirror that hung between Governor Carey's study and sitting room. These have been placed in the museum so that they form a setting in the pioneer area.

Mr. Don Stanfield of the Wyoming Typewriter and Equipment Company, Cheyenne, has added ten early typewriters to a similar collection now on display in the museum. Mr. George S. Clason of Napa, California, presented a collection of arrowheads collected by his brother Horace from near Cheyenne in the early days. Heston D. Adams of Golden, Colorado, gave a statement of Neustadter Bros. to the Meeteetse Clothing Co. and a check of the Shoshone Mountain Mining Co. Mrs. G. I. Baldwin of Mineola, Long Island, New York, presented the book **Recollections of a Busy Life** by Horace Greeley. Mrs. Charles W. Clark of Cheyenne has given a four piece commode set of semi-porcelain Dresden.

A case built especially to display the Richardson family collection has been presented to the department by Warren Richardson of Cheyenne, Clarence B. Richardson of Casper, and Laura V. and Mary Valeria Richardson of Cheyenne. It has been placed in the museum, and on display in it are a number of pioneer items from the Richardson home in Cheyenne.

A manuscript "The Overland Trail Through Wyoming" has been received from Willard Fox of LaGrange, and a manuscript "Reminiscences of Norris Griggs" by Mrs. Helen Sargent of Big Piney has been given by the author. Mr. W. W. Morrison of Cheyenne presented a copy of his article on "Pattison Lake", a historical sketch on Oregon history. Mrs. J. William Richardson of Cheyenne presented five ledgers from the cattle company of Andrew Gilchrist, early cattleman of Wyoming, and his sword. Mr. Charles Humphrey of Laramie gave the department a map of Laramie, Wyoming, dated 1884. Harry Carnine of Laramie presented an 1873 Winchester rifle, without the stock, found on the Laramie Plains. Miss Alby E. Roys of St. Petersburg, Florida, has given a copy of the newspaper **Palladium**

of Liberty, February 25, 1813, Morris-Town, N. J. Mike Sorg of Cheyenne presented two books: **Herringshaw's American Statesman,** 1906, and **House Miscellaneous Document,** 1888-89, vol. 2.

Dr. Franklin D. Yoder of Cheyenne presented the letter from Governor Joseph M. Carey to his father, B. F. Yoder, appointing him a Commissioner to organize the County of Goshen in 1911. Mrs. J. M. Harrington of Basin presented three albums of negatives, numbering approximately 200, of scenes in the Big Horn Basin about 1910. Dr. Paul W. Emerson of Cheyenne presented a constable badge worn by William Pleasant Snowden, first white settler in Omaha, Nebraska, 1854; spectacles and case used by Rachel Snowden, first white woman to settle in Omaha, Nebraska, a meal ticket from the Moore Hotel issued to Elam S. Emerson, U.P.R.R. engineer in Cheyenne 1880-85, his complete uniform worn in World War I, his footlocker, and a number of other items for the pioneer section of the museum.

Mr. M. B. Rhodes of Basin presented a picture of Tom Daggett (1899), editor of the Big Horn County Rustler, and Mrs. Rhodes gave two souvenir copper cups from the Black Hills of South Dakota showing early scenes of that area. Mrs. Mark A. Chapman presented a historical collection gathered by her husband, the late Mark A. Chapman. Included in this are pictures of Camp Carlin, Cheyenne, and early Wyoming scenes; early United States currency including Continental, Confederate and State issues; badges; seals; correspondence and business records. Mrs. Mart Christensen presented a wool challis shawl brought from Ireland about 1825 by her grandmother. W. W. Morrison of Cheyenne and William Rodenbush of Ft. Laramie presented pictures taken of the services at the grave of Mary E. Homsley June 8, 1952.

Mr. L. C. Bishop of Cheyenne presented to the department a 12 gauge Ithaca shotgun, London twist barrel, hammer gun, 1892, which was originally purchased by his father, S. A. Bishop. Since then L. C. Bishop, his five brothers and his two sons have used the gun for a period of sixty years.

Book Reviews

The Story of the Little Big Horn. By Col. W. A. Graham. (The Military Service Publishing Co., 1952, 222 pp. $5.00)

Legend into History. By Charles Kuhlman. (The Stackpole Company, 1951, 245 pp. $5.00) (Both books offered in combination at $9.00)

The Story of the Little Big Horn by Col. W. A. Graham is a 4th printing, initially printed in 1926. Little new has been added to the work, nothing apparent has been deleted. In the Appendix is a copy, from the Journal of The Military Service Institution, of the article by Col. Robert P. Hughes, Inspector General, printed in 1896.

Legend into History by Charles Kuhlman is a new publication, and is supplemented in Appendix II with a copy of the findings of the Court of Inquiry which was convened in 1879 at the request of Major Reno.

Both books cover the same scope of the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876, which occurred in Southern Montana between the Seventh Cavalry commanded by Lt. Col. G. A. Custer and the plains Indians, led primarily by Chiefs Gall and Crazy Horse. Both books are heavily footnoted in Appendices, that of Col. Graham being more one of quotations of authority type, while that of Dr. Kuhlman being largely supporting argument of the author. Each book is accompanied by a contour map of the battlefield, U. S. Geological Survey, showing the different conceptions of the route followed by Custer's command in arriving at the battlefield, which are helpful to the reader, if he is skilled in map reading, in understanding the terrain in the critical area, and following the author's version.

The Story of the Little Big Horn is a factual account of the Campaign taken from sworn testimony, concrete evidence and known facts, with little effort to inject opinion, conjecture or hearsay to fill the gaps in the Custer disaster. It is a very well arranged and illustrated narrative, easy to read and informative to the casual reader as well as the self-styled Custer expert. It is beyond question one of the best works on this highly controverted historical incident and should be on the shelf of every western and military book fan.

Legend into History is an attempt, as the title implies, to convert the legend of the Custer fight to historical standing. To accomplish this very difficult task, the author has combined known facts, battlefield evidence and testimony with a detailed terrain study and supplemented these with Indian tales told by both combatants and non-combatants, principally of the Cheyenne tribe, and endeavored to fit all of this into his own appreciation of battle operations and tactics. The entire work is impregnated with inconsistencies and illusions. The author does not profess to be a professional soldier; admits that for the most part Indian narratives are totally unreliable; and concedes that seventy-five years of erosion have had a profound effect upon terrain features. The reader will be impressed, however, that he places rather great weight upon battlefield indications in spite of the fact that the ground was pounded, mauled and ravaged by thousands of Indians (men, women and children) for hours after hostilities had ceased, leaving one in serious doubt as to the value of such indications, or how you could visualize order arising out of such chaos. There is even an effort to reproduce troop positions and sectors, strong points, fire sectors, retrograde movements and other tactical dispositions and maneuvers, all based upon the assumption that the position was organized for defense when there is most weighty and convincing evidence that the engagement was initially offensive in nature, hastily planned and lacking in coordination and so fluid by consequence as to be devoid of all these orderly considerations. He also delves into logistics, entirely irreconcilable, and devoid of professional appreciation of this military specialty.

The entire treatment is a bold, but to say the least, speculative, endeavor which the average reader will find neither interesting nor informative.

The Story of the Little Big Horn is set down in chronological order, simply stated and developed without confusion of detail or contradiction. Even to the reader who has only story interest in this fascinating historical incident there will be no difficulty in understanding and following the action and its dire consequences, and he will emerge with a rather clear picture of the known action.

On the other hand, **Legend into History** is exceedingly difficult to read. There is a mass of meaningless detail to the average reader which will almost foreclose his following the action or appreciating the author's philosophy of the where, when, and how of the engagement. A great many battle veterans and those of military trained minds

will be in complete disagreement with this lay solution of the author (if they are able to appreciate his solution at all). The Custer students, irrespective of their pro or con Custer sentiments, will not be pleased, but will, nevertheless, find themselves fascinated and intrigued with this new approach to the mystery of this highly controverted and disastrous battle. To say the least, Dr. Kulhman has heaped a lot more fuel on a fire which will ever burn among those who love this unsolvable tragedy, but in spite of his efforts what happened there on the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, remains as much a legend as it was before his book was written.

ALFRED M. PENCE

Attorney at Law, Lt. Col. of Infantry World War II, Graduate of the Infantry School and of the Command and General Staff School

Trail Driving Days. Text by Dee Brown; Picture Research by Martin F. Schmitt. (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. 264 pp., 220 photographs and sketches. $7.50.)

Dee Brown of the University of Illinois Library staff, and Martin F. Schmitt, Curator of Special Collections at the University of Oregon, here present a spectacular, pictorial chronology of the great Western range cattle days. We heartily agree with their preliminary statement that "no single volume yet has told or probably ever can tell the whole dramatic story of the American cattle trade—"

But **Trail Driving Days** portrays through word and picture the general background, the habits, the dress, the daily life and the amusements and tragedies of the men who pointed longhorn herds up from Texas to the northern rail markets or to the northwestern grazing grounds.

Vigorous writing in this work becomes intensely vivid through the carefully selected and in many instances, rare photographs. This book will delight anyone interested in Western Americana and many who are not.

Texas cattlemen and cowboys necessarily receive a preponderance of attention in the book since much of the cattle history of the West stemmed from that vast area.

Although the author of the text, logically developed first one phase and then another of the trail driving business, there is throughout a leaning toward the sensational. This

is especially true in the portrayal of the Rip-roaring Trail Towns with their dramatic characters such as Wild Bill Hickok, "Bear River" Tom, Billy the Kid, Rowdy Joe Lowe, "Doc" Holliday, and various ladies who followed the red lights along the frontier. But after all, the era of trail driving was a rugged one and the cowboy didn't herd longhorns in a bed of roses.

From the standpoint of those primarily interested in Wyoming's cattle history, it is disappointing not to find the name and photograph of at least one or two of the following: Thomas Sturgis, Alexander Swan, Joseph M. Carey, Francis E. Warren and John B. Kendrick. All of these pioneers began their livestock business with Texas trail herds. And each was a "giant" in his day.

Wyoming, however, does receive considerable attention in **Trail Driving Days** through text and pictures relating to places and persons connected with the Johnson County War. Mr. Brown's account follows closely the well-known versions as told by Asa Mercer and Bill Walker. There still are many unpublished facts which may some day be told.

The book particularly features the work of three pioneer range photographers: L. A. Huffman of Montana, Erwin E. Smith of Texas, and William H. Jackson of Denver. That no more than two photographs by C. D. Kirkland are used is no doubt due to the fact that they were unavailable. Kirkland's early cattle range photographs, however, are among the best ever made in the Wyoming country. The collection of photographs pertaining to Wyoming which Mr. Schmitt assembled are worth the price of the book alone to the person interested in history.

Readers of the Wyoming **Annals** may be interested in knowing that the cut of Longhorns on page 11 in **Trail Driving Days** is a photograph by Stimson of Old Mexico steers owned in 1888 by J. W. Hammond of Cheyenne. The buckskin steer in the center of the group was called Geronimo. According to Mr. Hammond, Geronimo could, with ease, jump out of the highest pole corrals.

Because photography was only in the daguerreotype stage when cowmen were pointing the early herds north from Texas, some of the illustrations for this book necessarily are reproduced drawings made by artists for Frank Leslie's **Illustrated Newspaper** and Joseph G. McCoy's **Historical Sketches of the Cattle Trade** (1874).

Primarily a picture book, **Trail Driving Days** provides much pleasure and entertainment to readers, as well as facts. Those wishing to use it as an authority on Wyo-

ming's cattle industry should check details against source materials, as the following instances, for example, will illustrate: on page 242, it is inferred that the cattlemen employed detectives following the Great Blizzard (1886-87). Ben Morrison, whose photograph is used above the legend, was employed by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association as an inspector or range detective as early as 1879; on page 234, Tom Horn is said to have been "captured by a blue-coated policeman." Actually he was captured and held by a merry-go-round operator named Eldrich until the policeman arrived.

Such trivialities, however, should not detract from the fine performance done by these two sincere, industrious, and talented collaborators who so successfully published **Fighting Indians of The West,** another so-called "picture book."

A glimpse through the carefully selected Bibliography makes this reviewer wish for more time to read and more money to buy volumes such as these about the cattle, horses and men, and the rip-roaring trail towns in the old one-time, free grass country.

AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Executive Assistant to the President
State Historical Society of Colorado

The Great Rascal: the life and adventures of Ned Buntline. By Jay Monaghan; with illustrations. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1952. 353 pp. illus. bibliog. index. $4.50.)

Of particular interest to people of this section because of the emphasis on "discovery" and promotion of Buffalo Bill is a new biography of Ned Buntline written by James Monaghan, State Historian of Illinois.

The words "amazing" and "rascal" are well chosen for Ned Buntline. The ordinary law-abiding, conventional reader will gasp over the experiences of this lively little swashbuckler. It seems incredible that anyone could have such energy, such resourcefulness, such brashness as he displayed.

Edward Zane Carroll Judson, later to make famous the pseudonym Ned Buntline, was born to a native American family in New York state, probably in 1823. The influence of his mother seems slight; at least Mr. Monaghan says

little about her contributions to her boy. But his father's characteristics were prominent in the son. To quote, "Ned's father, Levi Carroll Judson, was a writer, an orator . . . , and a man who never made little plans." So it was with the son. Also marked in Ned was his lifetime love for nature and his skill as a fisherman and hunter, developed in his boyhood on a New England farm. Presently friction between father and son drove Ned into running away to join the merchant marine. Later he joined the navy and took part in the Seminole War. The first of his many marriages belonged to that period of his life. So also did his entrance into the field of fiction, with the publication as a pamphlet of an autobiographical short story using for the first time his best-known pseudonym. (He used a dozen others at various times.) He may have followed his navy career by spending some months as a fur trader on the Yellowstone; more likely he invented his sojourn there and borrowed his experiences from real fur trappers. At any rate at the age of twenty Ned had started publishing a monthly literary magazine, one of many periodicals and newspapers he established in various places but failed to make live beyond a few issues. For years he struggled to break into the respectable literary world. That was not to be his claim to fame. But he recognized the hunger of the poor for romance and adventure, and fed them a stream of articles, essays, and stories. However fabulous his life he would not be worthy so detailed a biography were it not for his influence on American literature and his popularization of the West. At a period when the dime novel soared in circulation he contributed hundreds of adventure stories, forerunners of the westerns and comics of more recent times.

At his worst Ned Buntline was a bigamist, a blackmailer, a rioter, a bail jumper, a stimulator of race and religious hatreds in politics, an inveterate liar. Yet Mr. Monaghan manages to make Ned Buntline a far from repellant figure. Perhaps one is fascinated by Ned's activity and industry. Certainly he must have had charm, for he never lacked followers. In his later years he set up and developed an estate near Stamford, New York, a more or less faithful family man, taking a prominent part in community life, even being a member of the school board, writing diligently the while.

As for Mr. Monaghan's manner of presenting the biography—It shows the study of an historian. Bit by bit Mr. Monaghan documents the information he offers, much of it from contemporary newspapers. The narrative is not

easy to follow; even though the footnotes have been relegated to the end of the biography, the location numbers interfere with smooth reading. Ned Buntline skipped around over the country so frequently and became involved in so many unscrupulous dealings that one is confused. The biographer follows his adventures chronologically except for the first two chapters, which relate the Buffalo Bill incidents. Because a great deal of background is given, literary and political, this biography might almost be called a social study. In fact one sees Ned Buntline as a social manifestation rather than as a man. Other members of Ned's family are hazy; one would wish to know more about Ned's mother and sister and wives, and their influence on him.

The most amusing parts of the biography—and it is an entertaining one—are the long quotations from Ned's books. They are almost as astonishing as the man himself. The book jacket provides an apt description of the biography: "The Great Rascal, the exploits of the amazing Ned Buntline, king of the dime novelists, Buffalo Bill's promoter, soldier, sportsman, western trader, roue, political manipulator, adventurer extraordinary." One might repeat that word "extraordinary."

ROSE MARY MALONE

Natrona County High School Library

Joe Meek, The Merry Mountain Man; A Biography. By Stanley Vestal. (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, 1952. xi + 336 pp. $5.00.)

Joe Meek would have been a conspicuous personality in any environment, but as a trapper in the Rockies he was in his natural element. He had physical courage in such abundance that he went out of his way to fight grizzlies and he may have done the same with the Blackfeet. Meek had the stamina to travel for days with little or no food and the dislike of prosaic toil that allowed him to sit around for weeks doing nothing more than eating and swapping yarns—an activity in which he had few peers.

After Joe Meek had settled in Oregon his aversion to hard work attained such proportions that he would do almost anything to get out of plowing a field. Fortunately, Virginia, his Nez Perce wife, did not mind farm work, thereby leaving Joe free to roam around the countryside, visit-

ing with everyone, in his various capacities of tax collector, bill collector, census taker, and marshal. The last office came about as a result of Meek's epic journey overland in the winter of 1847-48 to St. Louis, and then to Washington, with the urgent petition to congress, and his account of the tragedy at Wailatpui. Helen Mar, Meek's daughter, was one of the victims in the Whitman Massacre, thus it is not surprising that every time Joe told strangers of the event he made a profound impression.

Stanley Vestal has touched only lightly on the main features of the journey to, and the activities in Washington of the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Oregon to the court of the United States, as Meek described himself with his usual modesty. This was by far Meek's outstanding accomplishment and it required the exercise of all his peculiar talents, not to mention the use of far more good judgment than he has generally been credited with possessing. This episode, particularly Meek's activities in Washington, deserves more thorough research.

Since there were more Indian battles, and the mountains were never more crowded with picturesque fur traders, than during Meek's eleven years in the Rockies, it is not surprising that Vestal concentrated on those exciting years. However, Meek's part in the Provisional and Territorial governments of Oregon was of such prominence that those activities seem to warrant more than seven of the book's thirty-five chapters. While this may seem a defect to those concerned with the broad panorama of western history, it increases the appeal of the book to those desirous solely of attaining an understanding of Wyoming fur trapping history in the 1830's. In fact, this is an excellent volume to start such a study, as in picturesque language, it lays out the major developments during those years.

Joe Meek spent a great deal of time in what is now the state of Wyoming and in the process trapped beaver on almost every important stream. It is difficult today to comprehend that despite the ease with which one travels by car, there are not too many residents of the state who have seen as much of Wyoming streams as Meek and his trapper friends had by 1840, when the price of beaver fell so low as to make trapping unprofitable on the grand scale it had been conducted during the previous fifteen years.

Walter Campbell, Professor of Journalism at the University of Oklahoma, writes under the pen name of Stanley Vestal. He has long been interested in the Mountain Men

and has written several volumes on them including books on Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, contemporaries of Joe Meek. This is one of Vestal's best books, as Meek's flamboyant career and "hell for leather" philosophy of life are admirably suited to the author's style of writing that rarely slows down to a gallop.

BURTON HARRIS

Hackensack, New Jersey
Author: John Colter (1952)

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THE LUSK HERALD--LUSK, WYO.



OPERA HOUSE, CHEYENNE, 1882

The Early Theatres, Cheyenne, Wyoming

1867-1882

By

CAMPTON BELL*

In the late sixties the variety theatre idea was well established,[1] and as it appealed to those with more or less eclectic tastes, it is natural that a robust young town such as Cheyenne was at that period should give encouragement to this form of entertainment. These halls were all built and operated on the same general plan. Under one roof was found the saloon, the gambling house, and the theatre. More often than not they all occupied the same room. The bar was along one side, the gambling tables along the other, and at the rear was an elevated stage. Above the bar was a gallery, divided into compartments by railings, where drinks were served by young girls who entertained the customers in one way or another.[2]

That the patrons of such amusement resorts should enjoy the usual variety bill of singing, dancing, and acrobatic acts is natural but that they should sit through **Othello, Ingomar, Richelieu, and Richard III** is paradoxical in the light of early history. The early audiences were largely

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1. M. B. Leavitt, **Fifty Years in Theatrical Management,** p. 148.
2. **Cheyenne State Leader,** November 24, 1932.

composed of men. This was true for several reasons. First, the average woman was not accustomed to frequenting halls where liquor was sold and gambling took place. Again, there was always an air of uncertainty about the early theatres. In addition to the restless, conglomerate, and uncouth group that made up the audiences, there were the "drunks," the demi-mondes and those unmistakably known as bad men. Thirdly, the female population was in the minority during the formative years of the town, and not until the railroad was linked from coast to coast did the proportion of women begin to approach that of the other sex.

In addition to the variety halls there were the theatres devoted more or less exclusively to the legitimate drama, but their history was checkered and volatile, with the managers too often pandering to the lowest tastes. Nevertheless, they reflect that vivid era and as such have their place in the record of the frontier life.

Just when the first theatrical performance in Cheyenne took place is not known. The first edition of the first newspaper, **The Cheyenne Leader,** published Thursday, September 19, 1867, carried this remark,[3] "The Julesburg Theatrical Troupe arrived in town Tuesday evening. A general desire to witness theatrical performances renders their arrival very welcome just now." Evidently there had been little or no theatrical fare previous to that time. The railroad line had not yet reached the town; the stage coach was the accepted means of transportation; the trip from Julesburg to Cheyenne took the better part of two days; and Denver could be reached in one day only by undue exertion. All of these factors contributed to the sparseness of theatrical fare.

On September 28, a Mr. King and a Mr. Metcalf from the theatre at Julesburg were "making preparations to offer Cheyennities first class entertainments in the histrionic art."[4] Five days later it was announced that "The new King's Theatre will be commenced on Monday and pushed to speedy completion."[5] The building located on the corner of Seventeenth and Eddy Streets was built by E. F. Halleck of Denver for Mr. King.[6] It was described as being "eighty feet long by twenty-six feet wide with parquet and dress circle, private boxes and all modern improvements."[7]

3. **Cheyenne Leader,** Vol. 1, No. 1.
4. **Cheyenne Leader,** September 28, 1867.
5. **Ibid.,** October 3, 1867.
6. **Ibid.,** October 5, 1867.
7. **Ibid.**

That the building was thrown together in less than a week is shown by a reader in the newspaper of October 12 which stated: "Theatre tonight—Manager King will present something amusing and entertaining. Don't fail to go."[8]

The Varities Theatre of Messrs Talbot and White was mentioned on October 19, but there is no available information as to its location.[9] It is probable that King failed to make his enterprise pay, and that it was taken over by Talbot and White.[10] On December 3, James Stark, an actor, was beginning a two-day appearance at Melodeon Hall.[11] This was a theatre located on Seventeenth Street near O'Neil with H. C. Metcalf, proprietor, Mr. A. J. Britton, manager, and Brad Dow, stage manager.[12] It was described as "The finest variety hall of the west and the place to enjoy yourself. New stars will appear next week."[13]

That the theatrical scene had been none too wholesome is evidenced by this paragraph appearing on December 7:

> Under the new management, the Melodeon Theatre appears to be doing a fair business. Ladies may now attend this place of amusement with impunity. The manager is determined to preserve strict order and will allow no disreputable characters admission to the hall.[14]

In a listing of the place of business on December 23, this notation appears: "Seventeenth Street north side, from O'Neil to Eddy two squares. One story frame theatre. Particulars unknown."[15] Whether the other variety halls were listed as saloons or left out intentionally, it is not known, but they were in existence during this time.

Beevais Hall had been erected during the first months at the corner of Seventeenth and Thomes Street. It was the typical variety theatre existing as such until 1897, when it was moved to a lot on Sixteenth Street. It then became known as the Planter's House, and served as a hotel.[16] It was later moved to the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets where it was converted into a theatre by James McDaniels, the central figure in Cheyenne's theatrical history during the first twelve years of its existence.

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8. **Ibid.**, October 12, 1867.
9. **Ibid.**, October 19, 1867.
10. **Ibid.**
11. **Ibid.**, December 3, 1867.
12. **Ibid.**, December 21, 1867.
13. **Ibid.**
14. **Ibid.**, December 7, 1867.
15. **Ibid.**, December 23, 1867.
16. **Ibid.**, May 4, 1882.

Other theatre managers appeared and disappeared as if by magic, but McDaniels was always in the public eye in one way or another. He was what might be termed a "born showman". Since he realized the value of publicity, he was constantly mentioned in the newspapers. McDaniels arrived in Cheyenne from Julesburg sometime in October, 1867, and by the last day of that month he had established a museum on Eddy Street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets where he exhibited stereoscopic views. In his advertisement that day appearing in local news column of the **Cheyenne Leader,** he spent ten dollars and twenty-five cents (41 lines at twenty-five cents per line) to describe not only his exhibit but his well-stocked bar. Admission to the Museum was free to those who patronized the bar. He alluded to himself as "Professor" McDaniels.[17] Soon afterward he styled himself "The Barnum of the West". While the Melodeon theatre and the variety halls were satisfied with a two or three-line advertisement, the loquacious McDaniels wrote dozens of flowery or humorous lines in which were often the sole original note of an otherwise dull newspaper. The inevitable Tom and Jerries, composed of whiskey, "hen fruit, saccharine substance and lacteal fluid," as the ebullient proprietor put it,[18] were constantly referred to in his advertisements. After an eclipse had occurred, this paragraph appeared in the local press:

> Astronomical eclipses are of infrequent occurrence, but there is an eclipse taking place on Eddy St., daily and nightly. It is Professor McDaniel's Museum, which eclipses every other place of amusement in town. It is the only legitimate place of amusement in Cheyenne. The more money you invest with the Professor the greater equivalent you receive. He don't believe in the principle of the more 'brads' you lay down the less you take up: not he. Call upon him, imbibe one of those Thomas and Jerrys etc.— etc., and if not satisfied we pronounce you incorrigible. "Ye Gods!" what nectar the Professor concocts in those little china mugs. Better than the dew on a damsel's lips. Speaking of damsels just step into the Museum and you'll see em, large as life, besides 1,001 other sciences, embracing every known subject. It is an awe-inspiring view.[19]

Ten days later he rhapsodized in verse and prose for 55 lines, and unless his contract called for a lower rate than the average advertiser, it cost him around fourteen dollars.

> Come all ye jolly admirers of Bacchus,
> And we'll inform you where's the ne plus
> **Ultra** of merry bacchanalian princes,
> Who makes such drinks as create winces,

17. **Ibid.,** October 31, 1867.
18. **Cheyenne Leader,** November 12, 1867.
19. **Ibid.,** November 9, 1867.

'Tis on the street that's yclept Eddy,
Where Mac is always, ever ready,
To give bright hues to pale proboscis,
And many gains, but nary losses;
Regale you with the best Havanas,
Just fresh from Cuba's broad savannas—
And mix up such a Thomas and Jerry,
As would an anchorite make merry.

The dogmastical and surreptitiously concentrated stultification of extraneous baboons may be a heterogeneous hypothesis, all of which, we politely assert, has nothing to do with Mac's cigars, T. & J's elevated ornithological tails made of gin, "or any other man."

Oh, if you are hard up,
And in want of a dram,
Just tell Mac all about it—
He'll treat you like a man,
But if you're flush of 'skids'
Why you may bet your pile,
That for a two-bit note
You can get the richest 'smile'—

Nothing like a smile, christian friends, smiles are like streaks of sunshine through an ingeanny fog, like reflections from a mirror before which standeth an antiquated damsel, **alias** (damsell) when she is trying on a new cap. — You can see pictures of young damsels at Mac's where

Bacchus, too, attends upon the scene,
But brings no blushing Grecian wine,
For T & J reigns king, supreme,
Instead of juices of the vine—
Monongahela, Old Bourbon, and then
Old Wye, are standing on the shelf
Who wouldn't for such things as these
Invest a little pelf.

Western men are called progressive, and Shyanners are no exception. They progress daily and nightly to Prof. McDaniel's Eddy street, because they there obtain the best drinkables and smokables in town. A night or two since, Mac made 215 Tom and Jerrys in 45 minutes. Beat that who can.

In conclusion we will remark that some person, occupying the lowest possible notch in the scale of being, amused himself, lately in stealing the lenses in Mr. McDaniel's Museum, for the detection of whom, Mac will pay a reward of $25; and if the light-fingered nuisance is caught, he'll have the chance to draw charcoal sketches of his nose on the inner walls of the calaboose for some time to come. We'll call around to-night, Mac, if the crowd ain't so heavy we can't press in.

Get the wood box ready. Oh, ye Gods ! ! ! ! !20

Advertisements in this tone appeared almost daily, and from them we gain an insight into the temper of their author. He has been described by those who saw him as a

20. **Ibid.,** November 19, 1867.

slender man of medium height, bald-headed, with a mustache and Van Dyke beard, highly strung and strong willed. That he was a great admirer of Barnum there is little doubt. His use of the well-known showman's name in connection with his own, his typical Barnumesque style of advertising, and the type of Museum he built up, all point to his attitude toward his New York confrere.

By New Year's Day, 1868, McDaniel's Hall was well established and adding improvements. **The Cheyenne Leader,** in printing a series of business and financial statistics on "the Magic City, Cheyenne", carried this paragraph concerning his hall:

> Eddy Street, east side, going north to Seventeenth, two squares from Fifteenth street one frame building twenty feet by sixty six feet not yet entirely completed. Addition on the south side twelve feet by forty feet. Addition on north side eighteen feet by forty feet. This building is occupied as an art museum. Professor J. McDaniels owner and proprietor. It has cost, thus far $10,000. It is finely furnished inside with two elegant bars, and is the most popular place of amusement in the city.[21]

If McDaniels furnished the editor with the details for the above article, it might be suspected that the figure of $10,000 is a little high. Although the buildings were crude board structures, the price of lumber was high; and this, together with the bars and Museum furnishings, might possibly show that investment. McDaniels was constantly adding to and improving this and succeeding establishments. For this reason there is no way of determining the exact valuation of his property.

His was the only amusement house listed in the above mentioned business statistics. The Melodeon was closed at the time for repairs[22] and the variety halls might have been listed under "saloons". The Melodeon had changed managers again and was undergoing a thorough renovation. When it opened on January 14, it was renamed the **Cheyenne Theatre** and was known as such until February 10, when the Selden Irwin troupe took it over for three months. Then it was either referred to as the Theatre or Irwin's Theatre. Following a St. Patrick's celebration there, the house was closed again for repairs. When it reopened ten days later, the seats had been furnished with cushions, the walls plastered, the stage rebuilt, new scenery and curtains supplied, and material improvements made in the arrangements for lighting the building.[23] The owner

21. **Ibid.,** January 3, 1868.
22. **Ibid.**
23. **Ibid.,** March 27, 1868.

of the theatre at that time is not known; but on August 3 of that year "I. W. French gave the use of the theatre hall free of charge to the school for an exhibition."[24]

During the first eight months of the year, McDaniels enlarged his stock of museum pieces, adding stuffed animals, a few live ones, and "Miss Charlotte Temple the great English Giantess."[25] On September 25, he took his collection to Denver where he exhibited it at the territorial fair, returning to Cheyenne in the early part of November. He made these annual autumn trips to Colorado regularly during the early seventies.

In addition to the Melodeon, occupied for the most part by the Irwins in legitimate productions and McDaniels' Museum, other places of amusement mentioned in the press from time to time during 1868 were the "New Concert Hall opposite the Montana Exchange, open every night where songs and negro performances are the go;"[26] the "Model Concert Hall, late Stanwix Hall, where every species of innocent amusement can be found, in the way of dances, negro eccentricities and comic songs, and the beauty of it is 'pretty waiting girls' and plenty of lager beer and cigars;"[27] and the Theatre Comique on Sixteenth Street which opened on April 20 with this herald:

> The Theatre Comique opens for the first time this evening. This is an entirely new building and has been fitted up in a very neat and comfortable manner. It is to be devoted to the varieties style of performance, and owing to the cheapness of admission, no doubt will be patronized by the admirers of that class of amusement. The curtain, screens and stage appointments are not very extensive, but make a very pretty appearance. The building is nicely ceiled and the walls papered in a first class style.[28]

In the autumn, the Oasis Concert Hall opened for business on October 3;[29] and the Union Concert Hall, on Eddy Street between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, gave its opening entertainment the 22nd of that month. By November 4, the proprietors of the Oasis had removed "to the late Gold Rooms" which they reopened under the name of the Oasis. Fifteen days later it was referred to as Newmark's Concert Hall. It is not certain when the Gold Room was opened as such, but the location has been definitely established at 310 West Sixteenth Street. All the early

24. **Ibid.**, August 3, 1868.
25. **Ibid.**, August 4, 1868.
26. **Ibid.**, February 28, 1868.
27. **Ibid.**
28. **Ibid.**, April 20, 1868.
29. **Ibid.**, October 5, 1868.

settlers still living recall that glamorous name and its even more glamorous history, albeit much of it is legendary. Newspaper reporters have dealt with it from time to time in a vein more romantic than factual. When the old building was torn down in 1932 to make room for a more modern structure, an enterprising reporter painted a varicolored picture of its past. His information was undoubtedly gleaned from oral sources, since the various histories of Wyoming and the newspapers of the period give little information regarding it. The reporter describes it as being "knocked together almost over night from lumber which had been transported a part of the way from 'the east' at Omaha by bull teams."[30]

> . . . It was Jim Allen's place and its misnomeric title, "The Gold Room" was significant in the ears of the trail riders, the bull-whackers and mule-skinners, the soldiery, the "gilded ladies," the gamblers, the adventurers of all the wild and untamed West. It was a place where everything went, and the more of it the merrier, and was proportionately popular with the turbulent population. More than a half century after its glamour departed surviving pioneers are reticent concerning intimate details of its history—there are things which it is unwise to discuss save in carefully considered company . . .[31]

> From 1867 to 1878, the period of Jim Allen's tenantry the Gold Room was at its best, or worst, that depending on how one is disposed to regard it. . . . What a career it had, what a procession of historic figures passed through its doors. Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, and George Francis Train are sample names from its roster of patrons and visitors . . . The glitter of Black Hills gold lured Allen away in '78 and thereafter the popularity and reputation of the place declined. In 1880, a meat market moved in and thereafter the building's history was colorless.[32]

By January 18, 1869, McDaniels had returned from the east with additional museum stock, including the

> . . . world renowned Circassan girl who is but 19 years of age, and a beauty of the rarest description. He has also brought specimens of animals of all parts of the world. American and Egyptian porcupines, the wonderful white parrots, anacondas and monkeys and apes, of the smallest, largest and funniest kinds. The Museum is now filled with every description of curiosities, even to a life-like statue of the Fegee Mermaid. No other town in the west can boast of an exhibition equal to the McDaniel's Museum.[33]

Seven days later a Mr. Bohn arrived in town from the east to assist in the management of the Museum. Whether

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30. **Cheyenne State Leader,** November 24, 1932.
31. **Cheyenne Leader,** January 18, 1869. Allen sold out his interest in May, 1876.
32. **Cheyenne State Tribune,** November 24, 1932.
33. **Cheyenne Leader,** January 18, 1869.

he remained with McDaniels is not known. But this year proved to be an active one in matters theatrical, and if Mr. Bohn lent his assistance he was kept busy. During the week of March 10, a "lecture room and proscenium"[34] was added to the museum. Legitimate productions were interspersed with variety shows, as they were at the Theatre Comique on Sixteenth Street. These two establishments, together with the Old Theatre building on 17th Street (Irwins), were the principal amusement places of that year. The Theatre was operated during January and February; and from the middle of March until late in May, both the Theatre Comique and McDaniels Theatre offered a full season of variety and legitimate bills. The Theatre Comique closed late in May, but McDaniels' hall continued on until late in the summer; and during the fall and early winter that theatre was the sole one mentioned in extant records. J. R. Summer, who had owned a little variety theatre in the early part of 1869, became connected with Duke in the ownership of the Theatre Comique on March 22. By April 5 he had bought out Duke's share and operated it singly until late in May, when the institution passed from the theatrical scene, never to be operated again under the name of the Theatre Comique.[35]

The year, 1870, started out badly for McDaniels. A fire on January 11 wiped out two city blocks and resulted in a loss of a quarter million dollars.[36] McDaniels' Theatre seems to have escaped miraculously, although the fire broke out on the southeast corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets, only a few doors south of the amusement hall. Every building from Sixteenth to Fifteenth and from Ferguson to Hill Streets was burned to the ground. McDaniels estimated his loss at $1,000. The Gold Room, formerly the Theatre Comique, on Sixteenth Street was badly scorched, but after slight repairs continued to operate as a variety house.[37] It was the McDaniels' Theatre which held the center of attention during that year. The Gold Room is mentioned once and the Planter's House once, the latter in connection with a stereoscopic exhibition.[38]

McDaniels' Theatre continued to supply the theatrical needs of the town until the middle of the summer of 1872. In the early winter of 1871 the building underwent an ex-

34. **Ibid.**, March 10, 1869.
35. **Ibid.**, March 22, 1869; April 5, 1869.
36. **Ibid.**, January 11, 1870.
37. **Ibid.**, January 14, 1870.
38. **Ibid.**, October 21, 1870.

tensive renovation. The central portion of the property was converted into a spacious saloon.

> This room, with its high ceiling, its fine painting, superb bar and general finish, is probably the finest institution of the kind in this territory. Adjoining this is the business office of the proprietor, Mr. McDaniels, and the bar itself is presided over by the ever affable and courteous George Howarth. Next the saloon on the north, is a large and convenient entrance way to the auditory of the theatre; back of this are the dressing rooms, and parlors for the use of the theatre. On the south of the saloon is the museum, a large and neatly fitted room for the purpose of exhibition of the myriad of wonders which Mac keeps on hand for the benefit of the public and those who are admirers of that which is beautiful in art and natural history. Here are found many new paintings which under large and powerful stereoscopic lenses, appear with startling and beautiful effect. . . . Besides these, there are a variety of wild animals, forming altogether a collection which would be a credit to many a larger city than ours.[39]

In August, 1872, J. W. Allen announced a variety bill at the Gold Room.[40] Other advertisements followed in the late fall and winter, and from time to time during 1873 and 1874 his variety announcements referring to his hall as either the Gold Room or the Bella Union, appeared in the local press. Since the average variety hall did not advertise in the local newspapers, it is difficult to trace their history.

In the summer of 1872 a corporation was formed and Recreation Hall (at first designated the Cheyenne Opera House and referred to as the Opera House from time to time) was built on the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Eddy Streets. For three years it proved to be McDaniels' severest competitor. Evidently sponsored and erected by a group opposed to the free and easy atmosphere of McDaniels', with its saloon, museum and menagerie in connection, Recreation Hall was used for legitimate offerings, church benefits, lectures, concerts, and home talent productions. It was completed by August 27, although its initial production took place twelve days before. It was described as:

> An ornament to the town, capable of seating 400 patrons . . . The scenery painted by Mons. La Harte, is just splendid and of sufficient variety for any troupe which may come this way. The floor, thirty feet by sixty feet, is the best in the country, double, and made of best Norway pine, adapted to skating purposes as well as dancing. The building is now ready for public use. The directors propose to open it every Friday evening for social parties, the proceeds to apply to the liquidation of the debt upon the hall.[41]

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39. **Ibid.**, Dec. 19, 1871.
40. **Ibid.**
41. **Ibid.**, August 27, 1872.

In 1875, McDaniels is spoken of as the proprietor of the Cheyenne Opera House.[42] Since Recreation Hall was sometimes known as the Opera House, one might conclude that he had taken over Recreation Hall. The facts at hand, however, point to a practical disuse of the building from March 19, 1875, to August 29, 1879. Up to the former date, the name, Recreation Hall, had been used frequently.[43] For the next two and a half years it appears only intermittently as a roller skating rink, dance hall, and scene of an occasional legitimate production. When it comes into prominence again, it is still known as Recreation Hall.

On July 3, 1875, McDaniels' Theatre again was the scene of a fire. This time the loss was heavy, estimated by the proprietor at $35,000. This included the buildings, stock of liquor, the fixtures, and scenery. By July 20 he had leased McDonald's lot on the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets, and contemplated the erection of a temporary building until a new brick block on Eddy Street was completed. In May he had spoken of the latter venture and had evidently started actual construction by the middle of July.[44] Instead of building a temporary structure, McDaniels moved the old Planter's House to the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets and converted it into a theatre.[45] On November 15, it was opened to the public with the usual McDaniels fanfare of "rising Phoenix-like from the ashes."[46] On April 1, 1876, he suffered another loss of $2,000 when the roof of this theatre, weighted down with snow from a heavy storm, caved in at 2:30 a.m.[47]

When the Gold Room, or Bella Union, the variety hall and saloon under the ownership of J. Allen, closed on May 18, 1876, McDaniels purchased it and proceeded at once to renovate the building. On June 13, it was opened to the public as the "New Dramatic Theatre", but in a short time it was referred to as "McDaniels' New Theatre on Sixteenth Street" and finally "McDaniels' Theatre." Twenty-two days later a fire broke out in the southwest corner of the building back of the stage, in one of the upper dressing rooms. It was believed to have been started by a kerosene lamp touching the side wall. The only person to sustain injuries was the proprietor, who was taking a lamp from one of the dressing rooms when someone threw a paid of

42. **Ibid.**, March 20, 1875.
43. **Ibid.**, August 13, 1879.
44. **Ibid.**, July 20, 1875.
45. **Ibid.**, October 2, 1875.
46. **Ibid.**, November 11, 1875.
47. **Ibid.**, April 1, 1876.

cold water over him and the lamp, causing an explosion which singed his beard and hair, damaged his clothing, and severely burned his hands. The loss of scenery and properties was estimated from three to five hundred dollars. Two actresses lost their wardrobes.[48]

McDaniels was now the proprietor of two establishments. The building on the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy was used for variety entertainment, while the old Gold Room structure at 310 Sixteenth Street was more strictly a legitimate theatre.[49] The nature of each is explained by this news article of August 30, 1876:

> McDaniels' New Variety Theatre. We doubt if any theatre in the country presents a more pleasing entertainment than can be witnessed nightly at McDaniels' New Variety Theatre. This establishment is just what it claims to be, a variety theatre in every sense of the word. Dramatic, minstrel, acrobatic, and vocal selections constitute the programme nightly. The company now performing is a very strong one. McDaniels' New Dramatic Theatre is now open for dramatic, operatic, minstrel or other entertainments. This is one of the neatest and most complete and commodious theatres in the west. First class entertainments will be played either on a certainty or on shares. Cheyenne is without doubt the best show town of its size in the Union, and the immense immigration to the Black Hills gold mines will make it a gold mine to a wide and wake manager like McDaniels.[50]

He was also operating a theatre in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, the center of the gold rush activities of the period.[51]

A Bella Union Theatre on 16th Street was opened up on September 16, 1876, with John Chase as proprietor.[52] It continued through the winter and probably the fall of 1877. On October 21, 1877, John Chase offered the lease, fixtures, bar and appurtenances of the Bella Union Theatre for sale, but fourteen days later he was advertising for variety performers for the same theatre.[53]

McDaniels operated his variety house continuously during the fall and winter of 1876-77, and the Dramatic Theatre was used when there was need for it. A new stage in the latter was dedicated on November 13, but the heating facilities must have been neglected, for ten days later a paragraph in the local press criticized the "heating (or rather cooling) apparatus of the New Dramatic Theatre.

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48. **Ibid.**, July 5, 1876.
49. **Cheyenne Daily Sun**, May 7, 1881.
50. **Cheyenne Leader**, August 30, 1876.
51. **Ibid.**, August 31, 1876. It later burned.
52. **Ibid.**, September 16, 1876.
53. **Ibid.**, October 21, 1877; November 4, 1877.

Everybody in the lower part of the house went home with cold feet and shivering bodies last night."[54] In February, 1877, Mrs. McDaniels was operating the theatre as a roller skating rink, probably in the afternoons and on those nights when the house would otherwise be closed.[55]

On June 19, it was announced that McDaniels would "begin laying the foundation for a new brick building this morning."[56] This building, a two story brick structure, situated on Eddy Street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, was completed by April 10, 1878. It was called the McDaniels' Block and still stands. On the ground floor were three store rooms, each provided with a basement. A hall door toward the north end of the building led to the second story, which contained four large office rooms, three smaller ones, and a large hall with a slightly elevated platform in one end. This hall was used for dances, church festivals, and amateur entertainments.[57]

While this building was in the process of construction, McDaniels did not neglect his other enterprises. In July, 1877, he completely renovated the Dramatic Theatre. The structure was described as being one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, forty-eight feet wide, and containing a dozen elegantly fitted private boxes and four commodious parlors. These, together with a dress circle and parquet, provided seating facilities for eight hundred persons.[58]

Whether his variety theatre was closed for a time during the winter of 1877-78 is not known, but on March 3, 1878, a press notice announced a reopening of the McDaniels' Variety Theatre "with a new corps of artists."[59] Later that month he was in Deadwood negotiating for the purchase of the Bella Union there. He was snowbound in Deadwood for three weeks, but arrived in Cheyenne to find his brick block practically completed.[60] By July 23, 1878, he had disposed of his variety theatre and was centering his attention on his new block and the Dramatic Theatre.

Late in 1877, Jervis Joslin and M. A. Arnold were listed as the proprietors of Recreation Hall.[61] They undoubtedly purchased it from the stockholders, who saw an opportunity to obtain part of their original investment. Since the

54. **Ibid.,** November 23, 1876.
55. **Ibid.,** February 7, 1877.
56. **Ibid.,** June 19, 1877.
57. **Cheyenne Sun,** April 14, 1878.
58. **Cheyenne Leader,** August 4, 1877.
59. **Ibid.,** March 3, 1878.
60. **Ibid.,** March 26, 1878.
61. **Ibid.,** October 28, 1877.

hall had been dark for the past two years, it is likely that Joslin and Arnold obtained it at a figure somewhat lower than its real valuation. At any rate, they refitted it and advertised that it was ready to rent for all kinds of shows, lectures, concerts, dancing parties, and church festivals. It boasted a stage measuring twenty by thirty feet, and seating accommodations for four hundred persons. They operated Recreation Hall for almost two years, but in August, 1879, Charles Turck took it over, adding new scenery and stage fittings. It functioned for a year, passing from theatrical annals when it was purchased for use as a stable.[62]

Sometime between December 25, 1878, and January 10, 1879,[63] McDaniels sold the variety theatre to Halleck brothers of Denver, who leased it to John Chase, manager of the Bella Union two years before.[64] On March 18, 1879, McDaniels' Dramatic Theatre was reopened with Rhodes and Masi as lessees. McDaniels had sold it on or before January 11 of that year to Fred Addoms. Three days later he shipped his scenery and properties to Leadville, Colorado, and made arrangements for the erection of a theatre there. He reported that he had 40,000 pounds of scenery at the terminal of the South Park Railroad to be hauled by teams into the new mining camp.[65] There is no available information on the disposition of the Eddy block. On August 15, 1881, at the master commissioner's sale a piano "formerly owned by Mr. James McDaniels was sold to Mrs. Jenkins for $60."[66] That significant detail intimates that his financial condition at the time he left was somewhat uncertain. It is likely that he had mortgaged the building and that it was lost by foreclosure.[67] Undaunted by reverses, he undoubtly saw an opportunity to make money in Leadville, then a boom town in central Colorado.[68] At least the press reported him to be "making a big hit" in that town in April,

62. **Ibid.,** August 13, 1879.

63. **Cheyenne Sun,** April 14, 1878, contains a good description of the building.

64. **Cheyenne Leader,** August 4, 1877.

65. **Cheyenne Sun,** January 11, 1879; January 24, 1879.

66. **Cheyenne Leader,** August 16, 1881.

67. **The Cheyenne Daily Sun** obtained the building in 1885 and occupied it for ten years. Since that time it has been used for offices, small shops of one sort and another and at the present time (1935) the lower part has been converted into a dormitory for indigents while the hall on the second floor is being employed as a recreation room for them.

68. **The Cheyenne Daily Sun,** April 1, 1879, refers to Leadville as a city of 15,000 population with 2,742 buildings, 73 of which were saloons, twenty open gambling houses, and three, theatres.

1880, when he was "enlarging" and "improving" his theatre there.[69]

After several years in Leadville, he moved into Denver in 1888 where he became associated with Nat Halligan at the Olympic Theatre. The next year, in July, he was back in Cheyenne with a combination museum and menagerie playing a one-day stand. The **Democratic Leader** of that day had this to say of him:

> McDaniels was here when wine flowed like water. He has returned to find water flowing like wine and a great city where he left a miscellaneous collection of rudely constructed frame buildings.
>
> Everyone knows that Jim McDaniels was proprietor of the leading Cheyenne variety theatre when proprietorship of that place meant much. Primarily it meant that the owner coined money. For several years during the Black Hills excitement Jim's net income was no less than $500 a day. He spent it like the royal good fellow he is. It was necessary that the manager be a brave courageous man, for fights were frequent and he was by common consent the peace-maker and frequently of necessity the "bouncer." Mac, who is a little man, is as spunky as they make them, and was equal to all emergencies though he was occasionally caressed with a chair or slapped with the butt of a six shooter and several times shot at.
>
> Jim was an improvisator, too, likewise an impressario. He could arrange an elaborate programme of merit off-hand, was pretty clever at the creation of talent.
>
> The career of Jim McDaniels has been a busy one full of adventures and ups and downs. He has been worth his hundreds of thousands, then gliding on his uppers for a season, but always full of business, cheerful and light hearted. In balmy days a prince, in adversity generosity limited only by his means, he made friends in a calling not the most exalted, for in 1876 a Western variety hall was not swarming with paragons of virtue or overcrowded with beings whose morality was notable. Mac banished thugs from his place as rapidly as they were found out and did his best to protect patrons.
>
> McDaniels has been pretty roughly handled in several melees. Here and in Leadville, where he also made big money he was thrown from gallery to pit and in both landings sustained injuries which brought him within knocking distance of death's door.
>
> Yesterday the pioneer manager seemed the same old Jim McDaniels of fifteen years ago. He moves about with characteristic nervousness, his eyes twinkle as of yore, and his cheeks are as fat as ever with the same ring in the peculiar voice and the habitual hearty greeting to callers and gladsome smile and athletic handshake to old acquaintances. The man's memory is really wonderful for he recollected all the old timers.[70]

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69. **Cheyenne Leader,** April 19, 1880.
70. **Democratic Leader,** July 17, 1889.

While the foregoing article may not be based entirely on fact, it throws light on the character of the most picturesque showman Cheyenne has known.[71]

McDaniels' Variety Theatre, under the management of John Chase, was unsuccessful, although Chase changed stage managers from time to time.[72] It operated intermit-

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71. In 1890 he was managing a vaudeville house in Seattle, Washington. After a year there, he joined the ranks of the Salvation Army, carrying the banner occasionaly and playing the brass drum. In December, 1893, he wrote to the **Cheyenne Leader** from Salt Lake that he intended to open a theatre there shortly. After his letter was printed in the **Cheyenne Leader** of December 9, an old pioneer volunteered this first hand information to a reporter of that paper:

> Little Mac was a great character. He is a born showman and never is so happy as during the presentation of a good play in his theatre. Not even counting his plethoric roll after a successful week afforded him a particle of the satisfaction that the sound of an audience applauding some favorite footlight star gave him. He came to Cheyenne in—let me see—I think the year '68 (it was 1867) and was in business here nearly a decade (eleven years). He ran the biggest variety theatre in the city. He usually had good shows and always had when they were obtainable. In those days the population of Cheyenne was largely floating and not of a character to be trifled with. The variety theatres were the scenes of frequent fights between the outcasts of the East. Over these men McDaniels had the most wonderful influence. He hadn't the slightest particle of fear in his composition and would jump in between fellows twice his size who were beside themselves with rage. On one occasion I saw him stop a free fight between over 100 men and he did it in less than two minutes. There were dozens of guns drawn in the crowd and but for little Mac's skill as a mediator there would have been plenty of blood shed. His first place in town was on Eddy Street between 16th and 17th streets. Originally he ran a museum which he afterwards transformed into a variety theatre. He made money plentifully in those flush days and spent it liberally, even recklessly. His hobby was to have the finest theatre in the West and to this end he almost continually had a crowd of carpenters at work rebuilding, remodelling, or enlarging his premises. His money was always in circulation and but for one misfortune after another he would have been an extremely wealthy man in spite of his reckless expenditures.

On January 14, 1899, the **Cheyenne Leader** reprinted a feature story from the **El Paso Graphic,** in which McDaniels was pictured as living in that Texas town almost destitute awaiting the "turn of the wheel of fortune." A showman to the end, he had told the reporter that he was a pupil of the great Barnum, who first entrusted him with $10,000 worth of his curiosities; that his variety hall was the only building large enough for a court room during those first years in Cheyenne; and similar fabrications. It is generally believed that he died penniless in a park there about 1907. A more complete story of his life would necessitate an examination of the newspaper files and local histories of Leadville, Denver, Seattle, Salt Lake City, and Deadwood.

72. **Cheyenne Leader,** July 20, 1879; March 25, 1880.

tently until May, 1881, when it became the sole legitimate playhouse in consequence of the purchase of the Dramatic Theatre for a meat market.

The Dramatic Theatre at 310 Sixteenth Street, formerly the old Gold Room which McDaniels had purchased from Allen in 1876, was managed by D. C. Rhodes and W. M. Masi for several months in 1879. By December 25th of that year, Masi alone was listed as the enterprising manager who had the "entire front of the building converted into doors made to swing outside, so that in case of a panic from any cause, the audience could get out to the street safely in two minutes."[73] By 1881, Rhodes was the manager, and on May 5 the final theatrical performance in the building was held.[74] L. Bresnahen purchased the building and converted it into a meat market.[75] He had intended to tear it down, but the old building remained standing until 1932, when D. W. Garlett erected a brick structure in place of the sixty-five year-old wooden shell.

The passing of the Dramatic Theatre left Chase's Theatre (still referred to from time to time as McDaniels' Theatre) the one legitimate playhouse in the town. On April 16 of that year (1882), the Opera House company was formed and plans were formulated to commence construction immediately. Chase's Theatre supplied the need for a stage until Library Hall, a second-story room in the Opera House, was opened to the public in March, 1882. Douglas C. Rhodes, a former manager of the defunct Dramatic Theatre, managed Chase's Theatre during that interval of nearly a year. That people still thought of Chase's Theatre as a variety hall can be seen from this notice in the local press just before it was opened:

> All the traveling companies which are to come hereafter will play in Chase's theatre, which is infinitely superior for dramatic purposes, until the new Opera House is completed. On these occasions the building will be opened in front and the saloon closed off from the theatre, and none of the characteristics of the variety show will be visible. Thus the place will be as safe for ladies to visit as the old one was and much more comfortable and satisfactory.[76]

Mr. Chase's lease expired during the week of November 17, 1881, and his manager, D. C. Rhodes, obtained it.[77] Thirteen days later Chase and his brother Edward of Denver became proprietors of the Inter Ocean Hotel, the largest

73. **Ibid.,** January 1, 1880.
74. **Ibid.,** April 17, 1881; May 5, 1881.
75. **Cheyenne Daily Sun,** May 7, 1881.
76. **Cheyenne Daily Sun,** May 7, 1881.
77. **Cheyenne Leader**, November 17, 1881; November 22, 1881.

hotel in town and the stopping place of the major theatrical companies.[78] During the latter part of November, Rhodes and Arnold fitted Chase's Theatre, as it was still called, into a skating rink, and when there were no legitimate offerings, roller skating was permitted. When Library Hall was ready for occupancy in March, 1882, the doors of Chase's Theatre were closed permanently as far as the drama was concerned. It was untenanted from then until a fire in May, 1882, burned it to the ground.[79]

The burning of that historic structure, built in 1867 as Beevais Hall, later known as Planter's House, then as McDaniels' Variety Theatre and finally as Chase's Theatre, brings an end to the first chapter of Cheyenne's theatrical history. On the twenty-fifth day of the same month in which the fire occurred, the magnificent Opera House on 17th and Ferguson Streets was opened to the public, and for the next twenty years that institution overshadowed every other theatrical enterprise in the town. The first fifteen years from 1867-1882 were active ones in what was still a frontier village. Six different houses had offered legitimate productions during that period, and seventeen variety halls were mentioned. It is likely that the figure for variety establishments is too low, since few of them advertised in the local press at that time. While the twenty-year period, in which the Opera House dominated the theatrical scene, was not so active and colorful as the preceding period, it is marked by a dignity and stability unknown in the first fifteen years.

CHEYENNE THEATRES AND VARIETY HALLS

A partially complete list of the theatres and variety halls which existed in Cheyenne, Wyoming, between October 12, 1867, and December 7, 1902.

Building	Type*	Manager	First Mentioned	Location
King's Theatre	L	King	Oct. 12, 1867	19th & Eddy
Varieties Theatre	V	Talbot & King	Oct. 19, 1867	
Melodeon	C	A. J. Britton	Dec. 3, 1867	17th near O'Neil
McDaniels' Museum	C	James McDaniels	Oct. 31, 1867	Eddy between 16th & 17th
Beevais Hall	V		Sometime in 1867	17th & Thomes
Cheyenne Theatre	L		Jan. 8, 1868	17th near O'Neil
Irwin's Theatre	L	Selden Irwin	Feb. 10, 1868	17th near O'Neil
New Concert Hall	V		Feb. 28, 1868	Across from Montana Exchange

78. **Cheyenne Daily Sun,** August 24, 1886.
79. **Cheyenne Leader,** May 4, 1882.

* L indicates a legitimate theatre; V a variety hall; C a combination of the two.

Building	Type*	Manager	First Mentioned	Location
Model Concert Hall	V		Feb. 28, 1868	
Theatre Comique	C	Duke and Co.	Apr. 20, 1868	310 W. 16th St.
Oasis Concert Saloon	V	Reynolds & Gregory	Oct. 3, 1868	
Union Concert Hall	V	Woodworth & Sajoc	Oct. 22, 1868	Eddy between 15th & 16th
The Gold Room	V	James Allen	Nov. 4, 1868	310 W. 16th St.
The Oasis	V	Gregory & Newmark	Nov. 4, 1868	
Newmarks Concert Hall	V	Newmark	Nov. 19, 1868	
The Old Theatre on 17th	L	J. Langrishe	Jan. 7, 1869	17th near O'Neil
Orleans Club Hall	V		Feb. 6, 1869	
Sumner Variety Theatre	V	J. R. Sumner	Mar. 15, 1869	
Theatre Comique	V	Sumner & Duke	Mar. 22, 1869	
McDaniels' Theatre	C	J. McDaniels	Mar. 10, 1869	Eddy between 16th & 17th
Planter's House	V		Oct. 21, 1870	
Recreation Hall	L	Corporation	Aug. 15, 1872	N.E. corner 18th & Eddy
McDaniels Variety Theatre	V	J. McDaniels	Nov. 15, 1875	S.W. corner of 16th & Eddy
The Tivoli Concert Hall	V		Aug. 17, 1874	16th Street
The Bella Union	V		Nov. 27, 1875	310 West 16th
McDaniels' Dramatic Theatre	L	J. McDaniels	June 13, 1876	310 West 16th
The Coliseum	V	J. D. Brennan	Apr. 24, 1878	
Novelty Theatre	V		Aug. 6, 1878	
The Dramatic Theatre	L	Rhodes & Masi	Mar. 18, 1879	310 West 16th
Chase's Theatre	L	John Chase	Jan. 10, 1879	S.W. corner of 16th & Eddy
Library Hall	L	Corporation	Mar. 7, 1882	N.W. corner of 17th & Hill
The Opera House	L	Corporation	May 25, 1882	N.W. corner of 17th & Hill
Keefe Hall	L	M. P. Keefe	1882	1812 Ferguson
Germania Hall	V	Leopold Kabis	Oct. 11, 1884	16th near Ferguson
Turner Hall			June 7, 1891	16th & Thomes

Fifty Years Ago

By

VIRGINIA HALDEMAN JONES*

The train was on its westward way across the monotonous plains of Kansas. Now and then my eyes would stray from the book in my lap to try to fathom their infinity. In tune with the rails, the lines of Robert Louis Stevenson kept running through my mind. Riding, perhaps over this very track, he had sat upon the top of a freight car and described these plains, "level as a billiard board, they run to kiss the far horizon."

But not for long could they hold my attention, for the best seller of the year held me deep in the romance of Mollie Stark Woods and "The Virginian" up in Wyoming, where she went to teach a ranch school. I, too, was on my way to Wyoming and I, too, was to teach a ranch school. Who knew what this great adventure might bring to me in fulfilment of the usual dreams of an eighteen-year-old college freshman?

The book was read eagerly, not only for its interest, but because it must be finished before Colorado was reached, as my eyes would then be needed to feast upon the sight of my first mountains. It was dark when Denver was reached, but at dawn, never shall I forget my amazement to find them miles away, but even then, most impressive. Now attending school there, my brother had spent the previous

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*Mrs. Virginia Haldeman Jones, High School Principal at the Wyoming Girls School, Sheridan, was born October 31, 1884, at Avoca, Iowa. She received her B.A. Degree at the University of Iowa in 1906, and has since attended the Newcomb Art School at New Orleans and has done graduate work at the Universities of Iowa and Wyoming. She taught school in Iowa, at Scottsbluff, Nebraska, Laramie and Lingle, Wyoming. In 1905 she was married to Nyle W. Jones, a graduate in law from the University of Iowa, and they were the parents of three children, two girls and one boy. He passed away in 1939.

Mrs. Jones has traveled extensively in the U. S., Canada, Cuba and Mexico. She has written a number of free lance feature articles, chiefly historical, and poetry. She also enjoys painting scenes of Wyoming mountains. After the last war she undertook to remodel several houses for veterans to help with the critical housing shortage. She was active in Girl Scout activities and now has interests in the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women, the D. A. R. and the alumnae of Pi Beta Phi.

year in Wyoming, driving for my cousin, Gordon Wright, who carried the mail to Centennial from Laramie City, as it was then designated on the maps. He also freighted with four teams, and I could not hear enough of this mystic state of my destination, with all of its attractions.

As the highest spot on the Union Pacific was between Cheyenne and Laramie, mountain peaks were expected to appear momentarily. Since Laramie was 7200 feet in elevation, it was surprising to glide out on a plain, with little scenery except mesa-like Sheep Mountain to the westward.

I was met at the station by my "double cousins", Mary and Agnes Wright, both teachers in the public schools. They were old settlers, as they had come out in the eighties to the territory. We walked up to their home on Grand Avenue, next door to the Hollidays. Their fragile mother, now past eighty, and their sister, Katherine, who was the homemaker, warmly greeted me. Mary had been County Superintendent of Schools and knew all of Albany County, the districts and the people.

Their friend, Mrs. Mary Bellamy, was then County Superintendent and, after a conference with her, I retired to an upper room for three days to review for the examinations for a County Certificate. This was issued for one year only and then the process was repeated. As I survey the grades made in two days of continuous writing, I can not refrain from wondering if teachers today could pass these thorough tests in eight "common branches" and the "didactics and pedagogy" of that time. They were written in her office, in the home of Mrs. Bellamy, on the farthest outskirts of the town.

As I approached it, I had noted a large building of rugged, tan stone in a great expanse of sagebrush out on the plain. She told me that this was the University of Wyoming. Forty years later, returning from California, a search was made for "Old Main" among the impressive buildings of the beautiful modern campus. Such development portrays the value Wyoming people have always placed upon the "intangibles", for education then and now has been uppermost.

My sister Ada Haldeman had taken a school near Laramie, after teaching on the Sybille for the Dover and Henke families, and also at Bosler. It was her experience in ranch, and later high schools, which fitted her for four terms as County Superintendent of Scottsbluff County in Nebraska and later, for the same length of time, in Goshen County, Wyoming. After too brief a visit with her, Mrs. Bellamy placed me in a rural school to the northwest on the Little

Laramie river. Soon I was riding with the Biddick family across the ridge which shut off the view of the town. To the right could be seen glimpses of the railroad and the water tank at Wyoming station, but that was the only house in all of the fourteen miles before the corral and cluster of buildings were sighted. My first view of a ranch followed the pattern of those to be seen in future. Theirs was superior to many. All of the construction was of logs, set on the banks of the river, which was a goodly stream. It was here too wide for nine-year-old Johnny to throw a stone across it. A plank, firmly fixed into the bank and weighted with rocks, formed a safe vantage point to fill the buckets with the clear water for all the family needs.

That night the little black dog stood under my window and barked himself hoarse at the coyotes across the river, which howled back at him in long, doleful wails. No wonder that from that time, I held a great determination to possess a coyote skin rug!

On Monday, with well-filled lunch pails, we set out for the mile and a half walk to school. No other building was in sight for endless miles, except where rose the gate poles of the home ranch of the late Ora Haley. He had been an important cattle man of this period, but the family had moved to town and only ranch hands carried on, so there were no children there to attend school.

As we drew near, the schoolhouse appeared to be white frame, exactly as the ones in Iowa. I had wanted it to be of logs! I soon discovered that teacher was to serve also as janitor. She must, perforce, carry in the drinking water from the yard pump, the coal from the shed, carry out the ashes from the pot-bellied stove, build the fires, wash the blackboards, and sweep every night before leaving.

In the morning, after hovering about the stove until the chill was gone, the thick coating of chalk dust and ashes must be removed before school could be called. All this was accepted as a matter of course, not only by the school board, but by the teacher as well. There was no young boy here, as in Iowa, to do all of this gladly for a dollar and a half a month! Indeed, why object? There the teacher earned only thirty dollars a month, and here it was to be a whole forty-five, with only fifteen to pay for board and room. There was no need to spend money, so all could be saved for another year at college.

Looking over the register, there appeared the names of three neighbor children, and they had stopped school during the term. No explanation had ever been given for the resignation of the previous teacher, so the girls were ques-

tioned. Their replies were courteous, but guarded. Information was readily given, however, when asked where the neighboring ranch was located. They pointed to a ridge to the southward, beyond which it lay. Noting their reticence, inquiry was delayed until that night at home. One of the elders casually referred to some trouble at school last year, after which the three other children had stopped attending. Realizing that ill-feeling existed between the two families, nothing further was ever mentioned. It was some time before the evidence of this animosity was brought to light!

No children came over the ridge to school, and, as Johnny was recovering from a serious illness, there were only the two Biddick girls to attend. Never could teacher have asked for more attentive or eager pupils, for their minds were like sponges, absorbing everything and asking for more. Edna was taking Latin, and since they were good Catholics, she evidently resolved to understand every word of the mass, because she mastered the grammar with skill. When winter came, she entered the "preparatory", or high school department of the University of Wyoming in Laramie. She majored in Latin and, when she received her degree, taught in the city high school until her untimely death nine years ago. Of the family of six, there remains only Miss Delia, now past eighty, and Ethel, who manages their large ranch of more than 10,000 acres from their home in Laramie.

The sweeping accomplished, the walk home from school was always a pleasant one, with the children keeping watch for their little flock of sheep. When they had moved out to the ranch, someone had given Edna a fine ewe and now there were twenty-two. Coyotes would encircle them and watch the lambs greedily, while they grazed among the sagebrush before the house. Then one of the girls would ride out on her pony, chase the coyotes out on the flats, and bring the flock closer.

Thus, at the long table in the pleasant kitchen, the family enjoyed this most delicate of meats, and with the lamb was served a delicious chili sauce, made from canned tomatoes. Large, fluffy biscuits appeared at every meal with sweet ranch butter and buckberry jam. Miss Delia Neville, Mrs. Biddick's sister, who was one of the family, helped in all things, for there was much cooking to feed the hearty ranch hands who lived in the bunk house but ate with us. The women were immaculate housekeepers and every one of the seven rooms, with their smooth plastered walls, testified to their care.

So passed the months of July and August, broken by fortnightly trips to Laramie for the mail and shopping. In early September, three transients had been brought out from town to help with the haying. On the fifteenth, they had finished and the men were ready to go back, but it began to snow and continued for three days, until there were twenty-six inches on the level. When it cleared Mr. Biddick set out to break the road to town with a bobsled and a four-horse team and as many men. He returned the following day while a chinook was blowing and soon not a vestige of white remained, except on the slopes of "Old Sheep" to the southwest. They said it was most "unusual", but the next spring "the desert would blossom as the rose".

It has always been a source of satisfaction to have seen an unspoiled, original rodeo. Then there were no hawkers, no hotdog stands, no side-shows, no hurdy-gurdy, no Midway, not even an Indian! Sitting on wooden bleachers, we saw the daring and skilled feats of true amateurs on bucking broncos carry off their laurels. One lone cowgirl graced the scene.

Around the track many fine teams and smart vehicles were being driven. Behind a black matched pair, in a model, rubber-tired trap, rode Roberta Vance and a friend visiting her from Newton, Iowa, her former home. Their modish black veils streamed behind as her horses tried their speed. So thrilled was I that for a while I nurtured the wild idea of riding a bronco all the way back to Iowa!

Another outstanding event was the conviction of Tom Horn for murder, as he was then awaiting his death by hanging. Many in Wyoming believed that a great clan of masked riders would swoop down upon his prison and rescue him from such a fate. So an armed guard was stationed and, in some quarters, there seemed to be marked disappointment that no such spectacular raid had been made. He paid his penalty on the appointed day.

Mr. Biddick loaned me a saddle horse and I set out alone to spend my birthday, Hallowe'en, with my sister Ada on the Dutch Flats, twenty-eight miles away. Ten miles out on the sagebrush plains the horse stumbled and over its head I fell in a heap! My bravery took a tumble, too, but when I found all my anatomy in working order, I scrambled up on the horse and proceeded down the road four miles west of Laramie, until the telegraph lines to Wood's Hole were reached. These ran past the Arthur Nottage farm and there I saw my sister for the first time in four months, although we would be close together today at such a short distance. Needless to say I did little walking the next day,

but the return Sunday evening was made without further mishap.

Only a tenderfoot would have attempted such a first ride, but my cousins told me that Eastern newcomers were always doing the unusual in Wyoming, because they believed westerners had no restraints. It seems that not long before, the New England sister of a prominent Wyoming Judge had quite scandalized everyone by going on a trail trip to the mountains alone with a hired guide. This was thrown at me one day when I rode cross-saddle into town in a full-pleated skirt, instead of the accepted divided kind. How could this be done, since I did not possess one?

A never-to-be-forgotten October had just passed. The sun in the deep blue dome showed not one wisp of cloud during the entire month. Never having seen such clear skies in Iowa, constant watch was kept at recesses, noons and to and from school, but not one film of vapor dimmed the turquoise sky.

Sometimes it was a bit lonely, between the trips to town and the many letters which came from relatives and college friends to enliven my "great adventure", as they chose to dub my trip to teach in rural Wyoming. The "Gibson Girl" was the rage of the day and I whiled many an hour, with pen and ink, drawing his "Eternal Question", the head of a beautiful woman, whose long curl made a perfect interrogation point. The boys, with whom I corresponded, wrote that they had had it framed to grace their rooms. On one Saturday, among my letters, was a telegram announcing victory in an important football game. It was from the captain himself!

Usually the womenfolk drove to town alone, but one crisp winter day Mr. Biddick rode with us. All about, before their burrows among the sage, the jackrabbits were sunning themselves. In little longer than the usual time he had shot fifteen, never once missing. He put them into a gunny sack and sold them to a market.

Edna went in to the fall term of the University, leaving only a single pupil. One day the school trustee from Wyoming station had dinner with us and then they held a meeting. To cut expenses, it was decided to hold school at home. So the daily three-mile walk, and all the janitor work was ended, and studies were carried on at the dining room table. Johnny came in occasionally to read when he became lonely. The term ended just before Christmas.

The holidays were spent with my sister, and I arrived in time for her school's holiday program and box supper. The dearth of talent may well be imagined, when I dared to sing

a high school Christmas song as a solo! People were kind and "a good time was enjoyed by all." Ada was entering school at Boulder, so the time was spent in sewing. Then word came from Mrs. Bellamy that a term of school awaited me at the Frank Prager 10 Ranch, four miles from Laramie Peak.

Leaving the train at Rock River, I knocked at the door of Mrs. Roxy McDermott, who "kept hotel" in her home. She was known far and wide for her energy and kindliness. She greeted me cordially, for I had written for accommodations and a ride with the mail carrier to Garrett, the nearest postoffice to Prager's. Mrs. McDermott made me feel at home and seated me in her parlor. Excusing herself, she went to the kitchen to get supper. Her voice could be heard, marshalling her forces to action.

"Dave, you go down and get me some apples."

"Lonie, you peel 'em."

"Art, you put 'em on the stove and sugar 'em, when they're done. **I'M** going to make some applesauce!"

This was far from the usual New Year's Eve, for after a supper of applesauce and other good food, it was bed at eight-thirty to be up early. Cash Lewis, the driver, said we were to leave at six.

Outstanding among more than sixty New Year's Days is the one which dawned at Rock River in 1904! Up at five and after an abundant breakfast I paid Mrs. McDermott for two meals and lodging. It was a dollar and a half! She wrapped warm bricks from the oven and came outside with me. Others followed with two huge quilts which had been warming by the Round Oak stove in the parlor. The "stage" was an open buckboard, and my trunk and telescope were in the back with the mail bags. The quilts were placed on the left side of the seat, I sat thereon, and then they were deftly wrapped and tucked and folded over the bricks at my feet. The lively little buckskins took to their accustomed trail, while the crisp morning air at 20 below whisked past, but the thoughtfulness of the experienced natives for the tenderfoot teacher prevented any discomfort from the cold.

The sky was dark and the few straggling houses were quickly left behind. The whistle of the train sounded across the plains. It was the last one I was to hear for five months. Finally, the twelve miles to Rock Creek were covered. Here there had been a small settlement on the railroad, but in 1900 the Union Pacific had straightened its track, leaving a deserted village. The general store alone remained, with the owner's white home beside it. It was the last frame house to be seen for some time. The Prager

and Garrett families had once lived here, but the schoolhouse had gone to the railroad. They now lived near the Peak, and the school must "go to the mountain." So teachers were found who were willing to leave church, doctor and train far behind for many months. Of course, horses were the only means of transportation, as they brought the mail to Garrett on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, making the return trip on the following days. Thus Mr. Lewis' two teams covered 180 miles each a week. Sunday was for them and their driver truly a day of rest.

Many would quail at the thought of a sixty-mile ride into such isolation, but there were no qualms in the heart of this young teacher in the buckboard. Had not Mollie Stark Woods left the train at this **very spot** decades ago, and had not romance come to her in full measure? In fact, the entire country was even then delighting in her story with "The Virginian". On this **very spot** she had taken off by stage for her school on a distant ranch. To be sure, the light buckboard had supplanted the cumbersome stage-coach, and the clean-cut young driver's face proved he was perfectly sober, and not apt to founder in the creek, while the Virginian miraculously appeared to rescue her. Today, Wister's romance is completing its first half century of immortality. Then its spell, woven about the mystic name of Wyoming, coupled with the joyous, adventurous spirit of youth, made each turn in the trail lure the eye to see, and the imagination to picture, the tales the driver told her.

Many were the legends of the country and stories of the kindly people among whom she was to live, which Mr. Lewis related to keep the new teacher from feeling strange or becoming homesick. The sun had now risen, tempering the cold, and, across the sage beckoned the dusky outlines of Laramie Peak against a sky of ethereal blue. Now it would seem to be over the next rising ground and, when that was reached, it had withdrawn at a distance.

Far away appeared the modern rock ranch house of Senator McGill. Here Mary Wright had taught his children, now grown, so it was with pleasant anticipation that the stop was made for dinner. He was not at home, but the housekeeper served a good roast beef dinner, for which a charge of twenty-five cents was made.

The journey was now half done and the new team kept their little jogging trot with a will. As the sun swung to our left, the country became more rugged, and the Peak nearer and larger. A few trees appeared and we skirted a rocky rim. "Antelope Basin," announced the driver, as he pointed with his unused whip across a great depression.

Apparently he enjoyed my surprise and pleasure at the view. The broncs were carefully checked as the buckboard precariously tilted down a rutted road, and I was warned to "sit high to balance" before the descent to the basin floor was accomplished.

Shadowed by the encircling rim, gloom overspread the rough terrain. The short winter day was drawing to a close, but the driver pointed again toward a dark object. "Garrett's, where you sleep tonight. Pragers have gone to a dance and will come after you tomorrow!" This man had a strong sense of the dramatic.

Nearing the house, the low lines showed logs, grey and mellowed and chinked with white plaster. The roof was covered with earth, and in the fading twilight wisps of stems growing from it waved in the winter wind. Later I heard that the driver was "sweet on" the young lady of the family, but there was nothing in their greeting to betray it.

Forbidding in its barred strength, the heavy board door swung wide. Cash Lewis introduced me and, attractive and cordial, Olive Garrett greeted me with heart-warming western hospitality. In the low-ceiled living room, where a wood stove glowed warmly and two little sisters stood shyly near her, I was seated in a large, golden oak rocker. Its shining leather seemed unusual among the other well-worn furniture. It rocked irregularly on the knots in the floor, which stood up in little peaks. Later I heard that Mrs. Garrett had won it in an election wager from a Laramie judge.

His team put up, Mr. Lewis came in and we went to the kitchen for supper. Even now, after a half century, each New Year's Day recalls the savory aroma of cove oyster stew and a vivid picture comes to mind. The cheerful cookstove in the corner of the long room, the table with benches along both sides and the small, high windows which suggested excellent portholes through which to fire at attacking Indians!

After the usual guest courtesy of wiping the dishes, Olive took me into the postoffice. In this small room, about eight feet square, were arranged criss-cross, unpainted boards to form pigeon holes, and beneath each one was pasted a slip of paper bearing the names of ranchers near and far. This was operated as a fourth-class postoffice, and Mrs. Garrett's only compensation was the stamp cancellation. Since I was to become a liberal purchaser, my favorable position was soon established. Little did I then realize how much the letters, which were to come to this little room, would shape the entire course of my future life!

The next morning the two Prager boys, Fred and Frank, came for me in their spring wagon and my trunk was loaded into the back. As we drove, they told me that a little schoolhouse, built on skids, had in former years been placed at a spring midway between the Garrett and Prager ranches so that each family rode four miles to school. The term began in the spring and ran until late September. As the boys grew and were needed for summer work, a plan was evolved to apportion from the district school taxes a number of months to each family. During the winter, school would be held in the several homes. This year the four Pragers had been allowed three months and the parents were adding two more. The salary was the same as the Biddick school, but board was to be only ten dollars a month. The little schoolhouse had been purchased by Mr. Prager and now stood near their house for storage.

Across rolling foothills and through many gates, the trail led for eight miles; then, nestled in a wide valley between piles of majestic red granite boulders, the 10 Ranch house was seen. The boys said that it was built of logs from the Peak, and that the siding had been put over them later. Entering the kitchen, the warm handclasp of the brown-eyed mother made me feel at home. The father rose from his easy chair by the range and greeted me heartily, then seated himself with his pipe in evident contentment as his children crowded around to meet the new teacher.

And well might he have been proud of his family! Dora, the eldest, was an attractive brunette; Fred, the older son, was black-haired, grave and reserved; Frankie, blond and sunny, had a glint of mischief in his blue eyes; and Sophie was the gentle little mother to four-year-old Julie and Baby Harry, not yet walking—both the pets of the family.

The original two large rooms of the first house had been extended on either side by two smaller ones, long and narrow. On the north they provided the two bedrooms for the children, and on the south, three steps down, the kitchen and a store room. These steps were always used by someone as we sat about the pleasant kitchen with its cheerful range, long table and large cupboard.

Up these steps from the kitchen the large east room was used during the day for the school. We sat about an oval, drop-leaf walnut table, a replica of the one on the Iowa farm of my childhood. The five of us pulled up our chairs and shared it as a common desk, the one reciting moved next to me as the program progressed.

Dora, who was six months older than I, studied algebra and Latin; Fred was finishing eighth grade; Frankie, sev-

enth, and Sophie, sixth. All were conscientious students and advanced readily. Regular hours were kept, and after four o'clock on mail days the boys saddled their horses and set off on their sixteen-mile round trip to Garrett, with the mail sack tied to the saddle. Ever-diligent Sophie put the school books in the case provided by the closed window frame when the boys' room had been added. She lowered the table leaves, swept the floor, dusted the organ and smoothed the bed in the corner, and then for the night it became the parents' bedroom.

After that, I was free to go to my own large room on the west. With walls of painted sealing, after my trunk was unpacked it had rapidly taken on the pennant-bedecked, photograph-haunted look of the habitat of a typical freshman. Though they were so far away, my friends looked down from the walls in a most comforting manner. They professed great interest in my letters, and several found time to read "The Virginian", then the best-seller, the better to visualize my surroundings. It was thrilling to write them that, in answer to her inquiry, Sophie had had a letter from Owen Wister himself that the Virginian was not any one man, but only a "type". Her father said simply, "Of course he was just a 'type'. If he had been a real man, I should have known him!"

Perhaps it can be truly said that Mr. and Mrs. Prager are "The Most Unforgettable Characters I've Met!" With two stalwart sons to carry on, he could now take life easy, as he sat with his pipe in a corner of the kitchen. Always cheerful and kindly, it was a treat to hear him tell of his former adventures. Born in Germany in 1839, the tender age of twelve found him freighting with oxcarts from Omaha to what is now Denver, when there was only a log cabin on Cherry Creek.

He knew Indians intimately and had even lived among them! "The Southwest Indians," he said, "had captured bridles from the Spaniards, which were covered with coins. These were traded until they reached this north country. I used to have many of them, but I gave them to admiring visitors, and now there is left, of all my relics, only my little old knapsack!" He pointed with his pipe to a small leather object over the door. Its clasp was like a brass coin.

Had he foreseen their extinction, he could have made a fortune on buffalo hides, as it was the custom of trappers to shoot one, cut out only the choice sirloin steaks, and leave the carcass for the wolves and coyotes.

Many were the unfriendly encounters he had had with the Indians. One such had kept him for three days without

food behind willows on the bank of a creek. Finally, because they saw no motion there, they had tired and gone away. Never would he say that he had killed an Indian.

After these adventures, he was a well-to-do bachelor of forty-three. He often visited Frederick and Julia Schweichert, whom he had known in Germany. They had come to Cheyenne in 1867, before the railroad, and had opened a variety store. Their niece, Rosa Schneider, had emigrated to Louisville, Kentucky, and was visiting them. Mr. Prager admired the lovely girl of eighteen and a courtship and marriage followed. They went to Louisville on the honeymoon and there the wedding picture was taken. It shows to advantage her modish gown, with a polonaise, and the fabulous gold set of brooch, earrings, watch and long "opera" chain, which was the approved "gift of the groom" in 1882.

Two years later found them on 10 Ranch, the original plot being a 320-acre desert claim, four miles from the Peak and fifty-eight miles from the railroad. With their little daughter, Dora, they lived in the two-room log house set directly over a spring. Down a sloping ledge from the kitchen door, the path led under the floor to the side of a pool. In its crystal depths there seeped from a hidden cleft in the granite rocks water almost too cold. Overflowing its wide basin, a rivulet coursed down the slope to the stable and the valley below.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Prager tell of his early years on the ranch. Puffing on his pipe, he would remove it and make a gesture now and then in reminiscence, "For years I ran cattle. Then I changed to sheep. Oh, I just run a little bunch now—only 3000!"

A flock of that number sounded big to a cornbelt child. The "little bunch" was miles away from the house and the boys would ride out with supplies for the two sheepherders who lived in a "sheepwagon"—the probable predecessor of our luxurious trailers. Sometimes letters would come from their families in Mexico and one of them would sit and talk with Mr. Prager, and he would send money to them. We were to hear and see more of this flock in the spring.

It is difficult to portray her character to one who has not known Mrs. Prager. Coupled with the charm of the southern woman was a fine dignity of manner and mind. Devoted to her family, she ministered to their every need, but did not rob them of the necessary independence to shape their own futures. Her round of duties was not simple, for nine sat down to eat their three meals daily. With only



WEDDING PICTURE OF ROSA SCHNEIDER PRAGER AND FRANK PRAGER, LOUISVILLE, KY., 1882

twice-yearly supplies from town it remains a constant wonder how she prepared such tempting meals. They kept no chickens and, although there were ninety head of cattle on the range, there was no milk cow. Canned milk was used and the babies had been reared on it.

The regard of the entire community for her was reflected in the deference of all who came to their home on business or pleasure. Gentle and gracious to a degree, she had no lack of moral courage when an occasion made such a demand.

I recall with amusement the evening at supper when I was challenged by Fred to run a race eating the good light buns with butter and molasses. With laughing curiosity, the family watched us match them for size and then we "et and et and et". I finally called for mercy after the fifth one, but Fred said he could go on indefinitely. With what a sinking heart his mother must have watched her diminishing bread supply! But she laughed with us all in her agreeable manner.

No wonder that a neighbor boy, spending the winter with his father and a partner on Bear Mountain Ranch, enjoyed a visit with this family of happy young people. As I was ever eager to make college credits **in absentia,** he offered to give me Spanish lessons. Having a flair for languages I accepted, little dreaming that he would make them an excuse for full weekend visits in the future.

After each lesson on Friday, when school was over, I recited for an hour. Believing that he remained to see Dora until Sunday night, I soon learned that was not the case. The young people would go out of the kitchen after the supper work was done and leave me alone with him. Six weeks thus passed, during which we saw as much of each other as a normal school year elsewhere. In the midst of a Spanish lesson his attentions were no longer a mystery to me, for he proposed. That was the last of my attempt that winter to learn Spanish!

Although isolated, with ranches eight miles apart, there was a distinct pattern of social customs established. Every few years a dance would be given by each family, to which the entire countryside was invited. Shortly after school opened, with well-filled baskets of food tucked into the spring wagon, we young people rode among the foothills and the red boulders, which were ever such a delight to this child of the prairies. Soon the trail descended into Bear Creek Canyon. At last near to mystic Laramie Peak, at our right it rose majestically, with its forested slopes meeting the rocky, snow-clad summit.

To the left, the beaver had industriously dammed the creek until it had almost covered the canyon floor, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. As we approached, they often fled from chiseling a young aspen and, scurrying to the water, left a trail of ripples behind where they submerged. Their house domes were everywhere among the willows in the stream. We counted a clump of aspens and found next morning that they had, in a single night, cut down five young trees and placed them into strategic points in the dams with the precision of an engineer.

To a tenderfoot, it was thrilling to hear the boys point out the spot where they had shot a bobcat, an antelope or a deer, or tell where someone had found a bear's den or killed a wolf or wildcat. Every word spelled adventure and interest. From a side trail, a young couple came on horseback. They said he had given her the chestnut saddler which she rode. That was an announcement to the community of their engagement and approaching marriage.

The trip had been planned to reach the dance by twilight, since no one rode after dark in that country. Tucked in a deep canyon, adjoining the creek, the house was surrounded by many vehicles, and horses overflowed the stable into an open shed. Several groups were leaving their wagons, loaded with baskets and children. I recalled the swapping of babies in "The Virginian" and wondered if anyone would try that tonight.

Inside, the house was fairly bursting with people seated on planks placed about the walls on kegs. As usual, the men sat together talking, with only the young in mixed groups, while women bustled about the table arranging the first supper, now ready. Many willing hands served this abundant meal, then, as if by magic, the floors were cleared for dancing. Two gray-haired, mustachioed fiddlers hoisted themselves and their chairs atop a sturdy kitchen table, and the sets took their places.

Having seen only one square dance, I would have been a wallflower, had not Fred kindly guided me through the mazes of the first one, with proper directions at each moment. Soon "Swing your partners!" and "Allemand Left!", called in the fiddler's resonant voice, had no terrors for me. Frankie took me through the intricacies of another set. When the strains of a waltz began, a young man recently from the city asked me to dance. It was some time before I realized that we were the only ones on the floor. Confused, I had yet to learn that many did not approve of round dancing and did not therefore indulge.

I asked to sit out and the music stopped, and my partner suggested most innocently, that we leave the overheated house and walk on the porch, but Dora had warned me that going outside was not approved. However, she had failed to acquaint me with the significance of accepting an escort for "midnight supper", the romantic high-light of the evening for youth! When I went with this strange man, I committed a **faux pas,** which was not realized for several months. Unintentionally, I had made a mistake, for at college we had run down for a sundae with anyone with whom we happened to be dancing, so it did not seem improper to do otherwise here. I should have eaten with the ones who brought me!

All night long the dancing continued, with a lag developing about three o'clock, when there was some sitting out and inactivity. With the first morning light, after coffee and breakfast, all departed. To me, although interesting, it was just another dance, but to those who lived there, each one was an event long to be remembered.

Every hour had its significance. Had the secretly-preferred one asked for a dance or filed on the important midnight supper claim? Had **the** girl smiled on him or seemed happy while dancing with him? And on, and on, **ad infinitum?** Three shared suppers of a couple was almost paramount to an engagement, for here, in these all-night dances budded the romances which flowered and came to fruition.

Dora also told me that it was improver for a couple to stray beyond sight of the house, while strolling in daytime. This to me precluded the scrambling up the piles of red boulders, which presented a challenge on every side. But, since I had been reared on the "What will people say?" principle, I bowed to this dictum and explored with all the children of the family.

One of these excursions remains as distinctly in memory as yesterday. Beyond the stable, perhaps a quarter of a mile to the southeast, we went to an old Indian camp among the rocks. By patiently following the direction of erosion, and scraping aside the silt, we recovered not only the colored beads of the traders but, far more interesting, the type made by the Indians themselves before the trappers came. These were about the size of a lead pencil, flat and round, made of bone with a neat hole bored in the middle. That day a four-inch strand of colored beads, interspersed with four Indian-made bone ones, was unearthed and makes a prized possession.

Although the general quality of the Peak settlers was excellent, a few exceptions were inevitable. A family of Smythes from the feud country of the South had someway recently drifted into this peaceful spot. Not content with its happy monotony, they had enlivened their days by starting a feud with a neighboring old settler over the ownership of a calf. The case had been tried before Mrs. Garrett, who served as Justice of the Peace. Her decision was considered fair by every other family except the Smythes.

In another year their lawlessness reached a climax, and the natives took matters into their own hands by means of an ultimatum to the feudists to leave the country. Allowing no loophole, they were escorted beyond the boundaries and left Wyoming forever. This recalls the methods of her early settlers in dispensing justice, for their same spirit prevails in this isolated place.

Sent out to far Wyoming to safeguard their families at home from disgrace by their intemperance were several English "remittance" men. Comfortably located, with monthly checks from home, they could spend their lives in idleness. The neighbors would tell of one such house where the snows of winter and the rains of summer had dripped through a leaking roof upon a choice Steinway piano. Since there had not been one sober day in two years in which to repair the roof the beautiful instrument was consigned to ruin.

Many men in Wyoming were reticent about their former homes and may have been using fictitious names. Consequently, it was deemed improper ever to ask, "Where are you from?"

In the spring, our usually quiet valley resounded with a noisy bleating, for the flock of sheep was brought in for shearing and dipping. It was a social occasion and the neighbors came to help. Women filled the house and watched the ragged sheep, released from the shearers, being dipped into a vat of creosote solution to ward off ticks, their heads being held up to protect the eyes. Then all were taken far out to the fifteen sections of railroad land, leased for summer pasture.

To a prairie child the vagaries of mountain weather can be a revelation. On a bright spring afternoon clouds suddenly whisked across the Peak and a dense blanket of snow descended. In itself, this was not surprising, but sharp peals of deafening thunder, which struck the surrounding rocks in reverberating claps, added a phenomenon, as no lightning could be seen in the dense whiteness.

Again, on a sunny April day, a dark cloud overspread the sky and a sudden freshet came coursing down the hillside into the spring under the house. Armed with shovels, the two boys worked feverishly in the downpour to dig a channel to divert the water away from the house. In a few days, the rocky basin of the spring was again clear.

It was delightful, after the winter, to walk up the sunny south slopes where the buttercups bloomed tight against the sod as though they could not wait to carpet the earth with bright and harmless gold. With Dora I scrambled to the top of a huge pile of boulders, where she showed me a pool of clear water. In a small basin, a few inches deep and an arm's length wide, were reflected the fleecy clouds overhead. Here the saucy jays, the flitting magpies, the questing hawks and soaring eagles quenched their thirst and preened their feathers and then returned to their nests in the trees and crags nearby.

Only once did the mail sack fail to disgorge something for me that year. In the spring, the letters became unusually significant for the ardor of the football captain was reaching the courtship stage, and many and thick were the letters which shuttled back and forth between the Peak and the University.

School went on, and as time has a way of doing, the session was coming to a close. The promise of a "Peak Party" was held out to me as an inducement to remain for the summer. This was one of the traditional social gatherings. It began, on the first day, by the gathering of a goodly company with tents and all the appurtenances of camping which were set up in comfortable array. The second day, with bountiful lunches all the young people set out to climb the Peak, from which, in August, all the snow has melted. From the topmost crag, they say the view is worth the many hours of tedious climbing. The descent, while quicker, is more difficult, sliding down the precipitous gullies, and there is well-earned and deep sleep that night. The third day, with many partings and "Many happy returns of the day!", each family packs its wagon and carries home long-treasured memories.

Although this sounded most alluring, it was impossible for me to remain. The letters, which had glorified the days for many weeks, had culminated in my engagement to the football captain, who was also a budding lawyer at the university. Not every girl has the evidence of her courtship in black and white, but this precious packet of letters recalls it still. Even as the children in the tale, I had found the "bluebird" right at home.

It was hard to say farewell to these kindly people, who had made my sojourn among them so pleasant, for not one day there did I have a pang of loneliness or "heimweh". We have kept the friendship for a half century and that is a long time.

Mr. Prager took me to the railroad, but in the pleasant June weather, with a green world all about, it did not seem long. We stopped to eat our lunch at the store in Rock Creek. Afterward, when crossing an irrigation ditch there, he said that, when it was dug, there was turned up a molten brass epaulet. This was a grim memento of an Indian massacre here in 1876.

The whistle of the train at Rock River was the symbol of the man-made world in which I was to live for eighteen years before my brother, small daughter and I were to again visit these friends. On a picturesque homestead site, the Rob Garretts had an attractive log home, where he lived with his wife, Luella, and her remarkable mother, Dr. Patrick. Many years ago she had come to Wyoming for her health and is now past ninety. Mr. Prager had gone; Dora, whose husband had also passed away, lived with her son, "Buster", at 10 Ranch, with her mother and Fred, who has never married. Frankie also had homesteaded at the head of beautiful Bear Creek Canyon, and his three children were building a creditable playhouse of aspen logs.

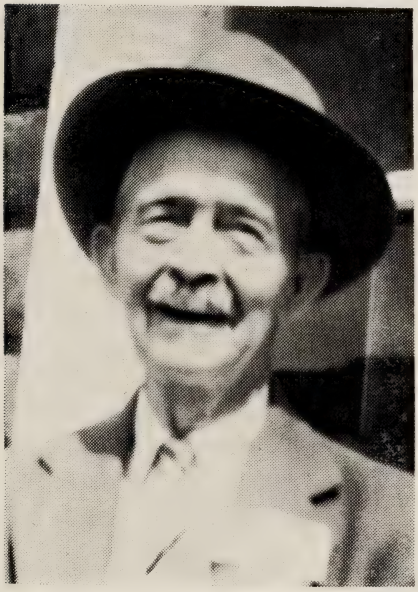
Another visit in 1943, when I drove there all alone, found the mother frail, but active and mentally most alert. Harry had married the young school teacher and they were enlarging their charming log house. Also nearby was Julie's home, where Sophie lived, because she enjoyed the little boy. Harry's wife taught her nephews. All had clung to the beautiful, isolated Peak country.

Many would have found difficult the simple living conditions of the rural teacher in Albany County fifty years ago, but it is always recalled with satisfaction as a time of happy memories and deep spiritual enrichment. For the past several years, Wyoming has again lured me back to teach among her snow-capped Big Horn Mountains.

Incidents in the Life of Norris Griggs

By

MRS. HELEN SARGENT*



NORRIS GRIGGS

When was I born? Oh, yes! 1862. Where? Oh, it was just a little town in New York called Binghamton. I had an older sister named Mary Frances. I had two brothers,

*Helen Clark Sargent (Mrs. L. W.) was born July 16, 1890, at Wakefield, Nebraska. In 1895 her family moved to Wheatland, Wyoming, where her father was an early doctor. She later moved to Laramie where she attended grade school, University Preparatory School, and the University of Wyoming. Her mother, Mary Slavens Clark, established the School of Music at the University of Wyoming.

Mrs. Sargent was married in 1908. She and her husband ran a ranch and later, near Pinedale, they built "Sargents Inn" which they ran for a period of twenty-five years. They are now retired and live "On the Rim" between the Pinedale country and the Jackson Hole.

Mrs. Sargent wrote the reminiscences of Mr. Griggs about 1947.

Charles and Ben. We lived in a white house. Winters and school seemed to take up most of our time. Summers were so short. Finally my sister started to teach school. Her earning money made me very proud. Later she married Charles Rathbun. He was a dashing young man with a yen for the West. He had a brother, Dan, out west, and how I loved to hear Charles tell stories of the West!

One day something happened. I was too young to know all the details, but Charles was in trouble. One morning I awoke to find him gone. To me it was all surrounded in mystery, but also to me the Wild West atmosphere was gone. My sister was very sad, but that fall she went teaching school again, and I struggled on, still missing my Wild West stories and Charles.

In the early spring of 1879, I could resist the urge within me no longer, so I left home and in due time I found myself in Green River City, Wyoming.

At that time Green River City was very small. Its business houses were mostly saloons. There were two or three general stores, and Patty Barrett. On Main Street there was Young and Hines. I reached this place by train, and I shall never forget the trip from Omaha. It was awfully slow. The train was loaded with immigrants that seemed Oregon bound. There were all kinds and descriptions. Beds were made on the floor. It was April when I arrived in Green River City. Spring was just opening up and everything was so new to me.

I went to work for Dan Budd, but of course I had just one idea in mind—to get up north where Charles Rathbun was. Then in 1880, I got that chance I was waiting for. Dutch George, Kearns,[1] and Bob McIlvain were in Green River with their freight outfits, and said I could go up with them.

It didn't seem to me that there were any roads at that time, but the boys seemed to know where they were going just the same. In some places all the horses were hitched to one outfit. This was necessary at all river and creek crossings. I remember that they had a bronc, and when we were going down one hill the pole-strap broke. Of all the cutting up—well—that bronc did it, the likes of which I had never seen before. I helped quiet him, though I was half-scared all the time.

Dutch George was a squaw man, and had a half dozen or more papooses. In fact, there were many squaw men in

1. Dutch George Hearnes, squaw man, and Johny Kearns, half-breed. Stone, **Uinta County, Its Place in History,** p. 218.

those days—Kearns, Buckman, Chappo—I think there is a gulch this side of La Barge named Chappo Gulch—there was Baker, too, and many others on La Barge, all squaw men.

After this long-awaited visit with my brother-in-law, Charles, the first work I did was riding for Nicky Swan, son of Ed Swan on Fontenelle. I was away on the roundup for some time, and upon returning I was saddened to find that my employer, Nicky, was dead and buried.

Dutch George owned a big outfit that was later to be known as the Spur Ranch. Dutch George was killed in the Basin. His horse fell and turned over upon him. The saddle horn hit in the stomach. He is buried somewhere in the Basin. Mr. Reel and a friend bought the ranch, and it was there later, in 1886 or '87, that I first met Al Davison, who was a nephew of Mr. Reel.

I worked for Dan Rathbun during the summer of 1881, and in the fall of that year I went to Big Piney to work for Mr. Dan Budd and McKay on the 67 outfit. When I first went to Piney there were only four cattle outfits there. They were:

1. The Circle brand, owned by Mr. Liefer.
2. The PL, owned by Mr. Swan.
3. The ♦, owned by Charles Rathbun who homesteaded the Mule Shoe, and Dan Meyers.
4. The 67, owned by Budd and McKay, who took up the 67. I worked for them for five years, or until 1886.

A DANCE

I shall never forget the first dance I went to out here. One day I was mending the little pole fence on a small pasture at Mule Shoe, (and, by the way, I believe it was the one and only fence on Piney at that time), when Amos Smith rode up. He had then bought in with Charles Rathbun and Meyers on the Mule Shoe. Amos announced that there was to be a dance at Fred La Rose's place at the bridge on La Barge. He said, "Let's go!"

I hurried back to the 67, spoke to Mr. McKay, who gave his permission, and in no time we were off for that dance. We stayed three days. In fact, the dance lasted three days and three nights.

Old Wes Thurman played the fiddle—that is, if it could be called playing. The only tune I could recognize was "Arkansas Traveler." Wes was the tallest, broadest-shouldered, longest-legged man! In fact, he was so long-legged that he always sat with his legs crossed while he

fiddled, and he tapped the floor with ease with the foot that was crossed over, it reached so easily.

The females were mostly squaws. I can only remember that there were two white women there. One of them later married Jo Alfred, and I can't recall the other. The squaws were of various proportions, and after each dance each gentleman was obliged to treat his fair (?) lady to a tin cup of whiskey. If he didn't she wouldn't dance again. Likewise old Wes had to be treated or he would not play again. I have no idea how much whiskey had been brought up from Green River City just for this occasion, but it came in ten-gallon kegs. Of course there were pauses in the dance while the squaws cooked some food, or while a poker game went on, or just a pause for sleep.

One husky cowhand, named Henry McMullen, like some others, got too much of the tin cup and the Green River keg. He always toted two guns instead of the usual one, and during one of the rest periods when we were all sitting around a little pot-bellied stove in the bunk house—Indians and all—this McMullen got noisy. He kept swaggering around in the small amount of room, daring some one, anyone, to take hold of the bright red handkerchief that he was swinging around with the hand that did not hold the gun. In his most insulting way he was daring someone to shoot with him, but no one wanted to accept the challenge. Suddenly old Tex, a scout and a trapper, rose in all his might. He grabbed McMullen and threw him out the none-too-large window. Then turning back to what was left in the room he quietly said: "Now, I'm going to clean house." With that he grabbed the stove, and out the window it went. It was unbelievable how quickly the balance of that bunk house was evacuated to thus escape going out the window.

Still the dance went on. We bunked down a little, slept a little, the squaws prepared more food, we played more poker, A. W. Smith won $60.00. The only collection taken was for the whiskey. Then after three days and nights we climbed on our horses and headed back to Piney and civil life. A big time had been had by all.

A RIDE FOR LINIMENT AND LIFE

I just don't recall the year, but it was while I was working for Amos Smith—must have been the spring of 1885 or 1886 that a baby was born to our neighbor and part-time hand—Walt Nickels. Walt lived on his own place and worked for Amos when he was needed or could. The baby was fine, so was Walt, but the mother, Anne, was not doing so well. This gave us all great concern. It seemed she

had developed milk leg, or, as it is called today, phlebitis. All the neighbors responded not only with their help but their remedies. But Anne did not seem to improve. At last some one thought if only we had some of Uncle Johnny's liniment!

Now Uncle Johnny Zimmers peddled medicine, trapped and bought furs, and prospected on the side. He had been a druggist before he came to this country, and just prior to coming here had been a scout in Johnston's Army. He had some horses, and Mr. Smith took care of them for him. Uncle Johnny was a good trapper, but he was perhaps best known for his liniment. I believe it had four ingredients—two of them I cannot remember—but eggs and ammonia were the other two. When he could not get hens eggs, he used sage chicken eggs. It was real white, and most everyone would vouch for its effectiveness when it came to bruises, sprains, rheumatism, or any inflammation.

I was elected to go find Uncle Johnny and get the liniment. All we knew was that he was going up the Indian trail which went through Snider Basin over to the Blackfoot Reservation, and that he had said that if that trail did not look good for trapping he would drop over on to Cottonwood or Horse Creek or Beaver. I had a colt, pretty skittish and black as coal, which sure needed riding, so we were soon on our way.

I went up Piney where the Ralph Mills place now is, and there I ran into Le Viae. I asked about Uncle Johnny, and he told me he had passed him and that he was headed for Cottonwood. This La Viae was an old squaw man. He followed the mess wagons or game. He bought or begged hides—even the entrails. His squaws made gloves from the hides and sold them for fifty cents. (They called the 50-cent piece a little dollar, and the dollar the big dollar). Le Viae wanted me to go with him; said that I could have the pick of his squaws if I would. But I didn't care for any squaws and I had liniment to get.

So I crossed over to Cottonwood. About five that evening I found Uncle Johnny on a little branch of Upper Cottonwood. He fixed me the liniment, but said I had better stay with him that night. He had heard there was a band of Shoshones in that vicinity, sorta on the war path. I decided to stay, and so picketed my horse. We had supper and I noticed that Uncle Johnny fixed his bed in between willows—almost surrounded by willows. We sat by a little camp fire and talked for quite a while, and finally Uncle Johnny said we had better roll in. I noticed, as I crawled in with him, that he put his needle gun in along side of him.

I had my 44 on my saddle, but I didn't think anything about it. We talked a little while, then I went to sleep.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when "Bang!" went Uncle Johnny's gun. I jumped out of bed sure the Indians had us, but there was nothing in sight except Uncle Johnny, holding his still-smoking gun. Now no one ever heard Uncle Johnny swear. The worst he ever said was "Confound." But this time he said, "Confound, that was bad luck, but I guess I've got our meat."

By this time Uncle Johnny was up, and I followed him around the willows, and there, sure enough, was an Indian buck, hit between the eyes. That needle gun shot such a slug that it really had torn the top of his head right off. Uncle Johnny had seen the Indian through the willows, and his shot, as he said, was bad luck, not only for the Indian. 'Twasn't the first one, but he just wasn't proud to kill one, and felt that it didn't do him any good. The Indian had a gun in his hand—it was either him or us.

I said, "What are we going to do with him, bury him?" Uncle Johnny said, "No, we're throwing him in the creek." We did.

Then Uncle Johnny[2] said he was packing up and getting out of there, and I could go with him or not, just as I liked. He was going north, so I decided I, too, would get out of there, but I went south. My horse was rested some, and in no time we were burning the ground getting out of there. I just let that horse go for all he was worth. I had the bottle of liniment in my pocket, and it was up to us to get it there.

We headed down creek and arrived before daylight at Frank Ball's place. By noon that day I was back at the ranch with the liniment. The mother recovered. Later the Nickels moved over into the Lander country where Anne died. Walt came back to Piney—had a store there—and the baby was Jenny Nickels who married Dan Budd.

TRAILING HORSE THIEVES

One morning that fall I went out to wrangle the horses, and lo, and behold, they were gone—stolen! I hurried back

2. Uncle Johnny died when he was about eighty years old. He had a shell explode while loading a gun, and it blew the ball through his hand. Mr. A. W. Smith was in Chicago with cattle, so Tom Smith took Johnny to Evanston where Dr. Harrison took care of him. He kept getting worse, so finally Tom wired Amos that if he wanted to see Uncle Johnny alive he had better come quick. Amos got there as soon as he could and took him to Salt Lake City. There they decided to operate. Johnny never came out from under the ether. He left all he had in the world, his horses, to Amos Smith.

to tell Mr. McKay, as Mr. Budd was away at the time. Mr. McKay took up their trail, and soon met Louie Le Viae, the Frenchman who always followed the roundups selling gloves to the boys, and in turn buying hides and entrails from them. He cooked the entrails. Louie said that he had met two boys with a bunch of horses very early that morning, and that they had a pack horse and were headed toward Cokeville. As there was every reason to believe these boys would not go where it looked as if they were going, Mr. McKay came back to the ranch. Then he sent Mike Dutwiler and me to Jackson Hole.

We were watching for tracks all the time. It was a gorgeous fall. The trees and willows were orange and yellow midst the somber green and gray of the pines and sage.

We were on North Cottonwood and had just ridden up on a bench when we saw smoke curling up a short way over by the creek. Very cautiously we rode up, and there a strange sight met our eyes. By a little fire a very old and a very sick Indian squaw sat. Not far from her was a horse with an arrow in its heart. I could talk Indian fairly well, so I offered her pemmican and dusty cap (Indian for bread), but she would have none of it. She said the Indians had killed her horse so that when she died she could ride it to the Happy Hunting Ground. She would let us do nothing for her, and as it was plain to see that she was not long for this world, all we could do was take up our quest for the horses and thieves, and leave her to take her journey in her own way. About a week later some of the boys on the roundup found her tepee of blue ticking, and later the Indians came and buried her.

We dropped over to Lead Creek, then across the Beavers, but found no horses. We went down the Old Indian Trail into the Basin, down the Canyon, where the trail was partly in the river.

When we neared the place where Jackson now stands, we saw a large bunch of horses. There were several hundred. We knew these were not the small bunch of ninety-five or one hundred that had been stolen from our outfit. We concluded for sure that there could be nothing but hostile Indians with that bunch of horses. As soon as these facts became clear to us, we decided that that was no place for us, and so with all speed we turned and got out of there.

By the time we reached Piney the horses had been found. The two thieves were the Spratley brothers. Ed, one of them, had worked for the 67. Mr. McKay offered a reward of $500 for the thieves. Later they were caught and taken to Evanston, the county seat, for trial.

There seemed to be many horse thieves at that time. There was another horse thief in jail at the time the Spratleys were taken there. That night when the keeper brought their suppers to them, this fellow had a handful of pepper which he threw in the keeper's face. While he was blinded all three escaped. As near as I know, none of the three was ever caught. While they were in jail, the Spratley boys had told the sheriff that the only men hunting them that they feared were Bob McIlvain and myself. Really, we were not bad at all.

INDIAN RETRIBUTION

It was in the summer of 1882 or 1883 that we had some trouble with the Indians at the mouth of Beaver.[3] At this time many cattle were ranging there until fall, but in the past year they had scattered far from Beaver, and they were anything but fat. The cattlemen figured this was because the Indians gathered on Beaver for the summer. They came from the east and the west, and their tepees covered the landscape as far as one could see, from the mouth of Beaver up. They hunted the antelope, and had many games, mainly horse races. As a result the cattle suffered.

It was decided to see the Indians and see what could be done to remedy the situation. A group of men including McKay, Swan, Liefer, Charles Ackels, a New York boy, Tom Smith, and myself rode to the Indian camp. There we found the chiefs, and McKay and Swan were elected to do the talking.

While they were busy, we looked the outfit over. Certainly there were lots of tepees and many horses. That day they were having races. There was quite a clearing. It was not too wide, but it was nearly a mile and a half long. They seemed to be having a big time that afternoon. Each Indian would bet on his horse without saddle or rider. When they were ready for the race a young boy nine or ten years old was put on each horse. Usually not more than two contestants raced at one time.

By the time the race was ready to start, there would be Indians with long willows stationed along the clearing at various intervals. The race began, and as a horse passed

3. Governor William Hale in 1883 and Governor Francis E. Warren in 1885 in their reports to the Secretary of the Interior both complained of depredations by Indians allowed off reservations for hunting expeditions. **Report of the Governor of Wyoming to the Secretary of the Interior,** 1883, pp. 52-53; **Report,** 1885, p. 57.

each station he was whipped by those interested in seeing him win. I noticed an old Indian who seemed to have a ring-side seat, or at least he thought he had. He was just about half way up the length of the clearing. He just sat there with the racing horses going by on either side of him. There was a great deal of yelling by the Indians as they vigorously took sides in the race. The boys rode their racing horses as if they were glued to them.

As we watched, Charles Ackels made the remark that he would bet that the little buckskin horse he was riding could outrun any of the Indian horses he had seen.

By this time Mr. McKay and Mr. Swan came back to us, and they didn't look very happy as the Indians had said that if they had to move from this place they would get even with us. That was always a bad situation.

Just then another race was finished, and as we watched, one of us told Mr. McKay and Swan how Ackels had boasted that his buckskin could outrun any horse that he had seen there. That just suited McKay and Swan, who immediately told the chiefs, and as such a race was just to the Indians' liking, they gathered around and asked, "Which horse?" as we pointed to the buckskin. They took us up, and the bets were on. We threw in our 44's and chaps against a pile of beaver skins, buckskin gloves, and blankets. They didn't want money, but how they did want chaps and guns! We first threw in one 44, and then they threw in their bet. Then we added another, and they added another, until we had all we could bet in the pile, and with their hides, blankets, and gloves, what a huge pile it was! There was a little secret about this buckskin horse that the Indians didn't know—he was scared to death of Indians.

While the bet was being arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, Ackels ran his horse across the clearing once just to try it out. Then everything was ready. The Indians had their horse and boy all set. The whipper-uppers were all in place, and the starting signal was given. The Indians in their zeal started whipping their horse, and it was off ahead of Ackels' whose buckskin had a man as well as a heavy saddle to carry. When the Indians saw their horse leading how they did whoop and yell, and we thought: "There goes our guns and chaps". However, by the time Buckskin got to the center of the clearing, that old Indian sitting there rose up. Buckskin took one look at him and let loose with an unbelievable spurt of speed. He won by a length, and it was our turn to whoop and yell. The Indians wanted to run the race over, but we didn't. We grabbed our winnings in a hurry, packed up, donned our chaps and guns,

and rode on to Frank Ball's that night. (At this time he had just moved to Cottonwood.)

The race didn't improve the feelings of the Indians, and to be ordered off Beaver was bad. They wanted to get even, and get even they did. They took willows, set them afire, and, riding their horses, they dragged the burning willows back and forth through the deep grass until they had set the whole country afire. It burned to Green River, and in places the fire crossed over the Rim. It burned for a week, and this was Indian vengeance.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF A MULE

One spring day we had a bunch of cattle to push north into the Soap-hole Basin, across Cottonwood, but I'm not sure that Cottonwood had a name at that time.

I looked over my string of horses, wondering which I should choose, since it would be a hard day's work driving cows and calves. I finally decided in favor of my mule. He was one of the best cow mules in the country. He wasn't speedy, but he did excellent work. He seemed to love to make the cattle do what they didn't want to do. He was sure-footed, too. Gee, whiz! He was handier than a horse.

It was a grand morning, nippy but clear. The men with me had fine horses, and as standard equipment we all carried 44's. There were often Indians who didn't like us, or who had some grievance, real or imaginary. These Indians were not pleasant to meet.

We had just reached our destination and turned the bunch loose, when someone remarked, "I believe I saw some riders on that north ridge, and I think they rode like Indians." We all looked, and, sure enough, there on several ridges on the north side of the creek, several riders came into view. We decided they were Indians, but as they were about three miles away, it was hard to tell how many there were. They immediately seemed to spy us. They waved their arms and started toward us at a terrific pace. It didn't take us long to decide to either fight it out or run. Then I said bravely, "We are three, with three 44's. Let's stand and fight 'em." It had just dawned on me that I was riding that dad-rotted mule. "Not us," yelled the other two.

"There are only a few, let's fight! Come on! Let's fight!" I yelled, knowing I never had had a real run out of that mule.

By this time my companions were whipping their horses, and were several lengths ahead of me. "Let's stand and

fight; there are only a few," I kept yelling, but they wouldn't heed me. With my 44 across my lap, I began to urge, to push, to even swear, but all I got was a lazy canter from that mule. The Indians were gaining on us, and the men ahead were gaining on me. What chance did I have with so many Indians and such a slow mule!

It's strange how many things can go through one's mind in a few fleeting seconds. It seemed as if I lived my whole life over again. I thought of the things I'd done, and the things I hadn't done. How I urged that mule! The Indians were much closer now. I could hear their yells much nearer. Then an arrow whizzed by my head. I wondered how I could pray! I'll never forget the utter unconcern of that mule. To me life seemed so wonderful as it flitted by.

The two men were then at least a fourth of a mile ahead of me, and I could gain no more speed from that mule; in fact, at times it seemed as if he were slowing down. Then I heard more "whings", and something came over the mule. I never knew what it was, but his ears straightened up, his body stretched out, then doubled up, then straighten out, then doubled up again, and in no time we were flying. I wondered as I jerked at the saddle if we had been hit and this was the way one flew to heaven. Such speed! The sagebrush just smoothed out, and we flew over it like a jackrabbit. I was gaining on the boys! My prayers—if I had had any—were being answered. Then, gaining more speed if anything, that mule and I passed the boys. Just as I sailed by I yelled, "Come on, boys. There are thousands of those so-and-sos!"

Yes, sir! That time I was the most scared of any time in my life to date.

Oh, yes! We did outrun the Indians. We lost them in the willows north of Piney; and to this day I have no idea why that mule started to run. I'm just mighty thankful that he did.

GRIM DAYS WITH THE INDIANS

The Indians seemed unusually troublesome that year. Generally, if the Indians had the squaws and papooses with them, they would not start any trouble, even though they might not be friendly.

I remember one morning when we were all at breakfast. It was an early, 6:00 o'clock breakfast, too, and no one seemed very talkative. There was to be a busy day ahead, so we were eating a big breakfast of biscuits, potatoes, steak, and coffee. Suddenly a rider came tearing into the

yard. His horse was covered with lather. It was a neighbor. He jumped off and came in, but it was evident that he brought bad news. We all unconsciously arose from our chairs and benches. He dropped exhaustedly on a bench, and we gathered around him. This is what he told us.

In the middle of the night he had been awakened by a rider who came to his and Curley's cabin on the Upper Piney, bringing a tragic story. The rider was a trapper. His clothes were torn nearly off him. He was nearly starved, and his horse was almost dead. This fellow told our neighbor that he and his trapper partner had been trapping on Snake River, just above Gray's River. Fur was plentiful. They had built a crude cabin, planning on a fall and winter of lots of furs and a small amount of comfort. They had horses that had packed their crude equipment and they had been a great help. However, they were hard to catch. Fences were unheard of, so they used rope hobbles.

One morning the horses had strayed farther than usual, and since they had had a few days of rest after the cabin was finished, they were unusually hard to catch. They tore up the side of a hill about a mile from the cabin. The trapper who had left the cabin to catch the horses decided to try just once more. As he climbed the hill, he paused to look back at the cabin. Smoke was curling from the chimney. It was their home! Then, as he looked a second longer, he discerned a large group of riders and horses coming toward their cabin. They were Indians! There were squaws behind the bucks. He could even see the travois poles sticking up from the horses. He stood and watched them, thinking they were just going past. He felt no fear because the bucks, when they had the squaws with them, were generally peaceful, if not friendly. Furthermore, neither he nor his trapper friend had ever had the slightest trouble with any Indians. Being rather tired, he kept on watching, and as he did, he could see Jack, his partner, come out of the cabin. Jack's hat was on the back of his head, a sign of western nonchalance.

Some Indians pushed ahead of the others, but talk was difficult, and as they were trying to convey ideas, other Indians gathered closer. Suddenly he could see one of the bucks wave his arms, and on a high lope, he and his horse tore completely around the cabin. This seemed strange. Then as the racing Indian came back to his comrades, he knocked Jack's hat to the ground. At this the Indians seemed to be readying their horses, and he could hear their weird voices. Jack seemed to try to get back into the cabin.

Then suddenly one buck rode up to him, and grabbed Jack around the neck. Partly dragging and partly pulling, the Indian started toward the rest of the group. Another buck grabbed Jack's legs, and in some way they threw him across the front of a horse. The Indians yipped and yelled; some of them rode in a fantastic circle. No one will ever know what the whole thing was about or why, but the onlooker stood spellbound, hanging to a large rock. He could not believe that the Indians meant harm as the squaws seemed to be taking part. Soon all rode off toward the Snake River. (The cabin was situated on a little bench. The river made a bend and there was a small piece of land near that was a natural meadow.) He could see them go straight to the river, and as they neared it they hurried faster. The rider carrying Jack led the group, but stopped his horse at the bank of the stream. Several bucks then arrived, and, yelling jumped from their horses and grabbed Jack. Then they threw him into the river. The amazed watcher could not believe what he saw. Before he could move, one buck jumped into the river, grabbed Jack as he came up, and dragged him to the bank. He thought, or really tried to think, that this was just a game—an Indian way of having fun. Ten or more of them were still at the cabin. Then with a big yell the Indians at the bank again seized Jack and threw him into the river. One big fellow jumped in, and as Jack came to the surface this buck pushed him in again. By this time the watcher's curiosity had turned to fear. This was no game. He looked for his horses. Could he catch one? Should he go back to the cabin with that milling band of Indians? He had no gun, and even if he had, would he be able to stand alone against so many?

As he looked again at the river scene, he could see them dragging Jack out once more. Then they shook him and held him up. At this the watcher decided to catch a horse and go for help. Help? Where could he find any help! The soldiers at Ft. Washakie and at Ft. Hall were supposed to keep the Indians under control. He had heard of the settlement on Big Piney, the ferry across the Green River, and a trail over the mountains. This seemed the closest way to help.

He couldn't understand why the Indians hadn't seen him or the two horses. With one more glance at the river he was sickened with the sight. They were throwing Jack in again. One buck was standing by to hold him under. He made a dash for the horse, and for some reason the Indians didn't see him. He caught one horse, frantically took off

the rope hobbles, and made a rope halter from them. When he was ready to mount, he looked once more toward the river, and as he did so, poor Jack was again being pulled out. This time he was completely limp, and the Indians were kicking him. With a wild, desperate leap the trapper got on the horse and crept over the ridge. As he did so, one last glance at the cabin told him the cabin was in flames.

Just ahead was Spring Creek leading straight east and in that direction lay Big Piney and Ft. Washakie. He urged the horse on and on; up and up, and was very grateful when he found the dim trail. He traveled until it was too dark to see, then he lay down, exhausted from his ride. He slept a few hours, but as the nights in August are short, he was up at the crack of dawn and on his way again. He followed the trail to the source of a fair-sized stream that was running in the right direction.

At last he came to a bench. The water had cut through and he could see a cabin in the distance. His body ached. He had had no food but some berries that he had hardly had time to pick. After what seemed ages he came to the cabin. There he found two cowboys outfitted to gather beef. They gave him food, he rested a bit and told his story. His one object was to notify the soldiers at Ft. Washakie of this tragic and uncalled-for Indian affair, and have the Indians punished. He also hoped to gather a posse on Big Piney to help catch them as they went back to the fort.

My neighbor told us all this as we stood around horrified. He said that Curley, his partner, had gone with the word to Ft. Washakie, and that he and the trapper were gathering a posse to pursue the Indians. It seemed probably that they would circle north, and perhaps they would go over Union Pass to the fort.

Well, we all looked at each other, and finally Mr. McKay said, "Half of us will go, half of us will stay on the ranch."

I surely wanted to go and was delighted when he pointed to me. In a few minutes we were on our horses, and with our guns at our sides we rode off to meet the rest of the posse at the ferry just above the Mule Shoe. We were to make a circle toward Upper Green River and attempt to get in ahead of the Indians as they went to the fort.

When we got to the ferry there were five or six men waiting for us. There were eight in all. We rode hard and fast, watching each trail for signs, and scanning the horizon constantly. At last we rode up on a high bench and from there could see a group of twelve or fifteen riders, but they weren't moving. We knew that there would be about twenty Indians in the bunch that we were looking for, so

this puzzled us. As we rode nearer we could see that these men were soldiers, so we whipped up our horses. When we got there a grizzly sight met our eyes. There on the ground, scattered about, lay twenty dead Indians and many dead horses. There were also about eight or nine dead papooses —all shot by the soldiers who had beaten us there by twenty minutes. Thus was avenged the unwarranted murder of the white trapper.

We took what we wanted from the dead Indians, and headed home. I took some buckskin, some blankets, and an Indian packsaddle. This had a large, odd horn in front and back. I also took a needle gun. It was a single shot, four-inch shell, breech load, pulled back like a bolt action, had a firing pin. I prized this gun highly, but have no idea of what became of it as the years went on.

MY SISTER COMES WEST

My sister stayed in New York and taught school as Charles could not go back there. She came out to visit one summer. Charles lived in a cabin on the Mule Shoe, located as it was at the mouth of Piney where it empties into the Green River. The cabin and the ranch were at the crossroad. The ferry there was used by trappers, Indians, and for cattle drives.

That summer Ed Lloyd worked for Charles. Ed had a squaw called Peer Johnny. She was really black and was a constant source of fright to my sister. They lived in a tepee, and Peer Johnny was quite an Indian cook.

One day after my sister came, and had sufficiently recovered from her long trip up from Green River City in a buckboard stage that came up only twice weekly, Charles, Ed, and myself had to move a bunch of cattle up to Green River. This left my sister alone at the cabin. We failed to get home that night, and late that afternoon a bunch of Indians rode in. Perhaps they were friends of Peer Johnny, but they were no friends of my sister. As usual they were hungry. They came to the cabin as Peer Johnny was gone. They grunted and wanted food. Terrorized, my sister gave them all the food she had cooked—both meat and bread. Still they demanded more food. Since she had a good fire she made a batch of biscuits. These vanished, and enthusiastically the Indians grunted approval and demanded more. With indescribable fear she made another batch that vanished like the first. On starting the third batch she emptied the flour bin. This was the last. She felt sure that this would satisfy them, but no. The biscuits disappeared with

grunts and strange gesticulations, followed by a demand for more in Indian fashion, fingers poking down their mouths. My sister was so tired and so frightened that her knees were shaking violently. She was praying that the men would hurry back. She went to the door to see if she could see them coming. She crowded past the dirty Indians, and decided that she would not be able to go to the storeroom for that fifty pound sack of flour that she knew was there. When she reached the door she looked out so intently that, like children, the Indians pushed out also to see what she saw. An inspiration came to her to slam the door and bolt it, which she did, only to hear the angry attempts of the Indians to get back in. She leaned weakly against the door trying to collect herself. Then the Indians appeared at the window, gesticulating and yelling. Thank goodness there was only one window! There was a gun on the wall but she knew nothing about loading it or using it. She even felt too weak to reach for it. She just crawled back into a corner and waited. The hours seemed to drag past, and the Indians seemed to grow more angry as they moved from the window to the door, and then back to the window. They waved knives at her and made signs to indicate a cut throat. She could do nothing but shudder, and pray that the men would ride in.

After hours of this torture she heard the changed tones of the bunch as they moved away from the cabin to greet Peer Johnny when she came back from a day's fishing—a necessity to feed her hungry man. For once that old black squaw looked mighty good to my sister. However, the Indians pitched their camp around the tepee and there they spent the night.

In terrible terror my sister spent that night. In the early morning light she found the courage to pack her clothes and possessions. When we got home about ten o'clock that morning the Indians had moved on, and there sat my sister all ready to do the same. She was very determined, so all we could do was to take her back to Green River City. She never got over this terrible experience, and I think it affected her health and was the cause of her death.

She went to Princeton, Kansas, where she taught school for one year, then she went back to her home in New York. The next year after hearing of my sister's experience, my brother, Charlie Griggs, came out. Later in 1884, my brother, Ben, came. He and Charles filed on adjoining locations. Later these were divided. Now the place that Charles took up is the Dan Budd ranch, and Ben's ranch is now the Springman place. Ben died at Fort Bridger.

Charles went to work for Budd. He herded bulls at the head of Piney-Beaver above the Mountain Home ranch. It was in 1887 that Charles and Amos Smith bought out Dan Meyers. My sister sent the money from New York to buy the ranch.

It was also in the year of 1887 that I went to work for Amos Smith. I had worked for Budd for five years.

Later my sister came back and taught school in Green River. Then the next year she taught at La Barge—a school at the S. N. Miller ranch.

Charles Rathbun left Piney and went to Fontenelle where he took up a ranch that is now the Olga Larsen place. He bought some sheep, and after a few years he sold them and the ranch. He made some money but soon lost it. Later my sister got a divorce and some time afterwards married A. W. Smith. (1885) They lived on the ranch for several years. Finally her health failed and she spent several years in Missouri trying to regain it. She passed on and was buried in Evanston.

While I worked for Mr. Smith, there were many herds of weary cattle going through the country. Some belonged to people going west on the Oregon Trail. When one got too weary or too ill to go on, or if an oxen became too sore-footed to go farther, I would buy it for $3.50 or $5.00. Thus I acquired a small herd of stock.

One spring a trail herd going through crossed the Green River at the ranch. There was a large bunch of cattle with a boss and three riders—two white men and an Indian. The riders had been having violent quarrels about most everything. The boss had to keep the herd moving, so when they came to the river as usual, they drove a small bunch of the strongest cattle across the stream with the Indian. They acted on the theory that the strong ones would give the balance of the herd the courage to cross also. They sent the Indian with the first group—if he drowned, no matter. Indians were a dime a dozen. The starter bunch made it fine, and then the two white riders drove the balance of the herd into the stream. Just as they were getting their horses into the water, the lead rider yelled back to the other saying, "Don't you come in here. You can't make it."

At that the rider in the rear pulled out his gun and called, "We'll see about that. I'll put a stop to this." With that remark he shot the man in the river. Then he waved his hat and rode off never to be heard from again. The dead man fell from his horse and his body floated down the river.

Amos Smith and I sat on our horses on the river bank and saw the whole gruesome incident. The boss finally

came over to us and explained that he had had nothing but trouble on the whole trip. Now there was no time or chance to find the dead man's body and see that it was buried. But the fellow had $75 in back pay coming. The boss gave this amount to Mr. Smith, asking him to watch for the body, and take care of the burial. This Mr. Smith did. About a week later he was riding on the mesa where he could see the river. There on a gravel bar Mr. Smith saw magpies circling about. He rode over and there was the lost rider. Mr. Smith dug a grave and buried him. There was no name, no investigation, no marker—just the end of a trail.

* * *

That winter of 1886-87 was a record breaker. We had had fairly open winters, but this one was different. The snow came early and grew very deep. Then a thaw came and the snow seemed to turn to water. Then this froze up solid ice. It was so slick on the river that no stock could stand up on the ice to cross. In one place there were 10,000 antelope in one bunch trying to get to the desert, but they could not cross the river on the ice, and the wolves just slaughtered them. Many people froze to death that winter. One driver on the stage from Green River to Ft. Washakie via Big Sandy froze to death.

All our small supply of potatoes and onions froze, but even so we cooked them. We usually saved them for Sunday, for during the week our diet consisted mainly of beans. Meat was too weak and tough to be edible. Cattle could get no hay. As I said, I had acquired a nice herd of cattle, and now I saw many of them die for lack of feed. Right then and there I determined to have a ranch of my own so that I could have feed for my stock.

The next spring I quit working for Mr. Smith and took up a homestead. It is now the Clifton Fear ranch.

In the spring of 1890 Mr. Smith bought the 67. Budd and McKay dissolved partnership. McKay bought Budd out. Budd built the store, but still kept a small herd of cattle.

In 1895 I married Marcia Merriot, an Ogden girl. We had two boys, Percy and Ray. We lived on our ranch. In 1904 my wife died, and in 1912 I sold the ranch to T. D. O'Neil.

Soon after I sold my ranch I took up some mining land on Beaver—on the Rim. I formed a mining company. There were about nine of us. We had eleven sections. Five

of these were on Placer Creek where I have made my home for the past summers.

In March of 1938 I married Mrs. Lottie Hazzard. Some winters I spend in California, and some in Wyoming, but all the summers since 1879 have been spent in Wyoming.[4]

4. Mr. Griggs missed returning to Wyoming for the summer for the first time in 1952.



NORMAN BARLOW AND JAMES MICKELSON AS INDIAN CHIEFTAINS IN GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS PAGEANT



MR. AND MRS. JAMES F. MICKELSON AS TRAPPER AND SQUAW, GREEN RIVER RENDEZVOUS PAGEANT

The Sublette County Historical Society

By

MAE E. MICKELSON*

Students of the early history of Wyoming, particularly of the romantic Green River Valley, in what is now the County of Sublette, are cognizant of the fact that fifteen annual rendezvous took place along the waters of the Green River, or "Seeds-ke-dee"[1] (meaning Sage Hen) as the Indians named it. These took place between the years 1825 when the first Rendezvous on the Green was called by Wm. H. Ashley at Henry's Fork on the Green, and the final Rendezvous held by the American Fur Company in the summer of 1840. This last assemblage was held at a point midway between New Fork River and Horse Creek.[2]

Today, at a set time (the first Sunday in July) a yearly rendezvous takes place at the old gathering ground at Daniel, Wyoming. The valley of Horse Creek and the Green is not covered by the blossoms of a thousand tepees as it was in its heyday over a hundred years ago. The excitement is as intense as it was when the fur trapper Joe Meek, with a group of trappers, and Nez Perce Indians, met the Whitman and Spalding Party on the Sweetwater and returned to the gathering on the Green with the news of the coming of

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*Mae Elizabeth Mickelson (Mrs. James F.) was born on December 9, 1903, at Reeds, Missouri, the daughter of Esther Johnson and Alec Benton Stewart. She attended the University of Denver, where she was a member of Sigma Kappa Sorority, after which she began teaching school. On May 10, 1921, she came to Big Piney, Wyoming. On June 24, 1922, she was married to James F. Mickelson, son of an early pioneer family of the Green River Valley.

Mrs. Mickelson has been Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star, 1950-51, Republican District Committee Woman, first president of the Big Piney P.T.A., president of the Triangle Club, Sublette County Artist's Guild and Historical Society. She is the teacher of the adult class in the Community Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson are the parents of two daughters and one son and the grandparents of seven, all of whom live in Big Piney.

1. Also known as the Sisk-ke-dee to the early trappers. Ferris called it "Soos-ka-dee."

2. Map of Green River and Trappers' Rendezvous—1824-1840—Dr. Carl P. Russell. See **Annals of Wyoming,** Vol. 17, No. 2, July 1945, p. 88.

the white women. Then "the Indian women combed and braided their long, black hair, tying the plaits with gay colored ribbons, and the Indian braves tied anew their streaming scalp locks, sticking them full of flaunting eagles' plumes, and not despising a bit of ribbon, either. Paint was in demand for both rider and his horse. Gay blankets, red and blue, buckskin fringed shirts, worked with beads and porcupine quills, and handsomely embroidered moccasins were eagerly sought after. Guns were cleaned and burnished and drums and fifes put in tune." This description of feverish activity from Mrs. Victor's **River of the West** has its counterpart in the action at the old rendezvous grounds in Daniel each year, under the auspices of the Sublette County Historical Society.

Three persons are linked indelibly with the formation of this well established society—Mrs. Mary Hulbert Scott, Mrs. Helen Sargent and Mr. P. W. Jenkins.

The Daniel Inn, at its former situation in the town of Daniel, under the proprietorship of Helen and Lynn Sargent, and at its present situation on the highway above the town, under the ownership of Mary Louise Sargent, has been the scene of practically all of the meetings held by the Society. This well known inn, with the charm of another era, has known many evenings of discussion by those gathered around its homey fireplace, when the need for the formation of an Historical Society was felt.

Mrs. Helen Sargent sent out the first cards inviting the residents of Sublette County to a meeting at the Inn in the spring of 1935. The purpose was to form an Historical Society in Sublette County.

The Fort Bonneville, DeSmet and Pinckney Sublette monuments had been erected previously. Interest was high.

To Mrs. Scott, with whom Dr. Hebard had for years discussed erection of a monument to the first white women over the Oregon Trail, Narcissa Prentis Whitman and Eliza Hart Spalding, the formation of such a Society on the 100th anniversary of their coming in 1936 seemed providential.

Dr. Hebard, whose health was failing, had in 1934 said to Mary Scott, "I have undertaken more historical work than I will be able to finish. You will have to see that Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding have their monuments." To this Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "I cannot do that!" Dr. Hebard replied, "You can do it, and I am depending on you to see that it is done!"

Accordingly, at the organization meeting Mrs. Scott stated, "Next year will be the one hundredth anniversary of Mrs. Whitman's and Mrs. Spalding's visit here. What can

we do to commemorate the event?" Mr. P. W. Jenkins replied, "I appoint you a committee of one to see what you can do!"[3]

This appointment, something of a challenge as well as a second assignment, fitted in with Mrs. Scott's planned visit to Portland, Oregon, where in the Oregon Historical Society Library are found most of Mrs. Whitman's and Mrs. Spalding's diaries, and also many historical works including the book, "Beyond the Rocky Mountains in 1835" by Rev. Samuel Parker, who visited the Rendezvous in 1835 with Marcus Whitman.

While in Portland Mrs. Scott gathered rendezvous, missionary, and other information regarding an historical pageant. Mr. Jenkins, as historian, added names of other 1836 Rendezvous attendants.

The first recorded meeting was held on June 21, 1936. Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President, was absent. Mrs. Mary H. Scott, Vice President, presided, assisted by Miss Celia M. Sargent, Secretary.

Plans to purchase the Rendezvous Grounds from Mr. Ralph Conwell were discussed and formulated.

The program for the Rendezvous was outlined by Mrs. Scott. It included a picnic at 12 o'clock with the pageant starting at 2 o'clock. All subsequent Rendezvous have included a picnic. (The latter ones have featured barbecued elk meat.) From the first pot-luck beginnings this lunch has settled down into a well organized affair with the Lions Clubs of Pinedale and Big Piney alternating in furnishing and serving the coffee, cream and sugar. At this time the perforated ticket in the back of the rendezvous Program purchases a meal of barbecued meat, baked beans, pickles, bun, coffee and cake for the sum of $1.00. Children are admitted free. The purchase of the program serves as a ticket for the Pageant and lunch.

The State Historical Landmark Commission paid for the erection of the plaque dedicated to Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding. It was donated by the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs. The Sublette County Historical Society was to pay for a place to set the monument, deeding the land and surveying a park.

At this meeting, it was moved and passed that an open pavilion be erected on the Rendezvous Grounds measuring 50 x 50 feet—under the sponsorship of the Daniel Club.

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3. Letter from Mrs. Scott.

Another meeting was called on June 28, 1936, to complete the plans for the 1936 Rendezvous. Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President, presided.

Mrs. Mae Mickelson was appointed to send articles to all nearby papers concerning appropriate items for the picnic lunch. Foods Committee: Mrs. Fred Clodius, Mrs. Mildred Miller, Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Chairman.

Rev. Guild, Congregational minister at Big Piney, contacted the C.C.C. boys at Big Piney to act as Indians. Their bronzed bodies, browned by working shirtless in the sun, were perfect for the Indian characters they were to play. The Program Committee consisted of Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Rev. Guild and the Secretary. Mr. Joe Weppner was present and advised that Mr. West would be sent by the State Historical Landmark Commission to place the plaque on the monument on July 17th.

Pageant Committee: Mrs. Lou Hennick, Mrs. M. H. Scott, Mrs. Curt Feltner, Mrs. Frances Clark, Mrs. Mae Mickelson.

At a meeting of the Historical Society held on July 12th, the final program was approved. Its order was—

1. 12 o'clock picnic dinner
2. Historical Pageant
3. Speaking Program

   Gov. Leslie A. Miller of Wyoming, Miss Seabright of the University of Wyoming, Mrs. E. K. Morrow, President of the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs, Venerable W. F. Buckley, Arch Deacon of Episcopal Church of Utah, J. Cecil Alter, western author.
4. Indian Song—County Council of Campfire Girls
5. Father Schillinger
6. Mayor M. A. Strange, Radio Lecturer
7. John C. Thompson, Editor **Wyoming State Tribune**
8. Unveiling and presentation of monument to the State Historical Landmark Commission
9. Reception of Monument by Gov. Miller
10. Presentation by Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs tablet dedicated to, "The heroic women of all time who carry the torch of friendship into a strange land that those who follow may find friends."
11. Mrs. Vernon A. Griffith
12. Benediction—Rev. Hugh K. Fuller—Rawlins, Wyoming

Historical Pageant—Life at the Rendezvous—1832-1836

First Rendezvous Script by Mary H. Scott

Scene I. 1832—Four Indians depart for St. Louis.
Scene II. 1834—Jason Lee, on horseback, leading pack horse, passes through, going west.
Scene III. 1835—Arrival of American Board of Missionaries, Rev. Parker and Dr. Whitman.
Scene IV. Whitman, accompanied by two Indian boys, departs for the East.
Scene V. Parker departs for Fort Walla Walla, with many Indians, Jim Bridger and Trappers.
Scene VI. Indians ride out horseback and surround Whitman-Spalding party in welcome.
Scene VII. Whitman-Spalding Party arrive in wagon and on horseback.
Scene VIII. Indian Matrons greet Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding by shaking hands.
Scene IX. Historical characters introduced to Whitman-Spalding Party.
Scene X. Service of Thanksgiving.

Everyone cooperated. Individuals and local clubs were generous. The State Historical Planning Board, the Governor and the Highway Department planned for and transported the monument boulder to the Rendezvous Grounds. The Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs, starting with Dr. Hebard's donation of $15.00, solicited donations from State Clubs. They received more than enough to pay for the plaque.

The day of this first pageant, July 25, 1936, brought a large concourse of people—an estimated 1500 in number. Programs were sold. The receipts from these and the dance that evening, which had to be held in the Bronx Community Hall because of rain, and the midnight lunch, brought the receipts to $700.00.

Many C.C.C. boys, with their bronzed bodies gleaming, dashing wildly about on paint smeared ponies or trudging in the sand, made the drama all the more realistic. The Campfire Girls sang an Indian Song—"Wakonda, Hear Us, Hear Us"—very effective and picturesque.

I have many special memory pictures of this first pageant. Mrs. Lauzier arriving on horseback wearing one of the doctor's prize Indian outfits. Mrs. L. H. Hennick's portrayal of an Indian squaw. Mr. Bill Brazill and his wild, evil portrayal of an Indian Medicine Man!

There were intermittent showers during the afternoon and our mother, Mrs. Mildred Mickelson Jensen, darted

into one of the tepees to escape a deluge and soon found herself sharing it with Governor Miller. Mrs. Norman Barlow played the part of tall, blond Mrs. Whitman, while Mrs. Spaulding was enacted by dark, petite Mrs. Pharen Phaler.

The programs were donated by the Pinedale Commercial Club; the Pavilion was finally erected by the Historical Society; Lt. Lyttle was very helpful in sending the C.C.C. boys to clean up the grounds; Mr. Dick Key and Mrs. Sargent had charge of printing and selling dance tickets. The dance was advertised as a costume ball.

An election of officers took place at the meeting of August 8, 1936, naming Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President; Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Vice President and Treasurer; Mrs. M. H. Scott, Secretary. An Executive Committee consisted of Mrs. Vincent Fronk, Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Mrs. L. H. Hennick, Mrs. Mildred Mickelson Jensen, Mr. W. W. Bowers.

All bills were paid; L. W. Sargent was appointed Park Custodian; the name "Green River Rendezvous" suggested; a second dance to be given with Lt. Lyttle, Rev. Guild and Mrs. E. D. Key in charge; Society to purchase a set of pageant pictures for the permanent record.

At an afternoon meeting on Sept. 13, 1936, presided over by Mr. P. W. Jenkins, nine topics were assigned in preparation for spade work for the development of the 1937 Rendezvous—papers to be 10 or 15 minutes in length.

1. Historical Characters Present—Helen Sargent
2. Indian Tribes Present—Mae Mickelson
3. Fur Companies Present—Mildred Miller
4. Customs and practices of Trappers and Traders, Indian Tribes and Fur Companies—Lora Jewett
5. Costumes of All Characters Present in 1837 — Rev. Guild
6. First Battle at the Rendezvous of 1837—Rev. Guild
7. Geography of the Rendezvous of 1837—Mary H. Scott
8. The Crossing of the Trails—Frances Clark
9. The Origin and Purpose of the Rendezvous—P. W. Jenkins

A check for $200.00 was ordered placed in escrow at the First National Bank of Kemmerer, Wyoming, to be released to Ralph Conwell upon completion of title to land sold the Society.

Mrs. Frances Clark, Miriam Barlow and Mae Mickelson were appointed judges for the 1836 costume ball. These prizes were $5.00 each, and Mrs. Elizabeth Chapel carried off the honors for the women, while Mr. Homer Payne secured the prize for the best man's costume.

A group of the first pageant pictures were received—"Dedication of the Whitman, Spalding Plaque", "Appleby—Medicine Man", "Whitman and Spalding Service", "Whitman and Spalding Characters", "The Misses Jenkins", "Mrs. Whitman", "Two young Indian Chiefs (Norm Barlow and Jim Mickelson)", "Whitman-Spalding Party Standing—Fontenelle, O'Neil Grandchildren, Indian Boys with Whitman and Others", "Rutledge", "Mrs. Bayer", "Appleby", "Mrs. Sadie Hall", "Homer Payne", "Rev. Whitman and Rev. Parker", "Complete Whitman and Spalding Families in Foreground", "Parade (mostly C.C.C.)", "Fontenelle", "Carson", "Fitzpatrick", "Whitman", "Spalding", "Bridger".

The first day cover of sale of stamps[4] read and referred to Charles Stafford, Secretary of Commerce and Industry for Wyoming.

Mrs. Jennie Huston, L. W. Sargent, J. C. Clark, W. Yarger and D. A. Blackmon each donated money in sums of five or ten dollars for the Rendezvous Park.

Again the Society met on Nov. 8, 1936, with Mr. Jenkins, President, presiding. Two of the assigned topics were reported. Question of purchase of historical books discussed.

On June 26, 1937, the Association voted to postpone the Rendezvous due to lack of time, and to start work on new pageant for July 18, 1938, as soon as possible. The recording fees of the transaction with Ralph Conwell were voted to be paid.

The second (1938) "Pageant of the Rendezvous" was written by P. W. Jenkins, depicting scenes in the life of the "Mountain Lamb", a beautiful Indian maiden of whom much was written in Mrs. Victor's **River of the West.**

Six meetings preceded this pageant.

Mrs. L. H. Hennick acted as President on June 1, 1938, with her daughter, Angeline Feltner, as Secretary. At this time Rev. Guild reported progress of Committee to contact W.P.A. for sewing costumes; motion was passed to fence the rendezvous grounds with posts to be purchased from some left by the Taggart Construction Company—price 20¢ each; Mr. L. W. Sargent named to committee to purchase barbed wire for fence; decided to have two gates in the park; a letter from W. M. Jeffers of the Union Pacific reported impossibility of obtaining Union Pacific Band for Rendezvous; Mrs. Sargent appointed to attempt securing

4. Issue of stamps commemorating the establishment of the Whitman-Spalding mission in the Oregon country.

Rock Springs Coal Co. Band or Kemmerer High School Band for July 16.

The meeting of June 15 was called to order by Helen Sargent.

An election of officers was held and upon resignation as treasurer, I was elected President, Mrs. L. H. Hennick, Vice President, Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Treasurer.

Wire for the Rendezvous grounds was purchased from Francis Tanner of Big Piney at $3.85 per 80 rod spool; Mrs. Stark's synopsis of "The Romance of the Rendezvous" by Mr. Jenkins was approved and ordered published in county papers; Rendezvous Dance to be held in Community Hall in Big Piney; Rendezvous ribbons to act as tickets for the dance; Dr. Lauzier and Stanley Decker, Dude Ranchers, promised to be on hand with properties and dudes.

Rev. Guild conducted the meeting on June 22, 1938.

Francis Tanner, as chairman of the Dance Committee was given permission to make all arrangements; Mrs. Barlow was given authority to order $100.00 worth of costumes from the Salt Lake Costume Co.; the Society was to furnish transportation and lunch for the C. C. C. and the Kemmerer Band; the Rendezvous Stamp was to be purchased for $1.90.

At the meeting of June 29, 1938, the Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Sargent, presided. Ruth Kelly acted as Secretary. All organizations in Sublette County were invited to participate in plans; each group sending two members to serve lunch; lunch committee—Mrs. E. D. Key, Mrs. Blackmon, Mrs. Davis, Ruth Kelly; county papers were to be informed that the Rendezvous money was to be spent for the Rendezvous Park.

Mrs. Hennick, Vice President, presided on July 6, 1938. Several committees reported: Property Committee—Horse Division—Gene Pfisterer, Clay Price, Lester Pape provided 12 horses; Bill Sherman, Jim Payne, Delbert Ball—6; Sam Stark—6-12 horses. Mr. Sargent reported the fence soon to be built; the tables would be ready. Costume Committee: Man from the Salt Lake Costume Co. would have costumes at the Inn for rent July 14, 15 and 16. Publicity Committee reported excellent articles in all papers. Dance Committee had hired the Victorian Orchestra from Kemmerer; also reported Big Piney American Legion had volunteered to serve midnight lunch.

On July 13, 1938, Mrs. Norman Barlow acted as President.

Rev. Guild reported 50 bows and arrows and 4 tom-toms were under construction; the fence was completed; food

must be purchased; the flag pole and ropes were ready, as were the tent poles and 17 tepees and seats for audience; the fires were laid and Bob Miller was to furnish posters for the horses; $24.63 was paid to Francis Tanner for wire; again, prizes were to be given for the best costumes.

The Mountain Lamb—Second Pageant—July 16, 1938

Scene I.	Camp of Joe Meek, M. Sublette, Shoshoni Man, wife and boy on Bear River.
Scene II.	Chief Gotia and Warriors, Sublette, Meek, Indian Tribe at New Fork and Green.
Scene III.	Rendezvous in Pierre's Hole — Umentucken, Bridger, Meek, Williams, Sublette, Milton Sublette, Gotia, Wyeth, Ball, Fitzpatrick, Vandeburgh, Drips, Trappers and Indians.
Scene IV.	On the Portneuf Trail—Meek saves Umentucken from freezing.
Scene V.	Finale—Green River Rendezvous.

Reverend Guild was the competent director of this pageant. An estimated 534 people attended the dance in the Community Hall in Big Piney which added the sum of $237.59 to the Society's treasury.

The final meeting of the year 1938 was held on July 27th. Mrs. Hennick conducted the business: the Dance Committee reported that $65.00 had been paid for the orchestra; that $149.09 had been deposited in the bank; Mrs. Key also reported a deposit of $21.50. The judges reported on the prize-winning costumes. Mrs. L. H. Hennick and family received the prize for being the best costumed family on the grounds. Best costume for women at the dance was won by Laura Thompson; best costume for men was given to Bill Brazill. These prizes were ordered paid and notices of appreciation were to be placed in all the papers.

(The lapse of time between 1938 and 1945 when the Society did not meet and no Rendezvous Pageants were performed, can be laid fully at my (the author's) door. The loss of a dearly beloved son in the early summer of 1938 was the cause.)

On October 10, 1945, the Historical Society met with 25 members present. The election of officers became the first order of business. I was again elected President; Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President; Mrs. Lynn Sargent, Treasurer; Mrs. Lora Jewett, Historian; Mr. Jim Harrower, Secretary.

The possibility of securing state aid for an historical museum was discussed. Mrs. Helen Sargent, N. Barlow

and J. Harrower were appointed to contact our governor regarding same.

The Society dues were set at 50¢ per year. A membership committee was appointed: Mrs. Bob Miller, Mrs. N. Barlow, Mr. Ed Cazier, Mr. Kit Carson. On the committee for Historical Markers Mr. Kit Carson and Jim Harrower were appointed.

At another meeting held on Nov. 9, 1945, with 8 members present and at which I presided, a communication from the governor was read. It proved to be unfavorable to an Historical Museum as $30,000 had previously been spent to beautify the Daniel Lane. A committee was appointed to find the oldest standing buildings in the county.

I again presided on Aug. 30, 1946. We had a discussion concerning markers for the old trails in the county. Ed Cazier and Jim Mickelson were appointed to look into the matter of types of markers. Parts of diaries written on the Old Lander Trail were read. Mrs. Mary H. Scott gave impersonation of her grandmother who crossed the plains in a covered wagon and read a paper on "The Oregon Trail."

April 25, 1947. We had much discussion of a letter from Dr. Driggs concerning a renewal of the Green River Rendezvous, and the motion was passed that it be again enacted. A letter was read from Mr. Joe Weppner concerning the placing of markers; the present officers were to be held over for another year; discussion was held on the removal of Sublette's bones from near the De Smet Monument to Rendezvous Grounds; Mr. Joe Ollivier told of the naming of Victor Lake after his uncle; motion carried to subscribe to the **Annals of Wyoming.**

On May 21, 1947, there was a very small attendance. The date for the Rendezvous was set for Saturday, July 5, 1947. Dr. Driggs and his friends could then attend. Plans were made for the Rendezvous including contacting the Highway Department for traffic control and the Forest Service for tables and chairs. It was voted to have 500 programs and ribbons printed. Characters for the pageant were discussed.

All officers except the Historian were present on June 2, 1947. (Bad rains prevented Mrs. Jewett from attending.)

So that the audience could attend the American Legion Rodeo in Big Piney in the afternoon, it was decided to serve lunch between 11:30 and 12:30 which would be immediately followed by the Pageant. Nine different characters and groups were chosen. I offered to write the script. All committees reported favorably; letters were read from Gov. Hunt, Joe Weppner and Dr. Driggs.

Rendezvous Days July 5, 1947—Third Rendezvous

This program featured a cut of old "Bill Williams" and pack outfit ready for a trip into the Wilderness—drawing by Mrs. Elton Cooley.

Dedicated to the Trappers and Traders of the Early West.

Narrator—Dr. Bert Reinow

Direction and Script—Mrs. Mae Mickelson

"The call went out in various ways throughout the wilderness. Wherever a trail carried the imprint of moccasined feet, the news was spread. By word of mouth, by signs in the white man's way, or by Indian sign, soon everyone knew.

"Gradually the wild throng gathered beside the broad waters of the Green River, where there was plenty of grass, water and space for all.

"We cannot give you a picture of everyone who attended. It is our desire to portray for you a few of the characters, leaders among the mountain men, whom we seek to honor today. They came into this vast country of the west, following the courses of unknown rivers, trapping each side stream as they came, silently noting directions, landmarks, discovering passes, and breaking trail for the millions who were to follow.

"Before the white man came, the Indians held the land and loved it!"

I. Indian Group—Bill Brazill, Sadie Hall and Cast.

II. Trappers and Traders—Jedediah Smith—Ed Cazier; Jim Bridger—Thurston Doyle; Capt. W. L. Sublette — Boyd Charters; Thomas Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston; Kit Carson—Kit Carson; Capt. Bonneville—Roy Clementson.

III. Missionaries—Whitman Group—Rev. and Mrs. Whitman—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hurich; Rev. and Mrs. Spalding—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Spencer; Miles Goodyear — Jack Carson; Father DeSmet—Carrol Noble; Indian youths.

IV. Indian Guide—Iroquois Chief—Guy Bush.

V. Speakers:

Dr. Howard R. Driggs, N.Y.C.
Joe Weppner, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Perry W. Jenkins, Cora, Wyo.
Mary H. Scott.

Our next recorded meeting was held July 18, 1947. I again presided. The annual dues were raised to $1.00. Motion made that the P. Sublette remains be moved from the Schwabacher Ranch to Rendezvous Grounds. Discus-

sion held concerning the gift of the Rendezvous Grounds to the State Landmark Commission—Secretary to write.

Committee for next Rendezvous: Ed Cazier, Pearl Spencer, Kit Carson, Thurston Doyle, Boyd Charter.

My slogan, "Sublette, Land of the Rendezvous," was chosen to be placed on markers at county boundaries on highway. (These are today in place—1952) They were made and erected by Mr. Jim Harrower. The lettering is done in yellow on a large plank of California redwood which is stained brown. Mrs. Virginia O'Neil completed this project.

Mrs. Elton Cooley and Jim Harrower to meet with County Commissioners and secure permission to erect showcases in hallway of courthouse for museum purposes; first display to be bear traps found by Barney Bain.

Officers-Directors Meeting held at the home of Mrs. Elton Cooley, Pinedale, March, 1948. We discussed Mr. Schwabacher's offer of $200 toward moving Sublette remains. Ed Cazier and J. Harrower appointed to attend to same at earliest date. We decided to hold the Green River Rendezvous annually the first Sunday in July. More Sublette County Booklets by author Harry Dunesch to be ordered; the Commissioners were favorable to Historical Cabinets project for Court House—plans were made to complete these.

April 27, 1948—Vice President, Ed Cazier, presided with eleven members present. At this time I resigned presidency. Mrs. Elton Cooley was elected to that office. Much discussion concerning incorporating the Society, with Mrs. Paul Allen and Attorney L. W. Brown explaining. Mr. Brown offered services for costs. Motion made that the Historical Society of Sublette County incorporate as a non-profit organization.

Attorney Lew Brown of Pinedale read the Articles of Incorporation at a meeting on May 17, 1948. Motion was passed that they be accepted and that the organization known as the Sublette County Historical Society be incorporated under the laws of the State of Wyoming, with a Board of nine Directors. Attorney Brown given Honorary Membership.

Board of Directors
Mrs. Elton Cooley, President
Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President
Mrs. A. Richardson, Historian
Mr. James Harrower, Secretary
Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Treasurer

Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Big Piney, Past President
Mrs. Anna Tibbals, Boulder
Mrs. Norman Barlow, Cora
Dr. Lauzier, Cora

June 4, 1948—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presided.

Mrs. A. Tibbals and Dr. Lauzier signed Articles of Incorporation. The hour for the Rendezvous was set for 11:00 A.M. on July 4th. The Rendezvous script written by Arnold Bolle was read by Dr. Bert Reinow and approved. Frances Clark and Dr. Lauzier were appointed to gather material on the old tie camp at the head of Green River. Mrs. Tibbals was to recall and gather information about the southeast end of the county.

The Rendezvous Cast was selected on June 11, 1948. The characters selected were to be notified by Mr. Wise. Mrs. N. Barlow requested that Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer be asked to direct the Pageant. Mrs. Beth Richardson reported progress on the Museum.

The Green River Rendezvous—1833-1948
Fourth Rendezvous

This year's Souvenir Program was fronted by a sketch of two Indians playing a dangerous Indian wrestling game while on horseback.

Script by Arnold Bolle.

Direction by Ida Mae Pfisterer (who has directed all subsequent pageants.)

An action Pageant—Reenacting the Race Between Wagon Trains of the American Fur Company and Rocky Mountain Fur Company, from St. Louis, Missouri, to the Green River at Daniel, Wyoming, in an endeavor to be first on the Rendezvous Grounds to trade with Trappers and Indians.

Program:

I. Hand Game — Indian Game — 8 persons — 2 Indian Squaws.
II. Shooting Match—4 horsemen.
III. Indian Pony Race.
IV. Rider announcing wagons.
V. Commentation—finish of the race at Ft. Bonneville.
VI. Tales of Adventure—featuring Jim Bridger.
VII. Commentation.
VIII. Arrival of Nez Perce Indians.
IX. Horse Racing.
X. Medicine Tent.
XI. Arrival of Supply Wagons.

Cast: Rocky Mountain Fur Co.: J. Bridger — Thurston Doyle; Malcolm Campbell—James Harrower; Broken Hand Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston; Jim Baker — Bob Carlson; Wm. Sublette—Boyd Charters; Clerk—Ted Wiederanders.
American Fur Company: Driggs—Jack Mudd; Lucien Fontenelle—Pete McReynolds.
Missionaries: Father DeSmet—Carrol Noble; Marcus Whitman—H. Hurich.
Commentators: Dr. Bert Reinow, Dick Robertson.
Medicine Man—Bill Brazill; Mad Indian—Mrs. Gene Pfisterer; Kit Carson—Kit Carson; "Bully" Shunnar—Joe Ollivier; Captain Bonneville—Roy Clementson; Indian Chief—Guy Bush; Free Trapper—Ed Cazier; Indian Bystander—Bud Nimnicht.

This Rendezvous Pageant lived up to its title of being an action pageant. Those taking part were faithful to the interpretation of boisterous exuberance, both in animation and utterance, required by the script. Ida Mae Pfisterer's experience as an actress became a boon to the Society, as she could direct with the ability of a professional. Her interpretation of a "mad Indian" was unique and gave added distinction to the performance.

July 23, 1948—Jim Harrower, Secretary, conducted the meeting.

A motion carried that the Society pay for all costumes. Those who wished could purchase their own. The treasurer reported the sale of programs did not cover expenses. Mr. Glenn Wise was thanked for the use of his Public Address System.

Nov. 22, 1948—Jim Harrower, Secretary, directed the business.

The dead pine tree from the Snider Basin Spring, with the name—J. B. Le Beau, Aug. 3, '64 carved in its wood, was discussed as a display for the museum in the Pinedale Courthouse. Motion carried to have it placed there. This is the oldest name carved on a tree surviving in the county. The tree was alive until 1944. In 1946 Boyd Charters and Jim Harrower removed portion with the name for preservation.

Mrs. Bloom stated that Pinedale was given its name by the first Past Master of the Masonic lodge. The land for the townsite was donated by Bob Graham and Mr. Patterson.

Mar. 20, 1949. Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

A motion carried that a buffalo robe, not to exceed $100 in cost, be purchased and prepared and auctioned for $1 per chance.

Committee for membership drive — Mrs. Cooley, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. C. Noble, G. Decker, Mrs. Floerke, Mrs. Pfisterer, Dr. Reinow and Mrs. Robt. O'Neil.

Lost squaw costume found and sold to Ida Mae Pfisterer.

Apr. 4, 1949—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

Discussion of badge for "Old Timers" to be presented to all who had been in the county 50 years.

Mrs. Pfisterer gave synopsis of her script for Rendezvous. She planned to contact Life Magazine the next week in New York.

Mr. Baker donated old safe for the museum. Elton Cooley reported early sale of 200 tickets. Jim Harrower reported on progress of the buffalo robe. Signs were to be prepared directing way to the Rendezvous Grounds. Also one for the George Grassil building in Daniel—oldest building in county doing business.

Assurance was given that all profanity would be deleted from this year's project.

Mrs. Pfisterer to secure right of way from Highway Department for square dance on the highway.

May 2, 1949—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

Francis Tanner's description of "Old Timer": "Anyone living in and maintaining a residence in what is now Sublette County, fifty or more years, and present at the Rendezvous"—adopted.

Buffalo Robe, membership, tanning of deer skins all came under discussion. Joe Ollivier and F. Tanner volunteered to secure beaver claws and turkey feathers for the trappers.

May 16, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, conducted the meeting.

Report on Buffalo Robe Raffle given by James Harrower; Catlin sketches from the Smithsonian Institute reviewed; it was voted to secure "Old Timers' Register"; date set for rehearsals.

Old Timers Committee: Mrs. Frances Clark, Mrs. Lyman Rosendahl and Francis Tanner. Chairman of Food Committee: Hazel Carlson.

May 23, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, again conducted the meeting. A motion carried that we re-affirm our original request to have the first mountain peak south of

Fremont Peak named after Wm. Henry Jackson, pioneer photographer.

A committee was appointed to locate unmarked, unnamed graves in the county. Costumes designed and made by Mary Louise Sargent were exhibited.

June 13, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, presiding.

Last general meeting before the Rendezvous. Costumes exhibited by Mrs. H. Sargent. Mr. Cazier handled all orders from the costume agency. Motion passed to allow Mrs. H. Sargent to purchase costumes for the Society. Some rehearsal of parts.

Commemoration Program

July 3, 1949

Green River Rendezvous Program—11:00 A.M.
Sublette County Old Timers Award—12:00 Noon.
Picnic Lunch
All Afternoon
Food, Visit, Gossip
Square Dancing

1833-1949 Souvenir Program—5th Rendezvous
Fronted by sketch of Ft. Bonneville
Annual Commemoration Pageant Produced by the Sublette County Historical Society, Incorporated.
Script—Ida Mae Pfisterer

Scene I. Fort Nonsense.
Scene II. Religion comes to the Rendezvous—1836.
Scene III. Father De Smet's Mass.
Scene IV. Green River Rendezvous — Arrival of Supply Trains—Stewart, Campbell and Sublette win the race.
Hand Game—Indian Game.
Scene V. "A New Year Ahead."
Fontenelle arrives three days later.

Cast: Capt. Benjamin Louis Eulalie De Bonneville—Roy Clementson
Lucien Fontenelle—Francis Tanner
Mato-tope "Four Bears", Medicine Man—Bill Brazill
Kit Carson—"Little Brother"—Kit Carson
Trappers—Jim Mickelson, Robert O'Neil, Gene Pfisterer, Elton Cooley, Elmer Nutting, Ed Cazier, Robert Miller, Kelly Wilson, etc.
Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce—Ross Meeks
His Squaw—Mildred Miller
Indians—Floyd Spencer, Joe Johnson, Guy Bush,

Elmer Olson, Ted Weideranders, James and Phil Skiver, Boyd Charters, Joe Budd, John Kvenild, Bob Springman, etc.
Squaws — Madeline Nutting, Pearl Spencer, Mae Mickelson, Mary Johnson, Margaret Wise, Sadie Hall and Family, Elizabeth Chapel, Amelie Reynolds, Helen Kvenild, Wilda Springman
Rev. Marcus Whitman—Norman Barlow
Narcissa Whitman—Miriam Barlow
Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding—Harold Hurich
Eliza Spalding—Virginia O'Neil
Father De Smet—"Black Robe"—Carroll Noble
Wm. Sublette—"Cut Face"—Roy Thomson
"Bully" Shunnar—Joe Ollivier
Jim Bridger—"Old Gabe"—Thurston Doyle
Capt. William Drummond Stewart—Syd Reynolds
Robt. Campbell—James Harrower
Andrew Drips—Jack Mudd
Thomas Fitzpatrick—"Broken Hand"—Tobe Huston
Mail Clerk—Lynn Sargent
Antoine Clement—"Wild Child of the Prairies"—Carl Holt
The Fisherman Narrator—Dr. Bert Reinow

Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer wrote the script and directed the pageant. Her husband, Gene, erected a log slab fort used as a prop for the first time. The Souvenir Program contained a history of the House of Sublette compiled by Mr. P. W. Jenkins. The crowd was large and attentive, seated on logs arranged in a semicircle around the natural stage setting.

July 15, 1949—Ed Cazier, Vice President, presiding.

All bills to be paid in order. Pictures taken at Rendezvous by Mr. Feltner to be displayed for purchase at next meeting.

Report on Programs—600 ordered—220 not sold.

Report on Buffalo Robe—359 tickets sold.

Aug. 12, 1949—Jim Harrower, Secretary, presiding.

Question of French fencing foil found on the Rendezvous Grounds in 1916 by Al Lykins, an employee of Jim Mickelson, was discussed. Motion carried to request State Museum to return the same to Sublette County.

Election of Officers: Eugene Pfisterer, President; Virginia O'Neil, Vice President; Frances Clark, Secy.-Treasurer; Myra Colley, Historian.

Mar. 28, 1950—Eugene Pfisterer, President, conducted the meeting.

Rendezvous Committees appointed: Program Committee, Sound Committee, Publicity Committee, Property Committee, Production Committee, Food Committee, Curtain Committee, Old Timer Committee, Special Dance Committee, Pop Committee.

Mrs. Cooley and Mrs. Pfisterer were to prepare the script. The dialogue to be broadcast over loud speakers by a cast behind the scenes. Question of securing another buffalo robe discussed. The Rendezvous date to be July 2, 1950. Jim Harrower mentioned that the Miller Paintings owned by Mrs. Clyde Porter might be exhibited during Rendezvous. The gratitude of the Society was expressed to Mary Lou Sargent for the use of the Inn for the meetings.

April 11, 1950. Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding.

The Mills Company of Sheridan was given the Rendezvous printing.

Mr. Monaghan appointed Chairman of Transportation; cost of Buffalo Robe proved prohibitive; Mrs. Pfisterer described script; Dr. Reinow to act as commentator.

April 25, 1950—Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer presiding.

All committees reported; 1,000 programs ordered; fine set of by-laws ready; note of appreciation sent to Mr. Roth of Pinedale for music; "Old Timers" postponed.

May 16, 1950 — Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding. Home of Robert O'Neil in Big Piney. By-laws read by Ed Cazier—accepted. 1500 people planned for by Food Committee. Flag pole progressing. 6 Indians from Blackfoot, Idaho, available for Indian Dance, cost $100.00; Dr. Reinow to see about county spraying machine for Rendezvous Grounds to fight flies and mosquitoes. Dates set for rehearsals.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous—6th Rendezvous

1833-1950 "I'll Meet you on the Green"
Sketch on cover—Picture of trapper in buckskins mounted carrying big rifle.

Scene I. A Red Man's Rendezvous
Scene II. A Rendezvous with God
Scene III. Cathedral of the Wind River
Scene IV. Rendezvous of the Green River
Scene V. Pageant of the Period

Cast of Characters

Mato-tope—Medicine Man—Bill Brazill
Chief Joseph of Nez Perce—Ross Meeks
His Squaw—Mildred Miller
His Dolyumpa—Little Thunder—Mildred Miller
Indians: Floyd Spencer, James and Philip Skiver, James Mickelson, Bob Springman, John Kvenild, Bobby Miller, Marly Green and others.
Indian Squaws: Madeline Nutting, Mae Mickelson, Pearl Spencer, Wilda Springman, Helen Tanner, Tina Noble, Margaret Wise, Sadie Hall, Amelie Reynolds, Helen Kvenild, Ida Mae Pfisterer, Carol and Martha Graham, Arden Cooley and others.
Rev. Marcus Whitman—Norman Barlow
Narcissa Whitman—Miriam Barlow
Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding—Harold Hurich
Eliza Spalding—Virginia O'Neil
Tachitonitis—William Sour
Ais—William Kinseder
Indian altar boy—Tommy O'Neil
Father De Smet—Carroll Noble
Lucien Fontenelle—Francis Tanner
Capt. Benj. Louis Eulalie De Bonneville—Roy Clementson
Mail Clerk—Lynn Sargent
Andrew Drips—Jack Mudd
Jim Bridger—Thurston Doyle
Kit Carson—Kit Carson
Thomas Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston
"Bully" Shunnar—Kelly Wilson
Wm. Sublette—Ted Monaghan
Robt. Campbell—James Harrower
Capt. Wm. Drummond Stewart—Syd Reynolds
Gen. William Ashley—Dr. Bert Reinow
Trappers: G. Pfisterer, R. O'Neil, Elton Cooley, Elmer Nutting, Ed Cazier, R. Miller, Joe Budd, etc.
Voice of Behind the Grass Curtain
Chief Joseph—James Mickelson
Rev. Marcus Whitman—Ed Cazier
Narcissa Whitman—Ida Mae Pfisterer
Rev. Spalding—Bert Clark
Eliza Spalding—F. Clark
Father De Smet—Thurston Doyle
Lucien Fontenelle—Tom Delgado
Capt. Bonneville—Glenn Wise
Andrew Drips—Roy Sell
Jim Bridger—Gene Pfisterer

Kit Carson—Syd Reynolds
Wm. Sublette—Norm Barlow
Robt. Campbell—R. O'Neil

The script was written by Mrs. Myra Cooley and Mrs. Eugene Pfisterer and ably directed by the latter. The slogan, "I'll meet you on the Green" was coined by Mrs. Cooley and has been used by her since in many delightful sketches about Rendezvous times for various papers.

May 4, 1951—Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding.

This was the first meeting of the year. The officers elected: President—Virginia O'Neil; Vice President—Ed Cazier; Secy.-Treas.—Tina Noble; Historian—Pearl Spencer.

Mrs. Pfisterer resigned from the Board of Directors and J. Harrower was elected. The Society to sponsor a showing of the Miller paintings in June. Markers had been placed on the Oregon Trail between Daniel and Big Piney. Also on the Sublette and Lander cutoff.

May 11, 1951—Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

Mrs. Pfisterer to direct the pageant and allowed $20.00 to prepare script. Along with usual committees, a Clean-up and Trucking Committee appointed. Lillian Allen was consulted about insurance. A booth to be erected where old programs could be sold.

May 25, 1951: Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

A motion was passed to contact Mrs. Lillian Allen concerning Liability Insurance for those attending and participating in the Rendezvous. Rehearsals for Rendezvous; 4 required and dates set.

June 3, 1951—Sublette County Historical Society sponsors exhibition of Miller paintings on Rendezvous Period, at the High School in Pinedale.

These paintings were owned by Mrs. Clyde Porter of Kansas City, Missouri. The artist, Alfred James Miller, attended the Rendezvous in the days when they were at their best and left these vivid records of those long past times. Mrs. Porter gave an interesting lecture on the manner in which she rescued the pictures from obscurity.

Also exhibiting: Mrs. Bonnie Welch of California—local oils. Miss Betty Blake of N.Y.C.—Western sketches. Mrs. Harriet Wilson — Pinedale — Water colors. Mrs. Miriam Barlow—Cora—Water colors. Tea was served by the Society to about 100 visitors.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous
7th Rendezvous

July 1, 1951 "I'll Meet You on the Green" 1833

Scene I. To the lodge of the Red Man comes the call to the Green.
Scene II. Benediction Along the Green.
Scene III. The Black Robe and the Green.
Scene IV. I'll Meet You on the Green.
Scene V. History on Parade.

Script—Mrs. Eugene Pfisterer and Myra Cooley.

The cast of the characters was practically the same as the previous year. Many have played the same role year after year since the Society's beginning. Again, the Voice Cast behind the Grass Curtain was most effective.

Oct. 14, 1951—Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

A motion was carried to have 1,000 Rendezvous postcards printed. The Secretary-Treasurer was empowered to pay all itemized bills. The three signs proposed by Mrs. Mae Mickelson, "Sublette County, Land of the Rendezvous", with a limit of $75 each, be made and erected by James Harrower. $1,000 was set aside for a museum building fund. It was voted to allow $50 for the best script for 1952.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous
8th Rendezvous

1833 "I'll Meet you on the Green" July 6, 1952

Script—Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer and Myra Cooley

The cover of this latest program was bright yellow and featured a buffalo herd.

Scene I. First citizens of the Green.
Scene II. First White women on the Green.
Scene III. First Mass on the Green.
Scene IV. First Rendezvous on the Green.
Scene V. First Historians of the Green.
Scene VI. History on Parade.

This year's Rendezvous featured a large, canvas curtain pulled by Indian lads. The cast, with few exceptions, was comparable to previous years. The audience was intent with interest as the graphic scenes unfolded. Many spent the afternoon visiting with old friends and watching and taking part in the Square Dance on the Highway.

This completes the list of the activities of the Sublette County Historical Society to the date of the last Rendezvous, July 6, 1952. The members of the Society are hopeful that in the years to come, as the first Sunday in July comes near, the annual trek will start from points far and near, to the old rendezvous grounds on the Green. As one old timer said, "You may put up a few posts and string miles of wire, but you cannot change the contour of the hills!" The hills bordering the river are the same; the breeze rustling the branches of the trees is the same; the willows bowing and swaying like giant plumes are unchanged. Sit with us beside the Green—hush! That was the sound of an oar splash heralding the approach of trappers with a boat load of peltries. The snap of a twig breaking? We can see the Indian runners as they pass silently through the trees.

There is water, food, entertainment and fun for all. We will "Meet you on the Green!"

History of the Inception of Riverton and Riverton Irrigation Project in Fremont County, Wyoming

AS SHOWN BY OFFICIAL RECORDS.

By

FENIMORE CHATTERTON*

When, in 1868, the Shoshone Indians ceded to the United States part of the Territory of Wyoming claimed by them as their country, they reserved to themselves the country lying between Owl Creek on the north, the main range of the Rocky Mountains south and west and the Popo Agie and Big Wind Rivers on the east, thereby owning this section in fee. This territory embraced about three million acres of mountain and plains lands. This section was reserved because of its fine climate, abundance of water, fishing in streams and lakes, good grazing and big game, buffalo, elk and deer. Here the Indians lived the year round in tents and animal skin tepees.

During the State campaign of 1898 DeForest Richards and Fenimore Chatterton, respectively, candidates for Governor and Secretary of State, drove fifteen hundred miles in a buckboard; one section of the drive was from Lander, in Fremont County, to the one-year-old town of Thermopolis. As there was no road part of the way, Fort Washakie to the N. B. Kinnear Ranch on the north bank of the Big

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*Fenimore Chatterton was born July 21, 1860, in Oswego, New York. He attended the public schools in Washington, D. C., the Pennsylvania State Normal School, and the law school of the University of Michigan.

He arrived in Wyoming on September 12, 1878, and settled in Carbon County. In 1889 he became the Probate Judge and County Treasurer of Carbon County; from 1894-1898 he was the Carbon County Prosecuting Attorney; he was a State Senator from Carbon County in the first and second State Legislatures; from 1899-1907 he was the Secretary of State, and on the death of Governor DeForest Richards in April, 1903, he became Acting Governor, an office he held until January 2, 1905. He was a member of the Public Service Commission and the State Board of Equalization, serving as chairman of both, from 1927-1934. He is now retired from the profession of law and resides in Arvada, Colorado.

Wind River, thirty miles above where Riverton is located. they employed an Indian guide. When they arrived at the south bank of the river, the Indian made several loud calls and finally Mr. Kinnear came and directed them how to follow the course of the angling flood, but they skipped considerable water.

That evening Mr. Kinnear gave them some valuable history and information regarding the potentialities of the part of the Indian Reservation north of the Big Wind River. The next morning Mr. Kinnear accompanied Messers Richards and Chatterton to a high hill and, after calling their attention to a distant peak of the Owl Creek Mountains as a guiding landmark, pointed an unmarked course to where they would find a road—ten miles from the hill—which they were to follow over the Owl Creek Mountains via the Mexican Pass to Thermopolis. Thus they drove some twenty miles over the land which eight years later constituted the "Riverton Irrigation Project" embracing about three hundred thousand acres.

Messers Richards and Chatterton resolved that, if elected, they would endeavor to secure the opening for settlement that part of the Shoshone Indian Reservation north and west of the Big Wind River, about one million three hundred thousand acres. They were elected and shortly thereafter initiated a movement for the opening of the land for settlement. They met concerted opposition from livestock owners who had long enjoyed a monopoly by means of leases of the territory for winter grazing of their herds of cattle and sheep. However, in 1904 the Government secured a Treaty with the Indians for the opening of the lands for settlement, which was ratified by Congress March 5, 1905, by an Act—33 Stat. 1016—for the disposition of the land under the provisions of the "Homestead, Townsite, Coal and Mineral Acts", under the supervision of the Interior Department as trustee for the Indians. The land was not opened for settlement until August 14, 1906.

For the proper development of the project a railroad was a must necessity. As Governor of Wyoming, Mr. Chatterton, in February, 1904, applied to Mr. Hughit, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad which had its terminus at Casper, to extend its line to Lander, only 150 miles.

Mr. Hughit ridiculed the idea, saying "Develop your country and we will build the line." Thereupon Governor Chatterton, having obtained financial backing, organized the Wyoming State Railway Company with Justice Jesse Knight, Justice of the State Supreme Court, J. H. Lobel

and himself, as President, constituting the Board of Directors. Mr. Millner, the most noted western railway location engineer, was employed and the survey was made and the right-of-way secured from the Orin Junction of the C. & N. W. R. R. and the Colorado Southern Railroad to Lander and to Thermopolis. The Orin Junction as the initial point was selected because it was known that the Burlington Railroad, then temporarily ended at Guernsey, would build via the Junction, Douglas and Casper to Thermopolis, thereby furnishing a splendid outlet for the Riverton Project to the east, south and west.

In May, 1905, Mr. Chatterton learned that the State of Montana was planning to secure the right to divert all of the water of the Big Wind River, known as the Big Horn after passing through the Owl Creek Mountains. He immediately secured sufficient data upon which to base an application to the State Engineer for a water right in Bull Lake and Dinwoody Lake as reservoirs and in Big Wind River for the irrigation of 335,905 acres of the ceded lands north and west of the river. The right was granted in June, 1905, thus predating the Montana plan by ten days.

In July, 1905, Mr. Chatterton went to New York City, where, with the influence of some friends, he met ten Wall Street financiers who, after learning Mr. Chatterton's statement of facts, subscribed five million dollars to finance the construction of the canals prior to the opening of the lands to settlement, provided he obtained a permit from the Interior Department to construct canals prior to the date for opening the land for settlement. Mr. Chatterton boarded the evening train for Washington. Had a conference with Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department and stated to him his desire to construct the canals prior to the opening so the settlers could farm the land the first growing season after homesteading. He presented a comprehensive plan for construction of the canals and reservoirs and disposition of the water rights to the settlers. He also presented a proposal for laying out of a model town by Mr. Burnham, the noted architect of the World's Fair Farm, who also improved Manila for the U. S. Government.

The plans were for a town fully equipped with pavements, water, sewers and lights. After waiting a week the Secretary informed Mr. Chatterton that he would not grant the permit as the Department would not grant anyone a special privilege to make money. By the plan submitted the Indians would have received one-half million dollars more for the land than provided by the Cession Act.

On returning to Cheyenne, Mr. Chatterton called upon the State Engineer, Clarence T. Johnston, and laid before him a written plan for the State to apply for a permit to make definite surveys of the Bull and Dinwoody Lakes for reservoirs and canals at a cost of $40,000.00. February 20, 1906, after a delay of six months, the Interior Department granted this together with the further right of the State to contract for the construction of the canals and reservoirs **after the opening**. This last privilege, after the opening, resulted in several years' delay of construction, except as to the town of Riverton. Under the supervision of the State Engineer the surveys were made between March 15 and July 1, 1906.

Late in the fall of 1904 the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad's officials, having ascertained knowledge of the natural resources of the ceded lands, and that Governor Chatterton had the financial backing for construction of the railroad from Orin Junction to Lander, had decided that the C. & N. W. desired to extend its line from Casper to Lander and would like to purchase the right of way Governor Chatterton had secured. The General Manager of the C. & N. W. requested the Governor to go to Chicago prepared to make the transfer of the right of way. The sale was made and a contract that the C. & N. W. would construct the extension of its line to Lander and operate daily trains prior to August 14, 1906, was given the Governor.

Notwithstanding this agreement, the General Manager of the C. & N. W. stopped construction of the line extension at the 160 acre tract he had obtained, by script, outside of the Indian Lands, where he located the town of Shoshoni on a sand flat three miles west of Big Wind River and sold lots. (Because of this he lost his position as General Manager.)

This wrongful action necessitated the holding by the Interior Department of the opening for settlement of the ceded lands at a point miles from the ceded lands, where no water or vegetation were in sight. The result was that the trainloads of people coming to Shoshoni for the nefarious lottery system for disposition of the land were daily met by trainloads of people out-bound who yelled at the incoming train "Suckers, suckers". The lottery system for homesteading miles from the land was like the boys' jack knife trading—"Unsight and unseen". This bureaucratic land opening farce, together with the refusal to allow canal construction prior to the opening, resulted in very few homesteaders and in delaying the proper development for at least twenty-five years.

Early in 1906 the State Engineer advertised for bids for the construction of the canals and reservoirs. Mr. Chatterton formulated plans for construction of the irrigation system and the disposition of water rights and induced Joy Morton (the salt magnate) to finance the project.

On July 11, 1906, Mr. Chatterton organized the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company for this purpose, with Joy Morton as President and himself as Vice-President and General Manager. The bids were opened on August 1st and the contract was awarded to the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company. Mr. Chatterton transferred his water right to the company on August 7th and $40,000 was paid to the State Treasurer for the canal and reservoir surveys.

On August 14, 1906, the people who had been waiting for that date came by wagons to the same 160 acre government town site Mr. Chatterton had selected in his interview with the Secretary of the Interior Department and began surveying streets, blocks and lots for the town of Riverton. Then Lander business interests, under the guidance of two petty fogger attorneys, moved in to initiate their twenty year opposition to the new project for development. While the new settlers were surveying, a Lander roughneck gang arrived and began a cris-cross survey, but they were finally driven away. These people went to Fort Washakie and induced the Indian Agent, a Lander citizen, to send the troops to oust the settlers from the Townsite, on the pretext the land was not opened for settlement. Mr. Chatterton kept the wires to Washington hot, and at the end of ten days of bureaucratic delay the troops withdrew, the settlers returned and began erecting buildings. The next act of the Lander cohorts was an attempt to effect a cancellation of a part of the company's water rights; this suit dragged on two years in the courts. The Lander cohorts incited the homesteaders to institute suits for exhorbitant damages for canal rights-of-way, and got the County Commissioners to refuse to establish necessary roads and bridges; they tried in Court to name the town "Central City". The C. & N. W. built its depot on the wrong side of the track and named it Wadsworth; this resulted in confusion in transportation to Riverton. Mr. Chatterton had to initiate suit to establish the name Riverton. And for twenty years the Landerites continued, in many other ways, to hamper the new enterprise and to annoy the citizens of Riverton.

Mr. Chatterton, February 1, 1907, moved from Cheyenne to Riverton to manage the business of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company for two years, and he resided there

twenty years to help the town fight the Lander cohorts and to grow.

In order to insure the cultivation of fifteen thousand acres surrounding the town the first growing season—1907—Mr. Chatterton, on September 24, 1906, let a contract for the construction of a fifteen-mile-long canal to irrigate this acreage on the Riverton Flat. The construction work began October 10, 1906, and was completed April 1, 1907, and the water from Big Wind River was turned into the headgate by his two daughters, Eleanor and Constance. Perpetual water rights were sold for thirty dollars cash per acre, or forty dollars on long time deferred payments bearing six per cent interest. The exhibit of the products from these lands at the State Fair at Douglas in September, 1907, took second prize.

Mr. Chatterton gave the town a water right on condition trees were set out on both sides of the streets; the condition was fully complied with and Riverton now—1952—is a beautiful city (population 4,500) and is the center of the agricultural, oil and natural gas, coal, railroad ties and industrial operations of Fremont County.

Joy Morton having failed to fulfill his agreement to finance the construction of the irrigation system, the State cancelled the contract of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Co. and secured the government's Reclamation Bureau to complete the irrigation system. The canals and Bull Lake Reservoir are completed and most of the 300,000 acres are producing large cash crops. Therefore, death of deterrent influences, time and indefatigable energy, and faith and courage of a few men and their wives won the fight and left a fine heritage to succeeding generations.

The names that can never be forgotten as the pioneer leaders are: P. B. Dykeman, J. J. Jewett, Henry Keating, J. A. Delfelder, Walter Breniman, Mrs. Lee Mote, Fred Stratton, E. T. Glenn, L. J. Kirch, A. Kirch, Oscar Nicholson, Roy E. Hays, Lut Judkins, Abe Boland, Franklin Sheldon, H. Lawes and Fenimore Chatterton.

You may be interested in the reminder that you are in an historic locality.

Much of the history of securing the the Northwest Territory and of conquering the "American Desert" is written along the trails through Wyoming.

John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clerk Expedition, in 1807 explored up the Big Wind River to the Jackson Hole and discovered the Yellowstone National Park Territory.

The Astoria Expedition in 1811 passed through where the City of Riverton is located and up the river to the Pacific Coast, and on the return trip in 1812 through Jackson Hole, South Pass and down the Sweetwater River and North Platte River, a trail which in 1847 became the Oregon and Mormon Trail.

Captain Bonneville, in 1832, passed through where now is Riverton and up the Wind River where now is the highway from Riverton to the Jackson Hole and the Yellowstone National Park.

In the 1830's the fur trappers sometimes held their yearly conclave at the junction of the Big and Little Wind Rivers, two miles southeast of Riverton.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

From our newspaper files of 1867 and 1868:

A GOOD MOVE.—It is proposed to organize a fire company in this city, which would be all well enough, if we had water. It is also proposed to form a hook and ladder company, which, at all times, water or no water is, in case of fire, of great service, but it is proposed, by the City Council, to pass an ordinance compelling every householder or occupant to keep constantly on hand, on the premises, a certain amount of water—say two or three barrels. Very frequently an extensive fire is prevented by a few buckets of water, by a single individual. We hope the ordinance will pass, and be enforced.—The Cheyenne **Leader,** Vol. 1, No. 136, February 27, 1868.

Mr. S. Petty, who lives near North Platte crossing, has on hand three thousand elk, deer and antelope hams for the eastern market. He employs thirteen hunters, and they kill, on an average, twenty-eight four-legged game a day.—The Cheyenne **Leader,** Vol. 1, No. 136, February 27, 1868.

A COUNTY.—Several prominent men of this city speak of a county organization as a desideratum. It is certainly true that it would add much to our convenience, in many particulars, and could such an organization be instituted, with an economic expenditure of the public funds, we would gladly favor the same. Perhaps it would be well for an assembly of citizens to meet together for the preliminary discussion of this matter. Let some one lead in a call, to this effect.—The Cheyenne **Leader,** Vol. 1, No. 2, September 24, 1867.

The State Historical Department has approximately 4500 volumes of newspapers of Wyoming. They may be used in the department by anyone wishing to do research in them. Currently, with only one or two exceptions, all newspapers in the state are received from the publishers. These are kept on permanent file in the department.

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In the April, 1926, **Annals of Wyoming,** Vol. 3, No. 4, appeared a biographical sketch of John Dwight Woodruff written by his niece, Mrs. Lesley Day Woodruff Riter (Mrs. Franklin Riter) of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The statement is made therein that John Dwight Woodruff left his parents' home on Bonus Prairie, Boone County, Illinois, in 1866 to make his first journey to the Rocky Mountains which eventually led him to Wyoming—the Dacotah Territory.

Further research by Mrs. Riter and the discovery of additional family data since writing this biographical sketch indicates that John Dwight Woodruff left his parents' home in Illinois in 1862 to make his first journey to the Rocky Mountains. This correction is made for the sake of historical accuracy.

As related in the original sketch, Russell Dorr Woodruff, brother of John Dwight Woodruff, attempted an overland journey westward in 1866—a journey he did not complete. John Dwight Woodruff was not with him on this trip, having gone west with Mr. Gardner four years earlier.

Further, in the biography of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff which appeared in the January and April, 1931, issues of the **Annals of Wyoming,** Vol. 7, Nos. 3 and 4, also written by Mrs. Riter, this error in date concerning John Dwight Woodruff is repeated. Accordingly, this correction is offered for the purpose of eliminating the mistake in Dr. Woodruff's biography. The two men were brothers and Mrs. Riter is the daughter of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff. She was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

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Mr. J. Neilson Barry of Portland, Oregon, has sent in the following brief article which he has entitled "Gradual Knowledge of Wyoming Geography." Mr. Barry has long been a student of early maps. He has long urged that a more detailed and comprehensive study of the early maps of Wyoming be made by more people in the State so that a better understanding of our history can be brought about.

"Originally absolutely nothing was known by white men of the geography of what is now Wyoming. Vague statements in early records are often too indefinite to determine what geography was then known. The early maps demonstrate what was then known; what was as yet unknown, and, more especially, the misconceptions of the geography. Such are demonstrated by the series of maps of the West, drawn by Clark, of Lewis and Clark. His first map has a

very clearly defined limit of knowledge of the geography beyond the verge of explorations in 1800, with a blank space where Wyoming now is. Likewise Clark's second map, although elsewhere more had become known. While at Fort Mandan, in the winter of 1804-1805 Clark had Indians draw maps. He then had other Indians, privately, verify or revise. Clark then compiled the Indian maps and for the first time the space where Wyoming now is "Got on the map."—Indian fashion.

"When the journals of Lewis and Clark were compiled, the President ordered a map of the West. Clark only knew the narrow routes he had traveled, so he used maps drawn by Indians and all sources for information then obtainable. For wholly unknown parts, Clark guessed at the geography with weird and fantastic guesses; especially for the Wyoming part. He misplaced the continental divide to where Nevada now is, and made the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and also the Rio Grande ("Rio del Norte") rise where Idaho now is; and depicted the Platte as flowing across modern Wyoming and the continental divide. He put Pike's Peak ("Highest Mountain") in Wyoming and a bewildered befuddlement of nightmare "geography."

"Clark sent the part for the routes of Lewis and Clark, in the spring of 1810, to Nicholas Biddle who was compiling the journals and who employed the professional cartographer, Samuel Lewis, of Philadelphia, to prepare the map materials for the etchers. On December 20, 1810, Clark sent the southern part of the map. No Indian map had depicted the upper part of Snake river, yet Clark had drawn some of his imaginary geography in that part. Clark made a copy of his map for the overland expedition to Astoria, which may have been a factor in causing them to abandon their horses and attempting to navigate Snake river.

"At the close of 1811 Andrew Henry returned to St. Louis with information of upper Snake river and Henry's fork. Clark then erased that part of his "guess geography" and inserted upper Snake ("Lewis") river and Henry's "River". The etching with that alteration was published in 1814, and being the first published map of the West was largely copied or reflected by later maps for very many years.

"Recently Mr. William R. Coe donated to the Library of Yale University a large manuscript map drawn by Clark, 34 by 54 inches, yet it was not known which one of the many maps drawn by Clark this one was. I was asked which one it is. It is the personal, office, working map from which Clark made the copy used for the etching of 1814,

yet with much larger area depicted than in the etching. Also much learned subsequently. A tinted reproduction has been made available by the Library of Yale University.

"The identification was simple, although extremely laborious and expensive. The space, where upper Snake river and Henry's fork on this manuscript map are shown, originally had some different drawing there. It was erased and upper "Lewis" (Snake) river and Henry's "River" were then drawn where the erasures had been made. The "guess geography" was then squeezed into a smaller scope. That part of the manuscript map is a mess.

"The procedure was simple. That part was enlarged to about sixteen times the area, both by photostats direct from the manuscript map and from the tinted reproduction. Although a small space, it required two sheets, 18 by 24 inches, for the enlargements; both black and in white.

"Two identical photostats were made of each sheet. One was left untouched, the identical duplicate was scrutinized by a strong magnifying glass, and each faint mark and dot, of what had been drawn and erased, was intensified—on the white sheets, with red ink, on the black photostats in silver ink. Such show what had been intensified, and can be compared with the untouched identical duplicate. That part is a palimpsest, and is a mess. Unfortunately erasures were so complete that the pattern of the original drawing can not be reproduced; except minor parts of streams. There is a galaxy like a magnified Milky Way of dots and speckles.

"That manuscript map, being the first ever drawn for the West, and by Clark, is the most valuable map for the West that has ever been drawn. However, it is an amendment of the original drawing, of which a copy was made for the overland expedition to Astoria, which may be found. This has Clark's ideas of the geography where Wyoming now is."

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Mrs. Peter Kooi of Sheridan passed away at her home on September 18, 1952, following a long illness. She had been a resident of Wyoming since 1904 when her husband engaged in the coal business at Monarch. He opened his own mine at Kooi in 1907.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kooi were known for their philanthropic work, which she continued after his death in 1935. Mrs. Kooi endowed the library of the Northern Wyoming Community College and was very active in youth welfare activities. Three daughters, Mrs. Doris Kooi Reynolds and

Mrs. Vera Kooi Hurst of Sheridan and Mrs. Lorna Kooi Simpson of Cody, nine grandchildren and three great grandchildren survive.

Dr. Florence D. Patrick, 94, prominent Albany County physician and pioneer, died at her ranch home at Garrett October 16, 1952, where she made her home with her daughter Luella, now Mrs. Robert Garrett.

Dr. Patrick obtained her degree as doctor of medicine in 1897. In the early 1900's she came to Wyoming for her health. She practiced from 1902-1919 in Laramie and from 1919-1925 in Rock River where she was active as a community leader.

Alonzo M. Clark, acting Governor of Wyoming from 1931-1933, died on October 12, 1952, in Thermopolis at the age of 84. He came to Wyoming in 1898 and began his career in the state as a school teacher in Campbell County. He first entered the political scene as county clerk in Campbell County. He was elected to the office of Secretary of State in 1927 and served in that capacity until 1935, acting in the meantime as Governor after the death of Governor Frank Emerson.

Mrs. Fred G. S. Hesse, pioneer resident of Buffalo since 1880, succumbed at the age of 92 on June 24, 1952. She first came to Buffalo with a freight outfit belonging to her brother-in-law, Waugh Murphy, and she lived with the Murphys for a year. On August 13, 1884, she was married to Fred G. S. Hesse, foreman of the famous Frewen Brothers holdings. Later he operated his own 28 Ranch. Mrs. Hesse was a highly respected and loved member of her community. She is survived by two sons, Fred W. and George, and a daughter Vivienne Hesse.

Mrs. Mary Parmelee, pioneer Buffalo resident, passed away on December 28, 1951, at the age of 84. She first came to Buffalo in 1888 as a teacher, and she returned in 1892 as the wife of Carroll Parmelee, who was later to serve as district judge from 1906-1918. Mrs. Parmelee and her sister Edith were at one time editors of the Buffalo **Bulletin** prior to 1900. She was always active in community affairs and was an authority on early day events of Buffalo and Wyoming.

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Stimson Fund

Additional contributions to the "Stimson Fund" have been made by Mrs. Mary G. Bellamy of Laramie, Mr. W. R. Coe of New York City, Mr. Dabney Otis Collins of Denver,

Miss Faye Donnel of Laramie, Mrs. Laura A. Ekstrom of Denver, Dr. Nolie Mumey of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gallaher of Cheyenne, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Cody of Cheyenne.

This fund is to repay a loan made in order that the Historical Department could acquire the large and valuable collection of glass plate negatives made by Joseph E. Stimson of Cheyenne. They include scenes and views from all parts of Wyoming for a period of fifty years.

Contributions to this fund will be appreciated and should be marked "Stimson Fund" and mailed to this department.

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RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Museum

Mrs. Frank Allyn, Cheyenne	Shawl belonging to her grandmother, Mary Ann Tracy Moore
Mrs. Ida Anderson, Newcastle	Roster, 1st Regiment Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, Company M, Spanish American War
E. C. Baker, Etna	Petrified bark found near Cody, Wyoming
L. C. Bishop, Cheyenne	Top of pole and wooden covered glass insulator from original telegraph line along Oregon Trail; post holding guy wires used on first telegraph line
Mrs. Fred D. Boice, Sr., Cheyenne	Souvenirs for Cow Belle banquet, Cheyenne, 1952
Larry and Jim Booker, Cheyenne	Indian artifacts from mound in Arkansas
Patty Crosby, Cheyenne	Fossil tooth of Mammoth
Robert David, Casper	Handmade iron scraps from blacksmith's shop at Reshaw Bridge
Fred R. Dildine, Los Angeles, and Maude Dildine Mitchell, Cheyenne	Hair wreath made by their mother in 1879
Dr. A. B. Ekdall, Cheyenne	Parade hat of Alert Volunteer Fire Co., used about 1917
Mrs. Mae Falconer Fields, Lusk	Stove from old Ft. Hat Creek building; harness
A. S. Gillespie, Laramie	Oxen shoe, telegraph pole band, plow point used by U. P. R. R. in construction, 1868

Jack Ledbetter, Saratoga	Collection of mineral specimens
Mrs. P. W. Metz, Basin	Souvenir dishes of Wyoming business houses
Mrs. John Newnam, Cheyenne	Box of surgical tools of Dr. John Dancer used in Civil War (Loan); picture of Dr. Dancer
Mrs. C. F. Nicklos, Basin	Child's china cupboard, set of child's dishes, cut glassware and pressed glass berry set
Kirby H. Olds, Cheyenne	Child's hand carved chair, belonged to his grandmother
Mrs. Rose Price, Rawlins, and Mrs. Dixie Price Martin, Denver	Large collection of Indian artifacts and relics gathered by Mr. Price in Carbon County over a long period of years. (Loan)
Ralph Rogers, Hawk Springs	Oxen shoe
Harry Runser, Guernsey	Four specimens crystalline iron ore from Sunrise Mine
Don Stanfield, Cheyenne	Seal of Cheyenne Street Railroad Co.
B. M. Thompson, Cheyenne	Brick from original Ft. Atkinson near present Omaha, Nebraska
Helen Tisch, Cheyenne	Two branding irons, one side saddle
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Approximately 250 items including guns, Indian relics, shaving mugs, large collection of buttons

Historical Manuscripts and Papers

J. N. Barry, Portland, Oregon	Photostat copies of letters from Lafayette, Aug. 15, 1826, May 1, 1832
Harold M. Dunning, Loveland, Colorado	Copies of Loveland **Roundup** with donor's articles on Wyoming; 22 original manuscripts on Wyoming topics by donor
Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, Denver	Article on history of Baptist Church in Wyoming; biographical sketch including family genealogy for Mary Ann Tracy Moore
W. W. Morrison, Cheyenne	Two typed manuscripts: material compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitman on Spalding and Whitman in Washington; Journal and letters of Narcissa Whitman, 1836-43
L. L. Newton, Lander	Original manuscript by David Tweed
Dr. H. J. Peterson, Denver	"Political Campaigning then and now"—manuscript on John W. Hoyt

George B. Pryde, Rock Springs	Three items on U. P. Coal Co. and Old Timers Ass'n
Mrs. M. Remington, Upper Montclair, N. J.	Article on Ft. Laramie by donor
M. B. Rhodes, Basin	Records of Basin Water Works Co.
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Register of Drake Hotel, Stapleton, Nebr., 1915-1919

Historical Library

W. R. Coe, New York City	12 books on Western history, recent publications
Sam L. Howard, Denver	"Doc" Howard's Memoirs
Eunice Hutton, Green River	Brand Book, 1915, Utah-Wyoming Cattlemen's Ass'n; Wyoming Brand Book, 1912
Warren Richardson family, Cheyenne	Monteith's Geography, 1882
Russell Thorp, Cheyenne	American Cattle Trails by Brayer
Mrs. Laura True, Cheyenne	7 books published in early 1880's
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	30 books on Western history
Wyoming Game and Fish Commission	The Sage Grouse in Wyoming by R. L. Patterson
Mrs. W. J. Zollinger, Tulsa, Oklahoma	Old Greek Stories by James Baldwin

Pictures

Mrs. Frank Allyn, Cheyenne	Folder of early Laramie and Albany County pictures
Mr. and Mrs. T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne	Portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Patrick A. McGovern
Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, Denver	Shoshoni, 1908; Gov. Carey laying cornerstone at Indian school; "Epoch Making Events of American History" 1914
Frank W. Hale, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Two pictures of Statehood celebration parade in Cheyenne
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Eight oil paintings by L. W. Aldrich on early Indian battles, Wyoming forts and scenes as he remembered them; some Remington and Russell prints; miscellaneous photographs

State Archives

Adjutant General's Office	Scrapbook containing pictures of all state institutions and buildings with brief history of each, 1932

Book Reviews

Quest of the Snowy Cross. By Clarence S. Jackson and Lawrence W. Marshall. (University of Denver Press, 1952. 135 pp. $2.50.)

There are several ways to approach the writing of history,—by the recording of events as they happened, by gathering all information possible on events and interpreting them or relating them to a period or historical movement, or by reconstructing a particular series of events from the bony framework of recorded data, the flesh of memories of some participant, the breath of life found in the individuality of men, animals, physical environment, even weather. The last of these methods has been employed by Clarence S. Jackson and Lawrence W. Marshall in this book. Events are taken from the diary of **The Picture Maker of the Old West,** William H. Jackson, memories from his conversations with son Clarence and the family, personality estimates from stories of associates at work and play. Chapter headings of Herndon Davis sketches and verses from songs of the period provide atmosphere. Photographs are original Jacksons, with a few reproductions of paintings, drawings and a composite added.

What loyal Wyoming person does not thrill to the names Dr. F. V. Hayden, Langford, Moran, Jackson? To them goes the credit for Yellowstone Park. As a part of Dr. Hayden's U. S. Geological Survey they explored, mapped, photographed and sketched the area in 1871 and 1872. Their evidence convinced Congress of the desirability of the Park.

The following year the Survey had two groups in the Colorado mountains. Jackson was leader of the photographic section as it ambled off from the Clear Creek Camp on May twenty-fourth. Potato John led with his grub-loaded mules; Hypo and Gimlet followed, carrying precious photographic equipment; next rode Coulter, the botanist, entomologist Carpenter, young bird student Cole, the packers and Jackson. Instructions were to head for Long's Peak, work south along the Divide, into Colorado Springs, then to Fairplay to join the photographical section before proceeding to the upper Arkansas.

One special challenge was a factor in this trip. Rumors of an unusual snow marking on a mountain in central

Colorado had come from trappers and scouts. Jackson and his sweetheart in Omaha discussed this Mount of the Snowy Cross and what such a magnificent symbol of the Christian faith might mean to people if they could see its photograph. Emilie was sure he could find it. In the face of such confidence he **must** find it. From that moment Jackson listened eagerly for any mention of the Mount of the Holy Cross, as it came to be called.

The days passed rapidly in strenuous labor. It would seem that too little has been written of the great work done under primitive, pioneering conditions by devoted members of the U.S.G.S. Hayden apparently knew how to select men of character and ability who could cooperate with others even under trying circumstances. In this story the various personalities become clear and even the men met along the journey become real. Pat and Ned, picked up along the way are unforgettable and Coulter surely kept Gassy in memory forever. The mules become personalities, too, as they exhibit their own peculiar attitudes. There must have been a few crises during the summer but no hint of disrupting ones appears. We feel that all members were enjoying a grand, if rugged, experience.

Information on the location of the Mount was sought from anyone who might have some knowledge but little definite was gained. Most of it was second hand hearsay. As the party neared Tennessee Pass, however, a few men were found who had seen the Cross, so excitement quickened. Chief Ouray was found encamped with his tribe near the site of the Eagle River camp and it was he who finally gave clear directions for reaching the goal. Soon there followed the moving experience of the first viewing, the fulfillment of the dream given substance by great effort.

Clarence Jackson was with his father and two friends on the twentieth anniversary pilgrimage to view the Mount of the Holy Cross, at which time the story of the earlier trip was recounted in detail. Doubtless that accounts for the choice of this particular part of his father's activities for the treatment given it in this book. We hope that he and Mr. Marshall may add to this an equally fascinating story of perhaps the Yellowstone venture.

DR. HENRY J. PETERSON

Professor Emeritus of Political Science.

A Treasury of Western Folklore. Edited by B. A. Botkin. (New York: Crown Publishers, 1951, xxvi+806 pp. $4.00.)

Here is a big book designed for bedtime reading, sampling in spare hours, or several evening's entertainment, a book of a thousand facets of the old West in legend, tall tale and actual incident. Its items are mostly brief and as quickly read as a **Reader's Digest** article. There is even a sort of grouping, under headings such as "The Western Brand," "The West Begins," "Taking the West," "The Changing West," "Western Story Tellers," and a final sampling of western ballads. There is also a lively introduction by Bernard De Voto.

All this is to the good. But the serious reader may pause to wonder what the terms folklore and western really mean. De Voto, it is true, sets the tone of the selections as that of western man in a slightly swaggering defiance of the rest of the world as probably too soft to take his raw, tough, untamed, violent landscape and people. Indeed, here seems to be the core of the book—man surviving against great odds, whether they be storm or starvation, bad men or big spaces, Indians or grizzly bears. Is this the West as it was, or is? Or is it largely legend magnified by time? Botkin doesn't say.

But it is certain that a kind of "professional Westerner" exudes admiration for tough men, killers and stoic endurers, to the point of Botkin's labelling the killer as America's "most heroic symbol next to the cowboy." Yet, to take one example, the murderous exploits of one Tracy, once of Wyoming's Hole in the Wall country, hardly make for pleasant reading. Why the admiration for him or his ilk? Probably it is that he represents one phase of the westerner's highly developed admiration for survival under overwhelming odds, whatever they may be. Heroism to the early west meant outwitting relentless odds; and its folklore revolves again and again about that theme.

Of cultural history, then, or of literature in the more bookish sense, there is little here. There is a lot about sheep and cows, gambling and sudden shootings, mining camps and mule teams, accomplished liars and hardy settlers. The Wyoming reader will surely be disappointed at the small mention of his state, which is apparently absorbed into the great open spaces that stretch from Montana to New Mexico, and Nebraska to Oregon or Arizona. There is a fragment from Struthers Burt's **Powder River** and Owen Wister's **Virginian,** a ballad and a bear hunt, and

John Thompson's final scotching of the tale of Tom Horn's outwitting his hanging. That is all from Wyoming, aside from passing mention of Cheyenne.

As Stanley Vestal once pointed out, men are still living who knew the stone age, both as inhabitants in it and as white man observers of it. So sudden was the change in America's Rocky Mountain area that one man might observe a modern city on the same spot where stone weapons were chipped within his own lifetime. Perhaps this accounts in part for the nostalgia for the "old" west, which is really very recent but vastly different from today. Thus, so long as Americans cherish a memory of self-reliance and adaptability to harsh challenges, the old West will fascinate those who contemplate it. In the meantime, lacking a more serious synthesis of the meaning of that day, Botkin's **disjecta membra,** his clippings from the past, will serve as a rich if fragmentary reminder.

WILSON O. CLOUGH

Professor of English
University of Wyoming

John Colter, His Years in the Rockies. By Burton Harris. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. 165 pp. $3.50.)

Of all the daring fur trappers on our northwest frontier, few can rival John Colter for daring expeditions, lone explorations, and hairbreadth escapes. And this in spite of the scanty records of his life. He was a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition up the Missouri and over the mountains, and then turned back into the wilderness to traverse a vast region where no white man is known to have passed before. He came back to describe the wonders of Yellowstone Park, and his blood-chilling adventures among hostile Blackfeet only made him the more legendary.

It is high time that someone as thorough an explorer of the records as Colter was of the wilderness, should publish a true account of this man, sifting fiction from fact and settling the many disputed points and controversial claims of earlier authors.

The late Stallo Vinton, whose earlier book on Colter is now out of print, was well aware that he had not been able to clear up all these matters, and generously made all his sources available to Burton Harris.

Harris has done a thorough job of research, added many new findings and has used for the first time the maps, only recently discovered, drawn in 1808 and 1810 by William Clark. The author's contributions are considerable and his arguments on the whole convincing, especially with regard to geographical problems.

Harris was enabled to do this job better than previous scholars because he grew up in the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, John Colter's old stamping ground. As a boy, Harris felt unhappy because, so far as he then knew, nearly all the great exploits and explorations had happened outside the Basin. But Edward Eberstedt encouraged Harris to trace John Colter's trails, and this research and book are the long term result.

In particular, Burton Harris has cleared up geographical problems, not only of the actual countryside, but even of how and why mistakes in the old maps were made. He is also most persuasive in claiming that the hostility of the Blackfeet was due to Colter's clash with them and not, as heretofore claimed, to the earlier incident in which Captain Lewis figured. He also establishes beyond doubt that the region known as "Colter's Hell" was not the same as Yellowstone Park, but lay to the east of it, towards Cody, Wyoming. Of course the fires are out in Colter's Hell today, or at any rate submerged at the bottom of Shoshone Lake.

The author makes careful comparison of the various contemporary accounts of Colter's exploits — accounts which he quotes in full for the reader's satisfaction. In such a reconstruction as this, some surmises necessarily appear, but they are always intelligently made and labeled as such.

Not the least engaging feature of the book is the first chapter entitled "Stuffing Dudes" in which the author, taking an historian's holiday, quotes an old-timer narrating the Colter legends, thus offering an amusing foil to the strictly historical part of the volume.

The book has complete apparatus in the appendix—notes, bibliograph and index. Duplicate end-paper maps provide us with Colter's routes among the mountains and the book itself contains sections from various maps related to the Lewis and Clark expedition.

This book bids fair to remain the standard work on its subject. It is written in a lively style, much more winning

than most books with so many historical facts to verify and document. It is too bad we have no portrait of Colter, but that of course is no fault of the author.

STANLEY VESTAL

School of Journalism
University of Oklahoma

Injun Summer: an old cowhand rides the ghost trails. By Daisy F. Baber as told by Bill Walker. (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1952. 223 pp. illus. $4.00.)

Any one who has lived in the West will enjoy reading **Injun Summer.** It is the story of Bill Walker as he told it to Daisy F. Baber, co-author of the **Longest Rope.** The style is breezy, humorous, and lively.

Many times I have heard my father recount some of the same tales which were generally known by the old timers in this part of the country. They must have been true, although some are hard to believe.

Few people of this age know what the price of building up the western empire was. We do not realize the hardships the early pioneers endured due to the weather and the troubles they had with the Indians due to the white man's blunders. Few people can tell about "the old days" in such a readable, entertaining manner as Bill Walker.

His life was especially eventful as he knew and had close association with Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, Geronimo, Butch Cassidy, Nick Champion, Chief Ouray, Molly Brown of Titanic fame, and many others.

His experiences were varied and unusual. After he had driven his team of elk to Denver several times, Denver passed a law that elk should be kept out of the city. He once found a rattlesnake in the bed roll, which he carried all day on the trail. He escaped from horse thieves with his life when he hid his guns under an apron while cooking breakfast for them. He hated and feared the Apaches but despised a "bounty hunter" more and would not turn in two starving bucks for the two hundred dollars apiece, even though he was broke.

The chronological order of the story is at times confusing as his age varies from chapter to chapter. However we must remember he was an old, old man when telling his tale.

The humor and originality of his remarks more than make up for this. Each little story is complete, and often ends abruptly, but through it all runs the philosophy of his happy-go-lucky, carefree life on the plains.

MAURINE CARLEY

Social Studies, McCormick Junior High
Cheyenne

The Case of Alfred Packer the Man-Eater. By Paul H. Gantt. (Denver: University of Denver Press, 1952. 157 pp. illus. bibliog. index. $3.00.)

A barbaric man-eater who was loved by little children might describe the extremes of Alfred Packer's life. Accused of a heinous crime his sins were absolved by a well-meaning churchman in the community where he is buried, years after his death.

The Packer case should top the list of mysteries for it is still the mystery without solution yet historically authenticated.

Paul H. Gantt, Vienna-born attorney now serving in the legal department of the United States Bureau of Reclamation at Denver has done a magnificent job of gathering, assembling, organizing and putting into a readable style the Packer story. Nearly all his statements are documented from excellent to reasonably good sources.

Cannibalism cases in the epics of western history are not a rarity, but, as the author explains, the Packer case is unique because "it is the only case which has become the subject of judicial inquiry by American Courts. Two juries found Packer guilty of 'cannibalism' and the Supreme Court of Colorado considered Packer's case not less than five times."

Packer, a scout and guide, joined a party of 21 gold seekers at Provo, Utah, in November, 1873. News of a gold strike in Breckenridge, Colorado, had excited the small party to defy blinding blizzards over an uncharted course. As they entered western Colorado they were advised by the Ute Chieftain Ouray not to attempt passage over the mountainous area. Against the Indian's advice five of the men led by Packer chose to continue on. The story is largely mystery from this point on. Packer appeared at the Los Pinos Indian Agency about 75 miles distance from

the Ouray camp in April, 1874, claiming no knowledge of the whereabouts of his companions. A confession of murder and cannibalism finally was obtained from him and he was jailed at Saquache. He escaped from jail and was not apprehended for nine years when he was arrested at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming. He was returned to Denver where he voluntarily made a second confession.

Trial by jury followed at Lake City, Hinsdale County, in the vicinity of the scene of the crime. Jurors were confused by Packer's lying, false testimony and an incredible difference in his two confessions. The case was reviewed a number of times and ultimately Packer was sent to the penitentiary on a sentence of 40 years.

Packer's parole after 15 years' imprisonment is an anticlimax to the case with repercussions almost equal to the bizarre crime and succeeding trials. Polly Pry, reporter for the **Denver Post,** agitated through the press for parole. But before her mission was accomplished her employers, Tammen and Bonfils, owners of the paper, were shot by a disgruntled lawyer almost resulting in their deaths.

Gantt has delved into court records, newspaper accounts, personal testimonies and the written confessions of the accused. This volume has been enhanced by the wide use of pictures, drawings and reproductions. It contains a number of pictures of Packer and of scenes of the trial and crime. Copies of Packer's confessions and warrant for his arrest are among the many photographic reproductions employed. One of the most interesting, perhaps, is a copy of the membership card of the "Packer Club" which had four charter members. The author employed Herndon Davis, one of Colorado's outstanding artists on western subjects, to recreate a courtroom scene of Packer's trial. The end papers contain a map showing the route of the ill-fated party and extends to Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, where the man-eater was apprehended in 1883.

In documenting the text the author has used 320 references. Instead of using footnote system he has listed them at the end of the book which causes some annoyance to those who like to check references as they read. Bibliography, appendices and index are included and a foreword has been written by Dan Thornton, present Governor of Colorado.

The men who suffered death in this strange case have been memorialized by a monument erected on "Cannibal Plateau" by the Ladies Union Aid Society of Lake City.

In 1940 Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice, head of the Liberal Church, Inc., Littleton, Colorado, led a party to Packer's

burial plot where through absolution the sins of Packer were transferred to a "scapegoat", an angora nanny goat named "Angelica".

So ends the colorful career of a man who at his worst was a murderer, man-eater, prevaricator and cheat, yet whose inner soul reflected a love and trust irresistible even to little children, many of whom befriended him in his later years.

VIRGIL V. PETERSON

Salt Lake City, Utah

Man Without a Star. By Dee Linford. (William Morrow & Co., 1952. $3.50.)

If an historical novel is based on sound research, concentrates upon a vigorous and worthwhile story, and is written by an accomplished story-teller, it both illuminates the past and fulfills its purpose as entertainment. **Man Without a Star** is just such a novel.

The total impact of the book may be summarized by suggesting conjecturally Mr. Linford's procedure in composing it as something like the following: He prepared first a sturdily accurate, but consistently somber, background of Historical data on events in east-central Wyoming in the early 1880's. Upon this he imposed a clear outline of action following the pattern of a traditional "western" and including the conventionally necessary situation that his cowboy meet and fall in love with a rich cattleman's daughter. Into this scene and scenario he introduced seventeen-year old Jeff Jimson, a runaway lad from Missouri, already predisposed by bitter childhood experiences to distrust authority in any form and to depend upon silence or "fist-throwing" for self-protection. Attached temporarily to a trail herd from Texas, Jeff moves into the territory of the gigantic Man Head cattle outfit, operated by Wate Garrett, meets Abby Garrett, dedicates himself to the well-nigh impossible project of marrying her, and becomes a Man Head cowboy. The body of the story is concerned with the next half dozen action-packed years of Jeff's life. His brief connection with the Texas trail herd has brought him the friendship and protection of an older, experienced puncher, Dempsey Rae, and from Demps Jeff learns enough wiliness, toughness, and cynicism to survive occupational hazards and human animosities. Accused of mavericking, blacklisted by the cat-

tlemen's association, reduced to bone-hustling for a livelihood, embroiled in the murder of an association detective, he finally turns informer, becomes for a time Garrett's stool pigeon and watchdog, flashes the badge of a deputy sheriff for a few months, finally becomes his own man, finds his personal code of action when an open break occurs between the Garrett forces and the homesteaders, and demonstrates that the little men can fight most effectively within the framework of law when decisions are made by "twelve good men and true."

Since the novel is frankly a "western" in intention and narrative pattern, it inevitably invites comparison with the numberless horde of its **genre** in cheap fiction and motion pictures. Its exciting story includes all the stock situations, with dividends, that appear in traditional "westerns." It is packed tight with incident, violence, and bloodshed, and even its few relatively calm intervals are suffused with the explosive potentials of unresolved tensions. But Jeff Jimson would be an awkward substitute for the simple, lighthearted knight gaily tilting from adventure to misadventure in the usual cowboy tale. Throughout most of the story he is truly a man without a star, confused and bumbling, and without much direction except for a tough instinct for self-preservation and a deeply ingrained, though frequently stifled, sense of fair play. Moreover, the flavor of the book is bitterly honest rather than sweetly romantic; instead of being set in a timeless cowboy paradise, it bears a convincing stamp of authenticity upon its local, historical, and occupational details.

The novel also invites comparison with some of the few distinguished progenitors on its family tree. Its setting in time and place is very nearly identical with that of **The Virginian,** but when that similarity is noted the comparison must end. It has frequently been pointed out that Wister's famous novel is a story of a cowboy without a cow in it and with almost no reference to the cowboy's occupational activities. Jeff Jimson rarely frees himself from the stench of his unglamorous pursuits among horses and "caddle," wades literally through piles of manure, salvages bones from blanching cow skeletons and half-decayed carcasses, and is splashed with gore from cattle slaughtered, skinned, and sometimes consumed in the range warfare that smolders and flames intermittently through the story. Jeff and his mates talk the lusty, forthright language of men without women, living close to animals and often thinking like them, and in constant conflict with elements untempered

in this region to the shorn lamb. In short, **Man Without a Star** is fare for the mature rather than the juvenile reader.

Historically the novel deals with the same period in frontier history as **The Ox-Bow Incident,** which Walter Van Tilburg Clark reputedly planned as a deliberate attempt to shatter the pattern of the traditional "western" by subjecting its conventional materials to ironically unheroic treatment. Linford's approach seems to have been directed by a deliberate intention to show that the traditional pattern was rooted in reality and had inherent in it all the authentic sources of genuine tragedy. Both novels are concerned with the struggle of a frontier community to evolve an institutional framework of law, order, and economic justice. The conflicting forces are the same—the rising tide of little men pushing against the entrenched barons of the cattle kingdom and their protective system of public-land monopoly, stock associations, brand-recordings, black-listings, and legal support. But Clark's mood is that of a detached, ironical olympian, viewing the whole struggle as one between equally puny, inept human forces, fumbling blindly to square individual interests and consciences with an abstract concept of social order and justice. Linford, on the contrary, is personally involved in the fight, virtually always an angry advocate of the homesteaders and the "have-nots," but scrupulously quick to expose unsavory elements among the nesters and to acknowledge generous impulses in the cattlemen.

A special quality of the book stems from the authentic flavor of its colorful language. Its author has registered accurately the Texian drawl, the special rhythm of anecdotal narrative, the occupational idiom of the range, and the salty imagery of men who speak graphically but economically. It is regrettable, for one reader at least, that Mr. Linford has allowed some of Gene Rhodes' reading cowboys to stray into the Wyoming camps and inject a hint of bookishness occasionally in quotation and half-disguised allusion. (This comment is made with full knowledge that J. Frank Dobie concluded from years of research into cowboy reading habits that the northern cowboy was considerably more bookish and inclined to literary allusion than his Texas counterpart.) The first hundred or so pages of the narrative have been written so carefully that the narrator's idiom is appropriately consistent with Jeff's speaking and thinking habits. When Jeff throws in with Garrett and gains access to Garrett's library, the language suddenly takes on a more conventional and literary dress—and loses a flavorsome charm thereby.

In spite of the violent and grim quality of much of the action, a muted note of humor runs through the novel, hardly muted as long as Dempsey Rae is allowed to live and jest in his vivid, racy lingo. Unfortunately the conventional pattern of the frontier novel, whether in the tradition of Cooper or Andy Adams, which calls for an older, experienced hand to give the young recruit lessons in craft and survival, also requires that the veteran bow out gracefully somewhere in the story and leave heroic decisions and the girl to his young disciple. Jeff Jimson's saga loses vitality when tough, lewd-talking, big-hearted Demps falls before the gun of an association detective.

In his role as courtly gentleman and gracious host, hard-headed and arrogant old Wate Garrett is representative of scores of early cattlemen, motivated by the entirely honorable nineteenth century urge to acquire unlimited personal power and wealth, imbued with a dream of the good life to be created and lived in Wyoming, and intent upon transplanting and preserving their cherished cultural heritage beyond the frontier. Some readers will feel that Garrett's essentially generous nature is so carefully concealed by the author that the final scene in which he reveals himself to Jeff is not adequately prepared for in the preceding pages. Perhaps this revelation has been postponed intentionally so that the reader will tend, in final evaluation, to agree with Jeff as he lashes out at the broken old man:

> You can't push it all off on us. You set the pace for the rest of us. . . . You keep me and everybody else in the county but yourself from registering a brand. You shut us out of work anywhere around. You buy your judges, and sheriffs, and anybody you can use.

One can reject, if he likes, Jeff's point of view and disagree in general with Mr. Linford's thesis that the cattle barons were more frequently sinners than sinned against and still appreciate the workmanly soundness of the author's craftsmanship. **Man Without a Star** is the most honest and competent fictional treatment of the Wyoming scene yet written and one of the most authentic novels dealing with the history of the cattle industry. It is gratifying to note that its sensitive and intelligent author is a native of Wyoming, saturated in its folkways and history, and seasoned by experience and training to say what he has to say with courage and conviction.

RUTH HUDSON

Professor of English
University of Wyoming

Annals of Wyoming

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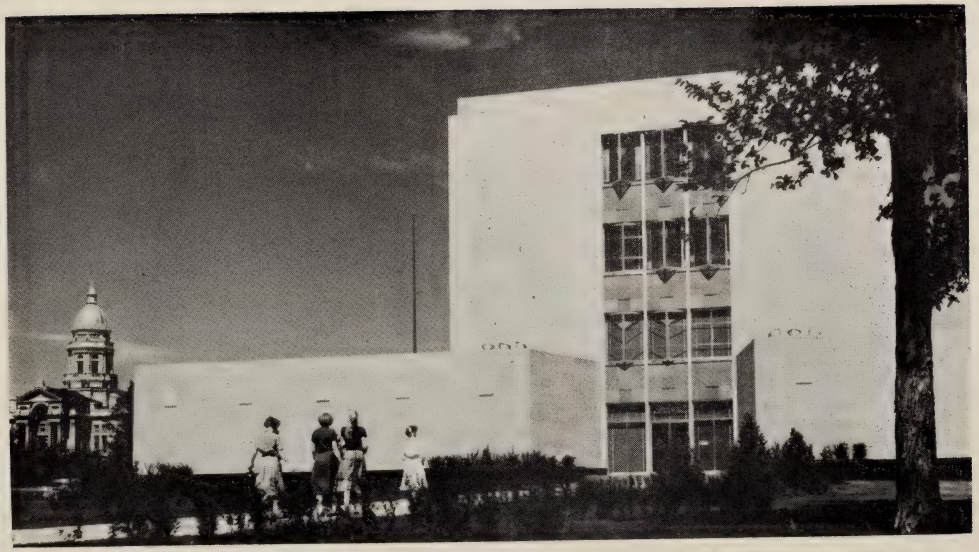
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THE LUSK HERALD



ENTRANCE TO THE STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT and STATE MUSEUM

STATE OFFICE BUILDING
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

THE STATE CAPITOL BUILDING MAY BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND

The Gold Rush Diary of Henry Tappan *

Edited by

EVERETT WALTERS**

and

GEORGE B. STROTHER**

During the winter of 1848-49 Americans thrilled to the news of the discovery of gold in California. The story of Jim Marshall's finding golden nuggets on Sutter's mill-race some sixty miles from Sacramento raced through city, village and farm. Dreams and imaginations were fired with hopes of quick golden fortunes—and a thrilling adventure. Long before the winter's snows had melted, tens of thousands of Americans, young and old, had laid definite plans for the long arduous trip to the Pacific Coast. Some chose the long sea voyage 'round the Horn, others selected the route across the Isthmus of Panama, while still others with less time and money picked the overland routes.

By early spring of 1849 thousands had completed their preparations and were ready to start. Of the estimated 35,000 electing to take the overland courses, there were hun-

---

*The Henry Tappan Diary is in possession of Tappan's great grandson, George B. Strother, Lieut. Comdr., USNR.

Everett Walters was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1915. He graduated from the University of Cincinnati and received his Ph.D. degree at Columbia University. During World War II he served in the Pacific as a lieutenant in the Navy. Since 1946 he has been on the staff of the history department of the Ohio State University where he is now an assistant professor. He is the author of **Joseph Benson Foraker** and several articles on historical subjects.

**George B. Strother was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1918. He received his doctorate in psychology from the University of Indiana in 1942. During the war he served in the United States Navy and following this joined the faculty of the University of Missouri where he was head of the University Counseling Bureau and assistant professor of Psychology. He went to the University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch, in 1947 as assistant professor of psychology and served as head of the department there from 1949 to 1951. Since 1951 he has been on leave from the University of Minnesota on active duty with the Navy. He is the author of several articles on psychological subjects.

dreds who must have planned to record their experiences for potential emigrants and relatives and for posterity. Yet relatively few persisted in their intentions and today there are extant but a limited number of letters, diaries and journals describing the day by day occurrences of the westward trek.[1]

One of the heretofore unpublished journals is that of Henry Tappan of Woodburn, Illinois. Unfortunately little is known about Tappan's life. It has been established, however, that he came from the well-known Massachusetts Tappan family and that his branch of the family lived for some time in New York. His father served as a first lieutenant in the War of 1812 and was still living in New York at the time of the Gold Rush. Henry was probably born in Pittstown, New York, about 1820. Aside from his diary and a few references in Elizabeth Page's **Wagons West**[2], nothing more is known of his life except that his marriage to Malvina Allard took place in Macoupin County, Illinois, April 6, 1856, and that a son, Henry, was born to them in Carlinville in 1857.

How Tappan became interested in making the trip to California may be surmised from a brief account of the formation of the Jerseyville (Illinois) company. Tappan was one of the several young men in Woodburn who were moved by Dr. A. R. Knapp of nearby Jerseyville to join the company he was then organizing. Dr. Knapp had gone to considerable work to collect such guide-books and general information as was then available, and toured the area enlisting recruits. Tappan's friends, Henry Page, Henry Burton, Tom Van Doren and others he had known at Woodburn tavern and at the William Rider home decided to make the trip. Apparently they had made up their minds by New Year's Day in 1849 although they had not definitely signed up with the Knapp company because many of their friends were planning to join the company from Alton, Illinois, which was also being formed at that time.

No more is known about Tappan's preparations for the journey. From his own diary it may be gathered that he must have had some kind of an informal agreement to meet his three friends at St. Joseph, Missouri, during the last week of April. Page, Burton and Van Doren with a new

1. David M. Potter, ed., **Trail to California: The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly,** New Haven, 1945 lists the most recent count of extant records and contains the fullest notes of any recent work.

2. Elizabeth Page, **Wagons West, A Story of the Oregon Trail,** New York, 1930.

Conestoga wagon, oxen and full equipment, left Woodburn sometime before Tappan. As both Tappan and Page point out in their records they did not join the Jerseyville company until they were actually under way from St. Joseph.

Tappan's diary offers particular interest to those interested in the Gold Rush of '49 in several respects. First, it is an accurate and straightforward account of the historic trip to California. It supplements and substantiates the records of the Jerseyville company as penned by Hackney and Page[3], thus making the record of that company one of the best documented in the annals of the '49ers. Second, it establishes the date of the opening of Hudspeth's Cutoff for Tappan notes meeting the Hudspeth company several days after that group had first traversed the short cut. Third, it represents an account of conditions of the California trail when it was first traveled following the discovery of gold.

The Jerseyville company followed one of the well-established trails to California. From St. Joseph they traveled due west for almost 100 miles to the Big Blue River and a few miles farther to the Little Blue River. After going north up the Little Blue for about 60 miles, they crossed a series of hills to the Platte River. Here they turned westward following the Platte to the fork and continued along the South Fork to the lower California crossing. After fording the River the emigrants cut overland through Ash Hollow to the south bank of the North Platte. This latter River laid their course for the next long stretch deep into present Wyoming, past Fort Laramie and on for another 100 miles. At the great bend of the River they veered southward to the Sweetwater and followed the waters of that river to South Pass. The famous Pass led them over the continental divide. Several days after this passage the Illinois company took the waterless Sublette's Cutoff by which they avoided the long dip southward to Fort Bridger. Beyond the Cutoff they came to Green River whose swift waters presented one of the trip's greatest hazards. The trail then took them to Bear River Valley and then up that Valley to Fort Hall. From this famous stopping place Tappan's train journeyed up the Snake River to Raft River, a tributary, and moved southward up the Raft. From the headwaters of Cache Creek, a branch of the Raft, they struck across country to Goose Creek and then through a mountain pass into the Valley of a Thousand Springs.

3. Page, **op. cit.**, reprints in full the letters of Henry Page and the diary of James Hackney.

Here they followed tributaries of the Humboldt River and then that River itself. Along the Humboldt they made their way to the terrifying Humboldt Sink, the greatest trial of all. After a grueling race with thirst they reached the Truckee River which they followed into the Sierra Nevada mountains. As they crossed the Donner Pass, the last great barrier between them and the gold fields, many in that train must have recalled the fate of their former Illinois neighbors, the Donners, whose camp site could still be discerned. Stories of their ill-fated expedition were well known in Illinois. The Jerseyville company cleared the pass with considerable difficulty and reached the Yuba River. They followed the Yuba to Bear River and here saw their first view of the gold fields.

HENRY TAPPAN

Jerseyville
Illinois
April 1849

Journal of dates and incidents on route from St. Joseph, Mo. to California. Dating from 27th April 1849.

St. Joseph on the Missouri River is or was the great point where the Emigrant paid his last adieu to friends & civilization before embarking on the great waste of country lying between the waters of the Missouri River and the Pacific.

I arrived at St. Jo on the 27th April 1849 determined at all events to make my way to the new Eldorado. My first effort after reaching the above place (St. Jo) was to find three of my old acquaintances who had requested me to go in their company & who had preceeded several days up the River.[1] From the great numbers congregated at this place it was almost impossible to find those you sought. So that my efforts of the 27th were fruitless.

---

1. Tappan apparently had made sketchy arrangements to meet Henry Page, Henry Burton and Tom Van Doren at St. Joseph. Page had arrived on April 23 and Burton and Van Doren on April 22. Tappan's understanding must have been rather casual for on the 24th Page wrote his wife of the trio's indecision as to which company to join for the trip and adds that they were delaying their start only because the grass growth on the prairies had been retarded that spring. He does not mention waiting for Tappan. In a later letter Page records that—"29th Sun. Henry Tappan came on us to day & comes into our mess,—this makes it very pleasant for us—we needed another & could not have any more suitable." Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 101-106. Tappan's difficulty in locating his three friends is understandable in view of the thousands of people in the St. Joseph region waiting to begin the trip to California.

Thursday 27th Apr.

To day I was again disappointed in not finding my mess, although I searched every spot but the right one.

Friday 28th

To day on search again with no better success.

Sunday 29th 1849[2]

To day found my friends & soon came to terms & made arrangements to cross the Plains in company.

Thursday May 3rd 1849

To day moved our team 4 miles above the Town to Ferry. Lay there all day & the following night & were visited by a very heavy Storm of wind & rain which put a stop to Ferrying the rest of the night.

Friday May 4th 1849

To day crossed the River earley[3]—moved several miles & encamped for the night. This is our first night on the Plains.

Saturday May 5th 1849

To day crossed Musquitoe Creek & encamped after making a short drive.

Sunday May 6th 1849

To day crossed Wolfe Creek, good grass, drive short—

Monday May 7th 1849

Laid in camp to day. We are taking affairs very easey just now as we are waiting the arrival of Doctor Knapp's company from Jerseyville Illinois.[4] However the day does not go by unemployed. All hands are busy in greasing Boots, mending old coats & ect.

This evening the Jerseyville Co. came in.

Tuesday May 8th 1849

Moved our encampment several miles. Made a short drive & encamped ½ mile from the road. We are still

2. Date of entry should read Sunday 30 April 1849.

3. Probably at Savannah Landing, a frequently used ferry when the St. Joseph ferry was crowded as was the case at this time. Page, **op. cit.,** p. 106.

4. Dr. A. R. Knapp's company from Jerseyville was then composed of ten wagons. It was part of the Green and Jerseyville County company. Tappan's mess had decided to go with Dr. Knapp who had been delayed several days. Joseph Hackney, a member of the Knapp company, kept a full diary of the trip to California which is reprinted in full in Page, **op. cit.**

awaiting the arrival of Mr. Perrines mess from Jerseyville.[5] The country over which we have passed so far is beautiful.

Wednesday May 9th 1849

To day moved our encampment some miles & encamped on the Prairie. We also to day organized into a company adopting a constitution & Bye Laws. The Officers elected for the company were for Captain, Dr. Knapp, Assistant Do Mr. Maxey, Secretary William Rockwell, Treasurer—Henry Tappan.[6] The event was celebrated in the Evening by a splendid Cotillion Party performed on the green sod by moonlight alone.

Thursday May 10th 1849

To day made 10 or 12 miles & encamped on Turkey Creek. This is our first days travel as an organized company.

Friday May 11th 1849

This morning Mr. Perrines mess made their appearance & joined our company.[7] We also to day buried one of our company, a Mr. Whitlock from Illinois, disease Cholera.[8] This has been a day of events indeed. The LaSalle Delegation that joined us a few days since left the company & joined Capt Lichnors intending to take the Santa Fee trail.[9]

Saturday May 12th 1849

Made 25 miles over a beautiful country. Undulating Prairie—interspersed with groves of timber & encamped in vicinity of the Neemahah.

Sunday May 13 1849

This morning early crossed the Neemahah & encamped for the day—Dirty cloths were washed. Cooking done up Brown.

Monday May 14th 1849

Made 24 miles. Guarded our cattle to night I believe for the first time.[10] Plenty of Timber, Grass & Water.

---

5. Five teams from Clinton County joined the train, this making a total of sixteen wagons. Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 112-114.

6. For text of constitution and by-laws of Green and Jersey County Company see Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 336-341. According to Page the Green county teams had not joined the train by May 13 and this may account for his statement that the "bye-laws" sent in his earlier letter had been altered. At that time Page states that the Company comprised 13 teams with 43 men. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 123.

7. Peter Perrine of **Macoupin** County.

8. James Whitlock of Jersey County. See Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 114, 120.

9. The La Salle delegation apparently was the Clinton County group which joined the train on May 8.

10. The Indian threat necessitated this cattle guard.

Tuesday May 15th 1849

Made 25 miles. Weather cool. Encamped in a beautiful little valley in the vicinity of Big Blue River—To day Burton & Van Dorn commenced their tour of cooking for the mess one week Page & the Judge[11] doing duty as ox drivers. 130 miles from St. Jo.

Wednesday May 16th

This morning crossed the Blue (forded) 10 miles brought us to the Santa Fee Trail. Crossed Rock Creek. Laid in wood and water. Moved on 3 or 4 miles & encamped on the Prairie. We are now in the country of the Pawnee Indians.

Thursday May 17th 1849

Made 18 miles. During the day crossed Wyatts Run, taking its name from the fact of Wyatts[12] being murdered here some years since by the Indians. Admitted into our Company two teams or messes from Illinois. Among the number admitted was Mr. Lindley, wife and child, the only female in the company.

Friday May 18th 1849

To day traveled in the Vicinity of Blue River. Here the country is quite flat, broken at intervals by high points of Prairie. Made a good drive & encamped on Prairie. During the night we were visited by a severe thunder storm. Oh! the poor guards had a hard time of it. This being out in the night guarding a herd of wild cattle the rains pouring down in torrents is no fun. Even if you are in serch of gold. During the night the Bloomington Company encamped a short distance from us. Lost all their cattle in the storm. For three days past the grass has been quite poor.

Saturday May 19th

To day passed several branches of the Sandy & lastly the main branch. Passing a mile beyond we encamped on the little Blue. Grass good. Tied up our stock for the first time which very much pleases the Guards.

Sunday May 20th 1849

Did not move today on account of sickness in camp. Mr. McComber of Mason County Illinois who joined us a few days since died this evening at dark & we buried on the banks of the Blue from his wife & friends His disease had

11. "Judge", the sobriquet given Tappan by his friends in Woodburn.

12. Hackney relates the same story but identifies the murdered man as Rogers. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 127.

gone to far before he reached us to hope for recovery.[13] Two of our mess have been sick all the time since we left St. Joseph. Yesterday Van Dorn had a fit of ague.

Monday May 21st 1849

To day again on the march. Soon after leaving camp in the morning we came in contact with a big train from Missouri of 50 or 60 waggons. There was some crowding of teams to see which train should have the lead this day. Through some strife the Jersey Company cleared the track. We then had the pleasure of giving the Government Train[14] a smart push, made 27 miles & encamped again near the Blue.

Tuesday May 22nd

Made 20 miles along the Blue. Crossed the North Fork at night & encamped We saw several antelope today & signs of Elk. We are now in the Buffalo Range No signs of Indians as yet. We are every day passing trains that left St. Jo before us.

Wednesday May 23rd 1849

Made an early move this morning. Reached the Sand Hills bordering on the River Nebraska or Platte. Moved up the River a few miles & encamped for the night, making a drive of some 16 miles. Today we met a party Traders coming into the States with furs & Buffalo Robes.

Thursday May 24th 1849

The Fort is 300 miles from Weston Mo.

This morning commenced our march up the Platte. Towards noon passed old Fort Childs (now Kearney)[15] It raining at the time we did not tarry any time at the Fort but hurried on to our camping ground. The only chance for fuel to night was to cut up sundry boxes & every thing else that had not been soaked in water. Through hard work &

13. Hackney estimated that over 300 teams and two companies of riflemen passed the team during the layover caused by McComber's death and burial. Page, **op. cit.,** p. 128.

14. The government train apparently accompanied the two companies of riflemen which had passed them the day before. The train was probably en route to Fort Kearney.

15. Fort Childs was renamed Fort Kearney for Gen. Stephen W. Kearny in 1849. The difference in the two spellings is merely one of the numerous examples of such variations. The fort was located on the south bank of the Platte, seven or eight miles southeast of present Kearney, Nebraska.

some fretting we made out to get some hot coffee. This is one of the beautiful times we read of.[16]

Friday May 25th 1849

To day moved some 15 miles up the River Bank, the wind blowing a perfect gale. The River is very high & water muddy a perfect twin sister of the muddy Missouri.

Saturday May 26th 1849

Made 15 miles to day & encamped on a little Creek in the vicinity of the River.

Sunday May 27th 1849

Off this morning by six o clock. Go ahead is the motto now Grass good. Roads heavy. Today Burton killed a Prairie Dog in passing one of their Towns & Taylor[17] killed a fine Hare.

The day, instead of being one of rest, has been one of active labor. Conscience must be quieted. In an enterprise like this men are governed more or less by circumstances. However were I to conduct a train across the Plains I would lay bye on the Sabbath. Policy alone would dictate this course.

Monday May 28th 1849

To day made 20 miles over heavy roads. Met a return train of Traders from Fort Laramie 26 days out, loaded, Buffalo Robes, Elk Skins & Furs. Poor Grass for our stock. At night Burton brought in two Antelope, now we live again, side bacon is hardly thought of in the great jubilee of fresh meat.

Tuesday May 29th 1849

To day made 15 miles over beautiful country. In the evening we went into Election of Officers.[18]

Wednesday May 30th 1849

Laid in Camp to day on account of rain. Tents are good demand about this time.

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16. Hackney refers to this day as "one of the worst we experienced." Page, **op. cit.**, p. 129.

17. Jerome Taylor. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 162.

18. Dr. Knapp was reelected captain. William Gratton from Bath, Illinois, was elected assistant captain, as were six sergeants to attend to the guard. William Maxey, elected assistant captain on May 9, had withdrawn from the company on May 13 and E. M. Bowers had been elected as assistant captain on that date. Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 119, 121, 135.

Thursday May 31st 1849

To day made 16 miles up the South Fork of Platte. To day some of the train killed a Buffalo, the first on the route. If it is a fair specimen of Buffalo meat I do not wish for more of the kind.

Friday June 1st 1849

Still moving on up the Platte. Crossed a deep sloo & encamped.

Saturday June 2nd 1849

This morning crossed the South Fork & a range of high Hills. Reaching the North Fork in some 4 miles. Moved on in a south west course, ascended the Bluffs again & encamped. The boys killed a Buffalo & an Antelope. Again are we holding a Jubilee over fresh meat.

Sunday June 3rd 1849

This morning after getting under motion, we saw 40 or 50 Buffalo & Elk bounding away over the Plains. Although the boys were excited by the appearance of so fine a herd they were unable to bring any of them to terms. At noon Burton came in with a fine Antelope. We made some 16 miles & encamped.

Monday June 4th 1849

To day we are laying in Camp for the purpose of overhauling our waggons & some throwing away of provisions.[19] At night their were several bonfires about camp. Huge piles Bacon are fired & affords a fine light which is surrounded by the Boys spinning long yarns. A day in Camp is all life & bustle. This time is usually employed in washing, cooking & ——

Tuesday June 5th 1849

To day we are under marching orders & on the move again. The scenery on this part of our route is beautiful. We left the River for a short distance to day & in the afternoon reached Ash-Hollow.[20] This is a romantic spot. Through a gap in the Bluffs we decended to the River. This Gap or Hollow is lined on either side by high rocky Cliffs. At this point the Emigrants formerly recruited at times their stock. This is the only point where timber can be ob-

19. Throwing away supplies, even food, was a common practice along the trail. The prospect of fresh meat from killing game along the route may have prompted the decision to burn the bacon.

20. Ash Hollow, located on the south side of the North Platte, is

tained suitable for repairing waggons for a long distance. During the night we were visited by a storm of wind & rain.

Wednesday June 6th 1849

Made to day some 16 miles. Rain at intervals through the day. Passed several points of interest along the Bluffs, the most noted of which is termed Castle Bluffs.[21]

Thursday June 7th 1849

To day on the move again. Roads heavy sand. Passed the graves of two Emigrants, a Mr. Lindle from Michigan & Mr. Sternes from Mo. At some distance on our left today we noticed a fine grove of timber. Made an encampment quite early. There has been nothing to day to excite much interest in the minds of any.

Friday June 8th 1849

To day passed at a distance the celebrated Court House Rock.[22] I visited this curiosity in company with two or three of our train. This rock is composed principally of sand stone, standing quite isolated from the neighboring Bluffs & has the appearance of some Huge Edifice in a state of decay. It is situated sixty miles from Ash Hollow.

Saturday June 9th 1849

To day made 18 miles. In the morning passed the noted Chimney Rock.[23] This curiosity is a high steeple formation of sand stone & at a short distance has the appearance of a chimney. We encamped before night & were visited by a severe storm of Rain & Hail.[24] It seemed as if the very elements had conspired to depress the spirits of our little train. But this was not the case. The guard had a hard time with the stock. The next morning not with standing Hail, Rain & all other visitations of an earthly kind did not

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commented upon by nearly all '49er diarists because of the sharp descent through the ash-tree covered bluffs to the River.

21. Castle Bluffs, a series of bleak sandy hills, rose up in a rather desolate area and this attracted attention. Hackney describes them: "They rise to the hight of three hundred feet from the surface of the plains they are covered withed small stunted cedars . . . . ." Page, **op. cit.,** p. 141.

22. A famous landmark on the trail, mentioned in nearly all extant accounts. Like the other landmarks in the area, it was well described in the guide books of Joseph E. Ware, **The Emigrant's Guide to California,** reprinted edition, Princeton, 1932, and Edwin Bryant, **What I saw in California,** New York, 1848.

23. Chimney Rock, another notable landmark, contained hundreds of names of travellers. Potter, **op. cit.,** p. 104.

24. This severe hailstorm was mentioned by several other journalists of the trail. See Potter, **op. cit.,** p. 104.

prevent us from being on our march again the following morning.

Sunday June 10th 1849

Made 15 miles. In the afternoon we encamped in a beautiful Valley nearly surrounded by high Bluffs. This is a most the interesting spot to my mind on the whole route from the Missouri to the Valley of the Sacramento. The bluffs at this point are called Scotts. This term is derived from this circumstance. Some years since a small party of Hunters on their way to Fort Laramie from the Mountains has reached this point when Scott was taken sick. The party being out of provisions Scott desired to be left to his fate while the balance of the little party should reach some of the Forts for supplies. Scott was left & after a time his body was discovered.[25]

Monday June 11th 1849

This morning we emerged from the Enchanted Valley (with many a lingering look cast behind) & travelled but a few miles before the scene became entirely changed from one of Romantic Beauty to one of Barrenness & Sterillity. We moved on over a succession of Sand Hills. Made our noon halt at Horse-Shoe Creek.[26] At night again reached the Valley of the Platte making a distance to day of 23 miles.

Tuesday June 12 1849

Our march is again onward over Hill & Valley. A few moments before we made our noon halt we were once more visited by one of those Hail Storms. Although this Storm was not of the most pleasant character, still we had the pleasure of regaling ourselves on Ice-water which at this season of the year would be considered a treat even in the States. We made 24 miles to day & encamped in vicinity of Laramie River, the rain pouring down most beautifully.

Wednesday June 13th 1849

Moved early. Forded Laramie River in good order[27] &

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25. Tappan here repeats a current version of Scott's fate. Later investigation indicated that Scott probably had been abandoned by his companies and left to die. See Potter, **op. cit.**, p. 105.

26. Tappan is in error. He means Horse Creek, a tributary of the North Platte.

27. Tappan's account of fording the Laramie does not square with Hackney's. The latter wrote, "we had to raise our wagon beds up and put blocks under them to raise them above the water the river run very swift and made difficult crossing . . . ." Page, **op. cit.**, p. 143.

moved on to the Fort.[28] The Fort is situated on Laramie River Built of unburnt brick. Rather an inferior affair for a Fort. After viewing matters & things in & about the Fort we left our Cards for the benefit of those that may come after us. Leaving the Fort we crossed the deviding ridge between Laramie River & the North Fork of the Platte & encamped for the balance of the day.

Thursday June 14th

To day remained in Camp. For the first time on the route I tried my hand in the art of washing dirty clothes.[29] Succeeded admirabley although my fingers suffered some from the effects of very good soap.

Friday June 15 1849

To day moved our encampment some 20 miles to Bitter Creek[30] in the vicinity of Laramie's Peak in the Black Hills.[31]

Saturday June 16th 1849

Made 20 miles to Horse Shoe Creek—weather warm, Roads dusty, Grass, poor.

Sunday June 17th 1849

Made 24 miles over Hill & Dale. Plenty of good spring water. Crossed La-Bonte River.[32] Moved on & encamped on North Fork of same. Mr. Perrine in the course of the day killed a Buffalo on which we are feasting.

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28. Fort Laramie was located near the confluence of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers. Originally built as a trading post by William Sublette and Robert Campbell, it was purchased by the American Fur Company. Thirteen days after Tappan passed the fort it was transferred to the United States government as a military post. See Leroy R. Hafen and Francis M. Young, **Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890,** Glendale, Calif., 1938.

29. Probably in Warm Springs, the historic natural laundry tub of the emigrants.

30. Bitter Cottonwood Creek is the correct name. It flows into the North Platte from the south. Potter, **op. cit.,** p. 108. Just west of this creek the historic emigrant trail leaves the North Platte and cuts through the sandy hills.

31. Tappan here uses the term Black Hills to include the Laramie Mountains, a common practice of emigrant diarists. They unquestionably followed Bryant and Ware in this. It should not be confused with the Black Hills of South Dakota and northeastern Wyoming. See Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, eds., **Gold Rush, The Journal, Drawings and Other Papers of J. Goldsboro Bruff,** New York 1944, I, 482, n. 143.

32, 33, 34. La Bonte, La Prele and Fouche Bois Rivers all flow into the North Platte from the south in what is now Converse County, Wyoming.

Monday June 18th 1849

Made 14 miles over the Hills & encamped on La-Prele River.[33] To day Mr. Rockwells waggon gave out, but finding the remains of a waggon of some former emigrant, soon repaired all damages. Some of our men brought into camp a curiosity in the shape of a Horned Frog.

Tuesday June 19th 1849

To day made 17 miles. Crossed Fouche-Bois River.[34] Moved on to the Platte & encamped on the Platte at the mouth of Deer Creek & make preparations for crossing the River. There are now waiting at this point & at the Mormon Ferry 3 miles above 1000 teams.[35] Part of the train had an exciting chase after a small herd of Buffalo, killing one, old fellow who in his wrath tore an Emigrants waggon to pieces. 90 miles from Laramie.

Wednesday June 20th

To day all busy in building Boats for Crossing the River. Evening our craft is complete & we have just made a trial trip.[36] All this machinery working fine. This affords us a new style travelling to California.

Thursday June 21st 1849

To day we are busy in crossing the River. For myself I have been in the water all day & crossed 17 teams or waggons, swimming our cattle. Several accidents have occurred since our encampment here, one man in an Illinois train was accidentally shot yesterday & several deaths by drowning.

Friday June 22nd 1849

To day moved 16 miles through deep sand & encamped in a beautiful spot on the River.

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35. Near the mouth of Deer Creek, the trail rejoins the North Platte. The Deer Creek crossing taken by Tappan and the Jerseyville Company and the Mormon Ferry were the principal crossings of the North Platte. Tappan's estimate of 3 miles to the Mormon Ferry must be a slip of the pen for this crossing is approximately 30 miles up the river.

36. Hackney describes the craft for crossing the river as comprising three large canoes, twenty-four feet long and two feet "over", lashed together. The wagons were placed on the outside canoes which were spaced apart to receive the wheels. This unwieldy "machinery" was then rowed with oars. Page commented that 30 men were not enough to put the craft deep enough in the water and heavy gear had to be added. According to Page, the Jerseyville Company at this time numbered 52 men and 15 wagons. Page, **op. cit.**, pp. 151, 156.

Saturday June 23rd

Made 18 miles over Hills & deep Sand. Warm & sultry. Encamped on the Plains two miles from the River.

Sunday June 24th 1849

Made 20 miles to day without water & encamped at Willow Springs.[37] We passed through the Avenue. High Bluffs on both sides.

Monday June 25th 1849

To day left Willow Springs on our way to Rock Independence. One mile from the Springs is Prospect Hill & truly the name is quite applicable. From the summit we had one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld, Mountains, Vallies, Hills & Plains were in the distance. Nine miles from the Spring, crossed Grease Wood Creek & made our noon halt. Moved on over heavy sands. Passed the celebrated Saleratus Lakes[38] & encamped on the Sweet Water.

Tuesday June 26th 1849

This morning passed Independence Rock.[39] I visited it in company with several of the train. It is a great curiosity one vast pile of Granite—"Solitary & alone" on the Valley of the Sweet Water. The River at this point passes between two mountain Bluffs some 400 feet high. I had the pleasure of a game of cards on the summit of the Rock & also the mortification of being at my own game. To day made 15 miles.

Wednesday June 27th 1849

Made 17 miles. Roads heavy sand. Scenery beautiful. Rocks piled on Rocks & mountain of granite towering away to the very clouds.

Thursday June 28th

Made 15 miles up the valley, fording the River twice. Encamped early & in sight of the Rocky Mountains, Dressed in their Mantle of Snow.

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37. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston Company which passed Willow Springs on the afternoon of June 23, noted that there was not a sprig of grass at this regular encampment. Potter, ed., **op. cit.,** p. 114.

38. These lakes were alkali beds. Hackney commented that the area was covered to the depth of two inches with saleratus and it looked like a lake of clear water.

39. The most renowned of the trail landmarks. On "Great Register of the Desert" the emigrants inscribed their names. See Potter, ed., **op. cit.,** p. 117.

Friday June 29th

To day made 16 miles. No water until night reaching the River again. To day passed an Ice Quarry. The ice is found some two feet below the surface from 4 to 8 inches in thickness. Had a good julip.

Saturday June 30th

Made 20 miles. At noon left the River & ascending the High Bluffs, passed on over Hills, Rocks, & Vallies & encamped on Strawberry Creek. A beautiful little brook tumbling down from mountains of Snow & Ice.

Sunday July 1st 1849

Made 10 miles & encamped on a branch of the Sweet Water within a short distance of Pacific Spring. Met to day a French Trader & a party of crow Indians from Fort Bridger.[40]

Monday July 2nd

Made 14 miles. Roads good. Passed Pacific Spring & encamped one mile beyond the same.[41] The waters from this Spring are the first on the route that flow towards the Pacific Ocean.

Tuesday July 3rd 1849

Made 20 miles. No grass nor water. At noon crossed Dry Sandy & at night encamped on Little Sandy River fording the same.[42]

Wednesday July 4th

No symptoms of a move as yet to day, our teams having had some hard fare of late. Some of the train fired salutes in memory of the day. All are at work overhauling our loads & lightning up. Many articles are being thrown

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40. Hackney states that there were several traders and that the Indians were their wives. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 154. The Charleston Company met this same group the day before and heard some tall stories about the Indians of the area. Potter, ed., **op. cit.**, pp. 125-127.

41. Tappan fails to mention that his train has passed through the South Pass that day. Perhaps this omission resulted from the very gradual ascent noted both by Hackney and Page. The latter remarked "it was well that we had guide books to tell us when we entered on & arrived at the summit of the (Pass)". Page, **op. cit.**, p. 158; see also Potter, ed., **op. cit.**, p. 128. Pacific Springs was carefully noted by '49ers diarists because it marked the Continental Divide.

42. Just before crossing the Little Sandy Creek, the trail split, one road bearing southward to Fort Bridger and the other leading directly westward. The latter, a departure from the original Oregon trail, was called Sublette's Cut-off after William Sublette who in 1832 first made the trip. Potter, ed., **op. cit.**, pp. 130-131.

away which may or might be of great use in the mines. At noon part of the train moved on six or seven miles to the Big Sandy, Leaving five wagons of us to come at our leisure. For my part I care little whether we again unite or not. After sundown we moved on some 3 miles & halted for the night & found good grass near our camp.[43]

Thursday July 5th

This morning moved up to Big Sandy & joined our train again. A ½ past 3 in the afternoon we commenced our march for Green River on what is called Subletts Cut Off.[44] Travelled all night with one short interval for feeding.

Friday July 6th 1849

Finished our strech of 54 miles being 30 hours on the Cut Off. Our teams are nearly tired out.

Saturday July 7th

To day lay in camp awaiting our turn for ferrying Green River. We obtained fair feed for our cattle by swimming them on to an island in the River.

Sunday July 8th

To day moved our wagons up to the Ferry. Maned the boat with our own men & crossed all our wagons but three by sundown.[45] The train moved on some two miles & encamped for the night. I remained behind with two or three to assist the three wagons over—

Monday July 9th 1849

Moved over the bluffs. Nooned on Blacks Fork[46] & encamped at night in a valley at the foot of the mountains.

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43. According to Hackney the salutes consisted of blowing up a powder keg and firing four or five rounds of rifle shots. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 160. The thought of crossing the waterless plain ahead must have impelled Tappan and the Company to throw away valuable gear.

44. The Jerseyville Company followed the usual custom in crossing Sublette's Cut-off, beginning the trip in mid-afternoon and travelling all night. Tappan's estimate of 54 miles for the crossing is higher than others who recorded their experiences. Ware's **Guide** guessed 35 miles but most emigrants believed it between 40 and 50 miles. Ware, **Guide,** footnote 40; Potter, ed., **op. cit.**, p. 132; Irene D. Paden, **Wake of Prairie Schooner,** New York, 1943, pp. 256-259.

45. Crossing the Green River was a difficult operation for it was 150 yds. wide, 10 ft. deep. The French ferryman at this crossing seems to have had a virtual monopoly, charging $8.00 to take over one wagon. This bottleneck created a jam-up of wagons waiting to cross. Certain trains were forced to wait four days for their turn.

46. Tappan errs here as did Ware. Blacks Fork lay many miles to the south. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston Company called this stream "the 12 mile run". Potter, ed., **op. cit.**, p. 136. Modern maps show Fontenelle Creek at this location.

Tuesday July 10th

Made 18 miles & encamped on Hams Fork of Bear River.[47] At this point we met with a part of the Alton Company. Among the members were Messrs. Hutton, Buffom, Johnson, Pettingil, Ferguson & —[48] The roads have been mountainous. Grass good.

Wednesday July 11th 1849

Made 18 miles over a very mountainous region & encamped on the Bluffs of Bear River. This afternoon one of our best oxen gave out from over driving.

Thursday July 12th

Decended the Bluffs. Made some 13 ms & encamped on Smith's Fork.[49] Lay up for the rest of the day. Caught some very fine speckled trout, a great rarity indeed.

Friday July 13th

Made 15 miles to Thomas Fork. Good grass & Trout fishing. Roads dusty.

Saturday July 14th

To day moved over high Steep Hills 13 miles to the River again. Nooned at an Indian encampment.[50] Moved on again 6 miles to Luback Fork. Grass & fishing good.

Sunday July 15th

Lay in camp to day, cooking, washing, & resting our weary limbs.

Monday July 16th

Made 12 miles & nooned on double Creek. In the after noon made 10 miles & encamped at a spring near the road.

Tuesday July 17th

Made 18 miles. Passed the celebrated Soda Springs, also

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47. Hams Fork enters Blacks Fork which flows into the Green River.

48. The members of the Alton Company had broken from the main group. Such break-ups frequently occurred among the forty-niner trains.

49. Smiths Fork and Thomas Fork, reached the following day, are tributaries of the Bear River.

50. Hackney notes the camp of Snake Indians who had a "large drove of horses but would not sell or trade any of them they are the greatest beggars in the world . . . ." Page, **op. cit.,** p. 166. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston company identifies these Indians as "Shoa Shounnies" and tells of several trappers who were with them. One of the latter may have been Peg-leg Smith, a famous freebooter, trader and trapper. See Potter, ed., **op. cit.,** p. 143.

the craters of former volcanoes.[51] Left Bear River & entered the Valley of the Port Neuf River. Encamped at a spring 7 miles from Bear River. Grass good.

Wednesday July 18th
To day made 18 miles up the Valley & encamped on Port Neuf River.

Thursday July 19th
Made 18 over the dividing ridge of the waters of the Great Salt Lake & of the Pacific. Encamped on a small creek.

Friday July 20th
Made 22 miles to day over heavy sand roads, passing Fort Hall & encamping two miles beyond. Fort Hall is situated on Snake or Lewis River.[52] Nothing in its appearance to interest the weary traveller. At this time it possesses quite a business appearance as many Emigrants are resting a few days at this point.

Saturday July 21st
To day as we seem to be within the bounds of whites once more we lay by for rest. Fort Hall & vicinity abounds with Indians, Frenchmen, Trappers & Traders, & Musquitoes, the latter being very numerous & troblesome.[53]

Sunday July 22nd
This morning bid farewell to Fort Hall & moved on making 18 miles over a series of sand hills bordering Lewis River. In the morning forded Port Neuf & Panack Rivers.[54]

Monday July 23rd
Made 14 miles. At noon crossed Ford Creek & at night reached Raft River & encamped. Grass good. At this

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51. Soda or Beer Springs intrigued the emigrant diarists. Hackney commented that "when you first dip it up sparkles and fomes the same as sodo it also tasts like sodo water only a great deal stronger . . ." He also described the celebrated Steamboat Spring which "at regular intervals the water spouts up two or three feet high and makes a noise resembeling the scape pipe of a steam boat it then settels down slowly . . . ." Page, **op. cit.**, p. 166-167.

52. Fort Hall, built by Nathaniel J. Wyeth in 1834, had been purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1837. The United States following the Oregon treaty of 1846 guaranteed the rights of the Company at Fort Hall and several other posts. It is located several miles above the American Falls Reservoir.

53. Most Forty-niner diarists noted the poor appearance of Fort Hall, crowded with Indians, trappers and traders. Only the thick hordes of mosquitos seemed worse.

54. Tappan misspells Bannock as had Ware in his guide book. Ware, **Guide**, p. 30.

point the two trails diverge for California & Oregon.[55] We met here quite a train taking the Oregon Trail, mostly families.

Monday July 23rd

Made 19 miles over barren Sand, Hills, Poor grass but dusty roads.

Wednesday July 25

Made 15 miles over Hills covered with wild Sage, reaching the River again. Grass good.

Thursday July 26th

Made 18 miles up the River.[56] At noon met Mr. Arnspringer with whom we had separated at Green River. At night encamped in good grass.

Friday July 27th

Made 17 miles up a branch of Raft River & encamped.

Saturday July 28th

Made 20 miles over the mountains dividing the waters of Lewis & Humbolt Rivers & encamped on Goose Creek.

Sunday July 29

Moved up the Creek 4 miles & encamped.

Monday July 30th

Made 18 miles up Goose Creek. Plenty of Dust, Rocks & ditches.

Tuesday July 31st

Left Goose Creek & made 21 miles over a Hilly Barren desolate section of country. After a continuous march of 13½ miles, reached Rock Spring. Plenty of water for ourselves & teams. Moved on & encamped in Warm Spring Valley.[57] Days warm & Nights cold. For several nights Ice. Poor grass.

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55. The divergence of the trails at the junction of the Raft and Snake Rivers marked another important landmark of the emigrants. Oddly enough Tappan does not mention passing the beautiful American Falls on this date.

56. Hudspeth Cutoff joined the trail at the point where Tappan "nooned" this day. This cutoff had branched off from the trail at Soda Spring and ran due west to avoid the circuitous route via Fort Hall. Hackney also records the end of the cutoff and adds that when the Jerseyville company had passed Soda Springs the route was not yet opened. Crabb of the company did take the short cut. Page, **op. cit.**, p. 176.

57. Known today as Thousand Springs Valley, Nevada.

Wednesday August 1st 1849
To day good road (dust excepted). Made 20 miles & encamped in good grass.

Thursday Aug 2nd
Made 20 miles. In the morning passed several warm springs. Nooned at the terminus of Warm Spring Valley. Encamped at night on a small Creek emptying into Humbolt River.[58]

Friday Aug 3rd
Made 22 miles. Part of the distance through a deep canon, rough & rocky. Crossing a Creek nine times in a distance of 4 miles. Encamped at night on a small creek in company with Hudspeths & the Pike County Trains.[59]

Saturday Aug 4th
Made 12 miles & encamped on Marys River.[60] Warm & Dusty. Grass good.

Sunday Aug 5th
Made 12 miles down the River.

Monday Aug 6th
To day crossed the River. Made 18 miles, crossing several steep Hills & encamped at night on the Rivers bank. Mired all our teams in crossing a sloo.

Tuesday Aug 7th
To day made 20 miles crossing the River 4 times. We took the Mormon Trail through a deep Canon to avoid steep Hills. In passing a difficult point in the Canon Walkers wagon upset with all hands in the inside.

Wednesday Aug 8th
To day made 26 miles. Six miles from our last nights encampment, left the River & struck the Bluffs. After making 20 miles over Hills, Rocks, & Sage Plains, we reached the River again at ten o'clock at night.[61] No grass. All hands in a beautiful humor.

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58. Probably Bishop's Creek. Tappan does not mention that the company took a cutoff that noon. Hackney describes the road as being made by the Mormons the year before. By following this route the company cut off about 20 miles although the going was extremely rough over rocky hills.

59. The former train was led by James Hudspeth for whom the cutoff was named. Potter, ed., **op. cit.,** p. 148.

60. The emigrants called the Humbolt by its early name, Mary's River.

61. Tappan and the company took a twenty mile cutoff to avoid the virtually impassable canon with its sheer sides.

Thursday Aug 9th
We had a fine time this morning hunting our teams which had wandered off in search of grass. After getting our teams together made 10 miles down stream & encamped finding some little grass. This is certainly the most desolate region on the Trail to the Gold Mines.

Friday Aug 10th
Made 18 miles down the River. Roads dusty, Grass good.

Saturday Aug 11th
Made 18 miles over Saleratus District. Dusty Roads.

Sunday August 12th 1849
Made 20 miles. At noon left the River for 9 miles to avoid a deep canon. At night reached the River again, grass poor.

Monday Aug 13th
Made 17 miles. Again left the River for 8 or 9 miles over Sand Hills to the River where we found good grass. To day met with Mr & Mrs. Lindley with whom we parted on Big Sandy.[62]

Tuesday Aug 14th
Made 10 miles encamping in good grass for the day. This morning met Mr Stevens from Alton, Illinois.

Wednesday Aug 15th
Made 10 & encamped for the day in good grass. In a few days we shall find but poor feed if any until we reach Truckees River, consequently we must improvise what we do find.[63]

Thursday Aug 16
Made 17 miles down the River.

Friday Aug 17
Made 10 miles. Roads sandy, grass poor.

Saturday Aug 18
Left the River. Made 13 miles over a high point of land & struck the River again. At noon again left the River, striking it again at night & encamped in the largest crowd of wagons since we left St. Joseph.

Sunday Aug 19
Made 18 miles. Some 3 or 4 miles from our last encamp-

62. The Lindleys had probably taken the old trail via Fort Bridger.
63. Preparation for the hazardous trip across the Humbolt Sink accounted for the low daily mileage.

ment we struck what is termed the new road leaving the old Trail on our right.[64]

Monday Aug 20th

Made 20 miles & encamped at the "Sower Camping Place" so termed.

Tuesday Aug 21st

This morning left the River, crossing Spring Branch at noon & encamped at night on a large Sloo. Here we found grass of good quality in great abundance. Our days travel 16 miles.

Wednesday Aug 22

Moved down the Sloo 6 miles & encamped. At this point we cut grass for our teams & making other preparations for crossing the Desert.[65]

Thursday Aug 23rd

Remain in camp to day recruiting both man & beast.

Friday Aug 24th

Made 15 miles to the Sink of Marys River. At this point the waters of the river entirely disappear. However wells or holes have been dug by the Emigrants in advance but the water is so highly impregnated with Sulphur that but few of the teams will drink of it. Within one or two miles of the springs or wells the road diverges. The left leading to Carson River & the right to Truckees. In the morning we commenced the trip across the Desert a distance of 55 miles. Tonight our teams [word undecipherable] enjoy the fresh hay we prepared at the Sloo.

Saturday Aug 25th

This morning on the march by sunrise wishing to make the Hot Springs 22 miles as soon as possible. Burton & myself proceeded in advance of the Train for the purpose of cooling water for our team by the time of their arrival

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64. The Jerseyville company had decided not to take the new trail which led due west from this point on the Humbolt and struck the Feather River some 150 miles north of Sutter's Fork. The newer route was known as Lassen's cutoff.

65. At the Humbolt Slough all emigrant trains laid up for several days as Tappan recorded on August 23 for "recruiting both man & beast". This large stretch of marshland further provided an abundance of grass for hay which was to be used while crossing the parched Humbolt Sink.

which we to some benefit accomplished.[66] The teams arrived in good time so that we got our supper, rested & fed our teams & were on the march again soon after sunset. We have yet to make 25 or 30 miles to the River.

Morning Sunday Aug 26th

We are still on the march. Drove all night with the exception of a few minuets rest. Our teams look bad this morning although but few have failed. The last 8 miles of the route the road is very heavy sand, trying to our teams. However by 10 oclock all the teams in the Train reached the River.

Truckees River is a beautiful stream, the water cold & clear, current rapid.[67] At this point it has quite a wide bottom in places, good grass. Its banks are lined with cottonwoods.

Monday Aug 27th

To day remain in camp, ourselves enjoying good water & rest & our teams in good feed.

Tuesday Aug 28th

To day left camp & made 16 miles fording the River 11 times. The fording is hard on our teams, the bed of the stream being very rough & stony & the current very rapid.

Wednesday Aug 29th

Made 15 miles over rough & sandy roads, fording the River 10 times. Encamped at night in a beautiful little valley of good grass.[68]

Thursday Aug 30

Remain in camp improving the grass for our teams. Burton has been sick for a day or two but a days rest seems to help him.

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66. The Hot Springs provided the only source of potable water on the Sink. Dr. Bryarly asserted that a piece of meat held in the water for 20 minutes would be perfectly cooked. Potter, ed., **op. cit.,** p. 192.

67. Truckee River arises in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and flows into Pyramid Lake, then westward through the present city of Reno and empties into Truckee Lake. To the almost exhausted man and beast the river appeared as a part of Heaven. All emigrant trains paused for some time at the trail's juncture with the river revelling in the crystal clear water and abundant grass. The diarists invariably complain of the continued confusion at this encampment.

68. The train had passed through Truckee canon. The beautiful little valley mentioned by Tappan was called Truckee Meadows. The city of Reno is now located in this valley.

Friday Aug 31

Made 12 miles over rough stony roads, fording the River twice. Grass poor.

Saturday Sep 1st

Made 12 miles. After fording the River 4 times (making in all 27 in a distance of some 40 miles) we left it & commenced climbing Hills & mountains.[69] We are now in a region of heavy timbered land embracing several Species of the Pine. Encamped in a beautiful little valley shut in on all sides by mountains. Grass poor.

Sunday Sep 2nd

Made 14 miles. Roads pretty good. Nooned in a fine little valley on a branch of Truckees River. At night encamped in a valley of good grass.

Monday Sep 3rd

Made 12 miles crossing several small branches of Truckees River. Encamped at night in the immediate vicinity where Donners party from Illinois suffered so much in the fall of 1846. Truckees Lake is ½ miles from our encampment. It is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded on all sides by mountains. It abounds in fish. To morrow we commence the ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The foot of the Pass is 8 miles distant from the Lake.

Tuesday Sep 4th

This morning we are off for the Pass.[70] Arrived at the foot of the Pass at about noon. Doubled teams & reached the Summit without loss of any kind. From the Summit we descended rapidly for five miles & encamped in a valley of good grass.

Wednesday Sep 5th

Today made 10 miles over mountains of Granite Rock. The roughest roads I ever Saw. Now is the time that heavy wagons are useful. At the foot of almost every Steep we find the remains of broken Yankee Wagons.

Thursday Sep 6th

To day made 8 miles. Roads bad. Just before night we came to a spot in our road where our wagons had to be let

69. The Jerseyville company here followed the well established trail along the Truckee River, steadily ascending the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

70. Donner Pass.

down with ropes.[71] After this operation we were obliged to tie up our cattle to trees without feed.[72]

Friday Sep 7th

To day made 8 miles, leaving the Yuba & encamping in a valley in the vicinity of Bear River. Obtained water by digging.

Saturday Sep 8th

EDITORS COMMENTS

Unfortunately Tappan failed to complete his valuable account of the trip to California gold fields although he was only five days from his destination. Possibly the nearness of the diggings and the temptation to try a few tentative pannings as others doubtless did even this far upstream may have made the keeping of a diary seem inconsequential. But from Hackney's colorful journal we learn of the last few days of the trip. On September 8 the company reached Bear River Valley and then crossed over several steep mountains, one of which required the waggons to be lowered down by ropes. On September 11 the Jerseyville group came upon their first sight of gold mining which was being carried on by a handful of men whose supplies had run out. Apparently all hands jumped from their wagons, seized whatever pans or vessels were available and started furiously panning for gold. Hackney claimed that he soon had washed out a half dollar's worth. Dr. Bryarly and the Charleston company 13 days earlier had performed the same rite. The following day, September 12, these Illinois Forty-niners, now virtually exhausted from the lack of food and rest, pulled into Illinoistown. At this tiny mining community, populated by former Illinois neighbors, Tappan and his friends decided to end their trip and there try their luck. Dr. Knapp and the main body of the Company including the diarist, Hackney, pushed on to Stanislaus, farther south. One other wagon remained with Tappan's mess.

From Page's long letters to his wife we may learn of some of Tappan's activities during the fall of 1849 and in

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71. Tappan's casual remarks belie the great difficulty experienced this day. Hackney recorded that the ascent was as steep as a house roof and that only the "hardest kind of scratching" brought the wagons to the summit.

72. It was necessary to tie up the cattle because otherwise they would wander away in search of food and become lost.

1850. On November 6 the four Woodburn men, the last mess from the Jerseyville company remaining in Illinoistown, moved westward. They were prompted, as Page expressed it, by the approach of winter and the scarcity and high prices of provisions. They did not abandon their claims, however, and left their tools with a company of miners against their return in the spring. Their earnings had been small. Page had gained about $280, the others about $380 each. First they went to Marysville where they had sent their wagon and oxen for safekeeping, and then pushed on to Sacramento. Toward the end of November the quartet moved fifty miles east to notorious Hangtown on the American River. During late December or early January, 1850, the Woodburn mess moved again, this time in search of a satisfactory shelter for the rainy season and settled upon Mud Flat, later known as El Dorado. Here they were able to work only occasionally because of the frequent rains. On these long rainy afternoons and evenings "Judge" Tappan sang old songs and Burton and Van Doren played the violin to while away the tedious hours.

In mid-March the four constructed a quicksilver machine for extracting gold. Whether or not this expensive and cumbersome affair was put into operation has not been recorded for in late March the Woodburn boys broke up the mess under strained circumstances. Unquestionably the cramped quarters, the monotony of their work and the abnormal mode of life brewed bickering and discontentment among them. Tappan and Burton decided to pull out, and in the spring of 1850 bought Page's and Van Doren's interest in the team and left for another location. Van Doren at the same time withdrew on his own venture and went to Sacramento. During the summer and fall of 1850 the Woodburn boys saw one another on brief visits. Page's letters occasionally mention meetings with the others and Tappan's accounts in the back of his diary mention purchases made for his friends on trips to various towns. These accounts furnish some indication of his travels—many of them through towns that no longer exist except on the old maps. They also give some indication of the lean fare and high prices of the region. These notes would seem to indicate that the gold panned or mined did little more than meet expenses.



CHIEF WASHAKIE, 1865

Washakie and the Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs.

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN*

Part I 1849-1852

Scarcely a beginning has been made in reconstructing the history of the Shoshoni. Grace Raymond Hebard in two biographies, **Sacajawea** and **Washakie,** dealt with the two most famous figures of Shoshoni history, and published incidentally a good deal of information about the history of the tribe, but conscientious as was Dr. Hebard's work, her books are merely suggestive of the riches that await a serious student of the Shoshoni. The same may be said of the few ethnological studies that have so far appeared. No one has yet undertaken a serious investigation of Shoshoni contacts with the Spanish frontier, a major field of study in itself, and if more work has been done on the next period, when explorers and fur traders converged upon the Shoshoni country from east, north, west, and south, most of what has been published does not properly reflect the resources of the existing literature and has made seriously uncritical use of that literature.

We can call attention to these lacks without for the moment attempting to do anything about them. The present contribution deals with a still later era in Shoshoni history which is hardly less in need of fresh documentation and critical restudy, the period after settlement had commenced in the mountains and overland travel to the Pacific had reached floodcrest. No era had graver import for the Shoshoni, for their continued existence as a people, even, depended upon the terms they could make with the forces operating to destroy their way of life.

The documents we are printing reflect the principal official contacts between the Shoshoni and the United States government from 1849 to 1868, and are drawn from a single archive, the records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs. The Shoshoni province was divided among several

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*For a biography of Dale L. Morgan see **Annals of Wyoming,** Vol. 21, Nos. 2-3, July-October 1949, pp. 108-109.

jurisdictions when the United States government, after the war with Mexico, addressed itself to the problem of administering the Indian affairs of the Far West. Most important among these was the Utah Superintendency, in part because its jurisdiction extended over the Uinta Mountains and the Bridger Valley, favorite haunts of the Shoshoni, but also because the settlement of the Mormons in the valley of the Great Salt Lake created a power center which profoundly affected everything in the region roundabout. This jurisdiction ended with the territorial line at 42°; north of that, Shoshoni country lay in the Oregon Superintendency, a remote and in some ways inconsequential factor in Shoshoni affairs. Much farther to the east, and not at first particularly relevant to Shoshoni life, the Central Superintendency at St. Louis extended a long jurisdictional arm up the Platte and Sweetwater as high as the Oregon boundary in South Pass. The papers of the Oregon and Central superintendencies will eventually have to be studied for such light as they may shed on Shoshoni history, but the Utah documents in themselves comprise a major field of study, and from them we have now drawn everything that significantly relates to the history of Washakie and the Wyoming Shoshoni.

The emphasis rests upon what we call the Wyoming Shoshoni because historically they have had the nearest approach to a unified history. Shoshonean peoples are the most widespread linguistic stock in the West. The Comanches, perhaps the closest relatives of the Wyoming Shoshoni, had moved to the southern plains long before our time and do not figure significantly in Shoshoni history proper during the fifties and sixties. Shoshonean bands of the Snake Country, near cousins of the Wyoming Shoshoni, if indeed any true ethnological distinction can be made between them, merit a separate study which would also deal with the Bannocks; but these figure only peripherally in the documents we are publishing; the same may be said of the western Shoshoni of Utah, Nevada, and Oregon, the northern Paiutes of Nevada and Oregon, and the southern Paiutes of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona. The Utes have a more central role in the documents now printed, in part because they constituted an administrative problem for the Utah Superintendency even more pressing than did the Shoshoni, and the affairs of the two tribes are intermixed.

How early the Wyoming Shoshoni became identified with the area with which history chiefly associates them, the Green River Valley, is a problem yet to be worked out. William H. Ashley in 1825 spoke of the Shoshoni as inhabit-

ing principally north, south, and west of the Tetons, but included in their domain "the headwaters of the Rio Colorado of the West and down the same to Mary's river"—that is, the Green River as far down as the Yampa. As against this, Nathaniel Wyeth, writing in 1848 on the basis of his experiences of 1832-36, called the Green River Valley "a den of thieves, where every one keeps every other at arm's-length," and added, "I am uncertain if any Indians inhabit any portion of this valley, as being particularly their own, above Brown's Hole. If so, it is the Green River Snakes, whose village of 152 lodges, I met on the main fork of Grand [Colorado] River, on the 18th July, 1836."[1] However this may have been, by mid-century the Shoshoni were definitely in possession of the Green River Valley, subject only to occasional raids by tribes from the north, east, and south. By then, too, Washakie had definitely established his ascendancy over the Wyoming Shoshoni—an ascendancy which, except for a brief period during the Civil War, he maintained to the end of his life; he is thus the dominant personality among the Snakes through all the events with which we shall be concerned.

The first two of the documents that follow predate the Utah Superintendency, though they form a part of the archive of that jurisdiction. One of the earliest acts performed by Zachary Taylor after entering the Presidential office in March, 1849, was to extend the jurisdiction of the Indian Office over the vast territory just acquired from Mexico through the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo; to effect this in advance of actual political organization of the new territory, he ordered the Indian agencies for the Upper Missouri and Council Bluffs to be transferred to Santa Fe and Salt Lake. On April 7, 1849, John Wilson of Missouri was notified of his appointment to the Salt Lake agency, and as soon as possible he set out for the field of duty, traveling in the midst of the gold rush.

Wilson's first report was written from Fort Bridger, in the heart of the Shoshoni country, on August 22, 1849, and is the more interesting for being the first official contact of any kind between the United States government and Washakie and his Shoshoni. Wilson went on to Great Salt Lake City and wrote another letter on September 4 which was also concerned more or less with the Shoshoni. He

1. H. C. Dale, **The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific 1822-29.** Glendale, 1941, p. 151; H. R. Schoolcraft, **Historical and Statistical Information Respecting . . . the Indian Tribes,** Philadelphia, Vol. 1, pp. 217-219.

then continued on to California and soon after passed out of the sphere of Indian relations altogether, for he resigned early in 1850. The various reports written by Wilson constitute nearly the whole of the papers of the "Salt Lake Agency," for of course that agency was transformed with the creation of the Territory of Utah in September, 1850. Under the organic act, the governor of the new territory was made ex-officio superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Owing to the slowness of communications, Brigham Young did not learn that he had been appointed Utah's first governor and superintendent of Indian Affairs until January, 1851, and he did not commence to act in the latter capacity until July following, when the sub-agents reported for duty. There were two sub-agents in addition to an agent, and Young divided his superintendency into three jurisdictions. However, some dissension broke out among the Utah territorial officials in the fall of 1851, and when some of them returned East, one of the sub-agents went with them. He was never replaced, and through the rest of Brigham Young's tenure as superintendent, Utah had just one agent and one sub-agent to look after Indian Affairs in the far-flung territory.

That the territory was truly far-flung, to the point of presenting serious administrative difficulties, is evident when it is remembered that in the 1850's Utah extended all the way from the California boundary in the Sierra Nevada to the continental divide, within its present north and south boundaries. It was impossible that three men, with limited funds, could attend properly to all the wants and needs of the tribes and bands who occupied this vast area. Apart from that, there was always a very practical aspect to the administration of Indian Affairs by the government; time and money were principally spent on areas of friction, and therefore usually in the vicinity of white settlements or along the overland trails traveled by the whites. In consequence, there are many shortcomings in the kind of information that is developed in the documents we are printing; they are chiefly valuable for their bearing upon the exterior relations of the Shoshoni, although much is to be inferred from them about the domestic economy of Washakie and his people through a difficult time of transition.

It is not my purpose here to go into the frictions within the Utah Superintendency itself, the conflict of Mormon and non- or anti-Mormon which generated a continual heat and made more wasteful and inefficient the actual administration of Indian Affairs. The documents themselves amply reflect both sides of this situation; and I have elsewhere

treated the matter in broad perspective.[2] We are concerned with the records of the Utah Superintendency mainly as a source of information on the Wyoming Shoshoni, including enough collateral documents to illustrate the administrative structure of the Superintendency insofar as Shoshoni affairs were concerned. Some of the records now printed contain a good deal of extraneous matter which is nevertheless important to Western history; it has seemed desirable to print the whole texts of most of the documents, for not only does this make them available in their entirety—it permits Shoshoni affairs to be seen in context.

The existence of these papers among the records of the Office of Indian Affairs in the National Archives was first called to my attention in 1939 by my good friend, the late Maurice L. Howe, who had an insatiable interest in everything that pertained to the Indians or the West. Maurice had transcribed and sent to me a considerable volume of these records. Later, over a period of ten years when I myself was intermittently living in Washington, I systematically finished the job of working over the Utah Superintendency papers. Over this long time the staff of the National Archives has been most helpful, and it is a pleasure, on Maurice's behalf and my own, to thank them for their aid.

I.

John Wilson, Salt Lake Indian Agent, to Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Interior, dated Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of Green or Colorado River, August 22, 1849.[3]

Sir: We arrived here yesterday. Messrs. [Louis] Vasques and [James] Bridger are the proprietors, and have resided here and in these mountains for more than 25 years. They are engaged as traders, belonging to the American Fur Company. They are gentlemen of integrity and intelligence, and can be fully relied on in relation to any statement they make in regard to the different tribes, claims, boundaries, and other information in relation to the Utah and Sho-sho-nie tribes and a small band of Punnacks, as

2. Dale L. Morgan, "The Administration of Indian Affairs in Utah, 1851-1858," **Pacific Historical Review**, November, 1948, Vol. XVII, pp. 383-409.

3. The original of this document not being present in the Utah Superintendency files, a printed text is followed (31st Congress, 1st Session, House Executive Document No. 17, pp. 184-187). The ceremonious salutations and signatures of all these letters I omit in this printing.

they have during all their residence been engaged in trade with them.

Among the Sho-sho-nies there are only two bands, properly speaking. The principal or better portion are called Sho sho nies, (or Snakes) who are rich enough to own horses. The others, the Sho-sho-coes, (or Walkers) are those who cannot or do not own horses.[4] The principal chiefs of the Sho-sho-nies are **Mono,** (about 45 years old) so called from a wound in his face or cheek from a ball, that disfigures him; **Wiskin,** (Cut-hair) **Washikick,** (Gourd Rattle)[5] with whom I have had an interview; and **Oapiche,** (Big man.)

Of the Sho-sho-coes, **Augutasipa** is the most noted. Both bands number, probably, over 1,000 lodges of four persons each. Of the relative portion of each band, no definite account can be given; for so soon as a Sho-sho-nie becomes too poor or does not own a horse, he is at once called a Sho-sho-coe; but as soon as a Sho-sho-coe can or does own a horse he is again a riding Indian, and therefore a Sho-sho-nie.

Their language, with the exception of some **Patois** differences, is said to be that of the Comanche tribe. Their claim of boundary is to the east from the Red Buttes, on the north fork of the Platte, to its head in the Park, (decayague,) or

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4. This division of the Shoshoni into Sho sho nies and Sho sho coes is not ethnologically accepted; see Julian H. Steward, **Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups** (Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 120), Washington, 1938, p. 264ff; the term "Sho sho co" may have been as much a coinage of the mountain men as "Digger," applied to the same Shoshoni.

5. Washakie's name is variously spelled—Dr. Hebard's **Washakie,** Cleveland, 1930, p. 313, lists no less than 35 variants. The diversity is amply reflected in these documents. Washakie was born, Dr. Hebard thought, about 1798 in the upper Bitterroot valley of western Montana. His father, Paseego, is said to have been of Umatilla, Flathead, and Shoshoni blood, and to have belonged to the Flathead tribe; his mother is said to have been Shoshoni, and it is inferred that she came from the Lemhi band. According to family tradition, when Washakie was 4 or 5 years old, the village in which he lived was attacked by Blackfeet and his father killed. The mother with her 3 sons and 2 daughters found refuge among the Lemhi Shoshoni on the Salmon River, and here Washakie grew to manhood. Afterwards he joined a party of Bannocks, living among them from 3 to 5 years and then joined the Shoshoni of the Fort Bridger country, among whom he spent the rest of his life. It is conjectured that this last move was sometime between 1826 and 1832. The first white mention of Washakie is by the trapper Osborne Russell, in his journal of 1840. Apparently Wilson in 1849 was the next to mention him by name. There are various interpretations of his name, including "The Rattler," "Gourd Rattle," and "Gambler's Gourd." The name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

Buffalo Bull Pen, in the Rocky mountains; to the south, across the mountains over to the Yom-pa-pa [Yampa], till it enters Green or Colorado river, and then across to the Back-Bone, or ridge of mountains called the Bear River mountains, running nearly due west towards the Salt Lake, so as to take in most of the Salt Lake; and thence on to the Sinks of Mary's or Humboldt's river; thence north to the fisheries on the Snake river in Oregon, and thence south (their northern boundary) to the Red Buttes, including the sources of Green river—a territory probably 300 miles square, most of which has too high an elevation ever to be useful for cultivation of any sort. In most of these mountains and valleys it freezes every night in the year, and is in summer quite warm at noon and to half-past three p. m. Nothing whatever will grow of grain or vegetables, but the most luxurious and nutritious grasses grow with the greatest luxuriance, and the valleys are the richest meadows. The part of the Salt Lake valley included in this boundary, the Cache valley, 50 by 100 miles, and part of the valley near and beyond Fort Hall, down Snake river, can be cultivated, and with good results; but this forms a very small part of this country. How these people are to live or ever exist for any great length of time, I cannot by any means determine. Their support has heretofore been mostly game and certain roots, which, in their native state, are rank poison, (called the tobacco root,) but when put in a hole in the ground and a large fire burnt over them, become wholesome diet. The Mormon settlement in the Salt Lake valley has not only greatly diminished their formerly very great resource of obtaining fish out of the Utah lake and its sources, which to them was an important resource, but their settlement, with the great emigration there and to California, has already nearly driven away all the game, and will, unquestionably, soon deprive them almost entirely of the only chances they have for food. This will in a few years produce a result not only disastrous to them, but must inevitably engage the sympathies of the nation. How this is to be avoided is a question of much difficulty, but it is nevertheless the more imperative on the government not only to discuss but to put in practice some mode of relief for these unfortunate people, the outside barriers or enclosing mountains of whose whole country are not only covered in their constant sight with perpetual snow, but in whose lodges **every night in the year** ice is made, over water left in a basin, of near seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. Except in three small places already named as exceptions, and two others, the Salt Lake valley and Snake river are

already taken from them by the whites, and there is but little doubt the **Cache** valley will soon be so occupied.

The **Utahs** probably amount to from two to three thousand lodges, and are divided into many bands—as the **Taos,** 300 lodges; the **Yom-pa-pa Utahs,** 500 lodges; **Ewinte,** 50 lodges; **Ten-penny Utahs,** 50 lodges, (this band are about all who reside in the Salt Lake valley;) **Pavant Utahs,** not estimated. Pahutes (or Paynutes) Utahs and the Sanpiche Utahs of these last bands, numbers not known. Their claim of boundaries all south of that of the Sho-sho-nies, embracing the waters of the Colorado, going most probably to the gulf of California.

This is a much more fortunate location, and large portions of it are rich and fertile lands and a good climate. Their language is essentially Comanche; and although not technically, yet it [is] supposed to be substantially the same as that of the Sho sho nies; for although, on first meeting, they do not fully understand each other, yet I am informed four or five days' association enables them to converse freely together. Some of the people are already engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and large tracts of the country afford ample rewards to those who thus expend the sweat of their brow. Portions of these bands have always been at war with the Mexicans, constantly making inroads into New Mexico and California to steal horses. Portions of them are at present at variance with the Sho-sho-nies; and, indeed, the manners and customs of the Yom pa-pas render an association on the part of the whites with them dangerous, for should one be found amongst them when a sudden death, from either accident or common sickness, takes place amongst them, the relatives of the dead man are at liberty, and are sure to exercise it, of killing any stranger who may happen to be amongst them. Thus, until this custom is abandoned, no safe intercourse can be carried on with them. Their country being more south and out of the range of white settlements or emigrants, the game is not likely to be so scarce for many years to come as it is in the Sho-sho-nie country even now, for already it has nearly all left their boundaries, except a small corner in the northeast [southwest?] corner of their claim; and as they are at war with the Utahs, near whose lines it is, they are afraid to go there to hunt.

Supposing the government will be prepared next summer to take some decided steps towards a regular system of intercourse with them, and with a view of enabling the government as effectually as possible to guard against the unfortunate results in operation for their entire starvation, a few only of which I have mentioned, for want of time, I

have concluded to so arrange matters before I leave that both these nations will be able to send large delegations, if not most of the principal bands of their tribes, to a great council to be held **here** next summer, being by far the most convenient place for such a council, but is also where the principal agency ought to be established; and here also ought to be established the leading military post of these mountains, for which hereafter I shall give my views more at large.

I have suggested the matter of the great council to Washikick, the only principal chief I have seen, and he highly approves of the plan. I have already made such arrangements, though the assistance of Mr. Vasques, (Mr. Bridger not being at home)[6] that all of both tribes will be notified of my design to hold such a council; and as soon as I shall hear your pleasure on the subject, which I hope will be at an early day after I get to San Francisco, in November, I will then fix a time which will best suit the views of the department, (if it shall meet with your approbation, as I hope it will,) and will then cause them to be notified of the day, which must, of necessity, not be later than August, and not earlier than July, as any other month would not be convenient for them to attend. The Sho-sho-nies are reputed an honest and sober people, decidedly friendly to the whites; and if proper agents can be provided for them, they will be easily managed, if a fair support can be provided for them. Some of the objects which I have supposed might be gained by such a council, you will easily perceive from what I have said above; and many others of perhaps equal importance may also be accomplished. It is of great importance that these Utahs should be laid under obligations to cease their accustomed depredations on the whites and their property; and it is of greater importance to adopt some mode or other to save the Snakes from utter destitution, which, in a year or two, must inevitably take place if things remain as they now are.

I write this in great haste; and, having broken my spectacles, I have to go it blind nearly. This, with the shortness of my stay here, is my excuse for not writing more; but I have touched on all the subjects most important at the present moment. When I get to Salt Lake, I shall have more time and better eyes, and will go more into detail; till when I remain your obedient servant. . . .

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6. Bridger had left his fort two days before to guide Captain Howard Stansbury to the Great Salt Lake Valley over a prospective new immigrant road north of the existing route.

II.

John Wilson, Salt Lake Indian Agent, to Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Interior, dated Great Salt Lake Valley, Salt Lake Indian Agency, 4th Sept. 1849.[7]

Sir Referring you to my letter dated at Fort Bridger, for what I said in relation to the Indians east of the Sierra Nevada, as to nations, bands, numbers; **claimed** bounderies; as well as some few Items as to their manners & customs; my opertunities since have been such as to not add much to the information I there had the honor to communicate. All subsequent information received strongly confirmed my then impressions—that the Sho sho nies as a nation must soon perish for want of food, unless the Philanthropy of Individuals, or the wisdom & energy of the government shall devise some method of staying the march of causes which inevitably must produce Such a distressing result. You will observe that their claim of bounderies gives them a vast territory not far from being square, perhaps however a little the longest east & west. Our rout has thus far led us transversely accross their territory from the Red Buttes (their S. E. corner,) in a pretty direct line towards the S. W. corner (somewhere west of the Salt Lake.) Hereafter we shall turn more North till we strike the road which leads from Fort Hall to San Francisco, & this will thus cause us to pass through the intire length & **almost** center of their country. This valley, a very small portion of the country about Fort Hall, **probably** a part of **Cache** Valley & it may be New Park (which latter you will observe is the vally of the head of the North fork of the Platte; are the only portions of all their **claim** which can ever be applied to the purposes of agriculture, on account of the high altitude of its position; their whole country is essentially a fine grazing country during the summer & fall & many places in the valleys stock (I mean cattle, horses mules &c) sustain themselves all the year round; & this I am informed they can always do except when the snows are too deep; indeed with the exception of this valley, the snows always fall too deep but the face of the country is so covered with high mountains & deep valleys, which produce so many currents of the winds as to almost insure that much of the land is left bare by the drifting in the deepest snows, so that the cattle &c can still get access to the grass, which remains upon the land all winter and although dry it is good hay be-

7. Filemark W/399-1850. The letter was printed in the executive document cited in note 2, pp. 104-112.

cause it is cured without much if any rain—so little of it falls in this country, as to leave the grass cured for hay. This valley having been already taken up by the **Latter day Saints** who will soon spread to Cache & Bear river vallies if they shall be found to produce grain & vegitables (which is exceedingly doubtful) the govt. have already occupied the most favored portion about Fort Hall,[8] & then the Indians will have only the New Park (if indeed it will answer for agricultural persuits) & this is a very small peice of country for so many people to attempt the cultivation of the soil, if it should be the policy of the government to attempt to draw the attention of the Indians to that persuit to enable tham to sustain the simplest; but imperative calls of nature. The Valley along Blacks fork & Hams fork of Green River & their tributaries (in which is Fort Bridger) is perhaps next to this valley (& you will see the Sho sho nies do not claim all this) is the most extensive & most beautiful & as to **pasturage** is perhaps little behind this but yet it is conceived to be intirely beyond the power of the most approved cultivation to raise either grain or vegitables, so as to pay for the labour of the husbandman for there is frost nearly every night in the year as it is reported by those who have long resided therein. The elevation of Fort Bridger is 6.665 feet above the level of the Sea—That of the south pass 7085 feet—that of Bear river (where we crossed it) 6836 feet while the elevation of **this** valley is only 4300 feet. & is inclosed in; **intirely** surrounded by mountains about ½ miles high.[9] Even in this valley there are light frosts, many nights during all the summer months, as I am informed & indeed in last month several have fallen while we have been here. It then remains to be stated that the New Park and **Browns hole** (See Fremonts Map, by Col. J. A. Abert) if indeed that belongs to the Sho sho nies (or Snakes) in which we can expect to find land within their reach & claim fit for cultivation & it is very questionable whether **"the play would be worth the candle"** in either. Under the Present Statute policy of the government it will unqu[e]stionably become its duty at as early a day as possible to extinguish by Treaty their title to this, & the Cache Valleys & the adjacint country and a portion near Fort Hall; & at least negociate for a highway through their Country to this valley & Fort Hall. & I think to the Country about Fort Bridger, where in my opinion without delay there ought to

8. Cantonment Loring, just established near Fort Hall by the Mounted Rifles, and abandoned the following year.

9. These altitudes Wilson derives from William Clayton's **Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide,** St. Louis, 1848.

be established a Military Post; in a very short time (next year) all the emigration to the oregon & California as all to this valley does now, will pass that place & from thence diverge into separate roads which will lead to their respective destinations. There is a road already opened by partial travel almost in a direct line from Fort Bridger to Fort Larame (see the Map before Quoted) which crosses Green river below the mouth of Hams [Blacks] Fork and perhaps above the mouth of Marys [Yampa] river & thence pretty directly accross to one of the Forks of Larame river (perhaps the right hand one) & thence down to Fort Larame which will cut off more than 150 miles in the distance—& Mr. Vasques one of the firm of Bridger & Vasques (who reside at & own Fort Bridger, & who have both resided in this country about 28 years) says is a much better road & passes the rocky Mountains by a pass considerably **lower** than the South pass, & affords a far better supply of both water & grass the whole road; & as proof that his statement is made upon a complete knowledge of the country, he is now (Mr Vasquess) upon his journey on that road with 7 or 8 ox teams to Fort Larame for their fall supply of goods which are already at Fort Larame & he intends returning that way with his loaded waggons[10]—thus avoiding a most barren & indeed to cattle mules &c a disastrious road now traveled from Larame to the South pass called, & properly, the road through the black Hills [Laramie Mountains]; which we found for many long distances without both water & grass.—The country in general through which the present travel goes between Fort Larame & the S. pass is a dessert, in every sense of the term. Capt. Stansberry under the guidance of Mr. Bridger has already traced out & reviewed a road direct from Fort Bridger so as to cross Bear river just above where it flows into the Great Salt Lake thus making the road almost straight from Larame to the north end of the Salt Lake which is the direct course towards where the road crosses the Sierra Navada to California; not only bettering the road for water & grass, but shortening it to this Valley 150 miles & to the Sierra Navada more than 300 miles on the one at present traveled by Fort Hall, leaving the latter place more than 100 miles

10. These remarks are an interesting forecast of the route over which Jim Bridger guided Captain Stansbury eastbound in the early fall of 1850, a route roughly followed today by U.S. 30. So far as known, Vasquez did not in 1849 travel the indicated route via Bridgers Pass.

to the north.[11] If Mr. Vasques is not deceived (& he cannot be as he has often traveled it) in relation to the improvement this cutt off will make in the road between Forts Bridger & Larame all the travel hereafter to Oregon California & this valley which comes up the platte, will unquestionably pass by Fort Bridger; even this year more than half the California emegrants, passed by Bridger & those who did not are said to have nearly perished for water & grass.[12] Thus; if the above information proves to be correct (& I have taken all the pains in my power to have it so) you will see at once the great importance of the position of Fort Bridger & the inevitable propriety of making it **The great Military Post** of this country. Aside from its peculiar propriety, when the facility of the department over which you preside as regards its intercourse with both the Snake & Utah tribes of Indians is considered it is unquestionably the most convenient of all others, so far as I am informed for the **center** of your operations with all the Indians in California east of the Sierra Navada. To come to this valley is intirely too much to the west to stop short of Bridger would be too far to the East Was there any direct communication with the middle or old park, (where the grand [Colorado] river takes its rise) it might be more central for a communication with both Snakes & Utahs, & still more central would the South Park be for a direct communication with the Utahs alone. From the best information I can obtain (and I hope you will appreciate what I say, when I state that my opertunities have been very limited) & yet nearly all the sources of information except that of personal examination have been within my reach, that the country affords to gain any thing like a personal knowledge of the actual situation of these tribes less than 5 years travel on pack Mules,—would scarcely justify the attempt to answer the many questions with any degree of certainty & accuracy, which are propounded to me, in the instructions which were furnished me for my official guidance. I think it probably certain that the two nations not very far back in their history were one, & that they originally were but a branch of the Camanches. I suppose it is true that the Snake & Utah languages are now somewhat different although not essentially so, & yet agree more nearly than either does with that of the Camanches. & that

11. Stansbury and Bridger reached Great Salt Lake City August 30. The report of their reconnaissance is much too sanguine, and to this day no main-traveled road exists along their line of travel.

12. Those who did not travel via Fort Bridger took the Greenwood Cutoff—or as it was this year renamed, the Sublette Cutoff.

probably the Utah Language more nearly resembles the original than the Snake does & one evident cause of this, is (if the supposition be true) that they have remained nearer the Parent nation, than the Snakes.

The Green (or Colorado) river which rises in the wind river mountains; the sources of which interlock with those of Lewis' fork of the Columbia north west of the south pass, is where we cross it on the present road from the latter place to Fort Bridger a fine stream nearly of the size of the Ohio at Pittsburgh at low water & as far as we traveled along it (only 8 or 10 miles) continued to be so with a regular but very rapid current. Its valley however did not present any signs to encourage the husbandman to make that his home nor to intice the herdsman to drive his flock there for pasturage & it is not untill we arrive at **Browns hole,** if then, that it becomes very valuable for either, after that it is said to furnish in its own as well as the valleys of its tributaries; (as the Yampah, the White and Grand rivers) fine & extended bottoms in many places that will prove fruitful & will deeply reward the labours of both the agriculturist & herdsman. This including the New, the Middle & South Parks (the two latter & perhaps the first are fine valleys for cultivation) would make **a large and fert**le country amongst & surrounded by mountains, not desirable for settlements for white people & perhaps better fitted than any other portion of the United States, now to be had, for the settlement & collocation of a large number of the original inhabitants of the wilderness, & indeed if my information be correct, it is the only large & proper space of country within the reach of the government & suitable for such a purpose, beyond & out of the reach of the Millions of anglo Saxons who are pressing towards the setting sun with almost race horse speed & **will soon** cover every reasonably inhabitable spot within our very extended national bounderies, especially towards the west & south. The country spoken of—including the valley of the Green & parts of the headwaters of the Platte & the Arkansas rivers, is the only fitting & sufficiently secluded spot that seems to be left in which to attempt to extend that national Philanthropy to the Indians of the mountains which has so many years engaged the attention & expended such vast sums of the treasure of the Nation, & which has unquestionably fallen far short of the end expected by those who originated & put it in motion. This system for civilizing the aborigines of the Forest, which has been for many years the business of the Indian Beareau to carry out, & perfect, The Philanthropy which originated the measure was certainly

correct, whether the system was founded on the best basis was then a question of division & which perhaps still divides the opinions of some of its best wishers; but I suppose all aggree that no very satisfactory results have been attained when I say all agree, I mean all true Philanthropists for the greedy & Land hungry Politician, many of whom went eagerly for the system; have been amply repaid for their support; in the vast territories that have been purchased—perhaps extorted—from these natives of the Forest; & who by this system are supposed to be intirely capable of managing their own affairs; while in practice, they have been either Cajoled or menaced out of the soil that contained the Bones of their fathers for many generations past for which in fact they only have to shew as the price they have recd. in exchange Gew Gauds & other worthless articles at the most enormous & unreasonable prices, which giving[?] consciencies of those **licensed** sharpers chose to ask into whose hands these simple & inexperienced people have been suffered to fall; untill their all is spent & they left a thousand times worse off than they were when the system began & the true Philanthropist may well exclaim that scarcely any of the benefits of the Civilization intended by its original framers have been imparted, to these suffering and **receding** people. The fault is either in the system; or fails of its benefits by the incompetence or corruption of its administrators, or grows out of both, & to them both, I attribute the unquestionable failure to impart any of the substantial benefits of civilization, except in a very few & isolated cases. The system I have always considered radically wrong in **supposing** the untutored Indian to be capable of dealing with, the anglo Saxon race, especially those who have descended from the first settlers of America, My idea is they ought to be treated **intirely** as wards of the government, and that the execution of the law ought to be confided to the true philanthropist & not entrusted to the broiling & often bankrupt Politicians, who seek the office to restore by speculation out of these uninstructed people, what he has spent in aiding in the political intrigues & caucusses in his Township or county & as soon as he is thus fully indemnified which he is almost sure to secure in an incredibly short time, he leaves them—& instead of teaching them the beauties & benefits of civilization leaves amongst them disgusting evidences that he has by **his example,** encouraged them, to continue in their basist immoralities. The answer, to these charges which cannot be denied by any, is often given by those who uphold the unparelled Scenes of corruption & peculation, that has so generally attended the

whole system, with a few honorable exceptions; is by declaring that men cannot be found honest enough to carry out a system founded on the presumption of the intire innability to act for himself & therefore the present system say they is better managed where the Indian is allowed to make his own bargain for him. This declaration is founded upon the presumption that honest men cannot be found to manage such a system; but if Indeed this is true than we ought to be blotted out as a nation, and branded as degenerate sons of worthy ancestors.—This cannot be true,—we have thousands of virtuous & self-sacraficing & Pholosophic persons who for a fair but moderate Salariy, which the government could easily afford to pay, would devote their whole time & talents for the benefit, not only the poor unfortunate tenants of the forest, but of true Philanthropy which teaches us to wish the civilization of all mankind If the System was changed to the one I suppose, of considering the Indians minors in relation to all their interests, subject to be released under some prescribed rule, when they **come of age** in their progress towards civilization, the government would only have to turn their attention to that part of the community in making appointments (& we have such a class) who would look with anxious care to the elevation of the morals & character, of the red men of the Forest. Whether the present System is to be changed or not, I feel bound to say to the department that the best plan to manage & conduct the affairs of the nations of Indians over which for the present, I hold by appointment of the government the direction & Management is if possible to unite the Sho sho nies & Utahs into **one** nation, & which I believe can be done & then, endeavor if possible to turn their attention **to some extent at least** to the cultivation of the soil; for I do believe no other employment, will civilize a wild man of the Forest. There is no part, of the snake country (except indeed exceedingly small portions intirely inadequate) that they can **now** occupy for such a purpose; whilst that of the Utah's contains (if I am correctly informed) an ample space & perhaps prolific soil to answer all the demands of both nations in parts too now wholly appropriated to the red men & beasts of the Forest & to which region the latter are constantly receding from the advance of the Anglo Saxon on the south the east & North east, as well as from the west & North west. The upper end of the valley of the arkansas, the south & Middle Park are said to be splendid valleys of the richest lands & finest pasturage, & that although perpetual snows cap the high rugged mountains by which these valleys, are, for the greater part, hemmed in; still these

valleys are of an altitude low enough to produce fine rewards to the husbandman, & these hills & mountains, ample space for the herdsman, & for a long serious of years, the hunter also—while the climate is supposed to be comparatively mild & pleasant. The larger portion of the Snake tribe are called Sho sho **coes** or walkers—that is they are too poor to have horses—they usually draw most of their subsistance from roots & the black mountain cricket & are usually called **Root** diggers—(not **Gold** diggers) which costs them very considerable labour, & it is supposed that this portion of the tribe at least, could be easily trained by the **right sort of men,** to engage in the labours of husbandry —while some of the utahs are already engaged in raising corn & potatoes. The only way in which any such attempt can be made with Success; it seems to me, is to call a great counsel of both nations & see what can be done & if present policy is to be persued, buy of them such parts of their country as we need, including at all events, this valley now settled by the whites its adjacint country, as also a high way through their country, & such places as will be wanted for Forts & other public agencies, & agree to pay them, in useful implements of husbandry & clothing, at the nett cost of carriage of such articles,—which they should not be allowed to resell to any white man, & then send proper men amongst them, who should out of parts of the annuity coming to them; if any; establish farms,—model farms,—not modles of extravigance in fine buildings & fine inclosures but plain symple & well conducted farms, with inducements held out to the Indians to work upon them, the avails of which to be appropriated to the nations use, & then, with directions to aid all such as should attempt to establish farms of their own. In this way if a few honest & self sacraficing men were sent amongst them it seems to me, in a few years a beneficial change would be perceptable in the condition of the Indians. It is true in the snake claim of bounderies, there are many large valleys where I believe cattle could be reared, with even profit & therefore it may be said that it would be good policy to endeavor to turn them into herdsmen, & teach them to raise & herd stock; this if accomplished would perhaps better their condition because thus they might Secure for themselves & families meet enough for food, which now they do not get but I very much question whether their moral condition would in any way be bettered, whilst their physical constitutions would unquestionably be enervated in the lazy habits, of the herdsman, but, while you may easily & fast cause a civilized man to approximate towards the savage life by turning him

out a herdsman, alone to eat the beef he tends for his support, still it will be absolutely impossible, to make a civilized man out of a savage by teaching him the lazy & idle employment of herding cattle in a barren wilderness, amongst the mountains. There is no employment, like that of agriculture which ties them to a local spot of land, to cultivate the feelings of virtue & social intercourse which are essential ingredients of civilization even in a savage. To attempt an accomplishment or rather an innitiation of such a policy, I have given notice already that I will; if approved of by the department; next summer hold a grand Counsel of the two nations at Fort Bridger when I will endeavor to carry out these or such other views as the department shall direct me, with these two nations. The counsel is not only essential to settle the difficulties between themselves for they often go to war with each other but it is the only way in which the government can with any probability expect to become acquainted with their wants; for their country is too extensive, their bands too numerous & widely Scattered to enable any one or even half a dozen agents & their assistants to even see them, & when he should do so in relation to one band, the next nearest would probably be several hundred miles distant without whole assent, they could not finally act; & by the time you had seen half a dozen bands & got their consent to any proposed measure, it would be needful to go back, for some of them by this time will have rued their bargain.—In fact, it were as well to say at once that nothing but a great counsel of both nations together promises any probable favourable result, in negociation with them. Under all the circumstances, of the case, I suppose Fort Bridger to be the most proper place, as it is unquestionably the easiest of access to them & besides it has for a long period been the principal place, where they have traded; & then the vast valleys of the finest grass, on the very many fine small streams & brooks in that vicinity which abound in fur makes it the most fit place for such an assemblage & then there are no settlements of whites in the vicinity to corrupt them with spirits & other things to annoy, for such traders as may be there will be subject to the law, & can be restrained under proper regulations, & then it will be within a reasonable distance of Fort Hall, or Bear river from which a company or two of troops could easily attend to keep proper regulations, & it will be quite within reach of this place to obtain **then** such supplies of provisions as may be wanted to give a feast & such like affairs to facilitate the intercourse with them. Whether the whole system as at present practiced with the Indians under

the present Statute regulations of the nation is to be changed or not so far as these tribes are concerned, it ought to be greatly modified; as this is their first intercourse with us & some wholesome regulations may easily be adopted with them, that perhaps could not so easily be introduced amongst those already accustomed to the old mode—for instance I would exclude from the trade all matters of ornament,—such as beads rings, rattles, paints; & a thousand other GewGaws which have been invented expressly for the purpose of cheating these poor people out of whatever little they may have to dispose of, & thus impose upon them articles not only worth less in them selves but calculated expressly to deceive them as to their intrinsic value. Heretofore the Utahs have driven a large trade in horses the larger number of which they have stolen from the Mexicans. Some check should be placed on this trafic which now forms much the larger item of the trade between them & the traders who have heretofore enjoyed a monopoly of this trafic, either to forbid a Sale of a horse altogether, except the consent of some proper man duly appointed for that purpose was first had, or unless it could be shewn satisfactorily that the Indian had raised or purchased fairly the horse he offered for sale, for it will be exceedingly hard to induce them to quit stealing horses as long as traders are at liberty to purchase all they bring them & it cannot be possible that the government can discharge its duty so as to fairly satisfy that Philanthropy which unquestionably gave rise to the Indian system under our government, unless traders are regulated both as to the **Kind** & **prices** of the goods they are allowed to vend to them. The plan however which my judgement dictates as the most proper is that the government itself should be their **sole factors** & allow no private trader to go amongst them. Let the government receive transmit & dispose of all they have to spare & furnish them with all that their produce could pay for, & such other gifts as the govt may see proper to add without charging commission for goods sold for them or levying per cents on those sold to them charging only actual costs & charges this system if adopted & placed under the charge of the proper class of men & I will venture the opinion that in a few years you will see a corresponding improvement of the Indians, & if the previously formed opinions in favor of the old System are too Strong to allow a change of the whole, let it be tried with these unfortunate people within the bounds of Mexican California & I venture the assertion that these wild & degraded Indians will be greatly improved more than half of whom already are re-

duced to the necessity of living upon roots & the **Mountain Black Cricket** (some what resembling; only larger than, the grass hopper) & which in this country is far more distructive on vegitation than the latter. That portion of the Sho sho nies, called the Sho sho **coes**, or walkers (being without horses) cannot now even go to where a Buffaloe is to be killed and consequently, are not only deprived of the meet so necessary for their support but also of their skins which are equally indespensible to make lodges & clothes to keep them from freezing in these mountains where the perpetual snows are forever within their sight & the consequence is they are obliged to seek such holes & caves in the declivities of these "everlasting Hills" as they can find to keep them & their Children from freezing. There are many warm & hot springs throughout this country & it is said to be no uncommon thing to see the Indians sheltering themselves & their children from the bleak & terrible storm which prevails in these grand & rugged mountains by lying during a great part of the day & perhaps night too in the water.

It were useless for me to say more at present. The above views appear to me to be correct & although the miserable condition of these poor Indians furnish many other facts & reasons to inforce the necessity of the changes recommended to be made still I have not time or room to place them before you now at some future period I may do So.—I hope to have Your response to these views as early as possible directed to San. Francisco, that I may have ample time if you approve of them to call the tribes together as I propose. . . .

III.

Brigham Young's First Proclamation as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, July 21, 1851[13]

PROCLAMATION,

To All whom it may concern.

Whereas, the law of Congress entitled "An act to establish a Territorial Government for Utah, approved Septr. 9 1850,

13. A certified copy enclosed with Brigham Young's letter to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Luke Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). The proclamation was printed in the **Deseret News**, August 8, 1851.

devolves the duties of Superintendent of Indian Affairs within said Territory upon the Governor of said Territory, and

Whereas there have been appointed by the United States Government one Indian Agent, and two Sub-agents for this Territory.

Now therefore by virtue of said authority and to advance the purposes of the Government for the benefit of the Indians. I do hereby order and direct that this Territory be divided into three Agencies as follows. to wit—

The first or Parvan [Pavant] Indian Agency, to include all within the limits of the Territory west of the Shoshone nation; and north of the South line of the Parvan Valley.

The Second or Uinta Agency to include all of the Snakes or Shoshones within said Territory, the Uinta and Yampa & all other tribes South, within said Territory, and east of the Eastern rim of the Great Basin.

The Third or Parowan Agency, to include all the country lying west of the eastern rim of the Great Basin and South of the South line of the Parvan Valley to the Western bounds of the Territory.

Henry R. Day and Stephen B Rose, the Sub-agents having arrived and being ready to enter upon the discharge of their respective duties are hereby temporarily, and until further directions assigned to their respective agencies as follows: to wit—Henry R Day to the first or Parvan agency; and Stephen B. Rose to the Second or Uinta agency.[14]

Brigham Young
Governor of Utah Territory, and
Superintendent of Indian Affairs

G S L City July 21 1851

exd. [examined]
TB [Thomas Bullock]

14. Day and Rose reached Great Salt Lake City from the east July 19. The former was a Missourian, the latter a Mormon from New Jersey.

IV.

Brigham Young, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to Stephen B. Rose, Sub-agent, dated G.S L City, July 21, 1851[15]

Sir,

In accordance with the provision of the law making it my duty to assign to Indian Agents their districts or locations I have this day issued my proclamation dividing this Territory into three districts or Agencies, and have assigned unto you the Second or Uinta Agency. This district includes first the Shoshone or Snake Nation so far as the same is included in this Territory North of the Uinta, and east of the Great Salt Lake and Utah Vallies The Uinta and Yampa Utes are next South inhabiting east of the Utah, Sanpete and Parvan Vallies, to the Eastern boundary of the Territory, and as far South as Tab-a-Wits and Salt Mountain Utes, these last extend as far south as the Southern boundary of this Territory;[16] these are all the Utes that I have any knowledge of at this time, but it is more than probable that you will, by paying more strict attention to these matters ascertain more definitely the location of various tribes, names of Chiefs &c. as well as every other information pertaining to the Indians in the Location assigned to you. All such information it will be necessary for you to collect, and will become useful in making full reports to the Department. Uinta Valley is hereby suggested as a suitable place for the location of your agency, combining it is believed the greatest facilities for exercising a favorable influence for uniting the various tribes and bands in one common interest. . . .

exd
TB

15. Enclosure "B" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).
16. More exactly, they lived in what is now southeastern Utah, in the vicinity of the La Sal Mountains.

V.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Aug. 11, 1851[17]

Sir. In obedience to orders from the Commissioner of Indian affairs, the Hon. Luke Lea, I have the Honor of presenting myself to you, as Agent for the Indians in the Territory of Utah and have the pleasure of saying to you, that I am ready to receive any instructions and to cooperate with you in the matters connected with our respective duties.

With the exception of my orders to report to you, as Agent for the Indians in this Territory, I have no instructions in writing. In the various conversations with the Commissioner, and with Col. D. D. Mitchell of St. Louis, they express to me their desire to have the Indians of this Territory, or any portion of them attend the treaty at Laramie, to be held the 1st of September. Under the belief that it would meet the wishes of the Department, and greatly assist us in our future operations with the other tribes, I have taken the responsibility, before reporting to you, of making arrangements with the Shoshonee, or Snake tribe of Indians, to meet me on the Sweet water river beyond the South Pass, on the 20th inst Therefore, I desire to return immediately, and have made my arrangements to be at Fort Bridger on the 15th inst where I will meet my Interpreter and guide [James Bridger], and proceed to meet the Indians at the appointed time and place, and proceed with them to Fort Laramie, in time to attend the Treaty.

I have, also, suggested to Messrs. Rose and Day, Sub Agents for this Territory, that they attend the treaty, and have employed several competent gentlemen as Interpreters and guides, who are now on a visit to some of the Tribes adjacent to this City, making an effort to get some of their principal chiefs to attend the Treaty also. Should these gentlemen, succeed, they cannot reach this place before my departure for Fort Bridger—if, therefore, it should meet your approbation, you will please give them such orders and instructions, as may be necessary, to enable them to convey those Chiefs to the treaty. It will be necessary, perhaps, that they should be conveyed through the Snake and Crow tribes, in carriages, and privately as possible—to effect this

17. Enclosure "C" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). Holeman arrived in Great Salt Lake City the very day of this letter; he was a Kentuckian, and was accompanied west by his son Alex.

it may be necessary to make some arrangements—you will, therefore, be pleased to give Mr. Day such orders as in your pleasure you may deem necessary, as it has been arranged that Mr. Rose will accompany me to Fort Bridger.

Hoping that the arrangements I have made will meet with your approbation. . . .

an examined copy
Thos. Bullock
Clerk
Robt Campbell

VI.

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, dated Great Salt Lake City, Aug. 11, 1851[18]

Sir— Your Letter of this date pertaining to your appointment instructions and operations as Indian Agent, is just received, and I proceed immediately to answer it.

I should have been most happy to have received a Letter of instructions from the Department at Washington, informing me in relation to the policy the Government wishes to have carried out in relation to the Indians in this Territory, as also its appointment in regard to councils, &c; but not having received anything of the kind, and left to the exercise of my own judgment with respect to this matter; much unquestionably is, and should be left to the discretion of those connected with the Indian Department, located at such a distance from the Seat of Government, and amongst Tribes, where little or comparatively nothing is known concerning them.

It therefore becomes the duty of those who being entrusted by the Government with the performance of those duties, to call into requisition their best judgment and intelligence which they may possess. and use every exertion compatable with existing circumstances to facilitate communications of the Government, through its Agents with the various Tribes.

This I am happy to learn you have done so far as laid within your power, and permit me here to say, that your proceedings thus far meet with my most cordial approbation.

Previous to your arrival, not having any information in relation to your movements, and the Sub-agents having

18. Enclosure "D" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).

arrived and reporting themselves ready for instructions; they were assigned their locations with such information as I considered requisite for them, so far as locations, names of tribes, &c were concerned. As I presume it will submit them to no inconvenience, I fully coincide with your suggestion that they accompany you with the Indians to Fort Laramie. I have sent a Letter with the messengers to some of the Utah Chiefs, inducing them to go; Indian Walker[19] and in fact many others of the chiefs are at war with the Shoshones and other tribes who will probably be en masse, at Laramie. It will therefore be of the utmost importance, if Walker and others of the Tribes should go (which I apprehend will be an exploit not easily accomplished) to take such measures as to ensure their safe return to their various tribes, free from the molestation of other Indians. I do most earnestly recommend that they go as privately as possible, in citizens dress, such as white men wear. They will of course be furnished rations; and I think should go in carriages or covered wagons; and when they shall arrive at Laramie, have a room where they can remain in safety, unless their will of their own accord go out and mix, with other tribes.

It is to be regretted that information of the Council at Laramie, and the desire of the Commissioner to have the Indians of this Territory attend could not have been known at an earlier date, as now it will necessarily involve great haste, and may delay the expedition to a late day. Future Treaties, or Councils should be held at some point within this Territory or some point more adjacent thereto. Sow er ette[20] I particularly recommend to go, and as he is quite aged particularly recommend him to your care, and protection, owing to the shortness of the notice he will probably be the most influential Chief that can at present be secured for the occasion. Walker's band will most probably not accompany him, and he will need considerable care as the

19. The Ute chief whose name was rendered Wak, Wakara, Wachor, etc., and anglicized to Walker, was sometimes called "Indian Walker" to distinguish him from the celebrated mountain man, Joseph Reddeford Walker. Walker had been known to range peacefully as far into Shoshoni territory as Fort Bridger; Theodore Talbot met him there in the summer of 1843.

20. Sowiette, who has been called the peace chief of the Utes to distinguish him from Walker, the war chief, was still living when Major John Wesley Powell made his exploration of the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869; Powell met him at the Uinta Agency and described him as very old, his skin lying in wrinkles and deep folds on his limbs and body. See **Utah Historical Quarterly**, 1947, Vol. XV, p. 125.

Shoshones and other hostile Indians probably have good cause to remember him, will seek to obtain his scalp in preference to any other.

If as I presume there are sufficient funds at Laramie appropriated to defray the expences of the expedition from this Territory, you are hereby authorized to draw the same and defray the expences thereof, making a full report of all your doings and acts upon your return to this place, after which, I shall be happy to communicate with you again in relation to your further duties, and in the mean time, if you will take the trouble, I should be glad to hear from you.

Feeling an earnest desire for the welfare of the Indians in all of their transactions with the Government I expect ever to be found ready to cooperate with you, and all those connected with the Indian Department in whatever shall be conducive to their mutual interests.

If the messengers sent south should not return before you leave, I will do whatever may be requisite in connexion with Mr. Day, to further the enterprize, and have them join you as soon as possible relying upon your exertions, and those connected with you for a favorable termination of this Council. . . .

VII.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Fort Laramie, Sept. 21, 1851.[21]

Dr Sir—In obedience to orders from your department, I proceeded to the Territory of Utah, and reported myself to His Excellency Governor Young, Ex-Officio Superintendent of Ind. Affrs. for that Territory on the 9th day of August.

On my rout to Utah, I passed many trains of Emigrants, some for Oregon, some for California, but mostly for Utah. I found many of them in great distress from depredations and roberies committed by the Indians—some were robbed

21. The original of this document bears no filemark but is endorsed as having been received November 13, 1851; the manuscript is now much worn and frayed, and the full text has been restored by reference to the printed copy in the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1851, 32nd Congress, 1st Session, **House Executive Document No. 2**, Part II, pp. 444-446. The printed version incorrectly gives Holeman's first name as John.

of all their provisions, and even of the clothing on thier backs—many had their stock stolen, &c. These depradations, so frequently occurring, compelled them to collect together many teams, in order to have a force sufficient to defend themselves, that they were unable to get grass for their cattle—they could not let them go out of their sight to graze, for fear of having them stolen by the Indians, but kept them in Carrels of nights—the Indians being constantly hovering about them. Consequently, their teams were daily giving out and the road was strewn with the dead—waggons, and other property destroyed to the great injury of the Emigrants. The Indians who reside about and below Fort Laramie, were thought to be the principal aggressors; the Crows, occasionally. The emigrants not being able to distinguish one tribe from another were equally fearful when they arrived in the Territory of the Shoshonies or Snakes, whose country embraced portion Oregon Territory, a portion Utah, and a portion of the St. Louis Superintendency they therefore, continued their practice of correlling their stock still apprehending danger. The Indians below, having been publickly invited to the treaty at Laramie, and as I understood, would generally attend, I thought it advisable to endeavor to get the Shoshonies to attend also, believing that it would promote the interest of the country and the Indians, and greatly benefit the vast number of Emigrants who were daily passing the road. I believed, also, that it would not only meet the approbation of the department, but that it greatly desired to have them there as the main route for emigration passed through their country. I was justified in this opinion from a conversation held with you, on the subject of the Indians in Utah, in May last, at Washington, in which you expressed the wish, that they, or as many of the tribes as could be got, should attend. Believing therefore, that it would be beneficial to the Indians and the country, and believing that it would secure to the Emigrants peace and safety in travelling the country; in short—believing it to be my duty, when I reached the country of the Shoshonies, I immediately hired an interpreter and guide, collected some of their chiefs and braves, and made an arragement to attend them to the treaty at Laramie. I then hurried to Salt Lake City and reported to Gov. Young the arrangements I had made—it met with his approbation, and he ordered me, to fulfil my engagements with the Indians. I immediately returned, and met the village assembled on Sweet Water, about fifty miles east of the South pass, on the 21st of August. I held a talk with them which resulted in their selecting sixty of

their head men fully authorised to act for the whole tribe[22] —we arrived at Laramie on the first day of September. I regret that Col. Mitchell so construes his powers and instructions as to exclude them from being parties to the treaty, believing that they are not properly in his superintendency,[23] but that they belong to the Superintendency of Utah. He has however, expressed much gratification at their being here, and will give them presents with the rest of the Indians; which will be, I hope satisfactory to them. They are a tribe who have been universally friendly to the whites, and seem to have great confidence in, and respect for the whites.

I have given you above, my reasons for the course I have pursued—I hope they meet your approbation. Col. Mitchell and Maj. [Thomas] Fitzpatrick, will explain to you more fully all matters connected with my operations in this particular. I shall, however, as soon as I return to Salt Lake City, make a report, in full, and forward to your department.

If it can be done, and you should deem it advisable, I would like more particular instructions in relation to my duties and powers—I find much excitement among the Indians in consequence of the whites settling and taking possession of their country, driving off and killing their game; and in some instances driving off the Indians themselves—the greatest complaint, on this score, is against the Mormons; they seem not to be satisfied with taking possession of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, but are marking arrangements to settle, other, and principally, the rich valleys and best lands in the Territory. This creates much dissatisfaction among the Indians and excites them to acts of revenge—they attack emigrants, plunder and commit murder whenever they find a party weak enough to enable them to do so—thereby, making the innocent suffer for injuries done by others.[24]

I find also, another class of individuals, a mixture of all nations, and although less powerful in numbers, are equally injurious to the country and the Indians—these are a set of traders called here, **"free men,"** who are settled around and amongst the Indians—some have married among them; all, however, have an influence which is exerted to serve

22. The number of Shoshoni who went to the council at Fort Laramie has been variously given, from 40 to more than 250; see Hebard, **Washakie**, p. 70. Holeman himself is inconsistent in his reports, for in Document IX below he estimates the number as 80.

23. The Central or St. Louis Superintendency.

24. See Brigham Young's rejoinder, Document XVII.

their particular personal interests. This is operating against the interests of the Indians and the country, and tends greatly to prevent the agents from doing that which is required by the department. These scenes are transacted so far from the officers of the law, and by a set of men who are somewhat lawless, that it will require extreme measures and some force to relieve the country of them. With regard to all these matters, I would like to have particular instructions

I am of the opinion, that it would be greatly beneficial to the interest of the Indians to have an agency established for the Shoshonies tribe, and located on Green River, at or near the ferry or crossing. It is on the main road, and is one of those places where **"the freemen"** generally collect in the Spring, to prey upon the misfortunes and necessities of the Emigrants—the Indians are consequently drawn there and I am informed, that they have induced Indians to drive off the stock of emigrants, so as to force them to purchase of **"the Freemen"** at exorbitant prices and after the emigrants have left, make a pretended purchase of the Indians for a mere trifle, and are ready to sell again to the next train that may pass, and who may have been served in the same manner. I think that a treaty with the various tribes of Indians in Utah, would be productive of much good, if held immediately—it would have the effect of preventing depradations on their lands, quieting their excitement against the whites and ultimately save the Government from much trouble and expense. If the department should agree with me on this subject, and Congress will make provisions, I can have them assembled at any point in the Territory during the next Spring and Summer.

It would be of great importance to order a delegation of the princpial men, say three from each tribe, to visit the States and Washington City, during the session of Congress. They have no idea of the power of the Government —many think that the emigration they see passing and repassing through their country comprises the principal portion of our population—and, like themselves, having killed all the game in our own country, we are travelling in pursuit of a better—and that very soon, none will be left behind. All these matters, I submit to the department, after a hasty view of the condition and interests of the country—and shall with much pleasure, obey any wish or instruction of the department. . . .

VIII.

Stephen B. Rose, Sub-agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Uinta Agency, Great Salt Lake, Oct. 20, 1851[25]

Sir.

In pursuance of your instructions I most respectfully submit to the department, the following brief report of affairs in connection with the Uinta Sub agency during the past Quarter.

The Tribes included in this Agency are the Shoshonee or Snake Indians, inhabiting a section of country west of the Rocky Mountains lying along the Wind River Mountains, Henry's Fork Snake, and Bear Rivers; And the Uintas Tribe lying on the South Eastern Borders of the Territory. First the Shoshonee or Snake Tribe, with whom I have spent almost my entire time with, since my arrival in the Territory seem to be very friendly disposed towards the Whites, and very anxious to be at peace with the neighbouring Tribes. Their main band numbers about Twelve Hundred. They subsist upon fishing and hunting, and are tolerably well armed, and have a very large number of horses. They seem to be perfectly aware that in a few years that their game will be destroyed and that it will become necessary to seek some other mode of obtaining a living. On the 13th of August last I started in connexion with Mr Holeman to take the Tribe to the Treaty, to be held by the Government with the different tribes at Fort Laramie. They were not received into the Treaty as they were not considered by the Commissioners to belong to that portion of Territory to which they were authorised to Treat with. They were however much pleased with their reception by the Commissioners and were successful in making a friendly Treaty with the different Tribes assembled there, with whom they had been at war for a long time. The Uinta [Ute] Tribe it has not been in my power to visit yet, but from the best information that I can get, they are friendly disposed towards the Whites, and are very anxious that the Government will authorise a Treaty to be held for the various tribes inhabiting Utah Territory, that they may come to a friendly understanding with each other; and in case of injuries inflicted by the different Tribes, they may have some one to look to for redress. On the 16th of August last, when on my way to Fort Laramie I was compelled to buy a pair of Horses and draw upon the depart-

25. Enclosure "E" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).

ment at Washington when I arrived at the Fort I turned them over to the Quarter master, to be herded, until my return, with the Government herd by the orders of Col Mitchell, when nearly ready to return, upon making inquiries for my horses, I could obtain no information with regard to them, but it was supposed that they had gone to Fort Leavenworth as all the Government horses had been sent off there. I drew up a description of the horses, with the certificate of two responsible witnesses, of the delivery of them to the Government Herder, and delivered it to Mr. King the Quarter Master's Clerk at Fort Leavenworth. . . .

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IX.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Utah Indian Agency, Great Salt Lake City, Nov. 10, 1851[26]

Sir,

I have the honor, in accordance with instructions, to forward to you, to be transmitted to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a report of my operations since my arrival in the Territory.

I received orders from the Department on the 25th of April, and left Washington City on the 8th of May, to report to you, as Governor and Ex-Officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for this Territory, which duty I performed on the 11th day of August. On my route to this city, as I then informed you, I met, at Fort Bridger, with some of the principal chiefs and braves of the Shoshonie, or Snake tribe of Indians, who had collected there, expecting an officer of the government, and were waiting to see him. I informed you, also, that I had held a talk with them, which resulted in their expressing a desire to attend the Treaty to be held at Fort Laramie on the 1st of September, ensuing —and that, if I would accompany them, they would be pleased to go down. This arrangement I considered myself authorised to make, as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, had expressed a wish, that the Indians of this Territory, or any portion of them, that could be got there, should attend the treaty. You were pleased to approve my course and instructed me to comply with my engagements with these Indians. Having but a few days to prepare for this expedi-

26. U/1-1852.

tion, and having been on duty and travelling from that time until the 25th of October, I have not had it in my power to make a report, at all satisfactory until the present. Since the 1st of June, I have travelled upwards of three thousand five hundred miles—most of the time, without any other provinder for my horses, than the dry grass of the plains—At the proper time for making my report, it was not in my power to do so, as many of my papers were in this city; and besides, I was not at a point from which a communication could have reached you, sooner than I would have the opportunity of meeting you in person. It is unnecessary, therefore, to make an apology for not making my report, for the quarter ending 30th September—as on that day I was on the North Fork of the Platt, on my return from Fort Laramie. Owing to my Horses failing, I was unable to travel more than from 8 to 15 miles per day—laying by sometimes all day, in Snow storms & rain, and did not arrive in this city until the 28th of October.

In obedience to instructions, I left this city on the 12th of August, and proceeded, with as little delay as possible, to meet the Indians at the place agreed upon east of the South Pass—I arrived at Fort Bridger on the 15th where I had previously employed an interpreter; and after making the necessary arrangements for the transportation of provisions, &c, and a few presents for the Indians, we proceeded on our journey, and arrived at the village of the Snake Indians, on the Sweet water, on the 22nd Augt. We found the village in good health, and much pleased with the idea of their trip, the whole village intending to accompany us to Laramie—but the next morning, as we were on our march, we found two of their tribe, killed and scalped, lying on the side of the road. This threw us into great confusion —The Indians became furious—but there being an emigrant train near by, who had witnessed the transaction, we were informed, that the murders had been committed, the evening previous, by a war party of the Cheyennes. After a hurried pursuit, for several hours, the warriors returned to the village. They were much excited—I had to talk with them on the subject of the murder—to my great surprise, I found that they had not only determined to stop the trip, but that they were disposed to censure the whites for the murder, and seemed to express a total want of confidence in their friendship—they stated, that they had been advised not to go—that if they did go, they would be killed —that the whites were deceiving them—that they only wished to get them into the country of their enemies to have them all murdered—and as an evidence, that they

had been correctly advised, they had scarcely made a move before they had found two of their tribe killed; and finally, they avowed their determination to go no further.

Under all these circumstances, I felt it my duty to use all efforts in my power, to correct such impressions; believing, that if left in this state of mind, it would be difficult to make any arrangements with them in future—I therefore, invited another talk, which was granted, but with much reluctance. I succeeded, to a considerable extent, in relieving their minds in relation to the friendly feelings of the whites, but they still objected to going any farther. Although disposed to be on friendly terms, yet, having had but little intercourse with the whites they were fearful of doing something wrong, by which, they would lay themselves liable to attck and abuse by the other Indian tribes, through whose country they would have to pass. In order to assure them of their security, and to satisfy them that their great Father was sincere in his professions of friendship; and that his object was to do them good instead of injury, I proposed to send to Laramie for an escort of Soldiers to accompany them—This seemed to inspire them with confidence, and I immediately started an express to Laramie, consisting of two men, my son Alex. W. Holeman, and Mr. Jas. Furguson. That night the chiefs and braves held a council, and consulted their **Medicine,** as they term it—the result of which was, that they determined to send with me a deputation of their principal men, leaving the balance to protect their village. After making the necessary preparations for the comfort and protection of their families, we left the village on the 28th accompanied by about 80 of their leading men, authorised to act for the tribe, and reached Fort Laramie on the 1st of September—all in good health and spirits, and well pleased with the treatment they had received.

As it was the first effort which had been made by the government to establish friendly relations with the Indians in this territory, I felt it incumbent on me to pursue such a course as would not only be satisfactory, but which would inspire them with confidence and respect in the future. And if I may be permitted to judge from their conduct and the manifestation of entire satisfaction on their whole route, and also, on their return to their village, I am compelled to believe that their trip will result in much good both to the government and to the Indians. Although the Snake Indians have not been among those who have committed such depredations on the emigration travelling the plains, yet a state of war has existed between them and other tribes,

which agreeable to the usage of the Indians, has justified each tribe in sending their war parties to harrass and plunder the other—These war parties, when on their excursions in the enemy's country, would plunder and rob the emigrants, while their depradations would often be charged to other and innocent tribes—thus, the country of the Snakes is frequently made the rallying ground and as the road to California, Oregon, and the Salt Lake City passes through their lands, these war parties are constantly committing depradations, which in many instances are charged to the Snakes—And although the Snakes are friendly to the whites, and do not participate in these roberies, yet the emigrants do not feel secure while there is an Indian or Indian sign in view—and not being able to distinguish one tribe from another they are constantly in fear of an attack; to prevent which, they assemble together in such numbers, as to render it impossible to get grass for the subsistence of their cattle, or enclose tham in correll—in either case, the result is the same—their cattle are starved to death, and their property, scattered over the plains. Seeing the distress which these scenes presented, I considered it my duty to use all the means in my power to prevent it; I therefore determined to use all efforts to get the Snakes attend the treaty—and although attended with more expense and trouble than I had expected, yet I do not hesitate to say that it has been time and money well spent—as they met there, and made peace with several tribes with whom they were at war, among whom were the Cheyennes and Sioux tribes who were the principal disturbers of the peace on this rout. This will insure safety to emigration in future —it will put a stop to the excursions of these war parties, and I feel well assured, that the Snakes will not only treat the emigration, hereafter, with kindness but that they will protect and assist them wherever in their power. I conceive it of great importance to the Indian department in this Territory, that the Indians visited Laramie. The friendly welcome they received from the Indians of other tribes— their intercourse with the whites during the expeditions, and while there, has impressed them with very different feelings from those entertained towards the whites previously. Our friendly intercourse with the Snakes is now, I trust, established upon such a footing as to inspire them with confidence and respect—this feeling will diffuse itself throughout the other tribes, and greatly assist our future operations with the Indians in this Territory.

They were not made parties to the treaty at Laramie; in this, I was somewhat disappointed, as the Commissioner

had expressed a desire to have the Indians of Utah at the treaty, or any portion of them which I might be able to get there. Col. Mitchell and Maj. Fitzpatrick, however, expressed much gratification at their being there, and at first determined to make them a party—but on further reflection, as they were the only tribe from the Superintendency of Utah, and as it was desirable to establish friendly relations with all the tribes in this Territory, they thought it best to exclude them, and recommend to the department, the importance of holding a treaty the ensuing year with the various tribes in Utah. This course, if it can be effected, will be productive of much good, as it will bring together the various tribes, some of whom are unfriendly towards each other, and by establishing peace and friendship between them, by treaty, the Indian affairs in this territory will be easily managed. I therefore earnestly recommend it to the early consideration of the department.[27]

I would also respectfully recommend to the department, that while the Indians of this territory are generally friendly disposed towards the whites, that some arrangement should be made with them, by which their rights, as well as those of the Government, should be distinctly understood. The Indians desire this,—they have been told, repeatedly, by travellers passing through the country, that their "Great Father" would liberally reward them for the right of way, and the destruction of the game, timber, &c. as well as for any kindness shewn to the whites. The great leading thoroughfares to Oregon, California and to this City, pass through the Indian country, and as they subsist entirely by the chase, having no permanent abode whatever, the destruction of the game is of the utmost importance to them. Therefore, as they have been led to expect it, something should be done at once—delays, and putting off matters of this kind, has a tendency to create in their minds a want of confidence—they are jealous, selfish, and full of deception, yet, there is nothing they abhor more, than to find such characteristics in the white man. And although these promises are made without any authority from the government, but by travellers passing through the country, who care but little about the consequences so they can pass safely themselves, yet the effect with the Indians is the same. A promise made by a white man, and violated, is held as good grounds for suspecting treachery in the whole race. Therefore, if it is the intention of the government to

27. Unfortunately, this was done only informally; see Document XVIII.

make any treaties with the Indians in this territory, I feel confident that they will never be found in a better condition or more disposed to enter into amicable arrangments than they are at this time. In addition to this, a duty which we owe to the Indians, in protecting their rights from violations by the white man, makes it necessary that something should be done as early as possible—and at the same time, the government should look to the interests of her own citizens, who are emigrating to this territory in vast numbers. And if something is not done to give them the right to settle the lands, quietly, the Indians may resist, and the consequence will be the sheding of much blood. As evidence to sustain this opinion, and to show the necessity of immediate action, witness the destruction of life and property which is almost daily occurring on the Oregon and California routs, where the Indians have become excited, by what they consider as tresspasses and encroachments of the whites upon their lands.

In returning from Laramie, I met a deputation of the Utes from the Uwinty valey, at Fort Bridger, sent by their chief, with overtures of friendship, and requesting that I would send them traders, to their village. I gave them a few presents and promised to visit them during the winter, if the weather would permit—they received the presents with kindness and promised to use every effort with their tribe, as well as all other Indians, to promote friendly relations with the Whites. I sent them traders and expect to have a report in a few days of their reception and treatment.

I also met with a few lodges of the Digger Utes;[28] they informed me that they belonged to a band who resided part in this territory and part in Oregon—they seemed very friendly disposed, and gave me a most horrible account of the roberies and murders committed by the Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Hall. They informed me that there were several white women now held as prisoners by these Indians—they stated that the emigrant trains had been attacked, the men all killed, the property taken or destroyed, and the women made prisoners. They could not tell me at what point the women were confined at present, but promised to get the information on their return home,

28. The term "Digger" was indiscriminately applied to the various Shoshonean peoples who inhabited the intermontane region, including the western Shoshoni and the Northern and Southern Paiute. Ethnologists classify the Wyoming Snake bands as Northern Shoshoni.

and advise me whether any thing could be done for their relief. It is thought by many that there are white men engaged with these Indians, as, until very recently, they have been considered as the most worthless and cowardly tribe in the whole country. I addressed a letter on this subject, to Mr. John Owens, Ind.Agt. at or near Fort Hall,[29] advising him of the information I had received, and requesting him to make such enquiries as will enable him to ascertain whether this report is to be relied on or not—and if necessary, promising my aid in any effort to recover them from captivity. The tribe to which the Indians who have committed this act of barbarity, belong, claim a boundary of land lying in this, as well as Oregon Territory.

The short time since I entered upon the duties of my office—no documents or papers coming into my possession, by which I could get information, it has placed it out of my power to be as well informed as I could wish, and hope to be in future. Should the weather permit, I hope to be able to visit several tribes during the winter, when I shall have it in my power to give you farther information. Should I receive information relative to the captivity of these white women, their whereabouts, &c I should like to be instructed what course to pursue.

Herewith, you will please find a report of expenses, incurred in travelling to this city from my residence in Kentucky—also, the expenses of my trip with the Snake Indians to the treaty at Fort Laramie, with the amount of presents &c given to the Indians, as well as a statement of property now on hand. . . .

X.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, Dec. 31, 1851[30]

Sir

In my report made to your Excellency on the 20th [10th] of November last, I gave you a statement of my transactions as Indian Agent for this Territory up to that time—

29. John Owen had come west in 1849 as sutler to the Mounted Rifles and wintered with them at Cantonment Loring. Subsequently he established himself in the Bitterroot Valley to become one of the most eminent of Montana's pioneers, his wife, Nancy, was a woman of the Snake tribe. See Seymour Dunbar, ed., **The Journals and Letters of Major John Owen,** 2 vols., New York, 1927.

30. Enclosure in Young to Lea, December 31, 1851 (U/6-1852).

since which, I have nothing of impotance to communicate. I left this city on the 1st inst. on a visit to Fort Bridger, where I expected to meet a party of the Utah Indians from the Uwinty Valley; I had previously, at the request of their chief, sent some traders to their village. The weather had been bad for some time previous, and still remained very cold, which no doubt prevented their attendance. I also visited a settlement of **"Freemen"** as they are called, on Green River, some sixty miles beyond Bridger—I there found several Lodges of the Shoshonie tribe of Indians, several of whom had accompanied me to the Treaty at Laramie. They expressed great delight in seeing me—brought up their friends and introduced them, telling them of the kindness of the Whites throughout the whole expedition, and particularly of their Great Father, who had given them so many presents, that he had made them all rich. Those who visited that treaty, returned so well satisfied, that they are doing much good with the other Indians —they take great pleasure and pride in telling of the Kindness and respect shown to them, and express their feelings of gratitude and friendship in the warmest manner. I regret, very much, that more of the Indians of this Territory could not have been at that treaty. Many of the tribes in this Territory have had but little intercourse with the whites, and that has been with the traders, principally, who have universally cheated and defrauded them, by the enormous prices they have charged them for every article of trade. I have come to the conclusion, that it would be to the interest of the Indians, to license a good number of traders, as competition would enable them to trade on more advantageous terms.

The traders who lately visited the Utah tribes, at Uwinty reported the Indians very friendly, and much gratified that they had come among them. Throughout all their intercourse, the Indians manifisted the greatest friendship, and expressed a desire that they would visit them frequently—that they would always meet a Kind reception.

Although I have heretofore expressed the opinion that it would be greatly to the interest of the Indians, to hold a treaty with the various tribes in this territory, I cannot refrain from again bringing the subject before the department. The unfriendly feelings which exist between many of the tribes and bands, has a tendency to keep up a continual excitement. If they could be brought together, peace and friendship would be established between them, which would enable them to visit each other, and by an interchange of the products of each tribe, it would tend greatly

to better the condition of all. This treaty could be easily effected, as the Indians with whom I have conversed desire it very much. I have also heard from many others who would be pleased, could it take place.

You will find enclosed, an abstract, and an account current,[31] for the Quarter ending on the 31st inst. which, with the report I had the honor of making to your Excellency on the 20th of November, will give a full account of all my transactions for the present year. . . .

XI.

Henry R. Day, Sub-agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington City, D. C., Jan. 2, 1952[32]

Sir.

I have the honour to report that agreeably to instructions from your Department I proceeded to the Territory of Utah and after a tedious trip arrived at the City of the Great Salt Lake on the 19th of July.

On the 21st I Officially reported myself to his Excellency Brigham Young, Governor, and Ex Officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs for "Instructions, Location &c" as instructed by your Department.

After the elapse of a few days I received a note from the Governor[33] locating me in the 1st or "Parvan District, With Verbal instructions to remain in the City of Great Salt Lake until Spring before I permanently established my Agency.

The Tribes or Bands in my Agency are Composed of the Snake Diggers or Cum-em-bars Which are the Desert Indians, inhabiting Most of the Tooele, Yoab [Juab], and Sevier Vallies.

There is a tribe Known as Goships and Wan-Ships Band, Who inhabit the Northern part of this Districk, North from the Great Salt Lake towards the Weber Country, West of

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31. Financial records of this sort were not kept in the Office of Indian Affairs files but were passed on to the auditors and the General Accounting Office.

32. D/1-1852. Day was the sub-agent who left his post in the fall of 1851 to return to the States with others of the territorial officials. The episode is briefly discussed in Morgan, **op. cit.**, p. 385. Five weeks after writing this letter Day resigned, asking that his resignation be accepted as of January 16, 1852.

33. Young to Day, July 21, 1851, (Enclosure "A" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). The information in the six paragraphs following Day derives from Young's letter to himself.

the Tooele's and East of the Shoshone or Snake Nation.[34]

South are the Tin-pan-a-gos Who inhabit the Utah Valley, they are More Commonly Called the Tinpany or Lake Utes, and are divided into small Bands each having a Chief-Stick-in-the-head-Peteetneet and others are Known as Chiefs—

The Next are the San-Petes Who are South of the last Named Tribes roving through the Yoab and San-Pete Vallies, and thence South to the Sevier River, South of them are the Paroans, Which Nation extend to a Tribe Called the Piedes—[35]

The Next and last Known Tribe Composing My District is a roving Band Who roam through the Whole of the Other Nations, and are Confined to No particular part of the Territory. they are Called Cho-Ver-ets, and Known as Walker's Band—

All the different tribes in this Territory Show Much defference to Walker, Connected With him or his Band are Arra-Pines,—Grose-Pines, Tab-ba and Some others, these Bands frequently rove high up in the Sevier River in search of Game, but are generally found in the Neighborhood of San-Pete and Utah Vallies.

I held several Councils or "talks" With some of the different Chiefs and Braves. and explained to them What their Great Father at Washington desired to do for them and What he expected of them, they expressed Much pleasure and satisfaction.

I Made Them several presents Which delighted them exceedingly, the Indians in this Territory are Mostly Very poor. Game being excessively scarce they are from Necessity, and to prevent Starvation Often impelled to Steal Cattle, Horses, Mules, &c. for food.

Some of the Tribes Inhabiting this district are fine looking Men and apparently quite intelligent Indians, others of them, Viz— the Snake Diggers or Cum-em-bars, are Small in Stature, and filthy looking beings, they Subsit Mostly upon Roots, Crickets, Insects, &c. are extremely poor and Wild.

All these Tribes before mentioned acknowledge Walker as their War Chief and Sow-er-ette as their head Civil Chief, but the Majority of the Tribes, obey the Mandate or Council of their Civil Chief, Sow-er-ette, including Walker.

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34. More precisely, Wanship's band had Salt Lake Valley as their home, and their range should be described as east of the Tooele Valley and west of the Shoshoni country. These Indians were a mixture of Ute and Shoshoni.

35. These were principally Southern Paiute.

They all expressed a Willingness and desire to Cultivate the Soil, provided the Mormons Would not drive them off from their lands. In the latter part of September I sent out to the Snake or Shoshone Nation, and invited Cut-nose one of the Chiefs of that Nation to Come in and hold a Council or talk With Me, promiseing to protect him. My object was to Make peace between them and the Utah Tribes in my District, he came in with Others, and we held a "talk of several hours, I gave him some small presents, he expressed himself Much pleased to hear from their Great Father, and agreed to Meet Me a[t] Fort Bridger one hundred and thirteen Miles South East of Salt Lake City on the 1st of October.

I also sent Word to Sou-er-ette to Meet me there, With his Warriors, promising to protect him, accordingly I repaired to the Fort and they Met Me there as per Agreement.

These Nations have been at War for Many years and there Seemed to be a deadly hatred between them, after a Council of Several hours during Which time recounted their alledged Causes of quarrel, I told them their Great Father wished them to be at Peace With all the different Nations of Indians. and With the Whites. and that they must Not Steal, Which after Smoking the Calumet of peace again, they all clasped hands and agreed to—The Indians Complained bitterly of the treatment they had received from the Morman Settlers, from the time they first entered the Territory up to the present, Such as driving them off of their lands. Stealing their Stock &c.

I can perhaps convey their Ideas better by giving you the language of the Old Chief Sou-er-ette, Who raising himself up to his full height said to Me, American—good! Morman —No good! American—friend—Morman—Kill—Steal—

The Chiefs Said they claimed all the lands upon which were settled the Mormans, and that they were driving them further every Year, Making use of their Soil and what little timber there was, and Expressed a Wish If their Great Father was so powerfull, that he Would Not permit the Mormans to drive them out of the Vallies into the Mountains where they Must Starve—

Some of these Tribe Cultivate the Soil, raise Indian Cor[n] &c.

About the 9th August Major Holeman Indian Agent arrived at Great Salt Lake City, and the Governor, after Some Consultation With him and Myself ordered us to attend the Treaty at Fort Laramie on the 1st of September, With a Delegation of Indians. I sent out Interpreter among those in My District to prevail upon the Chief to attend the

Treaty, by the Governors orders purchased a Carriage &c. to Convey them down privately and in disguise, it being his Opinion and Instructions that they should be Conveyed in that Manner to prevent being attacked by Other Tribes—

Four only of the Different Bands Came in Gro-se-Pene, a Chief, Quon-di-ats son of Sou-er-ette, Tomey, sent by Walker, Sou-ette sent by Wanship— and Gro-se-Pene's Sister.—

The Governor thought they Could Not properly represent the different Tribes, and ordered me Not to Make the trip, but to purchase them a Suit of Cloths each Knvs, Tobacco &c. Which I did.

The reasons given me by Sou-er-ette, Walker and the Other Chiefs Why they did Not Come in and go down, was that they beleived it to [be] a trap set by the Mormans to Kill them, They seem to have but little Confidence in anything the Morman people say to them, and decidedly stand in Much fear of them and from all the Information I could gather not Without good Cause. I am decidedly of Opinion that a treaty held of all the different Tribes in the Territory Would be of incalculable benefit, and that a Delegation sent to Washington, and through the State Would add Much to give them an Idea of the Power of the Goverment, and have a Much greater tendency to Civilize these Indians than any other Course that Could be adopted. they have No Conception of the population and power of the United States,—

Christian Missions, other than Mormans, Would also do Much to advance these Indians towards Civilization. . . .

XII.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, March 29, 1852. [36]

Dr Sir— On the 28th of November last, I addressed you a letter, containing, in substance, what you will find in this. Believing it important that the department should be possessed of some of these facts, and understanding that there was a failure in the Mail of the 1st of December, I have concluded to write you again, as I have now a safe convey-

36. H/79-1852. The hostility that recurrently developed in the Utah Superintendency between the Mormon and non-Mormon officers is illuminatingly reflected in this letter. Young's side emerges in some of the later documents in this series. The problem is discussed in larger perspective in my article in the **Pacific Historical Review** previously cited.

ance by private hands. In my letter above alluded to, I informed you, that I had made a report to his Excellency, Gov. Young, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in which I had given a statement of my accounts and transactions, generally—But owing to a difficulty which had occurred between the Governor, and Judge Brockus [Perry E Brocchus] and other officers of Government, during my absence to Laramie, I did not think it prudent to touch on matters connected with the conduct of the Governor, and the Mormons in general, as it had to pass through the hands of the Governor. It was not, however, because I feared that any thing I stated, could or would be contradicted by the Governor—but because I apprehended, that if I said any thing which he did not like, in my report, that it would never reach you— The **"Gentiles,"** as we are all called, who do not belong to the Mormon Church, have no confidence in the management of the Post Office here,—it is believed by many that there is an examination of all letters, coming and going—in order that they may ascertain what is said of them, and by whom it is said. This opinion is so strong, that all communications touching their character and conduct, are either sent to Bridger or Laramie, there to be mailed. I send this communication, by a friend to St. Joseph, Mo. there to be mailed for the City of Washington

I alluded, in my report, to the necessity of adopting such measures, by the General Government, as will protect the rights of the Indians in this Territory—they are becoming very much excited by the encroachments of the Mormons, who are making settlements, throughout the Territory, on all the most valuable lands—extending these settlements for three hundred miles South, from this City—and north to Marys River, and Carson Valley. In the first settlement of this city, and the adjoining country, by the Mormons, they at first, conciliated the Indians by kind treatment, but when they once got foothold, they began to force their way —the consequence was, a war with the Indians, and in many instances, a most brutal butchery, of the Indians. This, they fear, will again be the result, wherever the Mormons may make a settlement. The Indians having been driven from their lands, and their hunting grounds destroyed without any compensation therefore, they are in many instances reduced to a state of suffering bordering on starvation. In this situation, some of the most daring and desperate approach the settlements, and demand some remuneration or compensation for their lands, &c. when, upon the slightest pretexts, they are shot down or driven to the Mountains. These scenes frequently occur—but the other day, an In-

dian was found dead in the vicinity of the City, shot through the body.

You will no doubt be informed by Judge Brockus, Secretary [Broughton D.] Harris and others, officers who have returned from this city, to the States, of the conduct and character of Gov. Young, his treatment to them, &c. I was not here at the time—on my arrival in the City, from Laramie, I found the Governor absent on an expedition to the Indians, some 150 Miles distant— He had taken with him, Sub-agent, S. B. Rose, who is a Mormon, with several hundred dollars worth of Indian goods, as presents, for the purpose, no doubt, of conciliating the Indians and getting permission to extend his settlements—thus making use of his office, as Superintendent, and the money of the Government, to promote the interest of his church—therefore, it seems to me, that no Mormon, should, officially, have any thing to do with the Indians.

From what I can learn here, there is no doubt, but every effort will be made by the Mormons, to prevent the Government from peaceably extending her laws over the Territory. Since the departure of the Judges and other officers, they have levied additional taxes on all classes, of ten cents on the dollars worth, of all description and kind of property. This, it is thought, is for the purpose of preparing for resistance. It is said, upon good authority, that there is an effort being made, to form an alliance with the Indians, to resist the Government, should it be determined to force authority in the territory—and from all the circumstances, and information I can gather, something of the kind may be in agitation— It would not surprise me in the least, as many of the Utah tribe have been Baptised in their church,—and feasted upon all occasions, and treated in the kindest manner. Sub agent Rose, has just returned from another Southern tour, and the Governor will leave again, in a few days—neither have spoken to me on the subject, nor do they let me know any thing of their actings or doings.

I think it would be advisable to hold a treaty with the Indians as soon as possible—they are generally friendly disposed to the whites—a deputation of some of their principal men, to visit the states would have a very good effect —they know nothing of the power of the Government, or the number and manner of living of our people.

I have just been informed, that the Snake and Utah tribes, who have been at war with each other, have assembled for the purpose of settling their differences— they are now in council. I suggested this course to both tribes, and have no doubt but it will result in an adjustment of their

difficulties— It will set an example to the other tribes, and will ultimately, I have no doubt, produce a very good effect. This is the band of the Snakes who visited Laramie—they are very friendly to the whites, and have great respect for their Great Father— The Indians are very much scattered over this Territory— The tribes are split up into small bands, ruled by some favorite chief—some of them are very small— The Tribe of Shoshonies, or Snakes is very large, and being divided into many bands they occupy a large portion of the Territory, but are all on friendly terms with each other. They have nothing like a settled residence, but roam the country from the head waters of the Platt, near the South Pass, to St Mary's river, including a portion of the Territory of Oregon. There are two bands of Utah's, of considerable size—one residing South of this city, and are very friendly towards the Whites—the other who are called "Diggers," reside north, and range over a portion of country lying between this and California—they are said to be a tribe formed by the poorer classes of the Utah's, the Snake's, the Pa-nacks, the Crows, and the Flat-heads.[37] They have, heretofore, been considered as the most worthless and trifling Indians in the Territory— subsisting on roots, principally, from which they take the name of Diggers. It is said they eat any thing that has life in it, from a cricket to a Buffaloe. It is principally in their country, that the roberies and murders which have occurred during the past season have been committed. Many are of the opinion, that they have been encouraged and assisted by white men. And judging of their past character, and their bold and daring conduct now, it would seem that there is strong grounds for the opinion. There are many bands of the various tribes above named, of a more elevated character, who pursue the chase for a living, and travel the country in search of game, from the Platt river to California, and from this city to Oregon. I visited a village of the Snakes[38] about 80 miles north of this city, in January last—It was reported here, that they had information of two white women, who were said to be held as prisoners by a band of the "White

37. This is fantastic misinformation about the western Shoshoni, who assuredly had no large admixture of Crow or Flathead blood.

38. Various references occur in the reports of the Utah Superintendency to Shoshoni in the near vicinity of the Mormon settlements, and to others who frequented the Snake country near Fort Hall and the headwaters of Goose Creek on the California Trail. As it is clear that these have nothing to do with the Wyoming Shoshoni, and as inclusion of these reports would swell this study to unmanageable proportions, only incidental references to them are here published.

Knives"—all the information I could gather, seemed to justify the belief that they had been killed by the Indians. The name of **White Knife,** has been given to these Indians who have been committing the roberies on the California and Oregon routes, in consequence, they say, of white men being connected with them and their being so completely armed with almost every description of weapon. The Indians I visited, professed great friendship for the Whites, and seemed disposed to enter into any arrangement with the government which would have a tendency to secure, permanently, this friendship. I have met with many of the Utah tribe, who reside south and south east of this city—they are also friendly, and are anxious to make such arrangements, by treaty or otherwise, as will establish on a firm footing, their friendly relations with the whites.

I have suggested, in my previous letters, the necessity of doing something to protect the route between this and California and Oregon—the Indians have been very troublesome during the last year—roberies and murders, of the most brutal character, occur with almost every train. The November mail from California has been cut off—all killed by the Indians near Mary's River; the mail contractor, Mr. Woodward among them, and the mail destroyed.[39] The February mail, from the same place, arrived here on the 26th inst. after much suffering—all their mules and horses were frozen to death—the men were compelled to lay by 18 days in a snow storm, and travelled 13 days on foot, packing the mail on their backs, with nothing to eat but mule meat, and 4 days without any thing—they accidentally met a band of the Snake Indians, who fed them, and brought them into the settlements. Something should be done by the Government, to aid this mail route. The December and January mails could not pass the mountains, and returned.

It is not, perhaps, any portion of my duty, yet it may not be amiss to give you some account of the persecution and tyranny of the Mormons towards the Gentiles, as all are called, who do not belong to the Mormon Church. They have levied a very exhorbitant tax on all emigrants who have been compelled to winter in this valley—they collected this tax last fall; and now, when these emigrants are preparing to leave for California and Oregon, they tax them again. The Legislature has passed a law giving licenses to men belonging to their church, to establish ferries, and build bridges over all the streams over which emigration

39. See LeRoy R. Hafen, **The Overland Mail, 1849-1869,** Cleveland, 1926, pp. 63-64.

will have to pass, and regulated the toll at $3 for each waggon, and 50 cts for each head of loose cattle—while the citizens of the valley, or members of the church, are exempted from this tax, or toll—one half of which, is to be paid into the tithing office, for the benefit of the church.[40] Some of the emigrants, who from the lateness of the season when they arrived here, were compelled to remain during the winter—being good mechanicks, they were employed by some of the heads of the Church; to labor on their buildings and public works; and wishing to leave this spring, have been turned off without pay, or any satisfaction—they refused even to give their notes—among these men, is Willard Richards, who keeps a harem of some dozen or fifteen women, to all of whom he is wedded.[41] He is acting Secretary of State, and Post Master of the City. Every description of tyranny that they can invent, is made use of, to persecute the emigrants. They issue from the tithing office a kind of Scrip, as evidence of the indebtedness of the church, for labor or services performed by individuals—this scrip forms a kind of circulating medium, and is received from the members, in payment of their taxes and tithing; but when it falls into the hands of a gentile, it will not be received from him for his taxes, and he is forced to pay the cash—All he can do with it, is to receive such articles of trade, as they may choose to give him, at from 1 to 400 per cent above the valley prices, for the same article.

They are in the habit of drilling the Militia weekly—The commanding officer, in impressing upon them the importance of punctually attending these drills, has been heard to say, "that they were in the habit of drilling punctually, while in Navoo, when they had but one state to oppose them, but now they have the whole United States, they should be properly drilled and equipped." Others say, "they do not fear the United States—they have neither respect for her, or her citizens; and should they want assistance to defend themselves against the Government, they can easily get it from England." They have their missionaries travelling all over the world, almost, collecting men and contributions, to give greater strength to their church —they calculate upon a large emigration this season, to reinforce their ranks; and are using every effort to prevent

40. To this topic we will return in connection with the events of 1854 and later.

41. The report about Willard Richards was newsworthy, in view of the fact that the Church did not formally avow the practice of plural marriage until August, 1852, but as usual the number of wives was grossly exaggerated by rumor.

their people from leaving the valley—Many have made preparations for emigrating to California, but Brigham has put his veto against it, and in a great measure, has put a stop to it.

I could give you thousands of circumstances, tending to show their deadly hostility to the Government, and their determination to resist her authority, in all matters which conflict with their notions, and church regulations—They say, that **"God and the Governor Commands,"** and they obey no one else.

I mentioned in my previous letters, the difficulty attending the route, from this city to California—the main route from the states to California and Oregon, passes to the north of this, and intercepts the road from here, at or near the Goose Creek Mountains, about 175 miles from this place. It is then about 130 miles to the head of Humbolt river, where the road strikes it—thence down the river, to the Canyon is about 60 miles—Making, from this to the Canyon, about 365 miles. It is the opinion of the best informed, with whom I have conversed, that a post, or agency established, at or near this Canyon, would afford the best protection to this route. The distance from this Canyon to Reese's Station in Carson Valley,[42] is about 360 miles—this station is in Utah Territory, near the California line and is about 180 miles from Sacremento City. There is a settlement about this Station of about 80 persons, and extends in the direction to this city for near 40 miles. Should I receive no instructions to the contrary, I have concluded to visit this section of the Territory—and should I find it advantageous to the interest of the Government and the Indians, I shall make arrangements to establish an Agency, at some point which will be the best calculated to give the greatest amount of protection, and at the same time be most convenient for operations with the Indians, As the emigration will be leaving this valley about the 30th of April,[43] I have concluded to leave this city with them. I shall write you again before I leave, and shall advise you from time to time, of my operations, the prospects of quieting the Indians, and the state of the country generally.

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42. The celebrated Mormon Station at present Genoa, Nevada, established by John Reese in 1850 as the first trading post in Carson Valley.

43. Holeman refers to that part of the immigration of 1851 which had wintered in the Mormon settlements, together with such members of the Mormon community as had business in or were moving to California. Normally the overland immigrants did not arrive from the Missouri River before June.

I fear you will think me extravagant in the expenditure of money, but I assure you, things are quite different here from what they are in the States—every thing is from 2 to five hundred per cent higher than they are there. Consequently, our living, though much more common, is quite dear. All my expenditures have been as economical as possible—particularly my trip to Laramie. It was the first attempt that had been made by Government to establish friendly relations with the Indians in this Territory, and I thought that a few dollars was a matter of no importance, when compared with the effect which would be produced upon their feelings, by showing them that their Great Father as well as the Whites generally, would be good to them if they would treat the White with kindness. They returned to their village so much pleased with the trip, and the evidences of friendship they received, that they are using all their influence with the other tribes, not only to make peace between themselves, but to establish peace and friendship with the Whites.

It may be prudent, perhaps, to keep my name secret, in relation to these statements—if it was known here, that I had made such a communication, there is no telling what would be the result. I have heard them boldly assert, that if Brigham was to tell them to cut any man's throat, they would do it without hesitation. I make these remarks to let you know my situation—I do not fear a contradiction—use your judgment on the subject. . . .



WASHAKIE AND HIS BAND

UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY OFFICIALS



MR. I. N. BAYLESS, PRESIDENT



MR. V. O. MURRAY, VICE PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS



MR. JOHN HUGHES, GENERAL MANAGER

—Courtesy of Union Pacific Coal Company

The Union Pacific Coal Company 1868 to August 1952

By

GEORGE B. PRYDE*

When the Union Pacific Railroad was being constructed westward from Omaha, Nebraska, through Wyoming in 1868, it became necessary to provide a source of fuel more stable and efficient than the wood then used in the locomotives.

And so in 1868, coal mines were opened at Carbon in Carbon County, Wyoming, and at Rock Springs in Sweetwater County, Wyoming. In 1869, mines were opened at Almy, Wyoming, near Evanston.

The mines from the date of their opening to September 30, 1890, were operated by the Coal Department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. On October 1, 1890, The Union Pacific Coal Company took over the operations of the coal mines, and that situation exists at the present time.

Originally only three districts were operated as above indicated. However, as the years passed and the demand for coal increased both for coal for the motive power of the Railroad Company and for commercial purposes, additional mines were put in operation. Some of these were acquired by purchases, while others were new mines opened on The Union Pacific Coal Company lands or on lands of the parent company the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

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*Retired Vice President, Operations, The Union Pacific Coal Company; Member of The Coal Company's Old Timers' Association.

The following is a list of same:

Name of Field	Date Opened	Date Closed
Carbon, Wyoming	1868	1902
Rock Springs, Wyoming	1868	Still Operating
Almy, Wyoming	1869	1900
Grass Creek, Utah	1881	1887
Northrop, Colorado	1882	1884
Louisville, Colorado	1882	1885
Erie, Colorado	1882	1885
Como, Colorado	1883	1894
Pleasant Valley, Utah	1883	1911
Dana, Wyoming	1889	1891
Hanna, Wyoming	1890	Still Operating
Spring Valley, Wyoming	1900	1905
Cumberland, Wyoming	1901	1930
Superior, Wyoming	1906	Still Operating
Reliance, Wyoming	1911	Still Operating
Winton, Wyoming	1921	Still Operating
Stansbury, Wyoming	1944	Still Operating
The Washington Union Coal Company, a subsidiary of The Union Pacific Coal Company:		
Tono, Washington	1908	1932

It will be noted that The Union Pacific Coal Company now operates only six districts, all in Wyoming; five in the Rock Springs area and one at Hanna in Carbon County, Wyoming.

For a considerable period of time, in addition to supplying the requirements of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, The Union Pacific Coal Company mines marketed coal commercially as far east as Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states.

Since 1916, the sale of coal commercially was discontinued by The Union Pacific Coal Company. Practically the entire production of its mines being shipped to the Union Pacific Railroad Company for the operation of its motive power.

When it is remembered, that in the 83 years to the end of 1951, that the mines in Wyoming only operated by the Coal Department of the Railroad, and by The Union Pacific Coal Company, produced in that period a total of 170,724,388 tons of coal; and the production from all of the mines on all the districts in which mines have been operated including Wyoming shows a grand total of 195,918,704 tons, a truly impressive figure.

It will be evident that the production of these mines in the 83 years since coal was first produced by the Coal Department of the Union Pacific Railroad and later by The Union Pacific Coal Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Railroad, has played a great part not only in the development of southern Wyoming, but in the Western part of the United States during that period.

By furnishing a large payroll to its employees, it has contributed immeasurably to their welfare and that of their families. In the mines also in which the mines have operated, taxes paid by the Coal Company have furnished money to support schools and State, County, and Municipal Governments. Payrolls, too, have been the means of developing business enterprises of many kinds that go to make up prosperous communities.

The Union Pacific Mines have, indeed, a fine historical background, and an equally fine record in service to the communities in which the mines have operated.

The mines continue to be large producers. During World War II, a maximum production of approximately 6½ million tons was reached; the normal production for years was approximately 3,000,000 tons annually; and for the year 1951, the production was 3,816,720 tons, and the wages paid to employees was $9,863,207.00. The Union Pacific Coal Company has enjoyed the reputation of being a progressive forward looking organization.

In 1891, a 10-ton 500 Volt D. C. electric haulage locomotive was purchased and placed in service in No. 7 Mine, Rock Springs, and gave excellent service on main line haulage for many years in Nos. 7 and 8 Mines. Some years ago this locomotive was retired and was received with fitting ceremonies into The Union Pacific Coal Company's Old Timers' Association, and was named "Charlie Smith", the name of the man who first operated it. It now occupies an honored place in the vicinity of the main entrance of the Old Timers' Building.

In 1882, chain breast coal cutting machines and drills were installed in No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs, and later operated in No. 10 Mine. This equipment was operated by compressed air at 80-pound pressure. It gave excellent service until superseded by more modern electrically operated equipment.

In 1907 soon after the opening of the Superior Mines, Mr. D. O. Clark, Vice President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, purchased a gas engine connected to a 2300 volt, 100 K. W., A. C. generator. The motive power for the engine was obtained by burning Superior coal in a retort

in which the coal was heated to a high temperature, and the engine was operated with the gas produced. Considerable quantities of tar were recovered as a by-product.

About 1905, Mr. Clark also employed a Chicago chemist, named Dr. Moss, who during a period of about two years carried on extensive tests with all coal from the Coal Company's mines, principally to determine if any were susceptible to coking, but none proved to have the necessary coking qualities. He also extracted, in small quantities, a number of chemicals and oil during his research work.

At one time, horses and mules were used to haul the coal, but about 1896, additional electric haulage locomotives and electrically operated coal cutters and drills were installed, and for quite a number of years the mines have been fully mechanized, and no animals are now used.

About 1914, Mr. Frank A. Manley, Vice President of the Coal Company, purchased a secondhand passenger car from the Union Pacific Railroad Company and had it equipped with Draeger Mine Rescue apparatus and all safety equipment patterned after the United States Bureau of Mines mine safety cars. This car was stationed in Rock Springs until its use became no longer necessary.

In 1916, electrically operated shovels were used in the Hanna mines to load coal mechanically, and in 1924, two electrically operated mobile Joy Loaders were installed for a similar purpose.

In 1925, a shaking conveyor of the Eickhoff type was purchased at Bochim, Germany, and installed in Superior "C" Mine; the results were so much better than that obtained under the hand loading method that other machines of this type, some of them of American manufacture, were installed in all of the Company's mines from time to time. These shaking conveyor loaders had one defect which prevented them from reaching maximum production, due to the fact that it was necessary to shovel most of the coal onto the conveyor. This difficulty was overcome when Frank R. McCarty, Mine Superintendent at Rock Springs, and George Ersenberger, Master Mechanic at the Superior Mines, developed the duckbill, an attachment which, when fitted to the upper end of the shaking conveyor, and manipulated by levers, advanced into the coal pile and loaded most of the coal automatically, the immediate results being a visible increase in the production obtained from each machine.

The Goodman Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Illinois, who later took over the manufacture of the duckbill have made quite a number of improvements in the original



—Courtesy of Union Pacific Coal Company

MODERN STEEL PREPARATION PLANT AT THE COAL COMPANY'S STANSBURY MINE

design, but the fundamental principles developed by Messrs. McCarty and Ersenberger remain.

Both received an Award of Merit from the Franklin Institute, the leading scientific society of the United States. By their early invention, they performed a real service to the mining industry, because thousands of shaking conveyors manufactured in the United States and equipped with the duckbill are in general use in many American mines, including The Union Pacific Coal Company mines, as well as in many foreign countries.

Mr. I. N. Bayless, President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, has quite recently installed continuous mining machines, self-propelled loading buggies, together with roof bolting, and many other improved modern mining practices.

Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations, and his staff, are doing an excellent job in making this and other equipment into a successful, and well-rounded program.

The successful operation of The Union Pacific Coal Company mines, with its modern mining practices, efficient ventilation and outstanding safety practices, may best be judged by the large number of mining engineers from the United States mines, Great Britain, and parts of Europe, and from Australia, and New Zealand. These engineers come to study the modern mines of the Coal Company and, in many cases, apply them to their own operations.

Again reverting to the safety program of The Union

Pacific Coal Company. During 1911 a mine safety car of the United States Bureau of Mines came to Rock Springs to initiate training in First Aid and Mine Safety. This car was in charge of Sumner Smith, Mining Engineer-in-Charge; Thos. L. Lewis, a former International President of the U.M.W. of A.; and Jesse Henson of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, First Aid Miner.

The car came to Rock Springs for the purpose of stimulating interest in First Aid training and the reduction of mine accidents. It was thought that the presence of Mr. Lewis would assist in stimulating interest in these subjects.

Classes were formed at the Union Pacific mines in Rock Springs; participants being employees of the Coal Company who had received ambulance training (First Aid) in their native country, the British Isles, prior to coming to the United States, and were proficient in this work. They not only enrolled as instructors, but joined the classes, and it was largely due to their efforts that First Aid to the injured was firmly established among Union Pacific Coal Company's personnel at that time, and has continued ever since.

On a recent visit to Rock Springs to attend The Union Pacific Coal Company's First Aid Field Day, June 20th of this year (1952), Mr. John (Jack) Forbes, present director United States Bureau of Mines, Washington, D. C., recalled that in 1915 while a member of the Bureau of Mines staff he had trained First Aid teams of the Coal Company for a First Aid contest which was held later that year in Rock Springs sponsored by The Union Pacific Coal Company. These contests have continued each year until the present time.

These early efforts in mine safety did not show appreciable results. In 1923 when Mr. Eugene McAuliffe took over the presidency of The Union Pacific Coal Company and affiliated companies, he immediately instituted a sustained and energetic safety program to reduce mine accidents. As an incentive many prizes were given.

A safety engineer and a ventilation engineer were appointed, whose sole duty it was to inspect the mines, investigate the cause of all mining accidents, develop what caused the accidents, and take steps to prevent similar future accidents.

Incentive prizes consisted of watches, framed pictures, silverware and other household incidentals; town lots in Rock Springs, and a trip to Alaska were also tried. It was not, however, until the practice of awarding an automobile annually as the Grand Prize that improvement in the reduction of mine accidents showed improvement, and later one

automobile was awarded semi-annually; and during World War II, when automobiles were not obtainable, U. S. Government Bonds were awarded.

A drawing was held at the end of each period; the name of each section employee, who had not sustained a lost-time accident during the period was placed in a receptacle, and the winning numbers and names were drawn. The present management has for some time awarded prizes of household furniture, washing machines, electric stoves, frigidaires, and other valuable articles for the home are awarded which is a better system than the one prize, as each of the six districts wins one of these prizes. This keeps a larger number of employees interested in safety.

All employees in and around the mines are equipped with hard hats, hard toe shoes, and heavy goggles corrected to each individual employees' vision; these goggles must be worn at all times when on the job, and have reduced the number of eye accidents to a minimum. All underground employees were furnished electric cap lamps. The hard hats, too, have almost eliminated head injuries, and the hard toe shoes have reduced the leg and foot injuries very noticeably.

Some years after the starting of the awarding of the automobiles, a total average of 90,000 man hours worked per lost-time accident at all of the districts was considered an outstanding record, when the national average for all coal mines in the United States was 12,000 man hours worked per lost-time injury.

At the present time when the average man hours worked per lost-time accident for all mines in the United States probably does not exceed 25,000, The Union Pacific Coal Company employees at Mine No. 7, Reliance, won the Sentinels of Safety for the year 1951, with the amazing total of 464,666 man hours worked with no lost-time injury.

"The Safety Review" published by The Union Pacific Coal Company contains these statistics on safety performance:

From January 1 to June 30, 1952, Stansbury district worked 438,762 man hours, with one lost-time injury.

The Superior district worked, for the same period, 481,173 man hours, with no lost-time injury; and Hanna worked 268,581 man hours, with no lost-time injury.

The average for all six districts in man hours worked per injury was 263,327.

The remarkable thing is that similar records are being accomplished year after year by the employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

It would be unfair to assert that the awarding of these

prizes has been wholly responsible for this nation-wide record, but they helped very materially in making the record possible.

In the May-June 1952 issue of "The Explosives Engineer", published by the Hercules Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware, the entire volume contains a record of the mining and safety operations of The Union Pacific Coal Company, in which a high tribute was paid to Mr. I. N. Bayless, President of the Coal Company; Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations; and Mr. John Hughes, General Manager; their staffs and the entire personnel of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

In the copy of the volume referred to Mr. I. N. Bayless made this significant statement:

> "Safety is simply a matter of organization and training mixed with perseverance and hard work. It embraces every Company employee not only miners, but all other workers and members of the supervisory staff including the President."

And so the author closes this brief summary of the operations of an outstanding mining organization with a tribute to all the employees, both past and present, the valuable and lasting contributions to the progress, advancement, and success to The Union Pacific Coal Company 1868 to the present time.

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY'S FIRST AID FIELD DAY ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING—JUNE 20, 1952

Training in First Aid to the injured started in 1911 at The Union Pacific Coal Company's Rock Springs District mines. In that year, one of the United States Bureau of Mines mine safety cars visited the district to stimulate interest in this very important adjunct to coal mining operations. Similar cars of the Bureau of Mines visited at the same time many coal mining districts to spread the "gospel" of First Aid to the injured, and the reduction of mine injuries.

In charge of the car that came to Rock Springs were Mr. Sumner Smith, Mining Engineer-in-Charge; Mr. Thos. L. Lewis, a former International President of the United Mine Workers of America, who gave lectures on the necessity of reducing mine accidents; and Mr. Jesse Henson, First Aid Miner, who organized classes and taught First Aid to the injured.

Classes in First Aid were organized among the officials and mine employees. These classes were composed of men from the British Isles, who had received ambulance (First

Aid) training in their native country, prior to coming to the United States to enter the employment of The Union Pacific Coal Company. These men not only became members of the classes, but later some of them acted as instructors.

Herewith a few of the names of those men who were active at that time. There may be others, but it is difficult to recall all of them after the lapse of years. George Jones, Richard Orme, George Smith, Archie Auld, Sr., Joe Seaton, M. W. Medill, Chas. Gregory, Sr., John Maxwell, Thos. Foster, George Fitchett, and Tom Gibson, who later became Safety Director for the Coal Company.

In 1912, a gold medal was donated by the Mine Superintendent at Rock Springs to be awarded as a prize in a First Aid Contest participated in by teams from The Union Pacific Coal Company's Rock Springs district. The medal was won by team from No. 7 Mine, and is now in the Museum of the Coal Company at Rock Springs Headquarters Building. Thereafter, First Aid contests were held annually.

These contests, sponsored by The Union Pacific Coal Company, have been held annually ever since; first at the First Aid field Rock Springs, and since the completion of the Old Timers' Building have been held indoors there.

The first prize winner at these contests were sent to participate in the National First Aid meets at San Francisco Salt Lake City, Denver, St. Louis, Springfield, Illinois, and other places.

Mr. Jack Forbes, present Director of the United States Bureau of Mines, at Washington, D. C., who came this year to attend the First Aid Field Day at Rock Springs recalls that he, while a member of the Staff, came to Rock Springs in 1915 to train First Aid teams for the contest at Rock Springs that year.

As is customary, on the morning of the annual contest this year, the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Mine Workers teams, to the number of 23—16 Boy and Girl teams and 7 adult teams, assembled in procession to march to the Old Timers' Building.

Starting from the Union Pacific Railroad Company's freight depot, led by the Rock Springs James Sartoris Band, the paraders marched through the principal streets enroute to the Old Timers' Building. The parade was a colorful one and got a lot of attention.

Mr. Reeder, Resident Engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, Salt Lake City, Utah, was in charge of the contest. Frank Peternell, Safety Engineer, had laid out the floor

of the Old Timers' Building in numbered sections. The Boy and Girl Scout teams, which started the contest at 10:00 a.m., had drawn for their sections and took their places.

Engineers of the Bureau of Mines from Utah and Colorado, together with safety engineers from Coal Companies in the same states, who were to act as judges were in their places. The judges all competent in First Aid have a difficult job as the competition is keen, and the judges are compelled to grade closely.

The first problem is read by Mr. Reeder, while all teams listen. Then a copy of the problem is given to the captain of each team, and it is studied by the team. All teams, too, are given instructions regarding the rules governing the contest. A First Aid team consists of five members and a patient, one of the members acting as captain.

At the sound of a gong the teams start to work on the patient. Teams are subject to demerits for slow starting and finishing, improper handling of patient, improper bandaging, failure to treat for shock, etc.

In the 1952 contest, the team winning first place in the men's section from Stansbury No. 3 Mine scored a total of 1,488½ points out of a possible 1,500.

Then Senior Girl Scout winning team from Winton scored 1,493 points; just short of a perfect score.

The Boy Scout team winning the first prize, from Superior, scored 1,479½ points.

The Junior Girl Scout team from Rock Springs won first prize with a score of 1,489½ points.

The men's contest started at 2:00 p.m.; 6 teams participated. At the close of this contest, all the winners were announced.

Mr. I. N. Bayless, who always attends these contests, presented the teams with valuable prizes, a duty which he seems to greatly enjoy. The men's teams received money as prizes, while the Boy and Girl Scouts received cameras, travelling bags, radios, and wearing apparel.

At noon, the Boy and Girl Scout teams were the guests of the Coal Company at lunch served at the American Legion Hall. Mr. Bayless, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Tibbs were present, together with Jack Forbes, Director of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, who gave an excellent address to the teams. During the banquet, the teams engaged in group singing which was enjoyed.

These annual contests do a lot of good not only in the training of adults, but the Boy and Girl Scout teams acquire skill in First Aid work, which is one of the main activities

of scouting; and in these days when so many accidents occur in the home, they are well equipped to take care of any emergency.

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY'S 28TH ANNUAL OLD TIMERS ASSOCIATION REUNION HELD AT ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING JUNE 21, 1952

In 1925, Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, President of the Coal Company, sought ways and means to suitably honor and pay tribute to the older employees of the Company.

Under his direction, the first annual reunion was held in McCurtain's garage building on C Street, Rock Springs. The late Bishop McGovern, of the Catholic Diocese of Wyoming, gave the Invocation, and the late Senator Clarence D. Clark was the guest speaker. Mr. McAuliffe, who introduced the speaker, gave an address in which he welcomed the Old Timers, and thanked them for their loyalty and service to the Coal Company during the years of their employment.

A banquet was served, and a business meeting held at which Old Timer Mr. James Moon, Sr., was elected President of the Association. Thereafter, annual reunions were held at the Elks Home, until 1930, when the Old Timers' Building on N and K Streets was completed, so the 1930 Reunion and all subsequent ones have been held in that building. This building was erected by The Union Pacific Coal Company and dedicated to the Old Timers of the Company.

When the Association was formed in 1925, the total membership was 283, while in 1952 the membership numbered 787, comprising the representatives of 33 nations; a truly cosmopolitan organization. To qualify for membership, one must have been employed by the Coal Company for a period of 20 years. Some of the older members pass away each year, but as the new members take their place it may reasonably be expected that the membership of the Association will remain around 800.

The Reunions are held annually in June, and a large attendance of the members and their wives are always in attendance. At the 1952 Reunion 825 attended, and it did not seem possible that more could be accommodated.

In the past as guest speakers at these reunions have been two presidents of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, senators, congressmen, state governors, lawyers, supreme court justices of Wyoming, and mining engineers. Until his

retirement, Mr. McAuliffe also took a deep interest in those meetings, and always had a message of good will for those attending.

Mr. R. R. Rose, Assistant Director of the Interior, was the 1952 guest speaker.

The present three ranking officers of the Coal Company, Mr. I. N. Bayless, President; Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations; and Mr. John Hughes, General Manager, are all members of the Old Timers' Association and take a personal interest in the preparations for the Reunions, and a continuing interest in their success.

On the morning of June 21, 1952, members of the Old Timers' Association began to assemble in the vicinity of the passenger station of the Union Pacific Railroad Company on South Front Street. Promptly at 11:00 a.m. the parade moved forward. In the lead was the Color Guard, consisting of members of the American Legion, and the V.F.W., followed by the Kiltie Band under the direction of Pipe Major Alex Davidson. Immediately behind the band were Mr. Bayless, Mr. Murray, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Sutton, Chief Auditor of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and other railroad officials; Mr. Thos. Allen, State Coal Mine Chief of Colorado, Jack Forbes, Director of the Bureau of Mines, Robert Rose, and two mining engineers from the department of mines of Australia. Then followed the Old Timers, marching under their respective banners, 40, 45, 50, 55 and 60 year men; the Superior Band; 30 and 35 year men; Rock Springs Band; 20 and 25 year men; Reliance-Stansbury and Winton Band; Boy and Girl Scouts; Sigma Tau Epsilon Men; Men's First Aid Teams; and the Hanna Band, Mark Jackson, leader.

Along the line of march as the Kiltie Band in full highland regalia of kilts and plaids of the Royal Stuart Tartan, played the well known Scottish bagpipe marches in turn, "The Barren Rocks of Aden", "Cock of the North", "Earl of Mansfield", "Scotland the Brave", and "The 42nd Black Watch", then the brass bands would play many of the familiar American marches—there was no lack of fine music for the marchers.

As the parade moved along the principal streets of Rock Springs the sight was indeed a colorful one, and will not soon be forgotten by those present.

The citizens of Rock Springs always turn out in large numbers to greet the Old Timers, and this occasion was no exception. The weather was ideal and literally thousands lined the streets to pay honor to the veterans of the mines. The route of march was of considerable length, and it is a

tribute to the stamina of the Old Timers that the march was completed with no requests for "First Aid".

All began to file into the Old Timers' Building, and by 12 noon were ready for the serving of the banquet, as guests of The Union Pacific Coal Company. Mr. V. O. Murray, who was Master of Ceremonies, called the assembly to order, and asked Rev. Albin Gnidovec, Pastor of the North Side Catholic Church, to give the Invocation. Then those present were served a delicious meal by the North Side Catholic Ladies Guild.

During the meal, Mark Jackson and his orchestra from Hanna, Wyoming, rendered a fine program of vocal and instrumental music, which contributed much to the pleasure of the audience. Mark always does a good job of entertaining with his orchestra, and one wonders why he and his organization have not sought wider fields for their fine musical talents—say Hollywood for example.

Until his death some years ago, the Old Timers' Association had a distinguished member in the person of Mr. David G. Thomas known as the "Welsh Bard", on account of the many fine poems he wrote during his lifetime. Mr. Thomas, when just a lad, came to Rock Springs from his home in Bevier, Missouri, and entered the employment of The Union Pacific Coal Company as a miner, and in a few years, had risen to the position of Mine Foreman No. 3 Mine.

He studied law, and subsequently was elected for several terms, as Prosecuting Attorney of Uinta and also of Sweetwater County. In later life, he returned to The Union Pacific Coal Company as Superintendent of the Rock Springs operations.

During this period, Mr. Thomas published a volume of his poems, **Overland and Underground,** copies of which have recently been quoted by a New York book store at $5.00 per copy.

From the formation of the Old Timers' Association, until his death, Mr. Thomas was the Poet Laureate of the Association, and never failed to write an original poem for each reunion.

The following poem has been selected from quite a number because it is a fine tribute to the Old Timers, and is representative of the poems he wrote.

FOR THE SAKE OF OLD LANG SYNE

By David G. Thomas

The sun played with the buds of May
Until they opened wide,
Then left them nodding all the way
Along the country side,
That June—the sweetest month of all—
Her breath like mellow wine,
Should greet you in the festive hall,
For the sake of old lang syne.

So come, Old Timer, lock the door
And hide away the key;
Be ready for the bounteous store
At this your jubilee;
Here happiness is waiting you,
Here you can dance and dine,
And friendships of the past renew
For the sake of old lang syne.

Again the merry drums will roll,
The bands will shout with glee;
The melodies that lift the soul
Will strengthen you and me;
And smiles will grace the furrowed brow,
And tears of gladness shine;
So come along—the time is now—
For the sake of old lang syne.

"It isn't all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die;"
Something within us we must give
Before we say "Goodbye";
And when we go away from here—
Our earthly cares resign—
May Heaven give us of its cheer
For the sake of old lang syne.

At the close of the banquet, Mr. V. O. Murray called upon Mr. I. N. Bayless to introduce the guest speaker, Mr. Robert Rose. Mr. Bayless, before doing so, welcomed the Old Timers, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to attend the Association's Reunions. He also paid a fine tribute to the Old Timers and their families. He then presented Mr. Rose, who complimented the Old Timers for assisting in the fine safety record of the Company. He reminded the Old Timers that he was a Wyomingite, having been born in

Kemmerer, Wyoming, where his father was a lawyer. He remembered as a youth he had visited Rock Springs often and was well known to many of them.

Mr. Rose subsequently moved to Casper, Wyoming, where he served as Mayor, resigning that position to accept the responsible duties as Assistant Director of the Interior Department. He gave a great deal of information on recent developments in the hydrogenation of coal, and predicted that before many years have passed, the coal mining industry would benefit from this research. He gave an excellent address, which received close attention.

Mr. Benjamin Caine, the newly elected President of the Association, was then escorted to the platform and introduced by Mr. Murray.

Rev. Richard L. Keach of the Baptist Church was then called upon to pronounce the Benediction, after all had stood silent in memory of those members who had died during the year.

And so passed into history the 28th Annual Reunion of The Union Pacific Coal Company's Old Timers' Association, with many a hand shake and goodbye, with the oft repeated remark, this has been the best reunion I've attended, and I'll be back next year.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Former Governor Fenimore Chatterton, after reading the January 1953 issue of the **Annals of Wyoming** wrote approvingly of the place of the teacher in Wyoming's early history, and from his own early experiences in Wyoming commented, "I was very much interested in reading the article "Fifty Years Ago" because that date is to me like yesterday and I have often said to a newly arrived school teacher 'You will only teach at one term.' I married one and so proved I was a prophet. The fine eastern school teachers did a whale of a good job for Wyoming; the State owes them as much, if not more, for their pioneering educational service as it does for the hardihood of its male founders; the teachers brought spirituality, morality, security into a man's otherwise rough and often desert life."

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Plans are being made for the founding of a State Historical Society which will be started later this year. Through the coordination of our efforts throughout the State and the cooperation of all those interested in our history, it is hoped that some of our lacks in this field will be cared for. Histories need to be written on Wyoming, our historical papers and materials must be gathered and saved if our history is to be written, and our coordinated efforts are needed to bring about any real and lasting results.

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The collecting of Wyoming's history continues at the State Archives and Historical Department. During the first half of 1953, in addition to the acquisition of numerous relics, historical papers, pictures, documents and books, the Department began the collection of Wyoming's history through recorded reminiscences of her pioneers. A total of sixty-two recordings, totaling more than fifteen hours of continuous listening time, have been made to date by eleven of Wyoming's "old-timers". The subjects covered are varied and include such topics as cowboy life and ranching, the Deadwood Stage Coach days, the timbering

industry, outlaws, Indians, state government, the history of the medical laws of Wyoming, folklore, and just plain everyday occurrences in the lives of the private citizens of the State which go to make up our history. Records have been made by A. S. Gillespie, Wallis Link and Bert Wallis of Laramie, Mrs. Anna B. Wagner of Wheatland, former Governor Fenimore Chatterton who now lives in Colorado, Ralph Mercer of Hyattville, Judge P. W. Metz of Basin, Martin Smith of Glenrock, and Russell Thorp, L. C. Bishop and Dr. G. P. Johnston of Cheyenne.

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A mimeographed sheet, "Guide to Wyoming Museums" is being made available to tourists this summer at the Wyoming State Museum. The guide lists the local museums throughout Wyoming, the hours during which the museums may be visited, and the highlights to be seen. It is hoped that through this guide more of our summer visitors will take advantage of the opportunity to see Wyoming's local history through her museums.

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The Stimson Fund, to which many of our readers generously contributed, has reached its goal, and full payment of the loan has been made. The large and valuable collection of glass plate negatives made by Joseph E. Stimson is now the complete property of this Department. Additional contributors were Mr. Harry Henderson and Judge T. Blake Kennedy of Cheyenne. The State Library, Archives and Historical Board, at the end of the biennium, was able to complete the last payment on the loan.

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Alfred James Mokler, pioneer Wyoming newspaper publisher and widely recognized historian of Wyoming and the West, passed away on December 30, 1952, at the age of 89. Mr. Mokler came to Casper in April of 1897 and purchased the Natrona County Tribune. He published the Tribune until October 1914, after which he devoted much of his time to research and writing on Wyoming historical subjects. From 1918-1921 he was president of the Commercial Printing Co. of Casper.

Mr. Mokler was the author of **History of Natrona County, Wyoming, History of Freemasonry in Wyoming, Transition**

of the West, Fort Caspar, and numerous magazine and newspaper articles on historical subjects. In 1940 he launched publication of an historical magazine **The Wyoming Pioneer** which was well received but was discontinued with the beginning of World War II.

Mr. Mokler was active in many civic and state organizations throughout his long and outstanding career.

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Mrs. Tacetta B. Walker, 60, died at the Washakie Memorial Hospital in Worland on March 15, 1953, following an extended illness. She was the author of the book **Stories of Early Days in Wyoming** (Big Horn Basin), published in 1936, and of a number of articles on Wyoming history.

Mrs. Walker came to Wyoming from Nebraska in 1916 and homesteaded. In 1917 she was married to Loyd Walker. She had taught school near Thermopolis, at Lucerne, Lovell and Basin.

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From the **Cheyenne Leader** of March 30, 1868.

The Sweetwater fever rages high in this city. Don't all get crazy, for a trip of toil and hardship after the glittering gold. Remember, that where one will succeed in getting rich, a hundred will fail. Many shall be called but few chosen by the fickle goddess.

Of October 1, 1867.

It costs a million a week to fight the Indians.

Of October 1, 1867.

The second occurrence of divine service in Cheyenne took place at the City Hall, Sabbath morning, Rev. W. W. Baldwin officiating. Some seventy persons were present, and the discourse, which was upon "The Efficacy of Prayer," was handled with ability and enlivening spirit by the reverend gentleman.

From the **Carbon County News,** Rawlins, of January 12, 1878.

The cost of keeping of Territorial prisoners at the Laramie Penitentiary for December last, amounted to the nice little sum of two thousand and six dollars.

Of January 12, 1878.

Hon. Wm. Vandever, inspector of Indian agencies, has been in town several days inquiring into the cause of the recent trouble with the White River Ute Indians. He is armed with authority to purchase provisions, make contracts for freight and in fact do anything in his opinion

advisable for the relief of the Utes. He has sent a courier to the Indian camp on the Sweetwater with instructions to induce the Utes to come to Fort Steele where they will be properly cared for during the winter. Measures will also be immediately taken for the relief of those who remain in the Snake river valley. Mr. Vandever is a gentleman of the old school, and is evidently the right man in the right place.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Museum

Backes, Col. Charles, Ft. Warren Air Base	Sextant used by troops at old Ft. D. A. Russell.
Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Hat box used by Mrs. Max Idelman, Cheyenne, on world trip, 1910; ore specimens of calcite, malachite and wolfanite, and lead.
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne	Wyoming Nilometer, one of first automatic water level recorders ever made. Designed by Elwood Mead in late 1880's and manufactured by Richard Freres, Paris, France.
Bon, Lorraine, Cheyenne	Dress sword and scabbard.
Browning, C. C., Cheyenne	Razor and razor strop used by donor's father during and after Civil War.
Davis, William, Pine Bluffs	Four Indian stone artifacts found near Pine Bluffs.
Driskell, Mrs. Philip, Cheyenne	Child's dishes and iron; cylinder record, "You'll Come Back" by Elida Morris.
Flitner, Stanley, Greybull	8 ore and rock specimens.
Gravette, Don, Cheyenne	Coyote skull found south of Cheyenne
Harrison, William H., Washington, D. C.	Eisenhower Inaugural Medal.
Huskinson, Mrs. Heber, Cheyenne	Rosewood square grand piano and stool, George Stack & Co., N. Y., manufacturer. (Loan)
Manners, Mrs. LeRoy, Cheyenne	Lady's and child's dress, style of about 1900, all worn by Ralph Tremaine family of Cheyenne.
Milliken, J. A., Laramie	Basket of willow and lilac twigs; sweater. Both made by Mr. Milliken.

Olinger, R. I., Lusk	Sandstone whetstone used by Indians, plowed up in the Alum Creek area (central eastern Niobrara County) in 1920's. Plow scars show on the stone.
Pence, A. M., Laramie	Cartridges for Spencer carbine rifle.
Rice, Clarke P., Torrington	Fighting cock spur used by soldiers at Ft. Laramie.
Rugg, Arthur, Wheatland	Skull of Indian child and dress, found in 1912 in cave 10 miles northwest of Wheatland.
Steege, Louis, Cheyenne	Ore specimen: carnotite (uranium) from Uravan, Colorado.
Stimson, Joseph E., Cheyenne	Cameras and equipment used by Mr. Stimson in making his early glass plate negatives. Gift through Howard Wagner of Wagner Studio, Cheyenne.
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colorado	Contents of trapper's grave near Rock Springs, Wyoming, including knife and sheath, two buffalo horns, a bit and part of frame of an Indian saddle. Given to Mr. Swan by Glen Nelson of Rock Springs.
Tucker, Mrs. H. A., Cheyenne	Wilcox and Gibbs sewing machine, 1883 patent.

Historical Manuscripts and Papers

Barry, J. Nielson, Portland, Oregon	Six maps: Wyoming mosaic showing Western lands in 1858, 1861, 1863; drainage basins, treaty with Spain; lands of southwestern Wyoming. Manuscript, "Wyoming and Royalty" by Mr. Barry.
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne	Original diary of R. C. Allen, 1898, kept while he was a member of a survey party in the Lander area. Complete set of First Day Cover envelopes and stamps, 1934 to date, sent by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney to Mr. Bogensberger.
Bragg, William F., Sr., Worland	Three recordings: interview of William F. Bragg, Sr., by J. Cameron Shustar.
Browning, C. C., Cheyenne	Three letters from Samuel Hollis to Miss Emmina Moomaw, postmarked: Carter, Wyoming Territory, June 6, 1874; Laramie City, W. T., Aug. 22, 1874; New Cumberland, Indiana, Mar. 14, 1875.

Burns, R. H., Laramie	Reprint from **Nebraska History,** "The Newman Ranches: Pioneer Cattle Ranches of the West" by R. H. Burns.
Chatterton, Fenimore, Denver, Colorado	Manuscript, "Autobiography" by Fenimore Chatterton.
Crabb, Miss Pauline, Shoshoni	Five plat books, survey records and 21 maps and blueprints of areas of Fremont County, Wyoming, kept by Edward L. Crabb.
Davis, Elmer O., Denver, Colorado	Copies of column "75 Years Ago" by Mr. Davis, taken from **The Engineer's Bulletin,** 1952.
DeWitt, Mrs. D. H., Los Angeles, Calif.	Cheyenne Club by-laws, house rules, officers, members, articles of incorporation, 1881.
Ekstrom, Mrs. Laura A., Denver, Colorado	Reprint: "Flags of All Nations."
Fifth Army Headquarters, Chicago, Illinois	"Operation Snowbound, 29 Jan.-Mar. 1949."
Fuller, E. O., Laramie	Copy of resolutions passed by Carter County Commissioners, 1868.
Harrison, William Henry, Washington, D. C.	Inauguration invitation, souvenir program and ceremonies program, 1953.
Hook, James W., New Haven, Conn.	Photostat of letter written by Mr. Hook's father in 1904 on homesteading near Cody; Cody **Enterprise** March 26, 1906; Manuscript, "Seven Months in Cody, 1905-1906" by Mr. Hook.
Kendall, Mrs. Jane R., Denver, Colo.	Manuscript, "Ft. F. E. Warren, Contemporary History—1940" by Jane R. Kendall and Captain Watson.
Lyall, Scott T., Billings, Montana	Manuscript, "Crossing the Big Horn Mountains, Spring 1902" by Mr. Lyall; copies of 7 articles on early Cody, Wyoming, history.
Michaels, Mrs. John E., Burlington, Wyoming	Handbill, Gambling Cases (in Basin) about 1905.
Mitchell, Mrs. Maude Dildine, Cheyenne	Five dollar donation to Historical Fund.
Moorcroft Branch Library, Moorcroft	Moorcroft Commercial Club minutes, 1911-1917.
Oregon State Archives, Salem, Ore.	Microfilm of letters written from Ft. Halleck.
Schaedel, Mrs. John, Cheyenne	Manuscript, "Reminisences of Cheyenne to 1875" by Ernest A. Logan.

Wilson, Rev. C. E., Ethete	"The Gospel According to St. Luke" in Arapahoe, 1903.

Historical Library

Appel, Dr. Peter W.,	10 volumes of Session Laws of Wyoming, 1893-1921; biennial reports of Attorney General of Wyoming, 1906, 1908.
Coe, W. R., New York City	18 books on Western history, recent publications.
Colorado State Archives, Denver	Microfilm, "Wyoming Index of Government Documents to 1936" by Marie H. Erwin.
Galey, Thomas M., Owensboro, Ky.	Preliminary Report of the United States Geological Survey of Wyoming by F. V. Hayden, 1871.
Holland, A. M., Los Angeles, Calif.	State of Wyoming, 1898, by Fenimore Chatterton. Public Land System by H. N. Copp, 1893. Republican Campaign Text Book, 1896.
Powers, J. A., Arlington, Mass.	History 3rd Batt., 338th Inf. Reg., 85th Inf. Div., World War II.
Purchased by the Department	27 recent publications on Western history.

Pictures

Allyn, Mrs. Frank, Cheyenne	Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Ulen of Laramie
Barsotti, John, Columbus, Ohio	Jim Baker
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne	Photographs of former State Engineers: Elwood Mead, Fred Bond, A. J. Parshall, C. T. Johnston.
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne	Tom G. Power
Bon, Lorraine, Cheyenne	Stephen Bon, Sr.
Browning, C. C., Cheyenne	Daguerrotype of John W. Browning, taken about 1865 or 1866
Hook, James W., New Haven, Conn.	16 photographs taken in 1905 in Shoshone Canyon, near Cody, at the time the construction of the Buffalo Bill Dam was started.
Hunton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Deane, Laramie	Photograph of Billy Class; autographed photographs of Mrs. Grace Coolidge (Mrs. Calvin) and Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross.

Learn, Lem, Roseburg, Oregon	Picture cuts: Lem Learn, Big Nose George.
Mantey, L. T., Cheyenne	Thirteen photographs: 8 of U.P.R.R. locomotives; 17th St and Capitol Avenues in Cheyenne; State Capitol; young buffalo at Cheyenne park; parade float of Great Seal of Wyoming (1940).
Michaels, Mrs. John E., Burlington, Wyo.	Basin, 1915; first Germania Bench school and pupils, 1903; Burlington school and pupils, 1904; Pictorial Souvenir of Thermopolis.
Mitchell, Mrs. Maude Dildine, Cheyenne	Four pictures of Dildine Studebaker Garage and unloading cars, 1911; Police Patrol car.
Rice, Clarke P., Torrington	Paintings on masonite board of scene on Platte River by Hobert Walking Bull, Sioux Indian artist.
Rosenstock, Fred, Denver	Bird's-eye view of Buffalo, Wyo., 1903; branding cattle and sowing oats on Basin Land and Live Stock Co., Elk Mountain, 1903.

The Mystery and Romance of Wyoming

By

LAURA ALLYN EKSTROM

Oh, Wyoming, if all of your story could only be told,
And chapter by chapter the scroll of your past be unrolled,
What a volume of mystery and romance it would be!
Where now there's the soft gray-green and the tang of sage,
There were once the waters of a tide-torn salty sea.
Although today there's desert and mountain and plain,
Cycads, ferns and lush fruits grew here in another age.
There then must have been an abundance of rain,
For the record of this flora was recorded in stone.
There's Cambrian shell and fossilized dinosaur bone
Beneath Wyoming's sand, and rock and fertile loam.
Ancient peoples once called this land their home.
Their spear-heads, scrapers and arrow-points abound.
Wyoming, what would you tell of the Medicine Wheel,
And the Great Arrow that the airmen found?
Buffalo and Indians once roamed your horizon-seeking plains
That now are filled with rippling fields of amber grains.
Many are the tales that you could tell of trail-breaker,
Of trapper, of trader, of soldier, and of railroad-maker.
There was hardship and adventure in the prospector's quest.
The prospector played his part in the old days of the West,
But little did he guess where Wyoming's real wealth lay.
It was not in his platinum, copper, silver or gold,
But in grass, in oil and gas, and in jet-colored coal.
There were thrills and intrigue where trail
Crossed trail and the Pony Express delivered the mail.
And what would you tell of your cattle, sheep, and industry?
They, too, travel through the pages of your history.
Oh, Wyoming, if all of your story could only be told,
And chapter by chapter the scroll of your past be unrolled,
What a volume of mystery and romance it would be!

Book Reviews

Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900. By Robert Taft. (N.Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. xvii + 400 pages, plates. $8.50.)

Robert Taft, University of Kansas chemist, has performed for western artists the same service he performed a few years ago for western photographers. His service is a double one, in that he has resurrected the major western illustrators from the tomes—often government documents —in which they have lain for years, and he has provided local and regional writers with a fundamental structure on which regional art histories can and will be based.

Artists and Illustrators does a great deal more than provide a list of pictorial source material. The author has examined all the major, and most of the minor publications and collections containing illustrations of the western scene. He then proceeds to identify the artists, provides the necessary biographical information concerning them, and locates their pertinent work, both as published and, if possible, in its original form. In addition, Taft has supplied critical analysis of the artistic merit of his subjects, a commentary based, soundly, not entirely on academic standards, but on the value of the illustrations as social history.

The prodigious labor involved in locating and assembling the information and commentary is evident in the extensive notes which form about half the volume. As Dr. Taft points out, western illustrators were and are generally scorned by compilers of art dictionaries and encyclopedias. The reviewer recalls an attempt in 1945 to identify a watercolor by Gustav Sohon. No art museum in Washington, D. C., or New York was able to supply information concerning Sohon, and only a chance examination of Mullan's report brought primary identification. Dr. Taft's labors have uncovered all that is presently known about Sohon, and hundreds of other artists relegated to undeserved obscurity by professional art historians. The information was, more often than not, acquired by the most time-consuming and frustrating of all methods—location of descendants, family papers, and obscure newspaper references.

Dr. Taft has not been satisfied to provide a skeleton of information concerning western illustrators. He has, in every case, clothed his skeleton with a body of social history, soundly based and well written. He has located the

artists and their work in the history of the West by identifying their historical surroundings, by evaluating their influence, and by suggesting what new information can be based on contemporary illustrations. He has made obvious what should have been obvious before, namely that no thorough study of western life and culture can be made without reference to western art.

The combination of art and social history is what makes the book readable, not only to the specialist, but to the general western history public. Both the main text and bibliographical notes share honors as delightful writing. One may wish that more of the information in the notes had been incorporated into the text, but, as a confirmed note-reader, the reviewer is pleased to find "copious critical commentary" of the kind so effectively practiced by Elliott Coues.

Perhaps the only major lack in the book is a chronology of western artists, but one may suppose that Dr. Taft considered such a chronology, and rejected it as a tool that would be used largely by lazy or unimaginative librarians or "research workers."

It should be pointed out that evidently Dr. Taft gathered his information and produced this volume without any assistance from foundations or other aid-granting bodies. This might well give pause to historians and others who insist that lack of such assistance stands between them and research.

MARTIN SCHMITT

University of Oregon

Fort Union, (New Mexico). By F. Stanley. (Denver, Colorado: World Press, 1952. 305 pp. $5.00.)

The story of an historic post, once located north of Las Vegas, New Mexico—now a ghost of the past—is told by Father Stanley in his 305 page book, **Fort Union.** Interspersed between the author's narrative of the over-100-year-old fort's history are sketches related by soldiers, early day travelers, old Southwest settlers, as well as quotations from territorial newspapers.

The historian may regret the difficult and tedious concentration required to separate these recordings from the author's narration. Then, too, Father Stanley himself admits in his foreword, and with which this reader agrees,

that: ". . . the tale of Fort Union cannot be told in sequence nor in chronological order because people and events overlap each other." This lack of sequence, unfortunately, creates a disunity in the reading of the story.

Fort Union, however, is a deserving work of devotion. Its dominating influence seems toward arousing a sense of pride in Today's America by placing it on the roll call of our enduring lexicon. The descriptions of the grandiose style of life of the early land grantees at Rayado and on the Big Cimarron river—Beaubien, Abreu, Valdex, Maxwell and others—with their plaza type mansions is a connecting link in the Manifest Destiny of our nation. Here, too, Kit Carson's role during this era is discussed, and Fort Union's prominent place as a protector against the many marauding Indian tribes is highlighted.

"Fort Union," says Father Stanley, "came to be the listening post, the life line of all the other forts strung throughout the length and breadth of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona."

Likewise, of particular interest is the material included which concerns the Civil War battles staged in the territory: The authentic proclamation of Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley of the Army of the Confederacy in which he announces that his army is taking possession of New Mexico in the name of the Confederate States; the accounts concerned with the brushes of this army and the volunteer Colorado troops, and life in general at the garrison during this period. These tend to spark the narrative and pique the reader's interest. Equally lively are incidents related in Chapter Eight, **Protecting Soldiers,** in which are described some of the escapades between the soldiers and outlaws which occurred at the fort in the '60's.

The illustrations are excellent and play upon the nostalgia of by-gone days. They depict a century of life as it was at the most beloved military fortress in New Mexico—the crossroad of the Southwest.

Fort Union is a plea, at least to this reader, for the restoration of the once important post which stands today neglected and eroding away in the winds and sun rays. Father Stanley has devoted many years in the preparation of this volume. His message interwoven with lamenting passages pleads that Fort Union be allowed to take its just place on the pedestal of National monuments. Toward this goal the book best serves as a persuasive force.

MARY LOU PENCE

Laramie, Wyoming

Come An' Get It. By Ramon F. Adams. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1952. 170 pp. $3.75.)

This book, which has a two-tone binding in cloth with a colored jacket, contains twenty-two sepia toned illustrations depicting the activities of a chuckwagon cook, drawn by Nick Eggenhofer.

Ramon Adams, the author, is a business man who writes for the sake of preserving history. He has written a number of books, and his writings have been very useful for other authors. One can tell by reading his books that he writes because he enjoys it. A friend of his once said to me, "To know him is to love him." He has a very fine library, and has contributed much to western folklore in his **Western Words** and **Cowboy Lingo.**

Come An' Get It is divided into three parts dealing with the wagon cook and his equipment, his menus and list of supplies with recipes for cooking different dishes. It deals with the cook's life on the ranch, the trail, and on the roundup.

This volume is full of rich humor of the cowboy and his lingo—such as calling coffee "Belly Wash," or "Brown Gargle." "Injun Coffee" was made by pouring water over old grounds and boiling it. Sourdough biscuits, the bread of choice, were made in a dutch oven. Cowboys were great meat-eaters in the form of broiled steaks. All of the meals are given in detail with humorous stories.

To anyone interested in the life of a cowboy, and particularly the old chuckwagon, **Come An' Get It** will be a source of good reading, for Ramon Adams has delineated his subject in a most interesting manner.

NOLIE MUMEY, M. D.

Denver, Colorado

Strange Empire. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. (William Morrow & Co., 1952. 601 pp. $6.00.)

At all too rare intervals there appears a book—a history, a biography, a novel—that points up the incredible wealth and variety of the western scene, and reminds us again how much of our history has been ignored or perverted to conform to an entrenched mythology which has come to obscure and distort events and currents not only of the past but also of our own time.

On these infrequent occasions, one is filled with wonder

that more western writers are not attracted to the rewarding bypaths of this history—that more book and magazine publishers do not encourage such exploration, instead of insisting (as many do) that the writer limit himself to serving up the warmed-over myths and folk tales which are even less true today than at the time of their inception.

Joseph Kinsey Howard's last book, barely completed at the time of his tragic death in 1951 and published posthumously last fall, already has taken its place with the few truly great Western regional literary works. It is the story of Louis Riel and his sad, fantastic dream of founding an independent "half-breed nation" in the Canadian-U. S. Northwest, first in 1870 when most of the "half-breed country" belonged legally to the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and again in 1885, when Canada had established its dominion over Hudson's Bay lands and could construe Riel's second intervention in behalf of his mistreated people as "treason."

The half-breed people of this strange and ill-fated rebellion called themselves "Metis"—(Ma-TEES) a French word for "mixed-blood." They were the continental descendants of unions between Indian women and the early white explorers and fur-traders, mostly French because of all the European colonists of North America only the French as a rule were inclined to mingle and intermarry with the Indian aborigines. There were exceptions of course, but by and large in dealing with the Indian the English and Nordics in general were more interested in annihilation than in amalgamation.

Originally, the Metis were confined largely to regions where the French flag flew: In New France, and along the Mississippi River where the French periodically held sway from the time of LaSalle until the Louisiana Purchase. But the French and their hybrid descendants were far-ranging wilderness wanderers, and ultimately their influence was felt in almost every sector of the West. Charbonneau was a Metis, as were Laramie, LaPrele, La Bonte, and many others whose identities are perpetuated in the place names of Wyoming and neighboring states. But it was largely in western Canada, in the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the Catholic half-breed kept his identity and eventually formed a strong homogeneous community. So strong, indeed, that in 1870 and more particularly in 1885, the Metis in the U. S. and Canada dreamed of establishing an independent country—a Texas Republic of the North which, having won autonomy could either continue as a separate nation or bargain with its big neighbors for a

scheme of federation which would give the homeless and unclaimed half-breed a national identity, with some control of his destiny.

It was Louis Riel's fate to lead this pathetic movement of an outcast people to find themselves a place in the sun. It was his fate to hang for treason, as Washington and his accomplices probably would have hanged, had their revolution failed. It was his ironic fate to be punished as a traitor to Canada, even though he was at the time a citizen of the United States. Had Jefferson or Jackson or Polk been president, instead of stand-pat Grant, it is likely that the U. S. would have listened to Riel's pleas for intervention, and the western U. S. today could well extend north to Alaska, instead of ending at the 49th Parallel.

In light of its important bearing on the development of the West and the nation as a whole, it is difficult to understand why or how the epic of the Metis and their great patriot has been ignored so completely by our historians. In this country at least, prior to publication of **Strange Empire,** the word **Metis** was almost unknown and the name Louis Riel evoked only vague associations with Canadian intrigue and political lynching, even in the minds of many who had taken pains to inform themselves of their country's past.

But perhaps we should not complain too bitterly. In most cases, when history has mentioned Louis Riel, it has been to libel and misrepresent. So, we might count ourselves fortunate that the definitive biography awaited the hand of Joe Howard. For Howard was peculiarly fitted for the job.

A distinguished journalistic and at the time of his death the foremost literary spokesman for the West, Joe Howard first attracted national attention with publication of the most distinguished interpretation of the contemporary West yet written, **Montana—High, Wide, and Handsome.** This was followed by **Montana Margins**, a model anthology of regional literature, and by a voluminous and brilliant commentary on Montana in the form of short articles for discerning magazines.

Writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, the critic John K. Hutchens recently observed, "Mr. Howard's predilection for the underdog won him a select list of foes in Montana, and his compassion for Louis Riel and the Metis may bring him a few more, posthumously, in Canada. After all, the Encyclopedia Britannica still refers to Riel, with lofty scorn, as a 'Canadian agitator.' Joe Howard, as a small boy in Canada, an American and a 'foreigner' there, always

had his doubts about Riel's 'treason.' 'One man's treason,' he was to observe when he grew older, 'is another man's sanctification'."

In a sober and reverent preface to the book, historian-critic Bernard De Voto describes Howard as "a born fighter, an instinctive member of minorities, and a champion of the exploited and the oppressed." On the occasion of Howard's untimely death, novelist A. B. Guthrie, Jr., commented, "We have lost our conscience." Novelist Norman A. Fox of Montana, a long-time friend and disciple of the author, describes the book as "The last impassioned plea of a writer to whom injustice was always a challenge, the last pen stroke of one who loved the West and pictured it with honesty and courage and sweep."

And this is not to argue that history must be biased or colored in order to have meaning. However, in the matter of recording the past as in modern practices of reporting the news, there are times when absolute "objectivity" can constitute the most vicious kind of distortion. Certainly, the public ravings of maniacs, unless labelled as such, can mislead and misinform. Conversely, protracted neglect and negation can distort and destroy. And nothing less than the artistry and compassion of Joe Howard could give us a rounded picture of Riel the man, his ambition and defeat.

It is perhaps a mark of the biographer's integrity and skill that the portrait is not completely sympathetic. Admittedly, the Metis patriot was a fanatic, handicapped by fanaticism's drawbacks. Like Hamlet, Riel suffered from irresolution and the chronic inability to separate duty and conscience. Like Hamlet again, he feigned or suffered mental disorders. And while his enemies at least were convinced that there was "method in his madness," the matter of his sanity is likely to be in controversy as long as his name is remembered. But, like the martyr-fanatic, John Brown, also mad by ordinary standards, Riel was the torch which lighted a long-due conflagration, out of which some good resulted, though at the time the sacrifice seemed in vain.

As is true of most historical works of like stature, the ramifications of **Strange Empire** are almost endless. For instance, there are striking similarities between the rebellion of the Metis in Canada and that of the Mormons in Utah, some decades earlier. Like Brigham Young, Riel acted out of religious conviction and political desperation. Unlike Young, Riel put no limit on the probable powers of the God he served. And, when faced with the overwhelm-

ing odds of a determined expeditionary force, backed by the government of a strong nation, he refused to capitulate.

If Brigham Young had trusted his God so far as to follow the Revelations and shed blood of the U. S. troops, if he had incited the Indians of Zion to terrible war against the white enemies of Mormondom within and without, then had stubbornly refused to flee when all was lost, it is quite likely that he too would have hanged for "treason." In which event, the history of his people might have been radically changed.

The book contains parallels with currents and controversies of our own time: The cynic morality of church and government in matters of human decency and the treachery of both in the name of expediency; the blind, inept struggling of people toward a denied freedom—a strong people with lofty aims, assailed by fear and ignorance, sabotaging their own program and leaders, rendering defeat a certainty before the battle was joined.

Strange Empire is a monumental book—illuminating and disturbing, more absorbing than any novel that has come to this writer's attention in many years. One cannot read it without reassessing his views of history and all humankind. In the words of an anonymous Morrow editor, "**Strange Empire** creates in the reader that quickening sense of discovery, the excitement attendant upon original research which with one illuminating stroke changes established concept and leads to fresh patterns of thought."

Joe Howard's last book was his most ambitious, and probably his best. In his death, the West lost its most articulate son, its most militant champion.

DEE LINFORD

New Mexico Institute of Mining & Technology

The Course of Empire. By Bernard DeVoto. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1952. xvii+647 pp., index. $6.00.)

With the completion of his trilogy on the geographical expansion of the United States, DeVoto has established himself among the foremost Western historians. This book, the first of the three chronologically although the last written, is a history of exploration in America up to Lewis and Clark's transcontinental survey. It is the first geopolitical treatment of any comprehensive span of American history. DeVoto's thesis is that the geographical boundaries of the United States, as presently constituted, form a coherent

indivisible unit which, by its nature, was predestined to be possessed by a single nation. On this thesis he has brought to bear a formidable amount of material shaped and given meaning by his remarkable mind and personality.

This book covers 278 years of history treated in broad detail, and a deal more considering his tangential but enlightening remarks on the Iberian wars which shaped the Spanish personality. To cope with this expansive project DeVoto has become a linguist, an expert ethnologist (who in the course of his books has rewritten to a considerable degree the history of the Indian in America), a master of navigation, military strategy, map-reading and mapmaking, American flora and fauna, and primitive and modern economics. Above all, he has a more profound sense of geography than most men who have written history. The range and mass of his materials are the more impressive because of his thoroughness in exploring them. He can trace a French translator's misconception to his incorrect insertion of a comma in the original, and detect a long accepted misdating of a Jefferson letter from its contents. And to the skills which he has mastered as well as the specialists, DeVoto adds a breadth of perspective and a rare depth of understanding that spring from a profound knowledge of humanistic culture in Europe and America. A remark such as, "for good or ill it is an attribute of civilized man that, disregarding loss, defeat, and death, he can instantly decide to shoot the works. It has always been basic in his ascendancy over primitives" is not the product of historical research but of a deep understanding of the nature of people in western culture. Such understanding, which carries DeVoto deep into the heart of his materials, is rare among historians.

This book shows clearly how great has been the influence of European events on American history from the earliest times. The interplay of motives for exploring America: Spanish gold-lust, French trade imperialism, Anglo-American land imperialism (themselves the products of European politics), and the industrial revolution are seen bearing on the tracks of the early explorers; because this is a book about forces playing on men. Even non-existent "events" and "facts"—Moncacht-Ape's fictitious journey, legends of the Welsh Indians and the Northwest passage, and above all, the false geography of the mapmakers—are seen entering the delicate web of history as forces producing action.

But despite an overlay of Harvard sophistication, Utah-born Benny DeVoto is still a Westerner. He writes about **men,** superlative men, whose stature is increased, rather

than diminished by the forces playing on them. His book sings of the expert woodsmanship of the early French, who would probably have taken over the continent if given free reign and backing; and his treatment of the Lewis and Clark expedition is more thrilling narrative than anything else in the book.

Like all thesis writing, DeVoto's leads him to oversimplify occasionally. His reconstruction of the motives behind the Lewis and Clark expedition, although convincing while being read, is probably wrong; and his conjectures in the face of unknown or unexplained facts are often useless. This is not perfect history; it is great history. With little change in wording, his admiration of Lewis and Clerk can be reapplied to DeVoto: few previous historians have sought information so widely, or analyzed evidence so soundly, or put related fragments together so purely, or constructed so comprehensive a descriptive picture. Considering the fact that Western history is still in the initial stages of writing, DeVoto's trilogy, both in specific detail and broad perspective, will remain a monument to the next generation of historians.

ELLSWORTH MASON

University of Wyoming

Original Contributions to Western History (The Denver Westerners' Brand Book for 1951). Edited by Nolie Mumey, Illustrated by Inez Tatum. (Denver, the Westerners, 1952. 579 pp. Index. $15.00.) Edition limited to 500 numbered copies.

This, the seventh of the series, is a fitting continuation of a now well-established tradition—the value, both historically and as a collector's item, of the annual Brand Books published by the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

The scope of the present volume is even wider than that of its predecessors, in point of time and geographical distribution of its subjects as well as in the personality of its contributors. The slightly larger and considerably thicker book permits additional representation which is particularly noticeable in the increased number of contributions from corresponding members of the Denver Posse. Four of them are women and one of those, Agnes Wright Spring, is the author of two articles. Of the nineteen papers, only nine are by the seasoned veterans of the active Posse, while

the earliest editions were almost exclusively posse-written. Another variation from past policies is that only five of the papers represent material previously given at posse meetings.

It is evident that this permits a wider range of material. The large sketch map inserted at the inside back cover reveals this unmistakably, for it shows the action taking place from Montreal to San Francisco and from Fort Union, North Dakota, to El Paso and New Orleans. It is natural that the nineteenth century should be best represented, since it was the period of western development. However, the preceding years in Colonial New Mexico are discussed in relation to their domestic implements, and the early years of the twentieth century give us an eloquent and moving story of a Nevada mining camp funeral.

The authors themselves run the gamut from the professional historian, ably represented by LeRoy R. Hafen, State Historian of Colorado, Agnes Wright Spring, former State Historian of Wyoming, Herbert O. Brayer and Velma Linford, through the professionals who are writers first and historians second, such as Forbes Parkhill and Roscoe Fleming, and on to the many men and women of other professions with whom history (and writing) is an avocation only, outstanding as it may be among their accomplishments.

Limitations of space prevent individual mention of each contribution, worthy of it as each is, and it would be presumptuous for this reviewer to single out any as better than another. Every reviewer, however, is entitled to his personal preferences without any invidious comparison being intended. The ghost towns of Colorado, and especially those of South Park, having long been one of my chief interests, I was particularly taken with Norma Flynn's "Early Mining Camps of South Park". A carefully documented and fully annotated study of a vanished era tied down to a specific locality, it represents many months of original research in contemporary records and is, in my opinion, an excellent example of the quality material with which this volume is loaded.

Nowhere is Editor (Dr.) Nolie Mumey's **flair** for the unusual beter shown than in the format of this 1951 Brand Book. Its slightly larger page size, the practical elimination of photographs in favor of Inez Tatum's one hundred or more sketches of their subject matter, and particularly the non-conformist style of typography, with extra spacing between paragraphs and the right margin of the pages not "justified" but allowed to remain where the last word ends

—all these lend an individuality to the volume which some readers will like and some will not.

The half dozen inserts of facsimiles of early maps and printed items are, of course, typically Mumey, and add additional flavor of old times to their respective accounts. The color work, somewhat of an innovation in the Brand Books, consists of four Russell paintings following Dr. Mumey's brief tribute to that artist: a plate showing some colorful trade beads which complements Dr. Philip Whiteley's paper titled "Trade Beads Among the American Indians"; and one of Inez Tatum's sketches on the title page.

The index is unusually complete for a book of this character and adds greatly to the reference value. Brief identification of the individual authors could well have been included, perhaps to the exclusion of their portraits. Some information as to their background would be of particular value to those readers who otherwise might not know too much about them.

Without question, the 1951 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners is a worthwhile addition to the series which has appeared without a break since the 1945 book. Like its predecessors, it will be of value not only for its content of western history, but also as an item of Western Americana in increasing demand.

R. G. COLWELL

Book Review Chairman, Denver Posse, 1953

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THE LUSK HERALD



Cody, Wyoming in 1905-1906—Looking northwest from roof of Irma Hotel.

Seven Months in Cody, Wyoming

1905–1906

By

JAMES W. HOOK

FOREWORD

This account of life in Cody, Wyoming, almost fifty years ago was written and read at the Dissenters' Club of New Haven in 1949. It has since been revised and somewhat expanded for my children and grandchildren who look upon Buffalo Bill and his times with a measure of awe and affection.

I express thanks to Mrs. Maud Murray of Cody, Wyoming, who reviewed the files of the Cody Enterprise and copied the quoted news stories and editorials that dealt with the stirring events that accompanied the eradication of public gambling in the town.

New Haven, Connecticut
April 15, 1953

JAMES W. HOOK

* * *

My brother, John, discovered Cody, Wyoming, during his travels for an eastern manufacturer of paint and brushes. He liked the place so well that he moved his family there in 1904. His glowing letters about the town and surrounding country persuaded our father to make an exploratory visit. The latter turned out to be more than exploratory, because while there (September 1904) father purchased a quarter section of land on the Germania bench about 25 miles east of Cody, near Burlington, and joined some 65 others in taking up 116 quarter sections of land on the eastern rim of the Big Horn Basin and laying out a townsite. He died the next spring and his children, not knowing that oil in abundance lay under the acres he had laid claim to, took no interest and let them go back to the state. Today the whole section is dotted with oil wells.

I was just finishing an engineering course in Iowa State College when this parental migration was in progress. Father, by public

sale, in the spring of 1905, disposed of his personal property in northern Wapello County, Iowa, rented his fine farm there and moved to his Burlington, Wyoming, farm. He was alone. Mother had died in the autumn of 1897, his second wife was a hopeless invalid and permanently hospitalized and all of his children but one, a lad of 16, were fully grown. None of these children could see why his father at the age of 65 should want to establish a new home in such a distant and isolated place as Wyoming appeared to them to be. His explanation was that he desired to leave a section of new western land to each of them and, considering the population growth of the whole country and the rapid advance of the science of dry farming and stock raising, he believed that Wyoming was a state of great promise. He didn't have much time to persuade his children to establish residence on the land he had selected for them, a requirement of the Homestead Act, because three months after he had settled on his Burlington farm and while on a return trip to Iowa he suddenly died.

I was with him the day he died and during those precious hours I learned much from him about the Oregon Basin Project near Cody. This project was unique but never completed. It's object was to divert water from the south fork of the Shoshone River into a huge saucer of land, probably an extinct volcanic crater, located about ten miles southeast of Cody, and distribute the impounded water by gravity in irrigation ditches to a wide area of adjacent land, mostly eastward. An Iowa State College (my own college) engineering graduate, George W. Zorn, was in charge of the project. Father thought I might get in on the operation of some of the mechanical equipment and I thought so too.

I talked it over with my sweetheart whom I was not quite sure I was engaged to but by the simple procedure of marrying her two years later indicated perhaps that I was, and we decided it would be a good experience and that I should go. I also persuaded Arthur Johnson, a college friend of mine to go with me. And go we did in September 1905, riding in one lower berth in the first sleeping car (a tourist sleeping car with cane seats) that either of us had ever ridden in.

That was a great trip. At Toluca, Montana, we changed trains for Cody, and while waiting the passengers worked up a game of one old cat which made the four-hour wait for the Cody train endurable. Later the C. B. & Q. Railroad abandoned that junction point by moving the southern take off to Billings.

Down the line away from Toluca the train stopped at a small town in the center of the Crow Indian Reservation. A group of these Indians, both men and women, were all about offering their wares. Johnson and I bought nothing because we had no money to squander. Not so, however, with another passenger who

handed a squaw a five dollar bill for a twenty-five cent purchase and lost the whole five. I can still see that bewildered tenderfoot leaning out of the car window demanding his change and the squaw standing there looking at him with a dead pan expression on her face that only an Indian can show.

We learned on the way down more details about the Cody Bank robbery which had occurred about ten months before and which still was the main topic of conversation in northern Wyoming. A band of desperados had ridden into the little town of Cody, frightened everyone off the streets with their six shooters and after killing I. O. Middaugh, the cashier of the First National Bank, made off with a substantial part of the bank's cash. They had not yet been apprehended and so far as I know never were.

My brother, John, was at the station when we arrived (8:00 P.M., September 11, 1905) and in some magical way found a place for us to sleep in his already crowded house. Next day we obtained and pitched a tent in his back yard where we lived for about three weeks until old Boreas forced us to seek better quarters which we found in the residence of Mrs. Julia Goodman, elder sister of Buffalo Bill. Here we lived for the remainder of our stay in Cody, Johnson leaving the following January and I staying on until April 17, 1906, when illness forced me to return to my native Iowa.

My first impression of Cody on that early September morning was not of the drab little town itself, but of what I saw and heard beyond its borders. The town, of course, was interesting enough, but in the midst of the larger scene it seemed markedly artificial with its low wooden buildings, many just shacks, its unpaved streets, weed-infested irrigation ditches and rickety board walks where sidewalks existed at all, the whole in a setting of treeless and rock strewn terrain. For over and beyond this lay the glories of a vast glacial architecture of successive land benches that to me resembled risers and treads in a giant staircase. These paralleled the primitive water courses and formed a common plateau that sloped gently eastward from the foothills of the high Rockies. To the west of Cody and punctuating this rugged floor of the great plain was tree-covered Cedar and Rattlesnake Mountains and the defile of the very beautiful Shoshone River Canyon which separates them. Beyond and in the far distance rose the snow covered prominences of the Absaroka range and in front of them other rocky foothills and plain where, I was to learn later, great herds of sheep and cattle graze. Flanking this scene on the right and standing alone, stern and rugged Heart Mountain caught and held my gaze like a great sorcerer. Following and again to the right, lay another quadrant of vast plain that extended to the horizon. Then, directly northeast, were the gray, mystical and

verdureless folds of the McCullough Peaks about which Indians had woven legends of tragedy and primitive beauty. To the right of these, and on around to the ruggedly carved slopes of Carter Mountain directly southwest, laid another wide quadrant of bench carved plain over which some 75 miles distant could be seen the peaks and defiles of the stately Big Horns. Cutting this scene in twain, from west to east, but invisible from Cody itself, was the fast flowing Shoshone River whose roar as it rushed over the rocks accented the acute stillness of that early morning with a sound of weird and distant music.

I never quite forgot the Cody scene and often recall it when earthly troubles get on my nerves. It matches, in memory, those early mornings at my boyhood farm home in Iowa when I would go quietly to our lower pasture to listen to the boom, boom, boom of the prairie chickens in distant meadows.

Cody was founded in the middle 1890's by George T. Beck and others of the Cody Canal Co. Buffalo Bill wanted it located farther west near the de Maris Sulphur Springs, where surveys had already been made, and, of course, he wanted it named for him. He got his way about the name but not about the location. The story of how this was brought about is one old timers like to tell. Before 1896 the new town was known as Shoshone, a name not acceptable to the Post Office Department since it conflicted with another Post Office known as Shoshone Agency. The name Richland was then proposed and accepted but very soon thereafter, by request of a group of citizens, it was changed to Cody. The little town was incorporated in 1901.

The incorporators saw great possibilities in the newly born town. It was at the most scenic side of the Yellowston National Park. Already occasional parties had been escorted through that wonderland by Gus Thompson, Tex Holm and others. It was expected that the C. B. & Q. Railroad would extend its lines to the place. The cattle and sheep business was growing rapidly despite antagonism between sheep herders and cow punchers, the latter claiming that cattle could not graze after sheep because of the latter's droppings and close cropping.

In 1899 the railroad did come, after which the town began to attract eastern "dudes" and grow rather fast. Buffalo Bill and Colonel J. H. Peake established a newspaper in 1898, calling it the *Cody Enterprise*. Peake, an old friend of Col. Cody, came originally from Washington, D. C. The Cody Trading Company, founded, I believe, in 1896 was later reorganized and placed under the managership of Jacob M. Schwoob. Other stores came and in due time two banks, to join the brothel and a half dozen saloons and gambling establishments that had earlier been on the scene. In 1902 the Irma Hotel, named after Buffalo Bill's daughter, was

built to join the Hart Mountain Inn which was occupied and, I believe, owned for a time by Dave McFall, known generally as Bad Land Dave.

Cattle men, sheep men, gamblers, dudes, stray men and women from no man's land, a reasonable number of Buffalo Bill's relatives and, believe it or not, an English captain with a retainer and a prominent authoress might be seen daily on the streets of this lately organized frontier town.

It was into this scene that I dropped that September of 1905 with less than $5.00 in my pocket and a million dollars of ambition in my head. My brother introduced me to a Mr. Duell, a lately arrived carpenter who was engaged in building a small house for himself, and I landed a job with him at $15.00. Duell in turn introduced Johnson and me to a neighbor who agreed to feed us for about 15 cents a meal. This gentleman didn't know what he was letting himself in for and soon showed his resourcefulness by reducing calories and praying at all meals. His clients lasted only a week or two by which time Johnson's money was all gone, forcing him to go to work in the J. W. Neff and Son's grocery store. My $15.00 kept us going until his first stipend came in.

Duell's house progressed. One day he mentioned the fact that he must get the new electric light company to wire his house for electricity. That presented me with an opportunity and I embraced it. "I can wire your house," I said. He indicated some surprise and a modicum of doubt but told me to go ahead.

I had never wired a house but knew the principle. As luck decreed, Honorable George T. Beck, the President of the electric company, was in the little 14 x 20 office and store room of the very new Shoshone Electric Light & Power Company of Cody, Wyoming, when I called. When he found that I could wire houses for electricity he offered me a job right away at $21.00 per week. Of course, I accepted but left myself enough time to string the wires in Mr. Duell's house at the $15.00 rate.

That $6.00 addition to my weekly income stirred Johnson's ambition also and he managed to negotiate a raise for himself. Both of us then repaired to the Dr. M. Chamberlain's boarding house for our meals. Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain and her sister prepared and served the meals, and they were good and wholesome ones, too, while the Doctor talked about hunting mountain sheep at Sylvan Pass, and without much advertising or cocaine administered to the dental needs of the frontier town.

I went about my business of wiring up the town. The little electric plant had only been installed that summer. It was a water driven plant located on the river about a mile away. Everybody wanted his house wired so I had plenty to do. In addition

to myself, the company employed one day and one night man at the plant, a bookkeeper and two other outside men who could climb poles. One of these outside men also helped me on the inside wiring. The superintendent was Frank Stannard. Frank was a good electrical engineer but his special claim to local fame arose from the fact that he was the owner of the first automobile in Cody. It was a high wheeler and one lunger that could negotiate a two per cent grade if in good humor, but that usually was sullen and mad and unwilling to run at all.

My work brought me one day to the office of the "Cody Enterprise". There I met Colonel Peake who asked me many questions about myself. When he learned that I had edited a college paper he saw opportunity staring him straight in the face. His health was not good, he confided. Wouldn't I like to buy the paper?

I immediately thought of my sweetheart back in Iowa. She was a newspaper girl herself, holding the position of Society Editor on the leading Daily in her home town of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I imagined I could see her beam at the thought of our owning a newspaper together in that growing section of northern Wyoming.

I also thought of the fun I'd had with the college paper, the prestige it had given me with the students and faculty, the satisfaction it had given me to say things I thought ought to be said, and I wondered if I had not wasted my time trying to be an engineer when editing a paper was so much more to my liking. The worst thing about the whole thing was that I had no money. I told this to Col. Peake but he thought that small matter could be arranged. Didn't I have an uncle or cousin or aunt or somebody who would sign my note? I thought of my brother-in-law, H. E. Passing of Humboldt, Iowa, and it turned out that he was my man.

We took over on November 15, 1905. Brother-in-law remained with me two additional days then returned to Iowa with visions (he denied it) of wealth and reflected glory descending upon him. He had come to Cody with my brother, Orin, some ten days before and while there and before closing the deal for the paper, the three of us drove across country to Basin, the county seat, about 60 miles eastward taking a heavily bewiskered but fine old gentleman named Pulsifer with us. En route we planned an over night stop at Burlington and a visit to the farm that our late father had purchased which now was tied up in his estate. I gave up my job with the Electric Light Company and early next morning we took off.

It was quite a trip. We rode in a farm wagon with no springs to soften the jolts except abbreviated ones under the seats. The road was only a wagon trail that generally followed the ancient water courses, occasionally passing from one to another over steep banks to keep going in the right direction. The silence about us,

the vast depths of blue sky, the shooting warmth of the sun, the mystic nakedness of the landscape and the charm of the distant views cast their spell upon us and made us reflective and speechless as we moved snail-like along. We saw prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, jack rabbits by the hundreds, coyotes and antelopes occasionally, and at one place slithering among the rocks, a wild cat. At a water hole which we suddenly came upon, we flushed about a hundred sage chickens, a close relative of the Iowa prairie chicken but only a fraction as wild. They didn't fly far and before we even got past the water they were back again, so close in some cases that we could have slayed them with sticks. They are not very good to eat, however, because of the sage growth they live on, so we did not molest them.

We reached Burlington, the halfway point, late in the afternoon and holed up at the Burlington House, the only public sleeping place in that town of approximately fifty people. I say "holed up" purposely because of all places where I have slept none excelled this one in points of crude construction and wild surroundings. The first floor was a combined saloon and dining room with a roulette wheel going full blast in one corner. Wandering in and out were a typical array of western characters whose wit and humor deteriorated as the evening advanced. By midnight the place was a bedlam as judged by us four horsemen who were bunking above, but we heard no shots nor did we note any serious arguments. Our twin beds, for we had to sleep double, were crowded in under opposite sides of the slanting roof through which, in many places in that rainless, arid land, we could see the stars. I don't mind confessing that I was scared. About 2:00 A.M. I heard someone tip-toeing up the steep and narrow stairs located on the outside of the building. Here it comes, I thought, as I nudged Orin who, like myself, was awake and heard the approach. Presently, two figures (a man and a woman) passed between the two beds and disappeared behind a thin cloth curtain that hung across the room at the head of our beds. They turned out to be nothing more than two people going to bed in the adjacent room isolated from us only by the aforementioned curtain.

We arose early next morning and were soon on our way, stopping east of town at the farm so recently occupied by my father. An elderly couple residing there in the small one story house served us some ham and eggs and prepared some sandwiches for our lunch.

We arrived at our destination just as the glow of a magnificent sunset was fading into dusky twilight. We deposited our tired horses in a nearby stable and ourselves in the Antler's Hotel which was a great improvement over the one at Burlington where we had been the night before.

We remained in Basin for two days. It was a small place much like Cody but somewhat more mature, being the county seat. The Greybull River ran close by and the magnificent Big Horn Mountains formed an imposing background of scenic beauty.

The return trip was much like the going one except that we spent the night at a private home in Otto rather than at the public house in Burlington. We passed through Burlington, however, and had the unique experience of seeing an army of jack rabbits descend upon the suburbs of that little town seeking food and water. We didn't wait around to see what happened to them.

The first issue of *The Enterprise* under my editorship rolled from the old hand operated printing press on Thursday, November 16, 1905. Claude Hooker, the printer's devil, stood on a raised platform and turned the press' huge crank. He claimed that it was this labor that made him bow graciously to everyone he met on Friday, that being the day that followed press day. From the day of this first issue to the middle of the following summer when we sold out we managed, somehow, to collect enough from our chronically delinquent subscribers and customers to keep issues coming out regularly week after week.

The foreman of the shop was a fairly good pressman named W. L. Ellswick and under him, in addition to Hooker, was a Mrs. Tinkum and a part time worker named Hattie Gardner. George Bates also worked for us occasionally. In addition to the newspaper press above described the shop had two job presses, several limited fonts of badly worn type, some stools and chairs, a paper trimmer, plenty of wastebaskets and two or three spittoons. It was heated by two round-bellied coal stoves, one in the print shop and another in the front office where I labored behind a roll top desk that had seen better days. My brother, John, also had a desk in the office. It was flanked by a long table where he displayed his samples of paint and brushes for the benefit of prospective customers. Staring at us from the north wall was a mounted elk head with a vicious eye.

We didn't own the building but leased it from Mrs. Peake for $20.00 per month. It was located just north of the First National Bank. It faced east and directly toward Dr. Chamberlain's home and office across the street. A three room apartment was on the second floor, occupied, under my regime, by Ellswick, the pressman, and his family.

About three weeks after I took over, Buffalo Bill came home. This was a prime event and the townspeople made the best of it. Old timers, including Indians, some from miles away and some displaying their best chosen hats, chaps, boots, gloves and revolvers, rode into town on their best horses, some outfitted in the fanciest of leather.

Bill, as he was affectionately called, waited for them at the Irma Hotel. After serving them drinks at the long and ornate Irma bar he asked the older ones what they most needed and ordered it provided. Some asked for a pair of boots, others for a dress or a present for the "good woman", but most wanted clothing such as coats, pants, caps, shirts and undergarments.

Bill had rooms at the hotel but spent a good deal of time at his sister's home where I was rooming. On one or two occasions I was kindly invited to dine with them. This not only greatly flattered me but also gave me good opportunity to see and talk with our distinguished guest in a more or less intimate way. Once he called on me at the Enterprise Office. Pointing toward the crest of Cedar Mountain he said, "There is where I shall be buried. The spot is marked by a cairn of stones. Have you seen it?" When I confessed that I had not he said, "You must ride up there some time." (Buffalo Bill was buried just outside of Denver. I have seen his grave.)

One of Bill's old friends and cronies managed the Irma Hotel. He was Colonel Frank Powell whose long white hair and manly bearing despite his stern countenance made him barely less of a commanding figure than Bill himself. And Buffalo Bill was, indeed, a commanding figure. He was over six feet tall, straight as an arrow and just portly enough to have a stately bearing. His well groomed mustache and goatee and long white hair which curled upward at the shoulder line with hardly a hair in his entire head missing gave him a patriarchal appearance. But it was his handsome face with its baby-like skin and pink complexion that really set him apart from the ordinary weather beaten denison of the great plains. It was not the face of an intellectual but rather of an artist or showman bent on glamorizing western life and customs and making them appear dramatic and appealing.

This was the year of the beginning of construction on the great Shoshone Dam in the canyon of that name four or five miles west of the town. At the banquet given in Bill's honor much was said about this and the Orgeon Basin project and what they would do for Cody and surrounding country. Bill went into ecstacies about them and with artistic gestures envisioned for his audience acres upon acres of cactus and stone strewn benches in every direction growing lush with crops and fruit trees.

When he concluded the toastmaster referred to a promising young man who had just settled in Cody and called upon me. It was my first public speaking appearance and it came without warning. I don't remember what I said but have a vague recollection of trying to prove beyond question that Cody was, indeed, the best town in the west by a "dam site."



Cody, Wyoming in 1905-1906—Looking northwest. The large building near center is the Irma Hotel.

The Shoshone Dam's Chief Engineer, a Government Army Officer by the name of Ahern, was the next speaker. He was not as enthusiastic as Bill and I had been and took Bill for a terrific ride. "He couldn't see," he said, "how in hell the new dam and basin project could water more than a fraction of the land that Bill had promised unless Bill knew a way to bluff the water into running up hill."

Bill left town about a week later for his well beloved T E Ranch and the brisk little town settled down to celebrate Christmas. It was to be the first Christmas when electric lights were available. Small Christmas trees sprang up in homes and store windows. A few street decorations came to life. Saloons and dance halls and Mrs. Feeley's brothel had stored their oil lamps in out of way places. Sheep herders and cow men for miles around were expected in town. And last but not least Frank Stannard, the Lighting Company's Superintendent and Chief Engineer, had left for Denver to be gone a month.

I was sitting in my little office just as the last glow of eventide on that Christmas Eve was fading over the mountain tops. I was thinking of nothing but home and particularly the home of the one and only girl I had left behind me. Suddenly and without warning all lights went out all over the town. I knew at once that something serious had happened to the main generator at the plant.

Almost before I could put on my hat and coat George T. Beck, the lighting company's president, rushed into my office. Since Stannard, the Superintendent, was gone the president looked upon me as his last hope. He pleaded with me to do something even though I was no longer in his employ. I called the engineer (Shyrock) at the generating plant and got the terrible news that the armature of the exciter for the one and only generating unit had burned out. If that was true then of course the plant would have to remain idle until a new armature could be shipped from Denver, a four or five day delay.

I told this to the president, Beck. He shot back, "It musn't be. Go the the plant Hook and fix it. I know you can do it." Despite the fact that I had no more idea of what to do than a babe in arms, I agreed to try.

Upon arrival at the plant I ordered the water to be turned on and the generator started. As the speed of the huge machine increased, the little exciter motor began to throw sparks in every direction. I noted where the sparks were coming from and ordered the water turned off. I suddenly remembered one thing I had learned in college about armature winding. It was that in one type of winding each commutator bar was connected through the armature to another commutator bar exactly opposite. I

didn't know, of course, if this particular winding was of that kind. I decided, however, to take a chance. I examined, by lantern light, the spot on the commutator where the sparks had come from. Sure enough it showed a burned commutator bar. With my pliers I clipped the wires connecting these two bars and put the armature back and turned on the water.

To my great relief it worked. The lights went back on and I got a reputation in Cody for being an electrical wizard that was far beyond my deserts. A week later I was elected a director of the Cody Building and Loan Association. It was my first directorship.

I had now been in Cody long enough to get a feel of the place. It had its aristocracy and it had its neer-do-wells, but the greatest hiatus existed between the late arrivals from the east, called dudes by the natives, with their pious frowning upon frontier ways and the old timers who had built up a philosophy of their own as to what was right and wrong. The aristocracy, so called, consisted for the most part of the better to do families, formerly easterners, who secretly sympathized with the natives but having none of their bringing up managed to keep in the good graces of the lately arrived families by showing up occasionally at church, joining the literary clubs and remaining clear of all movements that offered the slightest chance of arousing controversy. The natives were the sheep and cattle men, the gamblers and saloon keepers and the small tradesmen mostly western born who had started their businesses when the town was founded some eight or ten years before. They had developed among themselves a certain code of honor and ethics that was not understood by the dudes, who were accustomed to order and law and a code of morals sanctioned by church, custom and decree.

The dudes, of course, objected to Feeley's brothel and to the saloons and their gambling adjuncts that punctuated the main street of the town at many places. The editors of the two papers, the *Cody Enterprise,* for which I was responsible, and the *Stockgrower and Farmer,* edited by J. K. Calkins, were, of course, expected to side with them in their fight for reform. Both of us were shown laws and recent court decisions against gambling in the state that if enforced would, in the words of the reformists, put these cess-pools of iniquity out of business. We also knew that a crusade against gambling in Montana had driven many of the profession into Wyoming. Both Calkins and I were sympathetic but neither of us were keen about starting a crusade. By the very name of his paper Calkins had one up on me in the coming battle. His paper was a promoter of farming and stock raising methods and, while it contained news items, they were a secondary consideration and incidental to the main purpose.

I wrote an editorial for the February 8, 1906, issue of the *Enterprise* entitled, "Let's Trample Evil". It was an obtuse attack upon evil, proving that I was much against it and counselling the people to stamp it out, but it was not a direct attack on the local issue. It stirred things up, however, and showed between the lines that I was on the side of the reformists. In the week's interim between this and the next issue of the paper on February 15, the women of the town circulated a petition that brought the issue to a head and forced Mayor Jacob Schwoob to act. A news item in the February 15 issue of the *Enterprise* read as follows—

"GAMBLING CLOSED"

"At the demand of the Mayor occasioned by a petition signed by almost every lady in town and another petition signed by some of the business men, gambling in the town is a thing of the past. Nothing definite has as yet been decided as regards the stipulation in the ladies' petition for the entire elimination of the concert hall, that has been seeking a license for some time, that would allow them to run on the main streets of our town. The women are making a vigorous stand and are intent on bringing their beliefs to a successful issue."

Six weeks passed with tension growing and little effort on the part of the town government to take legal action against the law violators. I was playing the game cautiously hoping that the town would act and relieve me from the necessity of making demands. Then it happened. I was ill on publication day, April 5th, and not at my office. Victor G. Lantry, an old timer and a good friend, had come to my office with the following article prepared by himself and couched in the language of ridicule. Finding me away he persuaded Ellswick, my printer, to print it.

"THE LID NOW ON TIGHT"

"County authorities say gambling must be closed entirely. Arrests are made. Deputy Sheriff Carl Hammitt arrests all Cody Saloon men who allow gambling on Their Premises."

"About 9 o'clock an immense crowd was gathered in front of the Cody Opera House, each provided with a piece of broken window glass smoked for the occasion, all watching intently for the total eclipse of the moon, then only fifteen minutes distant. Not a sound could be heard as the vast throng with bated breath focused his glass on the little fellow already shaded by cold Mother Earth. Deputy Sheriff Carl Hammitt sauntered carlessly along just as the shadow was nearing completion, and drawing from his pocket—not a Colts or Luger automatic, but a huge bunch of warrants issued from Basin, he put under arrest the following named persons; each charged with the offence of maintaining a gambling house: Marlow and Gebo, 8 counts; Jesse Frost, 3 counts; Wm. J. Chapman, 3 counts; George Hawkins, 2 counts; Dan Sullivan, 2 counts; James May, 2 counts; John Lowe, 2 counts; Hoyle, 3 counts; Frank Parks, 3 counts; John Doe, Sr. 246 counts; John Doe, Jr. 247 counts; Mrs. John Doe, Sr. 248 counts; Miss John Doe, Jr., 249 counts.

About this time the eclipse suddenly collapsed and the old man in the moon could be distinctly seen calmly gazing down with smiling

face upon the astonished crowd. Each of the above named parties when put under arrest, furnished a $500.00 bond to answer at the next term of the district court to the charge of either gambling or maintaining a gambling house. A careful investigation developed the fact that arrests of like character were made at the same hour at Garland, Burlington, Basin, Worland and other offending points. It also developed the fact that the States Attorney General has caused similar proceedings in every offending town in Wyoming. The Supreme Court after a bitter legal fight recently, held that the Wyoming statutes on gambling was constitutional and the penalty of $300.00 for each count was enforcable.

The fight against gambling in Montana has been waged with bitterness recently and the result has been to drive from her borders hundreds of that fraternity, and, hunting for pastures green and victims verdant, they swooped down like hives of bees and covered Wyoming. But the state has taken action and ere long in our state as well as in Montana, the laws must be respected as to open, notorious gambling and kindred resorts."

When the paper came to me late in the afternoon I didn't detect the dynamite in it immediately. But next day it was made manifest. My roommate, who then was Ed Polk, brought me the news of the street and it was not pleasant news to receive. It ran from threats of boycott of the paper to threats of driving me out of town. One story was that my life was in danger and Polk brought that message to me with a good deal of conviction. I was not at all well and had not been for some little time and this added strain didn't help my condition any. I at once ordered the paper to set nothing in type that did not have my written approval.

Pondering what next to do, I thought of Jesse Frost. Jesse's saloon was one of the best run in the town. Jesse himself was a good scout well liked by everybody. He was one of three saloon keepers who advertised in my paper. I sent Polk to him with a letter. I suggested that he assemble a group of the aggrieved at the Irma Hotel the following Monday to talk things over with me. I told him to bring any one and everyone he wanted.

Jesse assented and the meeting was held. I sat alone facing the whole group. After chiding me a bit about my willingness to accept their liquor advertising and arguing earnestly that the saloon business was as legitimate as any other and that the gambling they permitted was no different than the gambling anybody else did who bought something in hopes of selling it at a profit, they asked me to say my say.

Of course I had given previous thought to what I would say and had decided, with advice from Victor Lantry and others, that I must not act excited or show fear. The illness that was upon me didn't make this easy. As nearly as I can recall this, in essence, is what I said to them:

1. That I was not the author of the April 5th article that ridiculed them.

2. That it had been published without my knowledge.
3. That if I had seen it and considering the facts that the arrests had been made, I probably would not have published it.
4. That despite these facts and the additional one that I had accepted some of their saloon and whiskey advertisements, I, in honesty, must say that I agreed with what the article said; that I did not approve of brothels, saloons or gambling and that so long as I lived in Cody I would be on the side of law and order and that I intended to say as much in the next issue of the paper.
5. I ended my remarks by mentioning the rumor about my life being in danger and said if true I had but one request to make. Don't shoot from behind or from a dark alley, but in a way give me a chance to defend myself.

When I finished Jesse spoke to the assemblage, "The kid's all right," he said, "he has come clean." Turning to me he assured me that my life was not in danger and never had been, and told me to go about my business as I always had. We shook hands and the meeting ended.

The next issue of the *Enterprise,* April 12, 1906, carried the following wordy and confused editorial from my pen, calculated from my youthful point of view to show where I personally stood on the issue and, at the same time, to show my fairness and objectivity in dealing with it. Any courage it exuded was so padded with extraneous words and phrases as to be lost on any but the most careful reader.

"MY! HOW THEY HOWLED!"

"The truth always hurts," so it is said, and since the last issue of the Enterprise has spread its columns before the eyes of the public, we surely must say that we believe every word of the good old saying. The policy of the Enterprise, as everyone must admit, has been the most conservative. We have not made it a point to agitate measures and attempt to bring our real beliefs relative to gambling to a successful issue. It has been our policy to treat these matters sensibly, being sure that we let the public know our exact beliefs upon the subject. We have given the news, as much of it as possible, in an unprejudiced manner. We have refrained from radically commenting upon any of the issues that have been agitated by the citizens of our town relative to the eradication of gambling. We have not done this because our beliefs are on the opposite side of the question, but because we felt too new in the country to attempt to dictate to the people what they should or should not do. We have felt that our older brother townsmen who have toiled long and hard to make Cody the town that it now is, men who know the conditions and understand the West and western customs, we have felt that they should do the dictating. Now, after doing this, have our efforts been appreciated? We fear not. Last week we had only to print one article on the subject; an article of news, pure and simple; an article,

every word, we might say, of which is public court record, and what is the result? Not a voice, only in a few cases, from the men who were arrested, but one (many) from an army of outsiders who tolerate and follow the poker business, and who spin the roulette wheel every chance they get at different places throughout the town. Now, the Enterprise does not particularly care what any of these people say in regard to above mentioned article, but it wishes to take the opportunity to let the people know that such comment has been offered. We feel that we are perfectly able to stand by the things we say through this paper, and when a plain, common, every day news item is printed, we want to say that we pity the man who is narrow enough to take exceptions to it. We are in business to give the news, and if you do anything, good or bad, that we consider good enough to call news, you need not worry, for it will be in the Enterprise.

The editor of the Enterprise admits he is not the author of the article referred to, (April 5, 1906) but he wants everyone to know that he is the author of this one. It seems sad to relate that in a place as large as Cody we must sweeten every article that is written with exhortations of "Make Three Guesses" and "Exception taking expressions" for fear we will anger some one by publishing the grand old truth."

Meantime, the law had been enforced. The accused mentioned in the April 5th story were loaded in wagons and taken across country to the county seat at Basin for trial. I stood on the street and waved them good bye. I don't remember what punishment they got because I returned to Iowa three days after the April 12 issue appeared, not to return. I was told, however, that the Cody saloons thereafter barred gambling and that the professional gamblers all left town.

Speaking of saloon and gambling houses, I think a short account of them as they appeared in frontier Cody of half a century ago might be interesting. They all occupied prominent locations on the principal streets. Some were saloons exclusively while others added gambling and a few served light lunches. The latter were, by far, the most intriguing. Upon entering, one found himself flanked on one side by the bar. Farther back and beyond the bar were square tables with chairs at each for four persons. Somewhere near the tables were the gambling devices, mostly roulette wheels. On the back wall was at least one and sometimes two exits. The walls were sparsely decorated mostly with deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear heads but never, so far as my memory goes, with voluptuous women in scant attire as so many now believe. A huge potbellied stove — sometimes two — heated the rooms in the winter but were removed and stored during the warm months. On the bar barely out of easy reach of a customer one usually could find one or two six shooters. These served as a warning that one must not buy what he could not pay for.

During the day time these places were benign enough but as night came on, especially Friday and Saturday nights when the

sheep and cattle men came to town, activity revived, sometimes to the embarrassment of a tenderfoot newcomer who happened in at the wrong moment. Old Sam Berry, when feeling good, enjoyed nothing better than forcing some stranger to dance by shooting at the floor near his feet. He never did this to me but I always kept well out of his sight fearing that he might.

I have seen literally dish pans full of gold and silver coins before the roulette wheels. Argument and raucous talk was notably absent among the gamblers. They placed their bets and accepted the verdict of the wheel without comment. But if talk was absent, alertness was not. Some carried revolvers in plain sight and as they stood there one got the impression that no movement of any one of them and no change of expression on anyone's face escaped notice by the others.

The old westerner was a most inarticulate person. Spending such a lot of his time alone with himself he learned how to get along without talking. But he never gave the impression of being a moron. Conversely he appeared to be a man of repressed knowledge, an enigmatical person who was taking your measure and retaining it for some future use. When he did say anything you listened attentively to every word.

One dark evening I was sitting at my desk in the newspaper office talking to Ed Polk when the door suddenly opened and admitted a young man whom I knew very well. Without a word he strode to where I was sitting, poked a revolver into my face and with a terrible oath said, "You have robbed me and I'm going to get you." Thinking it a joke I pushed the gun away and smiled. Again he moved to put the gun on me and Polk, sensing that the fellow was in earnest, grabbed him from behind and together we disarmed him. Next morning my assailant came rushing in to see me. "Thank God you're all right," he said. "I was afraid I had killed you." He then told me what had happened.

He had just received his month's pay in cash. Thinking to have a drink he went into one of the saloons. A stranger seeing his roll got into conversation with him and began buying him absinth. A friend seeing what was going on slipped up and took his money for safe keeping. When he missed the money he was pretty far gone. By some twist of fate he looked down the street and saw the light in my office window. The notion struck him at once, he said, that I had robbed him. He reached over and without being seen picked up the house revolver and started for my office. The scene I have just described followed. I gave him back his gun which had one cartridge in its chamber. He took it back to the saloon and, of course, I dropped all thought of having him arrested.

The weather in Cody was seldom inclement if the wind were ignored. The latter could be quite disagreeable. The native called the occasional heavy blows "chinooks" which seemed to me to blow straight down from the sky, scattering sand and even goodly sized pebbles in all directions. These chinooks could convert a cold winter's morning into a tropical afternoon with incredible swiftness. But I liked Cody's weather. It was stimulating and changeable enough not to get monotonous and the need for rubbers and rain coats was almost nil.

I have in my possession copies of only two issues of the Cody Enterprise printed during my proprietorship. They each contain 8 pages, 6 columns wide. About one-third consists of locally prepared copy. Another third is purchased plate. The balance is advertising, all local except ads from the McMillan Fur and Wool Co. of Minneapolis, purchaser of all kinds of hides, the Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the C., B. & Q. Railroad, The Lederer Novelty Co. of Washington, D. C., The Scientific Farmer of Denver, Colorado, and The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Connecticut. I quickly pass over two columns of editorials that tortured page 3 of each issue, and come directly to the advertisements. It is they that deserve the spotlight today. J. W. Neff and Sons, grocers, declared in an advertisement appearing in the issue of March 26, 1906, that "A Stale Ad is Better Than a Stale Egg," a fact, I am sure, all Codyites were glad to learn. The Cody Lumber Co. in the same issue announced that "We want to Emphatically Say that We Believe We Can Serve You as Satisfactorily as any Concern on Earth," while W. F. Wittich in a mood of civic helpfulness shouted in glaring headlines, "If Your Head Needs Fixing Send it to W. F. Wittich." It's only fair to add that Wittich was a taxidermist.

Each issue contained cards of six attorneys-at-law, seven physicians and surgeons, two dentists, one engineer, surveyor and notary public and a teacher of violin. Sprinkled throughout the paper, also, were terse reminders that all subscriptions to the Enterprise should be paid for and promptly.

My brother, John, was a cartoonist of sorts and his drawings of local characters were occasionally published. In one of the issues in my possession is a cartoon of Ed Cheese, shown putting the finishing touches on the new flour mill that the lately organized Shoshone Milling Co., of which he was the head, had just built. I remember another cartoon of Bad Land Dave McFall. Bad Land was very jealous of Buffalo Bill, declaring that he, Bad Land, had shot many more buffalo than Bill and couldn't see why he wasn't getting as much credit. John drew a cartoon in four parts, the first part showing Bad Land running from what appeared to be a

bear. Ahead of him was a deep but narrow crevice in the rocks. The second picture showed him leaping the crevice. The third picture showed him landing by the skin of his teeth on the opposite bank. The fourth picture showed him sitting up and looking back across the crevice only to see that it was not a bear that had been chasing him but only a harmless little prairie dog.

John showed the cartoon to Bad Land and convinced him that publishing it would draw much attention to him. Bad Land was doubtful if it would enhance his reputation as a great buffalo hunter but John pointed out that while that was true the picture would show his kindly nature and his unwillingness to hurt even a prairie dog and that it might be just the thing to start people talking about him and wanting to learn more about his life. The cartoon was published and old tall, lank, lean, black whiskered Bad Land seemed quite pleased with the comment it engendered among his acquaintances.

There were other interesting characters in Cody at the time but it would take too much time and space to more than merely mention them. Tex Holm was a great guide and one of the early conductors of private trips to the hunting grounds of the Absorakes and to Yellowstone National Park. Others that I remember well were Dave McFall, Jesse Frost, Victor G. Lantry and George T. Beck already mentioned; Harry Thurston who married Buffalo Bill's niece; C. E. Hayden; Fred Chase; Dr. Louis Howe and his pretty daughters Anna, Alice and Ruby; Dwight Hollister; Milo Harding and his sister Clara; attractive Bess and Jess Hitchcock; Dr. H. H. Ainsworth; Hank Fulton; H. T. (Kid) Newell; Jake Schwoob; W. B. Kissick; W. L. Walls, attorney; Harry Weston, banker; Claude Hooker; F. J. Hiscock the photographer; Jim McLaughlin; Dr. J. H. Van Horn; Finley Goodman; Gus Thompson; Walter Kepford of Ishwooa; Caroline Lockhart a writer of note, and Capt. Rudson a remittance man from England; Hud Darrah; Harry Wagner; Len Newton; A. C. Newton; Dr. Francis Lane; Jim and Brunt Neff; Mr. and Mrs. Tinkham; Dr. F. A. Whaples who ran the Cody Hospital; Ex-Governor of Wyoming, Frank Houx; Fred Barnett, and J. H. Calkins a brother editor; Dave Jones the haberdasher; the McGuffey brothers; Dr. M. Chamberlain and his fine wife Agnes, and John Rollinson the forest ranger whose book *Pony Trails in Wyoming* was a recent best seller. Another most interesting character was Walter Braten. Braten, a noted guide and conductor of camping parties, was born in Michigan. When 10 years of age he was captured by the Brule Indians of South Dakota, where he then lived, and taken to the Red Cloud Agency on Wolf Creek. While there he was stolen by the Sioux Indians, with whom he lived for 5 years, meantime thoroughly mastering their language and customs. He escaped from the Sioux after a perilous ride, with his captors in hot pursuit.

Later he fell in with U. S. forces, fought the Indians at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and was made chief scout by his commander. Following this he spent years scouring the Rockies in Wyoming as an expert and responsible guide.

Braten, a typical old-time Westerner, was no waster of words, but on trails he could be depended upon to entertain his companions with stories, all personal experiences, that were unbeliavably vivid and interesting. I was fortunate enough to be with him on one or two occasions when he was in a mood to talk, and regret now that I didn't record some of the stories he told.

About 15 miles southwest of Cody, beyond Cedar Mountain, was the small settlement of Marquette. Here a pair of enterprising old-timers known as McGlashan and McKellar, held sway. Their store served the ranchers for miles up and down the south fork of the Shoshone on the north and as far as Carter Mountain on the south. The little town is now extinct. It lies beneath the waters of Shoshone Lake, impounded by the high Cody dam that was then in course of construction.

Marquette was famous in those days for its broncho-busting events. McGlashan and McKellar staged these shows in a corral in front of their general store. Some of the very best riders in the west, notably George Gardner who had ridden in Buffalo Bill's show, Dewey Riddle and Carl Sorenson performed. I have seen good riding since but never anything to equal that done in the corral at Marquette. The *Enterprise* describes one of these bronco busting events in its issue of March 29, 1906. Today the event would be called a rodeo.

Society in Cody of my day consisted of subscription dances, a domino club where the game of that name held sway, a discussion club, church activities and, as would be expected, riding and big game hunting parties. I can remember only two churches, Methodist and Episcopal, each, as I recall, with a modest church edifice. I belonged to the discussion club and remember well the trimming I got in a debate on the joint statehood bill which proposed admittance of Arizona and New Mexico to the Union of States. I was assigned to the negative side and was all but wiped out in the argument that ensued.

The dances were the real attraction for the younger set. There were plenty of pretty girls, none exceeding in class and beauty the Howe and Hitchcock girls and the two waitresses at the Irma Hotel, both from Denver. As for riding parties I recall vividly only two. One was when a party of us got lost in a snow storm on Rattlesnake Mountain. The storm was of short duration but of blizzard proportions and quickly obliterated the none too clear trail. All we could do was to loosen our horses' reins and let

them go their way which, as usually happens, turned out to be the right and nearest way home.

The other was when a party of five of us tried to find the cairn of stones on Cedar Mountain that marked what was expected to be the last resting place of Buffalo Bill. It must have been a pretty well hidden cairn because after a long search we gave up and prepared to return home. From where we then were the broad valley of the south fork of the Shoshone spread out before us. It looked so near that we foolishly decided to ride down to it on the south side of the mountain rather than the safer but longer way we had come. We had not gone far before we were in trouble. The mountain became steeper and steeper and before we knew it we found it impossible to turn back. We dismounted, loosened the saddle girths and bridle reins, turned the horses free and followed them.

It was quite a sight to see those horses pick their way down. The lead horse would test his footing at every step and seemed to keep one hind foot off the ground most of the time. It appeared to me that he was lame and since it was the horse I was riding I had visions of being accused by his owner of disabling him.

Our greatest fear, of course, was of being completely rimrocked in which event we would have been forced to abandon the horses altogether, retrace our steps up the mountain and return the ten or more miles home on foot. Luckily, however, this did not happen and after an hour or more of worry and anxiety the descent began to flatten out and we were again leading our horses instead of letting them lead us. In another fifteen minutes we had mounted them and much to my joy my horse began galloping on all four legs as if nothing whatever had happened to him.

This experience was a valuable one to me and the others in the party. We had learned the hard way that one must stick to the trails on a mountain if there are any, that one must never ride a horse into an unmarked place where the horse can't turn around, and that if one is riding an uncharted course on a mountain he must set up certain markings behind that will enable him to find his way back.

For some unknown reason my health deteriorated as the months passed in Cody. The doctor blamed the altitude and prescribed a heart stimulant. A better doctor, perhaps, would have told me I was worrying about my vocation and my future, for, indeed, I was. By now I knew I was not trained to be a newspaper publisher and that to persist in it was to throw away five years of special college training as an engineer. Late in March the

doctor advised that I go back home to a lower altitude, my brother-in-law partner insisted that I comply, and on April 17, 1906, I did so, leaving the paper in charge of head printer Ellswick.

It was not a happy retreat, however, because I felt that I was letting my brother-in-law down. I wanted more than anything in the world to see that he got all of his money back. To do this, however, seemed hopeless. It meant, of course, selling the paper and how could I do that being in Humboldt, Iowa, a thousand miles away from it.

One day S. A. Nelson of Humboldt, Clerk of the County Court, came into my brother-in-law's bank and the idea suddenly struck me that he might be interested in buying the paper. Nelson was a bachelor, politically minded and ambitious to make a career for himself. Moreover, he had some money. I presented the glories of Wyoming to him and particularly Cody, Wyoming, and the opportunities both offered to young men of ambition and ability. I showed him how a newspaper with the Buffalo Bill tradition back of it, as ours had, could help. Two months later he bought the paper virtually sight unseen, took to himself a wife, and moved to Cody, Wyoming, to grow up with the country, leaving us a profit on the deal of one Smith-Premier Typewriter in fairly good condition. He did succeed in making quite a record for himself but not in Cody. He settled, at length, in Powell, Wyoming, where he organized a paper and became one of the community's leading citizens.

I've visited Cody three times in recent years. Many of the old timers were gone but those who were left greeted me with a warmth and friendliness that I shall never forget. The little town had grown considerably but not as much as Buffalo Bill had predicted. It had become the county seat of the new county of Park that came into being when Big Horn County was cut down to size. It now claims a population of approximately 4,000 and boasts of being the center of the oil industry of Northern Wyoming. It still basks in the reflected glory of Buffalo Bill whose spirit rises from eternity like the genii from the vase. It will always be thus I suppose and I'm glad it is so.

Frank A. Meanea, Pioneer Saddler

By

NORA H. DUNN IN COLLABORATION WITH T. A. COBRY AND MRS. JAMES GARRETT*



Meanea's Saddle Shop
218 West Seventeenth St.

For more than a half century, wherever horses and saddles are used, the name of Meanea has been synonymous of the best in saddlery. For three score years or more a sign proclaiming to all and sundry that F. A. Meanea is the manufacturer of and dealer in saddles, light and heavy harness, quirts, bits, spurs, saddle-pockets, and feedbags, has looked out on Cheyenne's streets. The original sign, fully six feet square and constructed of extra heavy boards, was fastened to a high pole at the edge of the street. It showed a lady on horseback. Early day letter-heads carried a cut of this lady and the wording, "Don't forget the sign of the lady on horseback." In later years this unwieldy billboard was discarded for a smaller one without the famous lady.

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* This article was written in 1937 by Nora H. Dunn from information given by Mr. Cobry and Mrs. Garrett. Mrs. Garrett, niece of Mr. Meanea, obtained some of her information from some remaining records of Mr. Meanea.

The Meanea shop sign and the windows behind it have been the mecca of youthful longings throughout the length and breadth of the rangeland. To desire a Meanea saddle betokened ambition and a highly placed goal. To own a Meanea saddle was the mark of achievement and the reaching of that goal. To own a complete Meanea outfit placed one on a superior plane in the eyes of others and lifted the owner to the level of a seventh heaven.

The man who built up this reputation was Frank A. Meanea. He was born of French parents on December 16, 1849, near Lexington, Missouri. The year 1867 found him living in Nebraska City, which lies at the junction of the Platte and Missouri Rivers.

At that time the Union Pacific was pushing its steel rails ever westward and, since much of the work was done with ox or mule teams, the demand for harness and wagon repair work was heavy. This seemed like a wonderful opportunity to Frank Meanea and, boy in age though he was, he opened a small repair shop—probably in a tent or a wagon. As the Union Pacific tracks forged into the West, Frank Meanea, in keeping abreast of the rails, moved from camp to camp. In the vernacular of that era, he "ran a little Buckeye".

In November 1867, the rails reached Cheyenne and work on the road was discontinued until spring. Repairs to the equipment and the necessary preparation for the spring work, however, continued through the winter months. When the steel rails again pushed onward Frank Meanea and his "Buckeye" moved with them. By fall 1868, he had traveled as far west as Bear River.

While there a letter reached Frank Meanea from his uncle, E. L. Gallatin, a member of the firm of Gallatin and Gallup, in Denver. This firm was one of the first saddleries in Colorado Territory. (A saddle made by this firm for Colonel Chivington, of Sand Creek fame, is now, 1937, in the Colorado State Museum.) The letter stated that a branch shop of the firm Gallatin and Gallup was being opened in Cheyenne, and offered the position of manager to Frank Meanea. This offer he accepted, and at the age of nineteen, he settled down in Cheyenne, Territory of Wyoming, which place was to be his home through a long and useful career.

One day not long afterward Dave Cinnamond arrived in Cheyenne. He and Frank Meanea were about the same age and Frank had boarded with Dave's mother back in Nebraska City. The friendship was renewed and Dave worked for Frank for many years.

About 1875, the firm of Gallatin and Gallup, in Cheyenne, changed its name and became E. L. Gallatin and Company. This

new firm consisted of E. L. Gallatin, his son, Joe Gallatin, and his nephew, Frank Meanea. Frank and Joe were to run the business, which was situated at 218 West Seventeenth Street, in a one story frame house with a false front. The front end of the building was turned over to business but a portion at the rear was converted into living quarters for Frank Meanea and his mother. Adjoining the saddlery on the west was a book store, in one corner of which was the post office.

Frank Meanea, slight of stature and topping the scales at about one hundred and twenty pounds, had a dynamic personality. He set to work earnestly to build up the saddle business in this locality. So well did he apply himself that he was able, about 1876, to buy the shop in which he worked and to take over the business. The firm of Gallatin and Company then passed from local ken and the name of F. A. Meanea began to grow.

Within a short time the citizens of Cheyenne saw a new building rising on the Meanea lot at 218 West Seventeenth Street, for the saddle business had outgrown the one story frame building in which it was housed. Business was conducted as usual, however, in the original house, which had been moved across the street, until the new two story brick structure was ready for occupancy. This new structure, when completed, had a spacious sales and show room on the ground floor with a well equipped work shop in the rear. The Cheyenne *Leader* occupied the second story for a time, and later the space was rented to various other enterprises. During one of the early sessions of the Territorial Legislature one house convened in this upper story, while the other met in the hall over Stephen Bon's store at 317 West Sixteenth Street.

By this time Frank A. Meanea catalogues were being sent all over the surrounding country. His first advertising by mail consisted of actual photographs of certain saddles being mailed to prospective buyers. Fancy cuts in the new catalogues displayed saddles carrying the triple lure of comfort and service combined with the delicate tracery of hand stamped decorations. All saddles at that time were being equipped with a double cinch rig unless an order specifically stated that a single cinch rig was desired. All were warranted not to hurt the horse nor to break with any kind of fair use.

Today only roping saddles carry a double cinch rig. The modern single cinch rig, however, differs greatly from the original one of early days, commonly called the "center-fire" rig. A center-fire passed around the middle of a horse's belly. If cinched tight enough to hold the saddle in place securely it was more or less uncomfortable for the horse. There came a day, however, when two Texas trail bosses arrived in Cheyenne and ordered saddles with two cinches, one to go in front of the belly bulge and just

back of the front legs, the other to go back of the belly bulge. The advantage of this was instantly recognized and thereafter the double cinch rig was greatly in demand. The change brought comfort to the rider also since it removed the cinch knot or buckle from under the rider's leg.

Prices quoted in the catalogue ranged from twenty-five dollars to fifty-five dollars for men's saddles. Side saddles for ladies cost thirty-five dollars. Pack saddles were furnished for eight dollars each, while saddle pockets ranged from three dollars for unadorned leather to five dollars for those with hand stamped decorations. Cantinas, which were saddle pockets that fastened to the saddle horn, were more expensive. They were equipped inside with loops like a cartridge belt and were used by doctors for carrying medicine vials.

Heavy harness for work teams brought fifty dollars per set, but light weight sets for buckboard or spring wagon use could be had for thirty-five dollars. Cattle whips twelve feet in length and with loaded handles were quoted at three dollars and fifty cents, while quirts ranged from seventy-five cents to two dollars each. Feed bags were worth one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Nor did the Meanea shop stop with work equipment only. Articles for the adornment of a rider's person were no small end of the business. Frank Meanea was a saddler and inordinately proud of his trade, but his love of leather caused him to take pride in supplying in leather any article called for. Leather cuffs from five to six and a half inches in length, spur straps, cartridge belts, and pistol holsters, all ornately hand stamped, ranged in price from fifty cents to three dollars. Even leather collars with long fronts resembling dickeys were supplied to the public.

The use of leather chaps drifted into this country with the entrance of Texas cattle and Texas cowboys, but here they were used mainly during winter months as protection against the severely cold winds. Early day chaps were those known as the stove pipe variety. The legs were sewed-up from ankle to seat and were almost as narrow as trousers legs. Chaps with sealskin, Newfoundland dog, grizzly bear, or angora fronts in varigated colors, commonly termed "hair pants", were used mostly for dress-up occasions since they were impracticable for work. They ranged in price from twenty dollars to seventy-five dollars per pair. In later years bat-winged chaps that fastened with hooks, simplifying the manner of donning, made their appearance.

To make his sales line complete Frank A. Meanea's stock included bits, spurs, and conchas in hand forged solid silver, silver inlaid, and nickel. He handled saddle blankets of genuine Navajo make, of Brussels carpet with leather bindings, and of buffalo



CHEYENNE BUILDINGS, 1868

U. S. Post Office, Masonic Hall, Gallatin & Gallup, and Great Western Outfitting House.

hair. The Meanea shop did not employ a silversmith but it handled the best only in that line as in all others.

At the peak of the leather business the Meanea shop employed twenty-two leather workers in addition to many sales clerks, bookkeepers, etc. Nineteen hundred was the banner year for the Meanea shop. Sales that year included eight hundred high class saddles and a proportionate amount of all other lines.

The term "Meanea saddles" was true in more than one sense, for the trees on which they were built were also a Meanea product. T. E. Meanea, a brother of Frank, was a saddle-tree maker, with shops in Denver, Colorado. Frank Meanea's shop in Cheyenne used T. E. Meanea trees exclusively and the catalogues carried this declaration, "Trees shown above made by T. E. Meanea, Denver, who has made my trees since 1873". Trees on which saddles were built varied in length of seat, height of cantle and horn, and width of swell, according to individual taste. The Taylor and Visalia were favorites, though the White River, Nelson, and Ladesma were greatly in demand. The Denver Citizen, a very light tree, was used on boy's saddles, and after 1906, when the women of this country began riding astride, it was a favorite with the ladies.

It is interesting to note that the first saddles used by the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police were made by Frank A.

Meanea in his Cheyenne shop. The first order called for twenty-five saddles, and later two smaller orders were received.

The late George Eastman, of Rochester, Minnesota, head of the Eastman Kodak Company, bought several Meanea saddles. He would use no other make.

In 1910, an order reached Cheyenne from Singapore. An American, who was manager of a rubber plantation there, needed a saddle. Only the best would do and the best in his estimation was a Meanea product. In due time the saddle was finished according to the given specifications, packed and started on its long trip to the other side of the world.

Saddles frequently appeared in Cheyenne that were valued as high as four hundred and fifty dollars each. These usually came from Texas, California, or Mexico and were ornately stitched in gold or silver thread and ornamented in gold or silver conchas after the Spanish custom. Their ornate expensiveness, however, made them not one whit better than the plainer product bearing the Meanea stamp. In fact, the Meanea stamp was generally preferred.

One of the Meanea shop slogans was, "If it can be made in leather, we do it". Gus Gold was the novelty man. He took great pride in his work and in the variety of things he was asked to make. These included cases for field glasses, picture frames, leggings for hunting parties and stage drivers, putees for military use at the forts near here, and novelties of all kinds. In the early days the head of the Sanford Ink Company made frequent visits to Wyoming on hunting trips and always used these occasions as opportunities to have Gus Gold make many leather articles of varied uses and designs according to given specifications.

Frank Meanea, expert leather worker that he was, always gave all repair work brought to his shop his personal attention. He continued this custom until his death, for it was a matter of pride with him to know that even the smallest job was turned out in A-1 condition. He had few interests outside his shop and his home, but these he met with undying zeal. Each day, even after he had passed his sixtieth birthday, and regardless of weather conditions, he walked to and from his shop with sprightly, eager step and erect shoulders.

His brother, Theodore, the saddle-tree maker of Denver, loved all outdoor sports and was especially fond of hunting and fishing. Theodore frequently came to Cheyenne, and through obstinate persistence succeeded in dragging Frank off on hunting trips.

One pleasure trip which Frank Meanea took was a highlight in his life. This was the trip to the Calgary (Canada) Stampede, made in 1912, as the guest of Percy Hoyt. There were thirteen

members of the party, namely: Frank Meanea, Charles Hirsig, Fred Hirsig, P. S. Cook, Les Snow, Eddie McCarty, Dr. Barber, Ed Morgan, Tom O. Jay, Mark T. Cox, R. P. Fuller, Dr. B. F. Davis, and the host, Percy Hoyt. The occasion of the trip was to see Canada's biggest and best in the line of rodeos, which took place that year on September second to seventh inclusive. Percy Hoyt chartered two railroad cars, one a combination pullman and diner, for himself and guests, and the other for the horses which they would need as mounts when they arrived in Canada. The coaches were decorated with banners reading, "Cheyenne Frontier Cownpunchers, hitting the trail to Calgary Stampede". The Cheyenne party found the town of Calgary decorated in flags and bunting much as their own town was decorated during Frontier Days, except that the flags used were the Union Jack and not our own Stars and Stripes. The Canadian Mounties took part in the parade, riding proudly in spick and span uniforms. Frank Meanea recalled that he had once made saddles for just such lads as those on parade that day.

The party was away from Cheyenne ten or twelve days. After they reached home again, Percy Hoyt presented each member with a souvenir of the trip which he had made. These souvenirs were small kodak books which held kodak pictures taken on the trip. The one given to Mr. Meanea was in 1937 to be found in the shop which carried his name.

With the influx of homesteaders and the building of wire fences, the saddle business began tapering off. The cutting down of the vast amount of territory to be covered by men on horseback or with wagons and teams lessened the heavy wear and tear on saddles and harness. The real death blow to the saddle business, however, came in 1910, or 1912, with the advent of automobiles and gasoline.

In 1927, the F. A. Meanea Saddle Shop was moved from 218 West Seventeenth Street, where it had been for forty-five years, and opened in new quarters at 320 West Seventeenth Street. At that time, Mr. Meanea decided to destroy all old ledgers, records, etc. belonging to the shop. Arrangements were made with the City Light and Power Company to burn the books in that company's furnace, and a truck called to haul them away. In order to be sure that his wishes in this matter were carried out, Mr. Meanea entrusted the job to T. A. Cobry, who stood by until the fire had converted the last book to ashes. Those old books held orders from practically every early-day cattleman throughout the rangeland.

Frank Meanea was married in Cheyenne to Kate Bolander, who preceded him in death by many years. They had one adopted child, Byrde, who became Mrs. W. J. Holnholz.

On November 22, 1928, Frank A. Meanea, at the age of seventy-nine, died while on a visit to his brother's family in Golden, Colorado. The body was returned to Cheyenne and funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, with Dr. Robert T. Caldwell officiating. Pallbearers were Charles D. Carey, Dr. B. F. Davis, Henry Arp, Sr., Stephen Bon, Charles Anderson, and T. A. Cobry. Interment was made in Lakeview Cemetery. Mr. Meanea was a member of the Elks Lodge.

Mr. Meanea lived to see his business enterprise grow from "a little Buckeye" to an honored institution. He saw saddles bearing his name shipped to every state in the United States, and to many foreign countries, including France, England, Australia, Russia, Ireland, Scotland, and South Africa. His name will long be remembered wherever horses and saddles are used. His reputation as a saddler is exceeded only by his reputation for honesty and fair dealing. His epitaph is aptly expressed by his friends who say, "Frank A. Meanea was always on the square".

Pioneer Culture When Wyoming Was Young

By

HARRIET KNIGHT ORR

To one who was born in Wyoming and grew up there during the nineteenth century, much of the so-called "historical fiction" placed in that time and place seems oddly artificial. Emphasis upon frontier hardships and the ruder life of the times has obscured many of the gentler and more civilized aspects of frontier life in the Territory, which was both crossroads and keystone of the great westward movement.

Only in Wyoming, are there portions of all four of the great cessions of territory, which extended the borders of these United States from ocean to ocean. The eastern part of the State lies within the Louisiana Territory; the southwest came to us from Mexico; the northwestern part of the State was part of the Oregon Territory; and what is now roughly, Carbon County is the northern end of the Texas cession. If any State in the Union merits being called "The Keystone State", it is certainly the great State of Wyoming. Through it the pioneers thronged on their way to Utah, to California and to the northwest. Here the trails forked and here many of those pioneers unyoked their oxen, unpacked their belongings and spent the remainder of their venturesome lives. Let us not forget them, especially those whose leadership and wisdom constructed the pattern from which the Commonwealth developed.

When what was to become Wyoming was still a part of Dakota Territory, the western portion was organized into "Carter County" on December 27, 1867, named for its most distinguished citizen, Judge William Carter of Fort Bridger. The Territory of Wyoming was organized by Act of Congress in 1868 and divided into four counties each extending from the Montana border on the north to Colorado or Utah on the south. These four counties were called, Carter, Carbon, Albany and Laramie. The portions of Utah and Idaho territories included within Wyoming Territory were unorganized until December 1, 1869. As probate judge in this vast dominion, Judge Carter acted with firmness and precision in preserving order among a population shifting constantly and frequently defying the law. He was also called upon to perform marriage ceremonies and grant divorces. Fort Bridger was the

outpost of civilization against Indians, usually friendly but sometimes turning hostile over night, against outlaws, and for a time it was caught in the conflict between the government and unruly Mormon immigrants.

During all this time, Judge and Mrs. Carter, Virginia aristocrats, and their remarkable family made history in old Fort Bridger. Many times did Madame Carter, as she was called, cross the plains, usually in her own carriage, often with a small baby. Some of her children were among the first white children born in Wyoming. The hospitable, cultured home of the Carters was always open to the numerous visitors who passed that way. Here, the great geologist, Othniel Charles Marsh, of Yale University, made his headquarters while he was pursuing his studies on the aboriginal horse and discovering a wealth of new genera and families which were to mark Wyoming as the greatest of the "fossil states". There was Joseph Leidy, the famous naturalist, Edward Cope, anatomist, and the great geologist and explorer, Ferdinand Hayden. There was Mark Twain, President Arthur, General Sherman, General Harney and many another military notable stationed at the Fort or passing through it. There were builders of the Union Pacific Railroad, Sidney Dillon and Jay Gould; all these and many others shared the hospitality of the Carter home, surely a cultural oasis in the wilderness. Gay parties of the pre-Civil War period took place and when I first knew it, the old house was full of memories of those festive times. In the lovely, chilly old library were stately mahogany cases full of fine editions, published in the forties and later, atlases, foreign books, autographed by the authors and donors, oil portraits, Indian artifacts, pottery and fine china.[1]

Of course, James Bridger was often a guest at the Carter table. Anne Fauntleroy Carter, Judge Carter's second daughter, assured me with indignant tears in her eyes, that the representation of James Bridger in "The Covered Wagon" and other western books and movies as a dishonest, drunken old squawman was a travesty on the James Bridger she well remembered as their guest. "Of course, he drank in moderation. Everyone did, the men at least", protested Anne Carter. "But he was never drunk, when we knew him. As for his Indian wives (one at a time), they were part of his own private affairs that he never imposed upon his friends." His children he cared for affectionately, sending them east to be educated and in every way, he was a reliable citizen and a brave frontiersman, worthy of the confidence reposed in him by all who knew him.

1. Before the house burned, some of these treasures were taken to Laramie where they were placed in the Hebard Room at the University of Wyoming.

Judge Carter was asked by President Grant to be the first governor of Wyoming Territory, but he refused the honor. When the government withdrew the troops from Fort Bridger and other western posts in 1878 and the Thornburg Indian massacre resulted, it was Judge Carter who hurried to Washington and persuaded the War Department to re-establish the post, which was not permanently closed until 1890.

Among the many visitors at the Carter home, and as the legend goes, a suitor for the hand of one of the Carter daughters, was Joseph M. Carey, the young judge of the district, appointed by President Grant. Member of a wealthy manufacturing family of Philadelphia, a college graduate, a Territorial judge at about twenty-five years of age, Judge Carey, later governor and senator, never faltered in his devotion to Wyoming and his determination to do his utmost to make it one of the foremost commonwealths of the nation. Few men have served their state in as many capacities as did Judge Carey; and always, as Governor, United States Senator, framer of the Constitution of Wyoming, Mayor of Cheyenne, President of the school board, he worked with relentless energy for the betterment of the community. Although associated with the early history of Wyoming, territory and state, Joseph M. Carey's distinguished later services, his authorship of the Carey Act, under which millions of acres of land have been irrigated not only in this but in many other states, make Senator Carey seem more a contemporary than an historic figure.

At the Carey homes[2] in Cheyenne, and at "Careyhurst" near Casper, some of the greatest men and women of the century have been entertained. From President Grant to President Theodore Roosevelt, the chief executives of the nation were friends of the Wyoming statesman. Such foreign dignitaries as Sir Horace Plunkett, who was deeply concerned with the welfare of the Irish people, were faithful friends and correspondents. One of the notable services of Senator Carey to the State was bringing to it some of our most valued citizens. William Deming, long-time editor of the *Wyoming State Tribune,* later Chairman of the Civil Service Commission in Washington and trustee of the University of Wyoming, was originally a "Carey find". James Walton, prominent business man of Cheyenne and his brother-in-law, Frank Sumner Burrage, were employed by the Carey interests. Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard was once his secretary. Before Dr. Hebard became a member of the University of Wyoming faculty she was a trustee and, for years, Secretary of the Board of the University. Joseph R. Elliott, for years in charge of the Carey

2. The home built by Gov. Carey in 1884 was razed in the winter and spring of 1952. A fireplace and door with a 3 x 7½ foot mirror from the home can be seen in the Wyoming State Museum at Cheyenne.

interests in Wheatland, which was one of Judge Carey's ambitious projects, became a trustee of the University and a valued citizen. These are a few of the builders of the state who were induced to come here largely through the efforts of Joseph M. Carey.

Although devoted to the interests of Wyoming and the West, when he was United States Senator, Judge Carey felt that he was a servant of the nation rather than any part of it, and he acted courageously on this principle. When he voted against the "Free Silver Bill", he alone of our western members of Congress was consistent and, as it proved later, was right. But his stand was not popular with the voters and caused his defeat in the following election. Wyoming is not the only state which has sacrificed its highest interests and taken from power and influence one of its greatest sons, because of political pettiness and lack of political understanding on the part of the majority of voters.

Of the noted men whom I have known, no one more completely satisfied my ideal of fine dignity, and stern but merciful justice than John Alden Riner. He had not long been a resident of Wyoming when it became a State, and President Harrison appointed him United States Judge of the newly created Federal District. For more than thirty years, Judge Riner served not only his own and neighboring states, but he was called upon frequently to sit on the Circuit Court in St. Louis, St. Paul and elsewhere, his learning and unusual skill as a jurist being nationally recognized. He was lecturer in more than one law school and was often called to Washington in consultation. After he retired from the bench, Judge Riner's greatest interest, outside his family, was in education and building up American citizenship in the schools. An ardent and influential Mason, the active "thirty-third" for Wyoming, he was able to interest the Masonic Order in education and, could the movement have retained his direction and leadership, those who knew his vision feel that work of great significance might have resulted. Under the guidance of its beautiful mistress, the Riner home breathed the very spirit of refinement, intellectual stimulation and Christian charity.

One of the frankest and most honest persons it has been my fortune to know was Frances Warren Pershing. Although not beautiful, her sparkling eyes and humorous mouth gave her a charm that was irresistible. Like her delightful mother, Frances made friends through her sincerity, intelligence and wit. She, also, had much of her father's friendly interest in people, which helped to make Senator Warren a powerful politician and valued member of the United States Senate for many years. But Frances, as a girl, impetuous, loyal, scornful of trivialities was the terror of all conservatives. At Wellesley College she was so renowned for her escapades that, when a commotion arose on the campus, the Dean was wont to exclaim:

"What is happening? Find Frances Warren and see what she is up to."

During the last days of each month, Frances never had any part of her ample allowance left and was forced to the most absurd economies, like going without shoe-laces and drawing a check for streetcar fare. The hour her allowance arrived, she paid off her debts and there was no limit to her generosity. In need of stockings herself, she was apt to send roses to her chums. These friends finally made a practice of drawing up a list of Frances' needs and, on the arrival of her check, they would drag her to Boston and make her buy the articles on the list.

As the Senator's popular daughter and, after her mother's invalidism, his Washington hostess, later as the wife of a rapidly rising army officer, John J. Pershing, and then as the presiding hostess of various army posts, Frances Warren Pershing was one of the best known and loved of Wyoming native daughters. Her tragic death with her three little daughters, on the eve of her husband's becoming the most conspicuous figure in the American army, brought grief to all who knew her.

Associated with Senator Warren for many years in Washington, was Clarence D. Clark, first Representative from Wyoming and for twenty-two years United States Senator. One of my earliest remembrances is of being swung to the top of a door by "Cal" Clark, my father's friend and our neighbor in Evanston. I firmly believed him to be the handsomest man in the world. In the intervals of our boisterous play, he remarked one day,

"Oh, Alice, why can't *we* have a little girl too?" Not long after that, the Clarks began having little girls—three of them. Needless to say, I lost my playmate but never my admiration for him and his adorable wife, whose beauty and delicate charm outlived many years of the strain, excitement and sorrow that came to her. The loss of their splendid son took away much of the joy of life for the Clarks but their lovely daughters brought them consolation and happiness. It is not easy to live in the fierce competition of Washington on the modest income of a U. S. Senator. Visiting their Washington home and comparing the assured refinement of their surroundings with much of the tawdriness around them, remembering that both had won their way, step by step, to all they possessed, one came to the conclusion that the worth-while things of this world have less to do with money and power than with brains and character. When John B. Kendrick was elected to the senate, President Wilson appointed ex-Senator Clark a member of the United States International Boundary Commission to adjust disputes between this country and our neighbors. No one knows how many times the wise decisions of this Commission have averted war. The victories of peace-making do not make the headlines.

Far different from that of Senator Clark has been the life of one of his faithful friends. To be born a citizen of Spain, become a citizen of Mexico and later of the United States, without being naturalized, always living in what is now Wyoming was the curious distinction of Phil Maas, one of the most picturesque characters of the west. Phil was a power in his community, a power for law and order. Married to a capable Indian woman, his advice to her people more than once averted bloodshed. He was determined that his children should be a significant part of the rapidly changing world, and he hit upon the excellent pedagogic expedient of having each of them learn a trade, bringing in teachers to his home on Burnt Fork. Is it not a striking tribute to the innate intelligence of this un-Nordic, uneducated American that he should carry out an earnest ambition to prepare his children to hold places in a world of culture totally unlike what he had known? The fine loyalty of Phil Maas to his friends is illustrated by a story cherished in our family.

"Jesse Knight," demanded the old man of my father on one of his infrequent trips to Evanston, "Why do you care so little for my vote that you do not ask me for it?"

"Well, Phil," my father replied, "I'm not asking anyone for his vote. I figure that everyone is entitled to decide for himself who ought to be judge of this district. I have tried for six years to be just and honest. If I have not been a good judge, I deserve to be turned down at this election. If I *have* been a good judge, I figure that enough of my friends will turn out and vote for me so I'll be elected again. But I won't ask anyone, not even you, to vote for me."

"That's all right, Jesse," chuckled the old man. "I was goin' to vote for ye myself, anyway, for old times' sake, but since ye put it that way, I be dammed if I don't go back and make the whole valley vote fer ye. Ef ye won't work fer yourself to git elected, by Heck! Your friends got to do it fer ye."

Another story I think was told about Phil Maas related to a new piano on which one of his daughters was exposing her rather meager talent for the benefit of guests.

"Come down hard on the bass, Maggie," her father encouraged, heartily. "Come down hard on the bass, gal! I paid two hundred fer it and I like to hear it."

Across the pages of our lives move many figures, statesmen, ranchers, pioneers, hostesses, business men, mothers—all are part of our story. I have chosen to chat about a few who have brought interest and distinction to Wyoming. We are heirs to their careers and it is fitting that now and then in the course of busy days, we stop a few moments to pay them honor.

*Stories By "Bear" George B. McClellan**

BEAR STORY

In the fall of '85 my partner and I were hunting in the Big Horn Mountains on the head of a small creek called Otter Creek. We had been quite successful that fall, having killed twenty-three bear in about six weeks, but I cannot tell you about all of them. It is my intention to tell you of our big killing that fall.

One evening about 4 o'clock, we left camp and went down to the head of a canyon on one of the prongs of the creek. After wandering around a while, I became tired of that locality and suggested that we go over on another creek about two miles from there.

Billie said, "No, we will go on down until we can look over into the valley."

I did not much like the idea, but I went along. We had not gone very far when we came in sight of an old silver tip and her two cubs feeding in the head of a little coulee. We slipped from our horses' backs in the twinkling of an eye, all thought of dispute about our route laid aside. We made hasty calculations about how to proceed. The bear, when first sighted, were some two or three hundred yards away. On peeking over we concluded to make for a ridge off to our left, which was about 60 or 75 yards from the bear. We crawled up to our position and looked over there.

They were all unsuspicious of danger. The old one had a mane eight or ten inches long, that gave her the appearance of having a hump on her back like a buffalo.

Will said in a whisper, "Now shoot the old one in the head."

We were plenty close enough, so we both took deliberate aim, counted three, and whang went one gun. I looked and did not have any cartridge in the chamber of my Winchester, but when that old bear commenced to roar, it did not take me long to get the gun loaded. Will had hit too low and struck her on the jaw, and how she was bellowing! I fired and she went down. Then we

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* Taken from original manuscripts by Mr. McClellan contributed to the Wyoming State Historical Department by his niece, Margaret McClellan.

went to shooting at the cubs. One of them was getting close to the edge of the canyon, and while I was working the lever, I turned to look where the old one was. There she was, sitting on her haunches, head turned sideways and uttering the worst roars it was ever my good fortune to listen to. I turned, drew a fine bead on her shoulder, and let her have it. She went down all in a heap like she never would move again. She straightened out, seemed to wake up, pulled herself together, and was into the quaken asp before I could get another shot. The bears were now out of sight.

I asked Will if he got the cub that went into the canyon. He said that he had hit it, but it had gone over the edge. We did not feel very good.

He was inclined to blame me for not killing the old one with the first shot, as he said if I had shot we would not both have missed; while I thought he would have killed her when he had so good a chance. I went back and got my horse and went to where we last saw the cub (I would rather follow a cub on open ground than an old sow in the brush any time). When I got about half way down the hill into the canyon the little fellow heard me and started out above me in the canyon and up the opposite hill. I started after him full tilt, but the ground was too rough for my horses, and the little bear got into a quaken asp patch on top of the hill. I could hear him crying when I first came up to the brush patch, but he soon stopped when he heard me, and I could not find him. I now gave it up and went back to where Will was, but instead of crossing the canyon I went around the head of it, which was a little farther but not nearly so rough.

When I got around, I found that Will had got his horse and followed me over, and was now over where I had left the cub. I thought, "Now if I hurry back over there both of us may be able to get that cub," so back I went as fast as I could go. It did not take us long to make up our minds that we could not find the cub, so we thought we had best go back and see what had become of the old one. We were not in a very good frame of mind. We had every show at three bear and let the old one and one of the cubs get away.

I knew the old one must be badly hurt, for I had taken two shots at her within easy range, and the last one was at her body when she was comparatively still. The cub Will had killed lay in the trail that ran down the canyon, and we wanted to skin it yet that evening as we were saving oil. We started down the hill to go back to look after the old one, when Will said, "Look yonder." I looked up, and he was pointing right the way we were going, and there, coming down the trail on the other side of the canyon

were four big old silver tips. Now we must not let them get away. We waited until the bear got down the canyon far enough to be out of sight, then we crossed in behind them and took down the canyon on the same side they were on, but we were on top and we supposed they would go down into the bottom of the canyon where the big game trail led. There we went as fast as our horses would carry us to get ahead of the bears. When we reached about the last place we could get down, we pulled up, jumped off of our horses and started down the steep side of the canyon (just at this place the canyon was very steep). About half way down we came to a wall, and on looking over we could see the game trails in the bottom of the canyon. We were confident that the bear had not passed, and I tell you it has a tendency to raise the spirits of any bear hunter to think that he has a wall 100 feet high between him and four old silver tips.

We were now on a sort of ledge at the top of the wall, and by going a little way above would have an open space with no trees to bother.

We got into the open space and were standing with our guns ready, looking over into the bottom of the canyon, when I heard a slight noise to my right. On looking up I beheld all four of the bear just coming into the opposite side of the open space we were in, which was probably twenty yards across. Well, right then there was the awfullest row I have ever witnessed. All four of those bear bellowing at once, two Winchesters going as though we were trying to tear them to pieces. I shall never forget how those bear looked when we first fired. They acted for all the world like a lot of hogs, when one squeals the rest will run up with bristles raised and ready for war. As soon as they spied us, they made for us, but we were so close and our fire was so deadly that the closest one did not get within ten or fifteen feet of us. One old fellow got knocked over the wall into the bottom of the canyon, but we could not see that he had sustained any great injury, such as breaking any bones or tearing the skin. Of course, he was dead or almost so when he went over the wall. Well, my tale is almost told. There is but little more gore to spill. We did not get through skinning that evening.

Next morning as we came back, we found the wounded cub that had got away. He was not hurt very badly but we soon did him up. We also found the old one dead, so we had seven silver tips to our credit in about half an hour. For fear of the game-hog cry, I will say there was a considerable bounty on bear at that time and that was what made us turn bear hunters. We used the fifty-pound bear traps and have had some very interesting experiences with them of which I may probably tell you some day if you like the story of our best killing.

MOUNTAIN LION ADVENTURE

The winter of 1885 I put in on Spring Creek, in the Big Horn Basin, with Uncle Billy Robinson. One fine day in February, I went to look at our horses that were running on the slope of the mountain just a few miles from the cabin where we lived. It had been stormy and cold. This day seemed fair, and it looked as if it might thaw some. There was a well-defined trail leading up the mountain. I followed that until I was pretty well up the slope; then I intended leaving the trail and swinging up to the north.

Just as I was thinking of leaving the trail I noticed a mountain lion track. He had passed along within a few minutes. I stopped and looked closely ahead, but could see nothing of his lionship. I began to move on along the trail carefully. When I came to where the trail crossed the head of a little gulch that ran down into the canyon, I found that the lion had left the trail and gone down the gulch toward the canyon. Knowing the place well, I knew that he could not get into the canyon just there, so I hurried up to get to where the gulch went into the canyon. I could see clearly quite a distance ahead of me, and I expected any minute to see the lion, as the trail was perfectly fresh. I got to the edge of the canyon, and found that the lion had taken up the canyon on a ledge that ran around under the rim from the mouth of the gulch.

There were little pockets in the wall, so that I could not see very far along the ledge, but I followed, expecting to see the lion at the first point I went around. The ledge was not wide, probably 12 or 15 feet. I went around the first little point. I could see nothing. I came to the next little point, looked around, but could see nothing. I started in a hurry for the next point. I had gone only a few steps when the lion came around that point, coming back. Meeting me, he dropped in the snow, all hunched up just like a cat ready to spring. I threw up the gun, took plenty of time, and shot him, quartering through the shoulders. We used to load our own shells so I saved the empty shells. I threw the lever of the Winchester, slowly, picked out the empty shell, and put it into my pocket. Then that lion lit right at my feet. I was so surprised that I just poked the gun against him and pulled it off. The shock of the discharge threw him down over the ledge. I went to the ledge and looked over. There was a good sized pine tree growing on the next ledge below, but its top did not reach up to the ledge I was standing on—within 20 feet or such a matter. I looked closely, but could not see anything of the lion. A little boulder lay close to where he had gone over the ledge. I put my toe under the rock and rolled it over, just where the lion had gone over. It had not struck the ground when he was after it, striking at it and snarling something fierce. I fired at him again down

there, but could not be sure that I hit him. He was soon out of sight, as he took along the ledge and went into some brush. I never saw that lion again to my knowledge.

It was a couple of miles or more to where I could get into the canyon. I thought, "Well, that lion is not in a very good frame of mind anyhow, so I will give him time to die and then I will go over and see how the horses are." I went on, found my horses all right. They were doing fairly well, so I left them and started for home. It had turned quite warm and began to thaw more than a little.

I thought, "Fine, I will go up in the canyon in the morning and try that lion again." I knew that I could trail him by the blood. I had gone and looked where he was when I first shot him. As near as I could see, the bullet had gone through him plumb center. I could see where the bullet had come out on the other side in the snow.

When I got back to the cabin I told Uncle Billy of my adventure with the lion, and he said I had better let him alone. I never had any luck trailing wounded mountain lions. That night it snowed. I went up to look for my lion but could not find hide nor hair of him.

My experience has been that the mountain lion is the most unreliable animal I have ever had any experience with. It is said that a lion is very cowardly, and will not fight at any time, but here is another experience that is absolutely true:

Swede Charlie and I were hunting white tailed deer in the winter of '81 on Pass Creek in Montana. The snow was 18 or 20 inches deep but very loose. It had been and was, very cold. We were coming down a little creek, a branch of Pass Creek. Right at the foot of the mountain we were walking along, he on one side of the creek, I on the other. I saw him make a quick motion. I looked at him. He had his gun to his shoulder aiming. I looked in the direction the gun was pointed and just as I caught sight of the lion, he fired. That lion went into the air higher than I ever saw anything before in my life and it let out one of the most blood curdling snarls I have ever heard. We both stood there for a minute with our guns ready, but the lion never moved. We went up to him. He was stone dead. The bullet had struck him fair in the sticking and burst the heart wide open. We stood there talking about the lion chasing us. I went back a little ways and stepped some of the leaps he had made coming down off the mountain and they were 30 feet from where the snow was broken to where it was broken again.

Now comes the funny part. While we were talking the matter over as to whether the lion would really have attacked us or not,

we heard a cry up on the side of the canyon, where there were a few scattering pine trees. As we stood watching, we saw another lion go from one tree to another. It went up the tree and made no effort to leave or get away. We just went up and shot it. From where Charlie stood to where the first lion was when he shot it was 19 feet. Would he have landed on the Swede if he had not looked around and seen in time? You could never make Charlie believe it, but he would have landed right on his back.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE INVASION

In the spring of 1892, I went to Casper after a load of grub for the One-Fourth Ranch, which belonged to W. A. Richards, and for whom I was working at the time. There had been a lot of rustler trouble for the past year or two, both on the east side of the mountain and in our country.

While I was in Casper, there was a rumor that there was a strange force of cattlemen going up into the Buffalo country to exterminate the rustlers. I laughed at the idea, but that night after I had got loaded up all ready to pull out for home in the morning one of the boys came to me and said, "George, you can laugh, but here is what has happened. A lot of the cowmen of the state together with a lot of hired gun men—making 80 or 90 men in all—pulled out for Buffalo today. They are all well-mounted, and have a mess wagon as well as a bed wagon fitted out with good teams."

I knew that this man was in a position to know what he was talking about, so I said, "You are sure of this?"

"Perfectly sure," he said. "Is there a good horse in town that I could get hold of?" We looked, but the outcome of it was that every horse in the town that was capable of making a ride such as from Casper to Kaycee was conspicuous by its absence. While I was not directly concerned in the matter, there were many men on the east side of the mountain that I had worked with and was very friendly with, and I did not want to see them slipped up on without a show. Had I been able to get a horse, I should have gone that night and tried to warn the boys of their danger, but no horse could I get, so next morning I pulled out for home.

By the next morning the news was general that there was an invasion headed for Johnson County. As I was hitching up and getting ready to pull out—I had a four horse team loaded with grub—a sheep man came out and asked me if I was not afraid to pull out when there was so much rustler extermination talk.

I said, "Not a bit. I have done nothing to be killed for, and, therefore, will not be killed."

He said, "I think if I were you I would wait and see what this amounts to. You will be on the road for three days and will have to camp out, and you can not tell what might happen."

"While there is some truth in what you say," I retorted, "my business is to get home, and I am going to attend to it." So I pulled out. It took me three days hard traveling to get to Lost Cabin. There, all was excitement. The Cheyenne papers had come in full of invasion talk, and everyone was much excited about it. I was still a day and a half hard travel from home, so on I went. Mail had got in just before I did, and my people had news of the invasion. The next morning there was a man came up from Spring Creek and told me that a lot of the boys had got together, and they wanted me to come down. I could not imagine what they wanted with me, but I saddled up and went down. There were twelve or fifteen of the boys gathered there—some, if not all, of them had been interested in rustling, more or less—and they naturally wanted to know if all the rustlers were going to be exterminated. They wanted to know when it was going to take place.

I said, "What do you want?"

They replied, "We want you to go across the mountain and find out what is taking place over there."

"Why pick on me for such a pleasant trip, a distance of 35 to 50 miles on snow shoes, have to lay out one night at least, going and coming?" I said.

They spoke up saying, "Well, you have had more experience on snow shoes than any of us (which was true), besides, if you go over there, when you get back we know that you can tell us what you have seen, and we know that you will not get full and make a fool of yourself."

Another fellow spoke up and said, "Aside from that you have not had much to do with rustling, and there is no danger of your being on the black list."

"I thank you for all the compliments," I returned.

"I am not afraid of any black list, but I am not going over there alone. I want at least one witness to corroborate what I say. There are plenty of you fellows that are just as capable of making that trip as I am, especially when I lead the way."

"All right, whom do you want to go with you?" they asked.

"It makes no difference to me," I said, "so that he can make a good stout travel."

They talked the matter over among themselves and finally decided on one, Tom O'Day, to accompany me. Now Tom was a reckless harum-scarum cowpuncher, with some fine qualities, and some not so fine. We had worked together for a year or so as cowpunchers, and when Tom got drunk his main ambition was

to whip me—not that he had anything against me—but just to show that he could do it. Like most Irishmen, he was proud of his fighting ability, and I being a husky chunk of a lad, he wanted to add my scalp to his collection. But, my not being a warrior, we never fought.

Later Tom O'Day became quite a noted character in this part of Wyoming. He joined up with the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang, and figured in several holdups, and in other ways made quite a reputation for himself.

Next morning Tom and I mounted our skiis, and with a lunch tied on our backs, started to cross the Big Horn Mountains in April. I had a five foot snowshoe pole, and in many places on the low ground it would not reach the ground through the snow. If you think a trip of that kind is all fun just try it some time. The first 8 or 10 miles was all up hill, of course, and that was very "slavish" work. The snow, often rough and wavy, in many places was very steep, but if you stepped off the shoe, you went in from your waist up to your armpits, so there was nothing to do but toil away at it. I had a little the best of Tom. He was a cowpuncher and simple, while I had been a hunter for several years, and was used to making long distances. When we stopped for lunch, just after we reached the top of the mountain, I could see that Tom was getting pretty tired. After eating some bread and meat and having a short rest, we pushed on. I was in hopes of making it across in one day. Along in the afternoon, the weather changed. It began to cloud up and the wind began to blow snow. The snow began to drift so that it was difficult to see where we were going. Here was where my knowledge of the country came in good play. I had hunted all over that country, so I could not easily be lost. We got to the top of the east slope just a little after dark. The snow had nearly disappeared here, so we left our snowshoes and proceeded walking. It was only four or five miles down to the nearest ranch. We had not gone far after leaving the snowshoes until I noticed that my companion began to lag behind. I waited for him a time or two and asked if he were tired.

"No," he said.

I started on, came to a big drift that was quite hard to wallow through, finally got through it, started on, looked back, and noticed that Tom had got part way through the drift and seemed to have stopped. I went back and asked him what was the matter. He said nothing was wrong, for me to go on and he would follow as soon as he rested a little while. Then I realized that the poor fellow was all in. I was forced to be quite harsh with him to get him on his feet and out of the drift. I now felt it would be impossible to go on down to the ranch. The wind was blowing

hard, and it had turned cold, so that it was very disagreeable on the ridge we had to travel down. Off to our left was a canyon. We pulled for the canyon in order to find a sheltered place to build a fire and put in the night. When we got started into the canyon, where it was rough going, Tom wanted to stop. I left him, told him to wait. I went on down until I came to a wall of rock in a thick clump of pines. There I built a fire and then went back to fetch Tom. When I got him to the fire he was almost past going at all. I had a can and soon had some snow melted, and we had a drink of snow water, of which we were both very much in need. After resting a while we ate a little of our cold grub. I cut a plentiful supply of pine boughs and prepared to pass the night. Tom went to sleep almost immediately. After gathering a good supply of fire wood I, too, lay down and was soon asleep. I was awakened later by a tremendous crashing in the brush. I leaped to my feet only to hear something tearing down into the canyon. I looked around. Tom was standing on his knees with his six shooter in his hands.

"What was that?" he asked.

I told him I did not know.

After we got over our fright a little, Tom looked at his watch and found that it was after one o'clock. I was very much surprised, as it did not seem to me that I had slept but a few minutes. Our fire was nearly out, and we found that we were quite cold. After building up the fire again and getting warmed up we lay down. When we awoke again we found that it was after 4 o'clock. We then ate the last of our grub and started on down the mountain. We got into Coachy's place just at daylight. We did not go up to the house and knock as one would do under ordinary circumstances, but got behind a rock and hailed the house. We had quite a time, but finally got a response from the house. I made myself known finally and went with my hands up. When they found out who we were and our errand, nothing was too good for us. We got horses, there and went down to Mortgaridges'—the Middle Fork of Powder River. There we got a change of horses, and started for Buffalo, which was some fifty miles away. When we were out on the road a ways we met a man coming out from Buffalo, who told us that the raiders had been surrounded on the TA Ranch, and that they had been near to extermination but that the soldiers from Fort McKinley had come to their relief. So we headed for the TA Ranch.

When we arrived there late in the afternoon we found quite a crowd of people and more excitement than you could imagine. It seemed that the whole country had turned out as one man when the news got out of what was going on. The raiders had been delayed on Powder River, where they surrounded the cabin occu-

pied by Nate Champion and Nick Ray, and by the time they got that job attended to, their intentions were pretty well known. It seemed to us like every son-of-a-gun and his brother was out, some in lumber wagons, some in spring wagons, mostly horse back, of course. Every mother's son of them had his gun and some of them, two or three. It is not my purpose to try to write a history of the invasion. That has been done by people who know so much more about it than I do that it would be presumptuous on my part. However, I lived there, knew most of the cowpunchers concerned, and quite a few of the prominent cattle men concerned. My judgment is that it was like most other human questions: there was cause on both sides.

It is true that the cowmen could not secure a conviction in the courts, and that their provocation was great, there is no doubt, but, how that could lead a set of sane, rational men to think that they could just black list a lot of men in a community and then proceed to go out and exterminate them is more than I could ever figure out. It seems that they would know where they would come out, and as it turned out, they were very fortunate. There is little doubt but what, left to themselves, they would have paid for their rashness with their lives. We went from the TA on into Buffalo. There we found more excitement and all kinds of rumors of what would be done and what the outcome would be. Now, after all these years the outcome was not much different than a lot of us surmised. There was never a conviction of anyone for the killing of Champion and Ray, nor were there any of the cowmen put to any great inconvenience, save that they were confined under very agreeable circumstances for a few months.

We did not get away from Buffalo very early the next morning. As a consequence, it was late in the night when we got back to Mr. Mortgaridge's place on the Middle Fork, and, as I have said, it was not a particularly agreeable job to go fooling around ranches in the night. When we got to the ranch, it was dark, so I rode out in front of the house and began to hail. Very shortly I got a response from the house. We were told to get down and come to the door. As soon as we were recognized we were very sincerely welcomed, as the whole country was news hungry, as you can imagine. Since it was before the days of the telephone and radio, the news carrier was a horseman.

After delivering our news and getting outside of a good hearty supper which was set before us by Mr. Mortgaridge, we were ready for bed. All too soon it was morning and we were face to face with the long hard drill of going back across the mountain. One of the boys took us back with horses to where our snowshoes were—or nearly to where the shoes were, within less than a mile. We had grub and a can, so decided we would not try to make it all

the way across in one day. There was a mail carrier's cabin on the south end of Uncle Billy's Flat, in which we would stay over night.

Unfortunately for me, about the middle of the forenoon, while I was running down a long slope on the skiis, one foot struck a rock and stopped. The other foot went on. As a consequence I got a nasty fall. When I got all together again I found that I had lost the glass out of the right eye of my snow glasses or goggles. Now, to those of you who do not know what snow blindness is I would pray that you may never know by personal experience. Of all the pain that human flesh is heir to, I think the pain of snow blindness is the most intense—a jumping toothache is not in it. When I got into the cabin that night, we built a fire. The place smoked, and I soon found that my right eye was badly burned. I was in agony, and happened to mention that if I had some tea leaves, they would relieve it. Tom said that there was some tea in a can on the shelf. There was also an old coffee pot in the cabin. I washed it out and soon had some tea leaves steeped and, after binding them on my eye with a handkerchief I was able to get some sleep after an hour or so.

The next morning at daybreak on looking out we found a regular April blizzard raging. We, of course, had very little grub so decided we would chance it.

We left the cabin and headed for Spring Creek Canyon. I knew the country well, and felt sure that if I could cross the divide and get on to a tributary of Spring Creek, we could follow it into the Canyon and down the Canyon to the settlement. We tried to judge how the wind was and kept in the same position with it. We had traveled an hour or so when I looked up and thought I could see a cabin through the storm. It proved to be one, and when we got to it we found it to be the very cabin we had left that morning. I have never felt more at a loss than I did at that moment. It just seemed to me to be impossible, but there we were, and after resting for awhile we concluded to tackle it again. That time, owing to the storm having let up a little, we made it over into Spring Creek Canyon and that night were at the Waln boys' place on Spring Creek.

When we had just made our report you could easily see that there were several cowpunchers that were greatly relieved, and soon the papers got in with all the details of the surrender at the TA Ranch and the end of the so-called Johnson County Invasion.



Town of Lander, 1885

History of Fremont County Pioneer Association

Information obtained from Pioneer Association books and records by Jules Farlow, Sr.

First Meeting. Pursuant to a call printed in the Wind River Mountaineer, a large number of the Pioneers of Wyoming Territory met at the Star Skating Rink in Lander on July 5th, 1886. Object to the meeting, as stated by H. G. Nickerson, was to organize a society consisting of persons who were pioneers in this Territory and of Fremont County. The officers elected were L. C. Bliss, President, and James I. Patton, Secretary. A motion was carried stating that to be eligible for membership you had to be here before December 31st, 1870. Thirty one members signed up at $1.00 each. Actual names mentioned at this meeting were L. C. Bliss, James I. Patton, H. G. Nickerson, Ed Alton, Archie McFadden and Mr. Harvey.

Second Meeting—July 4th, 1887. This meeting was held in Lander. The president, L. C. Bliss was absent because of sickness. Mr. John Fosher was called to the chair. Captain H. G. Nickerson was elected president and James I. Patton retained as secretary. New members who signed up were James Irwin, William McCabe, George Jackson, Ben Sexton, William B. (Buck) Gratrix, August Laucken, Jake Fry, P. P. Dickinson and Louis Poire. A committee of six men was appointed to prepare a report embracing a brief history of events connected with early settlement of Fremont County. This committee consisted of Charles Fogg, James Irwin, William Evens, Buck Gratrix, James A. McAvoy and H. G. Nickerson. The secretary reported the number of members to be 42. Actual names mentioned at this meeting were 15. 42 less 15 equals 27, which could include an additional list of 24 charter members. Receipts in cash up to and including this date totaled $38.00. An expense account for $11.30 was allowed for record book and express on same. (This is the book I am taking this information from and has the following heading: Pioneer Record of Fremont County, Wyoming Territory.) On motion it was decided to hold the next meeting July 4th, 1888. This meeting was never held, and the association became dormant for 17 years.

July 2nd, 1904. The Association was again organized with several of the original members taking part. It was held at the E. J. Farlow Grove on the west side of Lander where it was held for the following 24 years. A motion was carried stating membership. Anyone living in Fremont County prior to and including the year 1880 and their families were invited to join the Associa-

tion. Mrs. Noyes Baldwin, the oldest pioneer present, was given the privilege of naming the next reunion date. She named September 3rd of each year, that being her birthday, except when coming on Sunday, and then September 2nd to be the date.

September 2nd, 1905. About 300 people were present. A custom was started at this meeting recognizing the oldest lady pioneer present. The Lander Band furnished music.

September 3rd, 1906. Again about 300 people were present, with the Lander Band furnishing the music. An interesting entertainment program was presented including story telling, singing and athletic sports, foot racing, jumping, etc.

September 3rd, 1907. An interesting speech was given by Judge Kuykendall from Saratoga, Wyoming, with the usual entertainment and the Lander Band.

September 4th, 1908. A motion was made, seconded and carried that the Fremont County Pioneer Association make provisions to take care of the remains of Harvey Morgan, now in charge of E. J. Farlow. It was moved, seconded and carried that a committee be appointed to be known as the Log Cabin Committee. The following members were named: Dr. Thomas Maghee, H. G. Nickerson, Ed St. John, and Dick Morse.

September 3rd, 1909. A motion was carried that the Fremont County Pioneer Association be incorporated. An amendment was offered and carried by H. G. Nickerson making anyone living in Fremont County during the past 25 years eligible for membership.

September 3rd, 1910. The Lander Band furnished music and the usual entertainment was had. Work was done by the Pioneers on the grounds on Nov. 3, Nov. 10, and Nov. 17.

September 2nd, 1911. A motion was made and carried that the place proposed by the building committee for building a club house be approved. The committee was authorized to solicit subscriptions.

September 3rd, 1912. A Ladies Auxiliary Committee was appointed to collect funds, which included Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Maghee, and Mrs. Ed Farlow.

September 3rd, 1913. A speech was given by president R. H. Hall. A vote of thanks was extended to the Band and Committee. A speech was given by W. L. Simpson. Chairman Maghee of the Building Committee read the Articles of Incorporation. A motion was made that for building 500 shares at $10.00 per share be issued. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Fourt and to Miss Ann Savage for the Articles of Incorporation. A poem, "Pioneers Day" by Wesley Beggs was read. This poem is on record on Page 22 of Book No. 2

September 3rd, 1914. Permission was given by Finn Burnett to place a marker of the sites of Fort Augur and Fort Brown on his grounds at 423 Main Street. The Building Committee re-

ported no progress. A vote of thanks was extended to E. J. Farlow and his wife for the use of the grounds, also to John Carr and the Lander Cornet Band. A motion was made that the Building Committee be instructed to buy logs.

September 20th, 1915. The annual meeting on September 3rd was not held due to bad weather. Attendance was light. The Lander Band played. Cabin built 1915 & 1916.

September 2nd, 1916. Good attendance. A motion was made by H. G. Nickerson that a Committee of 9 be appointed to solicit members to join the association. The following members were appointed: Mrs. Janet Smith, R. H. Hall, E. J. Farlow, James Laird, Dora Robinson, Mrs. Maghee, Mrs. Henry DeWolf, Finn Burnett and William Gratrix.

September 3rd, 1917. There was talk at this meeting of disposing of the Pioneer Cabin and purchase of the Ed Farlow place.

1918. No meeting this year because of a flu epidemic.

September 13, 1919. The meeting was held at Farlow Grove by invitation of Mrs. Stowe to whom the property had been sold. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Stowe for use of the grounds. A motion was made and carried that we have our next annual meeting at the Pioneer Cabin. (no meeting was held there however until 1927—8 years later). A motion was made, seconded and carried that the Association meet on Arbor Day at the Pioneer Cabin to plant trees, each member bringing a tree or paying for one. John Carr was appointed to order the trees.

September 3rd, 1920. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. The Water Committee reported that the Pioneer Society was welcome to use city water at any and all times. Remarks were given by Will Simpson, Dr. Maghee, E. H. Fourt and Milward Simpson.

September 3rd, 1921. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Harriet J. Nickerson died April 7, 1921 while secretary of the Pioneer Association. A tribute was paid by a rising vote to her as secretary of the Association for many years.

September 3rd, 1922. Meeting was held in the Lady Boosters Park. Mr. V. H. Stone was called upon for an address. His tribute to the Pioneers was greatly appreciated. Mr. J. D. Woodruff was called upon for a short talk. Mrs. Stasia Allen spoke on the virtue of the Association. Retiring President, M. N. Baldwin gave a short speech, telling of a Buffalo raid on Baldwin Creek when he was a boy.

September 3rd, 1923. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Charles Bates suggested that the young and old members pull together for the betterment of the Association. Judge Stone praised the Pioneer Association and the pioneers, giving as a toast his famous masterpiece—The Thoroughbred.

September 3rd, 1924. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Interesting talks were made by Dr. Thomas Maghee, Capt. H. G.

Nickerson, J. D. Woodruff, W. M. Simpson, V. H. Stone and L. L. Newton.

September 3rd, 1925. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Homer Alger and Mrs. L. C. Harnsberger had charge of the entertainment program. V. H. Stone gave the main speech.

September 3rd, 1926. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Col. George M. Sliney of Thermopolis was the guest of honor and gave an interesting talk. Rain prevented the musical program. Other talks were given by H. G. Nickerson and Finn Burnett. Dr. Grace Hebard, noted Wyoming historian was present and paid tribute to Capt. H. G. Nickerson for his cooperation in placing many historical markers. Some pioneers attending were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ludin from New York, Mrs. Frank Lowe from California, Ira Beals from Thermopolis and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davidson from Denver.

September 3rd, 1927. This was the first meeting held at the Pioneer Cabin but the affair was saddened by the death of our Honorary Member, Mrs. Anna L. Leseburg, who was laid to rest this day at the Milford Cemetery beside her husband. The Lander Band furnished the music at the reunion.

September 3rd, 1928. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Some new members attending were Edmo LeClaire, William Boyd and John Burnett from Fort Washakie.

September 3rd, 1929. This was a rainy day. Talks were given by Finn Burnett, Pete Anderson, Ed Farlow and Judge Fourt.

September 3rd, 1930. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. About 80 persons attended the picnic. Dora Robertson was praised for her faithful and efficient service in improving the grounds and making the cabin attractive and modern. Many relics of the old west can be added to our present collection. Mrs. Lambertson gave an interesting talk on her trip from Pennsylvania to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and up Horse Creek where she saw her first herd of Texas longhorns—about 5000 of them. Walter Oswald came to eat, not to talk. He crossed the plains in 1868 when he was 4 years old, and came to Lander in 1886. R. H. Hall has attended all the meetings except one, starting in 1904—26 years. Mr. Mart Hornecker and Mrs. Knott wear the Honor Badges for the oldest man and woman. Two quadrille sets danced on the lawn, Ed Farlow calling. Music was by George Painter, violin, and Stub Farlow, guitar. George L. Baldwin was the first white child born in the Lander Valley.

September 3rd, 1931. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. About 200 persons attended. We are indebted to Mr. Adams of the Lander Evening Post for 10 gallons of ice cream, to Mr. Kane for a bushel of peaches, and to Miss Ellen Carpenter for 20

pounds of grapes. Members from Atlantic City who joined at this meeting were Mrs. Bill Macfie, Martha Gustafasen, Mrs. Lenore Hunt, Charles Sypes, and Miss Ellen Carpenter

September 3rd, 1932. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. The kitchen on the west and a porch on the south were built during 1931 and 1932. We had music by the Lander Band. Tribute was paid to the Pioneers by Judge V. H. Stone. Tribute was given to Mrs. Major Noyes Baldwin on her 100th birthday today by R. H. Hall. Special tribute was to Mrs. Lizzie Farlow in telegrams from Milward Simpson of Cody, James Simpson of Moran, Mrs. Abby Rhoads of Riverton and O. K. Nickerson of Seattle, and members of the Association. Mrs. Farlow died in August. E. J. Farlow, then presented the Association with a Warrantee Deed to six lots adjoining the Pioneer Park on the West. A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. Farlow for his generous gift.

September 3rd, 1933. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with music by the Lander Band. A large crowd was present. Judge V. H. Stone made a fine talk paying tribute to the Pioneers. A poem, the Sheepherders Monument, by Ed Wynn, pioneer publisher of the Lander Clipper, was read by Mrs. Edith Nickerson McLane. Mr. Wm (Bill) Scarlett told of his early experiences as a cowboy on the Sweetwater in Fremont County and presented the Association with a $50.00 check. Lander business houses donated prizes for the following sports program. Mrs. May Jeffries won "Ladies Over 60", Mrs. Fred Schultz won the women's free for all. Margerite Beaton won the girls free for all. Ed Farlow won "Men Over 70". Grant Young and Emmett Connell tied for "Men over 60". Ervin Cheney won the "Men Over 50". Stub Farlow won the men's free for all. In the fat man race, H. R. Cox won, and Mrs. Jess Fields won the fat woman race. The oldest man present was Richard Green and the oldest woman present was Mrs. Joe Lee. Jack Perrin won as the homeliest man.

September 3rd, 1934. Music was played by the Lander Band. Milward Simpson said he first arrived in Lander when a boy 14 years old, and urged the Pioneers to preserve the historical data of Fremont County. The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. R. H. Hall, showed a balance of $329.48 in the treasury. Mr. W. L. Marion was appointed Historian. Dues collected amounted to $75.00.

September 3rd, 1935. Mr. William Scarlett presented the Association with a fine set of dishes with the name "Scarlett" on each one. It was a cold stormy day. Tables were set in the Cabin and on the porch with the rest on the lawn. About 250 persons were present. President D. F. Hudson suggested that

a block of native granite be brought down from the mountains and erected on the grounds with the names of charter members to be inscribed on it. A motion was made, seconded and carried to this effect. Mrs. Nottage suggested that cases for the Pioneer relics should be secured. Ed Farlow moved that tables and seats be secured for the annual picnics. A rising vote of thanks was given to Mr. Scarlett.

April 4th, 1936—Special Meeting. The mounument committee met at the home of Mr. E. F. Cheney. A permanent committee was appointed as follows: R. H. Hall, E. J. Farlow, Ervin Cheney, Dan Hudson, Mart Hornecker, L. J. Bower, Esther Nalls, J. H. Fields, and Etta Farlow. It was decided to request bids.

April 15th, 1936. A meeting was held at the Cheney home. Bids on a monument were opened and the contract awarded to L. J. Bower and A. J. Lee. Forest Service refused to give a stone from Sinks Canyon to the Pioneers.

June 18th, 1936—Special Meeting. The Monument Committee met at the Pioneer Cabin for discussion of a stone. Motion was made, seconded and carried that Mr. R. H. Hall be given full charge of selecting the stone.

September 3rd, 1936. The annual reunion was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Short addresses were made by Bill Scarlett, Senator Jim Graham and Harry Harnsberger. It was moved that a vote of thanks be extended to Bill Scarlett for his generosity in furnishing the ice cream for the picnic. Word was received that Tom Osborne, old time cowboy, had died at Cody. Mr. Osborne was born in Wyoming and came to Camp Brown (now Lander) in 1871.

September 3rd, 1937. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A telegram of hearty greetings to the Pioneers from Emma Cheney Nottage of Salt Lake City was read. The entertainment program was in charge of Lyda Sherlock. A reading, "I Was There", was given by P. B. Coolidge. A motion was made by E. J. Farlow that the incoming president appoint a committee of three to select the names of charter members and have them inscribed on a bronze tablet and placed on the monument by our next annual meeting.

September 3rd, 1938. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Music was played by the high school band directed by Mr. Williams. It was a usual meeting.

July 6th, 1939. The Fremont County Pioneer Association assisted the B & P W Club and the Lander Commercial Club in entertaining Governor Smith and his party following the dedication of the Esther Morris Mounument at South Pass.

September 3rd, 1939. The meeting was held at the Pioneer Park with music by the Lander Band. Mr. Robert Hall was pre-

sented with the Pioneer Key of the Association. E. J. Farlow, Ervin Cheney and James Moore were elected as trustees for a 3 year term.

September 3, 1940. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park with music by the high school band. The meeting was called to order by the ringing of the Old School Bell which had been placed on the roof of the Cabin. Mr. Bob Hall was asked to address the meeting and called to the attention of the Association the unfinished work on the monument. A special guest of honor was Mr. Ernest Hornecker of Covina, California. Senator George Cross paid a fitting tribute to the Pioneer families of Fremont County. Mr. W. L. Simpson recounted the early days in Lander which he knew as a youth in 1884. He told of the early day families, their hardships and ambitions—"We must not die; the spirit of the Pioneer is the spark of life that makes America great. Our Organization must carry on."

September 3rd, 1941. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. It was suggested that a case be purchased for the safe keeping of all relics—the case to be equipped with locks. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Florence Hoffer for her excellent care of the Cabin and grounds. Mr. L. L. Newton suggested that something be done about procuring the old files of the old Mountaineer which are now in Riverton.

September 3rd, 1942. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Honorary members elected to hold the keys were William Cook of Riverton and Mrs. E. F. Cheney of Lander. There was the usual business meeting and entertainment.

September 3rd, 1943. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with the usual business meeting. The following were called upon for remarks: L. L. Newton, Bill Scarlett, Charles Moore, Mrs. William Simpson, Mrs. Laura Bragg, James Moore, Mrs. Nell Stratton, Carrie Fisher McLaughlin, Stub Farlow and Emma Rogers. Mayor William Jones was reported ill by President Mrs. Nell Trout.

September 3rd, 1944. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. Those who gave short talks were Bill Scarlett, Stub Farlow, Ervin Cheney, Mrs. Lyda Sherlock, Carrie Fisher McLaughlin and Joe Cook. William Cook, oldest Pioneer resident of Riverton, died December 17, 1943, at the ripe old age of 94 years and 2 months. A motion was made and carried to give the key to Ed Farlow as he is the oldest man pioneer in the Association. He is called "Father of the Association" as he has belonged to it since it first originated in Fremont County and has been an ardent and devoted member. Mrs. Matilda Cheney retained the key for the women. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Baker for taking care of the cabin and grounds.

September 3rd, 1945. The meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. 94 members registered. Eddie Hudson's Orchestra furnished music. A motion was made and carried to modernize the Cabin. Pioneer keys retained by Ed Farlow and Matilda Cheney for being the oldest couple present.

September 3rd, 1946. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. 73 members registered. A motion was made and carried to hold the annual picnic on the second Sunday in August hereafter. Interesting talks were given by Mrs. Carrie Fisher McLaughlin, Mr. Scarlett, Edith Nickerson, Mrs. S. C. Parks, Ada Cook, and William Marion. Keys were retained by Mrs. Matilda Cheney and Ed Farlow.

August 10, 1947. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with the usual meeting. John Souter was called on and talked about his trip to Scotland and England and Wales in 1946 when he saw King George and Queen Elizabeth of England and General and Mrs. Eisenhower at the same church in Scotland. Mrs. Ted Ranney gave an interesting recitation. President Lawrence Bower was complimented on selling 95 membership cards. Tribute was paid to Mrs. Matilda Cheney and Ed Farlow as the two oldest association members present. Sale was made of fractions of lots to Mrs. Fletcher and Lot 15 to Bob Diemer.

August 8, 1948. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A telegram was read from Governor and Mrs. L. C. Hunt congratulating the Pioneer Association. 85 members were registered. Interesting old time experiences of pioneers were told by Mrs. Nellie Ranney, Ruth Hornecker Abbott, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson Dupont, William T. Jones, Retta Iiams Ferry, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr Bates, Ervin Cheney, and William Marion.

August 14th, 1949. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Mrs. Lyda Sherlock told of the early history of the Sherlock family who came to South Pass from Utah in the early 70's. Mrs. Allie Hall Millard gave early history of the Hall family. Josie Bower gave early history of the J. R. Davis family, the George Wroe and Knott families. Mrs. Belle Baldwin gave a talk on Major Noves Baldwin's family who had the first store in the Lander Valley. Information provided by Dick Lamoreaux gave the history of the Jules Lamoreaux family. Jules Lamoreaux was one of the charter members of the Association. A motion was made by William Marion, seconded and carried that the Harvey Morgan Skull should never be loaned or moved from the Cabin. Pioneer keys were given to Ed Farlow and Mrs. Mary Butler. 84 members were registered and paid dues.

August 20th, 1950. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A motion was made and seconded that a bronze plaque be provided for names of Pioneers. The committee consisted of officers of the Association. The history of the J. K. Moore family was

given by J. K. Moore, Jr. 63 members were registered and paid dues. Motion was made and seconded that plans be made for bronze plaque for names of Pioneers. Committee to consist of the officers of the Association, Mrs. Lyle Millard and W. T. Jones.

August 13, 1951. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. A fine talk was given by Harry Harnsberger. A motion was made and carried to change the date of the Pioneer Reunions back to September 3rd. Keys were given to W. T. Jones and Mary Butler for being the oldest Association members present.

September 3rd, 1952. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. Senator L. C. Hunt gave an interesting talk on Pioneer history of Wyoming. Mrs. Stella McGinnity, president of Natrona County Pioneers, and Fred Stratton, Mayor of Riverton were introduced. Pioneer keys were given to the oldest Association members present—James Moore and Dora Robertson. Decision was made to hold the annual picnics the last Sunday in August.

August 31, 1953. The annual Fremont County Pioneer Association Reunion was held in Lander on the last Sunday in August, 1953, at the Pioneer Park Cabin, corner of Sixth and Lincoln streets.

The 1953 membership drive was promoted for the purpose of raising funds to finance suitable glass enclosed show cases to preserve the old relics donated by the Pioneers, and to commemorate the names of charter members and other pioneers of the Association by cutting the names in a stone monument located on the grounds at the Pioneer Park. 657 membership cards were sold at $1.00 each, over 250 of them being sold in the Riverton area by Fred Stratton, Jr.

50 Years With the Pioneers
The Fremont County Pioneer Association
in
Lander, Wyoming

Annual reunions of the Fremont County Pioneer Association were held at the Ed Farlow grove on the west side of Lander from 1904 to 1917 inclusive—18 years—when Mr. Farlow sold the property to Milton Stowe. No meeting was held in 1918 due to a flu epidemic. For the next 8 years meetings were held in the Stowe Grove—from 1919 to 1926 inclusive, with one exception. In 1922 the meeting was held in the Ladies Booster Park, now called the City Park, on the south side of Lander.

The eligibility requirement of continuous residence in the county for the past 25 years was started in 1909 when H. G. Nickerson made the motion which was carried. This has been the custom for 44 years.

OFFICERS OF THE
FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

DATE	PRESIDENT	VICE PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	TREASURER
7- 5-1886	L. C. Bliss		James I. Patton	
7- 4-1887	H. G. Nickerson		"	
1-27-1904	Geo. B. West, Chairman		H. G. Nickerson (Preliminary meeting)	
7- 2-1904	James Kime	R. H. Hall	E. J. Farlow	
9- 2-1905	"	"	"	
9- 3-1906	E. F. Cheney	F. G. Burnett	O. K. Nickerson	
9- 3-1907	H. G. Nickerson	A. P. Battrum	Mrs. Geo. Jackson	M. N. Baldwin
9- 4-1908	E. J. Farlow	Ben Sheldon	O. K. Nickerson	E. T. St. John
9- 3-1909	Jules Lamoreaux	Thos. H. Maghee	Alice Sheldon	"
9- 3-1910	Thos. H. Maghee	James A. Carr	Mrs. H. G. Nickerson	"
9- 3-1911	R. H. Hall	Ernest Hornecker	"	E. F. Cheney
9- 3-1912	"	"	"	"
9- 4-1913	Jas. A. Carr	E. T. St. John	"	"
9- 3-1914	E. T. St. John	A. P. Battrum	"	"
9-20-1915	A. P. Battrum	Ernest Hornecker	"	"
9- 3-1916	Ernest Hornecker	Abe Fosher	"	" (6 years)
9- 3-1917	E. F. Cheney	Henry DeWolf	"	E. J. Farlow
9- 4-1918		No Meeting — flu epidemic		
9-13-1919	Henry DeWolf	Lizzie Farlow	"	"
9- 3-1920	Lizzie Farlow	F. G. Burnett	"	"
9- 3-1921	M. N. Baldwin	"	" (11 Years)	"
9- 3-1922	J. D. Woodruff	J. K. Moore	Miss Edith Nickerson	" (5 years)
9- 4-1923	J. K. Moore, Jr.	John Carr	Dora Robertson	Mrs. Robert Hall
9- 3-1924	John Carr	J. M. Hornecker	Mrs. Lizzie Bates	"
9- 3-1925	Mart Hornecker	C. E. Bates	"	"
9- 3-1926	Peter Anderson	"	"	"
9- 3-1927	C. E. Bates	Finn Burnett	"	"
9- 4-1928	F. G. Burnett	Frank Nicol	"	"
9- 3-1929	Frank Nicol	Dora Robertson	"	"
9- 3-1930	Dora Robertson	Cora Crowley	" (7 years)	"

9- 3-1931	Cora Crowley	Esther Nalls	Mrs. Park Hays	"
9- 3-1932	"	"	"	"
9- 3-1933	Esther C. Nalls	Mary Butler	"	"
9- 3-1934	Dan Hudson	Dora Robertson	" (4 years)	"
9- 3-1935	Mrs. E. F. Cheney	Mrs. W. A. Robertson	Mrs. Lawrence Bowers	"
9- 3-1936	Harry Leseberg	"	"	" (14 years)
9- 3-1937	Mrs. Park Hays	Mrs. Jack Rogers	"	Miss Clair Hall
9- 4-1938	Lyda Sherlock	Camille McKenzie	"	"
9- 3-1939	Stuart Nalls	Tim Barrett	" (5 years)	"
9- 3-1940	Tim Barrett	Mrs. Ben Cochrane	Ruth Abbott	"
9- 3-1941	Allie Hall Millard	Esther Bowers	"	"
9- 3-1942	Nellie Trout	"	Netta Farlow	"
9- 3-1943	Mabel C. Moudy	"	"	"
9- 3-1944	Carl Obert	Stub Farlow	Nova Manoun	"
9- 3-1945	A. J. (Stub) Farlow	Hattie Hudson	"	"
9- 3-1946	Ervin Cheney	Nova Manoun	Mrs. Alice Hays	"
10-10-1947	Lawrence Bower	Allie Millard	"	"
10- 8-1948	"	"	"	"
10-14-1949	"	"	Essie Fisher	"
10-20-1950	"	Jules Farlow, Sr.	"	"
10-12-1951	" (5 years)	"	"	"
9- 3-1952	Jules E. Farlow, Sr.	Nell N. Stratton	Anna L. Scott	"
8-30-1953	"	"	"	" (17 years)
				31 years



FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION MONUMENT

Located at 6th and Lincoln in Pioneer Park, Lander. The Pioneer Cabin is in the background. The monument committee proposes the addition of an additional 150 names to the monument of eligible pioneers who came to Fremont County between 1880 and 1905 and who resided in the county 25 years or more.

NAMES AS THEY APPEAR ON THE MONUMENT

(OX TEAM) *(BUCKING HORSE)* *(STAGE COACH)*

A. J. (Stub) Farlow

FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Names Taken From Records

CHARTER MEMBERS AND FAMILIES

1ST MEETING—JULY 5, 1886
H. G. Nickerson—1868
L. C. Bliss—1869
James I. Patton—1870
Ed Alton—1868
Alonzo Harvey—1877
Archie McFadden

2ND MEETING—JULY 4, 1887
John Fosher—1869
James Irwin—1869
William McCabe—1858
Geo. Jackson—1869
Ben Sexton—1868
Wm. B. Gratrix—1866
August Laucken—1865
Jake Fry—1869
P. P. Dickinson—1867
Louis Poire—1868
Chas. Fogg—1867
Wm. Evans—1868
James A. McAvoy—1869

SPECIAL MEETING—
JAN. 27, 1904
E. J. Farlow—1878
Geo. McKay—1868
Pete Anderson—1869
Peter Beck
Sam O'Meara—1874
David Jones—1876
Chas. Stough—1879
Abe Fosher—1868

3RD MEETING—JULY 2, 1904
James Kime—1869
R. H. Hall—1873
Maj. N. Baldwin—1866
Lizzie Farlow—1868
Hugo Koch—1861

4TH MEETING—Sept. 2, 1905
C. P. Cottrell—1869
Ed St. John—1868
Mrs. L. C. Davis—1873
E. F. Cheney—1866
Joe Trucky—1868
Jas. Couch—1879
F. G. Burnett—1868
Ernest Hornecker—1869
Frank Lowe—1870

MONUMENT COMMITTEE—
AUGUST 30, 1953
Jules Farlow—1884
Nell Stratton—1886
Anna Scott—1916
Clair Hall—1880
Essa Fischer—1890
Ervin Cheney—1883
J. K. Moore, Jr.—1876

[the next page continues after this as on the monument]

FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Brave Pioneer Families Who Came to Wyoming Prior to 1880

(Names Taken From Records)

Allen, Chas.
Amoretti, E.
Appleby, C. S.
Atkins, J. J.
Axe, Allen
Baldwin, M. N.
Bebee, James
Borland, Matt
Boyd, Wm.
Bragg, Robert
Boland, Ed
Borner, John
Bowman, Ike
Bruce, J. E.
Burns, J. R.
Carr, James A.
Casto, Frank
Clark, W. V.
Clark, O. M.
Cook, Wm.
Crowley, C. W.
Curry, John
DeWolf, Henry
Evans, Ben
Farlow, Henry
Faris, Joe
Fletcher, Chas.
Forrest, James
Grant, John
Giesler, L. L.
Gustin, E. A.
Goodrich, J. E.
Grimmett, Orson
Harris, W. W. (Curly)
Harrison, Chas. B.
Harsch, Phillip
Hart, Chas.
Haynes, Wm.
Heath, W. A.
Heenan, Mike
Hornecker, J. M.
Huff, John
Iiams, Sam
Johnson, W. G.
Jones, Wm. T.
Knott, John
Laird, Jim
LaJeunesse, A. J.
Lamoreaux, Jules
Lane, A. D.
Lannigan, W. M.
Harting, Henry
Langlois, Geo.
Le Clair, Edmo.
Leseberg, Fred
Logue, Harry
Ludin, Jules
Maghee, Thomas
McAuley, Robert
Meigs, Guy
McGrath, Thomas
Moore, J. K.
Murphy, Mike
Myer, Jake
Myers, O. O.
Noble, W. P.
Norton, C. C.
O'Brien, Wm.
Oldham, Chas.
O'Neal, Wm. F.
Painter, John
Pelon, John
Peralto, P. T.
Peterson, Louie
Peterson, Joe & H.
Pitts, E. H.
Reid, John
West, Geo. B.
Riley, John
Robinson, J. M.
Rogers, Wm.
Schlichting, Wm.
Sherman, Jason
Sherlock, Richard
Sheldon, Ben
Spangler, Sam
Smith, James
Spencer, J. H. Maj.
Stagner, Speed
Steers, John
Stevenson, Wm. C.
Trosper, W. B.
Tweed, Wm. (Boss)
Van Patten, Wm.
Vidal, Phil
Wagner, Joe
Weiser, Phil
Welch, J. M.
Werlen, John
Wilson, Ace
Woodruff, J. D.
Wroe, Geo.
Young, Ed.
Yarnell, Nelson

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs.
Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART II—1852

XIII.

(BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO LUKE LEA, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 30, 1852. *Extract.*)[44]

Major Holeman's report for this quarter, having been received subsequent to the foregoing writing and just previous to the closing of this mail, is the reason of its not being mentioned therein. It is however transmitted herewith (marked B) together with the usual endorsement which is enclosed in this package. I will merely observe than an agency establishment in the Uinta valley would accommodate the Indians of that region known as the Uinta and Yampah Utes, and the Snakes or more properly Shoshone Indians in this Territory and being supported by a settlement will have a tendency to harmonize any ill feeling that may have heretofore existed among them. . . .

XIV.

(STEPHEN B. ROSE, SUB-AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 31, 1852.)

Sir

I have the honor of Submitting the following to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs through Your Excellency. I received a communication from your Hon on the 10th of Jan mentioning that

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44. This letter (U/4-1852) is voluminously concerned with Indian affairs in general; only the postscript is here printed. With his own letter Young enclosed the quarterly reports of Rose and Holeman transmitted through his office, these are our Documents XV and XVI.

45. Present Brigham City.

a difficulty had been reported to you as haveing occured between the Snake Indians and the Citirens of Box Elder[45] and wishing me to procede there immediately and investigate the matter which request I complied with and am happy to inform you that all is amicably settled On my return I learned that the Indian children found in the possession of the Spaniards had been returned to the Indian Department and agreeable to your order I have provided them with good comfortable homes where they are well treated and seem happy they were in a most deplorable condition and I was compelled to get some clothing and give them to keep them from perishing[46] On the 16th of Feb I found a company of men starting for Uwinta Valley and haveing recieved a note from you last fall wishing me to procede there and assertain the situation of the Indians in that Part of the Territory and not haveing had an opportunity before in consequence of haveing been occupied on other duties I thought it a good opportunity to visit the Valley. but upon my arrival there I found the Indians had all gone to the Buffalo country and therefore cannot give you any account of them. I would suggest the propriety of calling the attention of the Department to a number of French Canadian Traders settled upon Green River and in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger who are constantly trading with the Indians although they have been notified to the contrary they have had a number of the different Tribes together this winter and made a number of speaches to them endeavouring to prejudice them against the peacefull inhabitants of this Valley Accompanying this report you will find a schedule containing an account of the expenditures of the quarter ending this day . . . .

XV.

(Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, March 30, 1852)

Sir,

Since my report, made to your Excellency, on the 31st of December last, there has nothing occurred of importance in my department.

Agreeable to your instructions, in January last, in company with Sub-Agent S. B. Rose, visited the Indians north, as far as

46. The reference is to New Mexican slave traders, to the Utah operations of whom Brigham Young put a stop.

Box Elder. We found them friendly disposed towards the whites, and in the General, on friendly terms—there had been previously, some little disturbance, but all had quietted down. The information we had received of their having a considerable quantity of American Gold, we found to be true—we made every effort to ascertain in what manner they came in possession of it. One, who had several pieces, stated, that he had received it two or three years ago, in a horse trade, from an emigrant—others accounted for having the Gold in various ways, but to my mind, not satisfactory. A great portion of this band, was absent on a hunting expedition—we could not see their chief, nor could we get any information which seemed of a character to be relied on. Whether these Indians have participated in the roberies on the California route, or not, is extremely doubtful—I thought some circumstances looked rather suspicious—Yet they professed friendship towards the Whites, and many of them had given such evidences of their friendship, as to induce the citizens there, to believe they were sincere. We made every effort to ascertain the true situation of the white females, who were said to be held as prisoners, by a band of Indians in that neighborhood. So far as we could learn, from Whites and Indians, no prisoners had been in that neighborhood. We learned, however, from the Indians, that a band of the "white Knives," as they are called, residing perhaps in Oregon, had sometime previous, two white women as prisoners, but for some cause, which they could not explain, they had killed them both. We, however, could get no information except from the Indians—and not being acquainted with the character and conduct of these Indians, I placed but little reliance in any thing they said. I gave them a few presents, which pleased them very much and they promised a great deal in future.

I met with a deputation of the Utah Tribe, from Uwinty Valley, at Fort Bridger, in December last, as I previously informed you—they had been sent by the chief of the band, with overtures of friendship, and requested that I would send some traders to visit their village. I selected a competent man, who was acquainted with them, and who spoke their language, to accompany the traders, with a few presents to their chief men. He has just returned, and reports very favourably of the kind feelings of these Indians. In accordance with my request, they have determined to meet the Snakes, in a council, for the purpose of establishing a treaty of peace and friendship between the tribes—and are now engaged in that laudable object. From the assurances given me, both by the Utes and Snakes, I hope, and believe, that they will succeed—and that they will make a treaty, which will place their friendly relations upon a much more lasting foundation than they have ever been heretofore. I enclose you my report for the quarter ending 31st inst. . . .

XVI.

(Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, April 29, 1852)[47]

Sir—I have advised you, in my previous communications, of the difficulty and danger to emigrants who travel the Oregon and California route—and of the necessity of doing something for their protection. I also informed you, that if not instructed otherwise, I should visit that section of the Territory, and endeavor to make such arrangements with these Indians as would insure safety to emigration in future. I have had several conversations with the Superintendent upon this subject, without coming to any determination or receiving from him any particular instructions. For the purpose, therefore, of bringing the matter to a close, and that there should be action upon the subject, I address to him the enclosed letter. He left this city on the 23d inst. on a southern tour, to be absent several months, without giving me any instructions, or even acknowledging the receipt of my letter. He has been in an ill humor with me, since the receipt of your annual report, in which is a letter I addressed you from Fort Laramie, and in which I speak of the excitement of the Indians on account of the whites settling their lands—and more particularly against the Mormons. In order to justify myself for the statements made in that letter, I have thought it advisable to give you my authority, as I have been threatened with denunciation and a contradiction of all matters concerning the Mormons.

Mr. James Bridger, who was the Interpreter of the Snake Indians at the Treaty of Laramie, and who is very favorably noticed in the Communication of Col. D. D. Mitchell, informed me, that the Utah Indians, residing in Uwinty valley, had frequently expressed their dissatisfaction in the strongest terms, against the Mormons making settlements on their lands; that they had understood they intended to do so—and were anxious to know what they should do, or if they had the right to prevent it. This was stated to me, in such a manner, that I could not hesitate to believe it. In addition to this, Mr. Barney Ward,[48] a Mormon, who was the interpreter of Sub-agent S. B. Rose, in conversation,

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47. H/89-1852. Enclosed with the letter is a copy of Holeman's letter to Young, dated Great Salt Lake City, April 19, 1852. It is sufficiently summarized for our purposes in Holeman's letter to Lea.

48. Elijah "Barney" Ward has a certain celebrity in history as the only mountain man permanently converted to Mormonism. A brief biography appears in Andrew Jenson, *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia,* Salt Lake City, 1920, Vol. 3, pp. 552-554.

frequently stated that the Mormons intended to make a settlement in Uwinty Valley, and that he was going to reside there as an Indian trader. With this information, believing that if the settlement was attempted, that it would cause an oubreak, and another "Indian war," for which Government would be called upon to defray the expenses, I made the statement in my communication from Laramie—not however, for the purpose of producing unkind feeling towards the Mormons, but to impress upon the department the necessity of adopting such measures, as would place both the whites and the Indians in a position to understand their rights and privileges, and thereby prevent further disturbances among them; as there had been, as I conceived, great injustice done the Indians already. I subsequently met a deputation of the Uwinty Utes, sent by their chief Soweates, who confirmed the information I had before received and expressed their decided disapprobation to any settlement being made on their lands by the whites, and more particularly by the Mormons. This same deputation was directed by their chief, to request, that I would send them some traders, towards whom and the government they pledged friendship in the strongest terms. I sent them two different companies of traders, one from Fort Bridger, who they treated with great kindness and respect—the others went from this city—upon learning they were from the Mormon city, the Indians immediately demanded to know if they were Mormons—and although one was a Mormon they were compelled to deny it, —such was the feelings of hostility expressed towards the Mormons, that if they had been known to be so, they would have been driven from the village. The Shoshonies or Snakes, were equally opposed, and expressed their disapprobation to the Mormons settling on their lands, in the strongest terms.

I thought I was in the discharge of my duty, in giving to the department this information, as I conceived it of some importance. The Indians in this Territory, have, in the general, been badly treated—upon some occasions, so much so, as to produce resistance. Then, upon the most trivial occasion, would follow, as the Mormons call it, an "Indian War"—and being better armed and equipped than the Indians, a most brutal butchery would follow. For all these services, in all these "Indian Wars," I understand, that there is a petition presented or will be presented to Congress, for the Government to pay the Bill. Before they do so, however, I hope they will enquire into particulars—as these people seem more inclined to fleece the Government of her money, than to render her any important service or friendship. I have thought it to be my duty to inform the department of all matters calculated to produce excitement or dissatisfaction among the Indians. With this view, I have made you the several communications, relative to matters and things here—I shall continue to do so as circum-

stances may occur. And while I confine my statements to facts, I feel confident I shall be sustained by the department.

I shall, in accordance with my previous advices to the department, leave in a few days for the Humbolt, where, if I find it necessary, I shall establish an agency, as it is no doubt, the most important point on the route. If it should be necessary, and any good can be effected, I will extend my trip as far as Carson Valley, near the line between this Territory and California. If I should not succeed in establishing friendly relations with these Indians, I shall, on my return, have it in my power to give the department such information, as will enable them to act more advisedly in future. At present but little is known, except, that they are murdering and plundering every train that passes the road. As the Treaty of Laramie has given security to emigration, from the States to the country occupied by these Indians, an arrangement with them will open a general highway through all the country, from Missouri to California, and give security to the numerous and increasing emigration which is annually passing to California and Oregon, and which at present is attended with so much danger and loss of life and property. The Indians in this section have had but little intercourse with the Whites, and what they have had, has rather tended to excite them against the Whites, than to create friendship or respect. The first were a set of traders and trappers, &c whose practice was to cheat them out of what little they possessed, or take it by force when able to do so—the Second was the Mormons, who forcibly took possession of their country, drove off their game, and killed many of the Indians —the last was the emigration, who often committed depradations on those who were inclined to be friendly, through the mistaken idea that all Indians were treacherous—and by this means frequently caused the innocent to suffer. Such transactions, has, in a great measure, brought about the present condition of things here. Many of the tribes, however, are becoming friendly, and by a prudent and humane course which has characterised all the acts of the government in regard to this unfortunate race, I hope the balance may be reconciled, and the country and the highways be relieved of the distressing scenes, which so often occur.

I mentioned to you in my last communication, that the November mail from California to this place, had been cut off by the Indians, and the contents destroyed. The remains of Mr. Woodward, the contractor, has since been found, some forty miles beyond the settlements in this valley. We have received information, from the Indians, near Fort Hall, that he and his escort, five in number, were attacked by this marauding band of Indians on the Humbolt, and that four was killed—the fifth, Woodward, made his escape. it is supposed that he must have been wounded, and

died from exhaustion, as his watch and many valuable papers were found near the remains of his body, which was almost entirely destroyed by wild beast—it was identified, however, by his clothing, watch, papers, &c.

The Snake Indians, who attended the treaty at Laramie returned well pleased with their reception and treatment—they are very friendly with all who pass through their country, giving them every assistance in their power, and pledging a continuance of their friendship; on account, as they say, of the kindness of their Great Father to them. This feeling is diffusing itself throughout many of the other tribes and bands, who regret that they had not been there also. In fact, I believe, that there is but one tribe in the Territory who are disposed to molest the emigration, and that is the tribe, I contemplate visiting. I shall be compelled to incur some expense, but shall be as economical as possible. I shall have to hire some ten or fifteen men, an Interpreter &c. to accompany me, and shall make all other arrangements, as far as possible, subject to your advice and instruction, which I shall expect on my return

I regret that I have not been able to receive positive instructions in relation to my duties, and more particularly in regard to expenditures, and the particular kind of expenditures. I fear that I have already gone too far—all I can say on this subject, is, that in attending the Snake Indians to the Treaty at Laramie, although somewhat expensive, it has done much good, and will have a very happy effect upon our Indian operations in future. One thing, however, is certain—all operations with the Indians cost money, perhaps more in this Territory, than many other places. I have therefore, thought it better to incur a little expense, for purposes, which I deemed of importance to the Indians and to the Government, than to wait for instructions so distant and difficult to obtain. Besides, I can see no use in my remaining idle, when there is important work to perform—particularly as it will have to be done, at some time, and perhaps at a much greater expense.

Will you be so kind, as to say to me, on the receipt of this, what will be the proper allowance to these men, who accompany me, either as their per diem or monthly pay. I fear you will consider me somewhat *pestiferous*—but you must recollect that I have had no instructions by which I could form a correct opinion of the extent of my powers and duties, or the particular wishes of the Government. I was directed to report to the Governor, which duty I performed without delay—He having no instructions, as he informed me, I was left to act upon your verbal instructions, to take such steps as in my judgement would best conduce to the interest of the Indians and the Government. I have endeavored

so to act, and hope my conduct may meet the approbation of the department, and that I may hear from you by the return mail.

I received a communication by the last mail, informing me, that in consequence of my having failed to render my accounts up to the 30th of September last, I had been reported to the President. I regret that it was not in my power to make my report at the time alluded to—I had been in attendance at the treaty of Laramie, with the Snake Indians, where I was detained much longer than I had anticipated, when I left this city—not doubting, when I left, but that I should return before the time specified for making my report, I did not take with me, many papers, necessary to enable me to do so. In addition to this—my horses failed, on my return, to such an extent, as to prevent my travelling at the usual speed—I had to wait on them or to leave them—I thought it more prudent to sacrifice my personal comfort, than to leave my animals which would have been a total loss to the Government, and did not reach this city until the 26th of October, too late to make a report. I however forwarded my accounts by the November mail, which I have no doubt you have received, ere this, and which I hope may be satisfactory to the department. . . .

P. S. May 1st. Not receiving any communication from you, and being left to act from my own judgment, I shall proceed to equip ten men, with an Interpreter, and two friendly Indians, and proceed immediately to the Humbolt. It is reported here, that these marauding Indians in that section, have been making great preparations for their operations on the emigrants; and as there is nothing else, of an importance, for me to do at present, it seems to me, that my duty prompts me to this course. I shall use every effort in my power, peaceably, to quiet the Indians on this route, and to get all the information possible, concerning them, their habits, disposition &c. and the prospects of doing any thing with them in future. I shall use economy and discretion in all matters, and report the result to the department, on my return. If I find it necessary to go as far as Carson Valley, I may be detained some two or three months. It is unnecessary to take this trip, unless a thorough investigation is made of all matters which may be of interest to the Government or to the Indians, so as to enable the department to act more advisedly in future. It is very necessary that something should be done, and as speedily as possible, as the longer it is delayed, the more difficult, and expensive it will be to the Government. I shall be compelled to draw on the department for funds, to defray expenses. I shall also take with me a few articles, to be used as presents, if I can dispose of them, to advantage an effect. The April mail from the States has just arrived. . . .

XVII.

(Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, May 28, 1852)[49]

Sir, Your two letters of January 28th and February 20th were received per last mail, which arrived during my absence on a tour south, being *only* about two and a half months since the date of the last written; another month before a reply can be started, and the same time allowed to reach Washington making in all, to write and receive an answer, six months! This shows how we are blest with mail facilities.

I do not know that you ever received my first report dated 13 September 1851, as I have received no acknowledgement of its reception. I observe that the only paper which has found its way into the annual report, from Utah, is Major Holeman's, written at Fort Laramie and dated September 22, 1851. This is also attributable it is presumed to deficient postal arrangements. I wish to correct some erronneous statements made in that report, of the truth of which at that time Major Holeman might either through misconception or misinformation entertain an honest belief. I allude to the following paragraphs. "I find much excitement among the Indians in consequence of the whites settling and taking possession of their country, driving off and killing their game, and in some instances driving off the Indians themselves" "the greatest complaint on this score is against the Mormons; they seem not to be satisfied with taking possession of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, but are making arrangements to settle other, and principally the rich valleys and best lands in the Territory. "This creates much dissatisfaction among the Indians; excites them to acts of revenge; they attack emigrants, plunder and commit murder whenever they find a party weak enough to enable them to do so, thereby making the *innocent* suffer for *injuries* done by *others*. I find also another class of individuals, a mixture of all nations, and although less powerful in numbers *equally injurious* to the country and the Indians. These are a set of traders called here Freemen," &c again, "I am informed that they have induced Indians to drive off the Stock of emigrants, so as to force them to purchase of the "Freemen" at exhorbitant prices and after the emigrants have left, make a pretended purchase of the indians for a mere trifle, and are ready to sell again to the next train that may pass, and who may have been served in the same manner" "These scenes are transacted so far from

49. U/8-1852.

the officers of the law, and by a set of men who are somewhat lawless that it will require extreme measures and some force to relieve the country of them."

With the exception of a few, perhaps fifteen or twenty white men at Fort Bridger and vicinity, who make no improvements nor raise grain, no settlement has been made or attempted upon the Shoshonees or Uinta Utes land. Some twenty years ago the Shoshonees claimed a small tract at the mouth of Weber upon which there is now a settlement,[50] but abandoned it as the Buffalo receded, and it has since been held by the Cumembahs or Snake Diggers who united by marriage with a broken off band of Shoshonees which the Shoshone Indians do not claim as at all belonging to their nation.

At the time Major Holeman made the above statements he had never seen an Indian upon whose land the whites who make improvements and cultivate the earth had settled, and no Indians have ever been driven off these lands that I have ever heard of. The Shoshonees and Uintas, to whom I more particularly allude being the only ones in the Territory with whom the Major had at that time had any knowledge of, or intercourse with, have at various times solicited settlements to be made in their respective lands in order that they might be benefited in the articles of clothing provisions, as the game spoken of affords even in the most retired and secluded places, but a very precarious dependence for subsistence. The only dissatisfaction that I have ever been able to learn as existing among them, was in consequence of no such settlements being made as they desired although they have been told that they will be accommodated in this thing as soon as circumstances will permit. Many upon whose lands settlements have been made have gone to work and bid fair to become quite useful in their new avocation. There seems to be a mistaken idea in relation to the Shoshone Indians committing depredations, murders, &c upon emigrants. It has been and is the universal practice of emigrants upon reaching the country of these Indians, to relax their vigilance and usually dispense with their guard. This feeling of safety and sense of security is induced from the known friendly disposition of the Shoshonees in whose country the weary traveler can repose in safety, and the emigrant pass with impunity. As long as my acquaintance with them has existed, this is the first time that I have heard of such charges coming against them. The Uinta Utes and also all others in this Territory live south of all the travel to Oregon, California, or this place, and being at enmity with the Cheyennes and Shoshonees

50. Then called East Weber, now Uintah, at the mouth of Weber Canyon.

never extend their travels as far north as the line of travel, consequently could not, were they so disposed, trouble the emigrants; unless they should take the southern route from this place, which in the emigrating season is seldom done. Of these facts and especially the peaceable disposition of the Shoshonees the traveling public should be advised, that their minds might be disabused of prejudice against them; not so much to relax their vigilance, as to refrain from the wanton and murderous practice of shooting them, whenever they show their heads; a practice too often indulged in, by those travelers, who apparently bereft of every sensibility of feeling, consider and treat all Indians as enemies.

Whether the settlements are or have been detrimental to the "country" the "Indians" or the traveler, let those answer who are acquainted, a few items like the following. Have they received any benefit by finding in the valleys of the mountains, a resting place where they could recruit themselves and animals in peace and safety while on their toilsome march across the plains and mountains?—Is it any benefit to have a civilized society and an abundance of supplies of every kind of provision and grain furnished midway of the journey where its absence leaves nothing but a dreary waste and arid desert, involving starvation or inevitable destruction to the belated traveler in the interminable snows of the mountains? Would not Captain (Indian) Walker otherwise most likely extend his exploits, in seriously annoying the traveling public? Are not the Indians better fed, better clothed, and more peaceably disposed towards the whites than before their settlement among them? An affirmative reply must be made to all these queries, by any person who is at all acquainted with the circumstances, and disposed to speak the truth.

In relation to the "Freemen" of Green River I will only say that usually emigrants upon arrival at that point very frequently find their stock so much reduced by hardships that they are often very glad of an opportunity of exchanging for fresh animals at almost any rate that may be asked, thus furnishing an opportunity to those who have stock, an abundant source of profit without stealing themselves, or inducing the Indians to steal for them. Having long followed this practice of trading with the emigrants many of them are very well supplied with good stock which readily recruits when turned upon the rich pasturage of that region.[51]

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51. As Brigham Young was later to have trouble enough with the mountain men living in the Green River Valley, and for three years had regarded doubtfully the influence exerted by Jim Bridger against the Mormons, these remarks are interestingly dispassionate.

It is not safe to trust too far the savage Indians notwithstanding all their professions of friendship. Hence the impropriety of extending settlements faster than can be maintained; for our experience proves to us that although the whites, at their most earnest solicitation, may locate upon their lands with every assurance of safety and protection for themselves and property, yet when coming into daily contact with them, and stock begins to fill the range, their indolent and predatory habits lead them to incur the *risk* of satisfying their wants. They also sometimes become saucy and offensive to females who are left without sufficient protection, but in most cases if their wants for food, and clothing are supplied, but little difficulty occurs. We have had some serious difficulties at various times with them, but it has been caused usually through these sources, as the people have been unable to furnish them with all they wanted; their *involuntary contributions* become too *burdensome* and when withheld exasperation ensued. But chastisement when so richly deserved has had a most salutary effect, and in all instances with the exception of some Cumembahs; the hostile belligerents have come to terms and subsequently lived in peace with seemingly a better understanding than before.

These Cumembahs inhabiting principally the central part of this Territory extending north and south and westerly from the settlements and bordering upon the Desert as related in my former report of Sept 13/51 have as yet never come under the influence of a settlement of whites; but in Tooele and other places made such inroads upon the settlements, which altho' in their vicinity were yet upon other Indian's lands, as to compel the citizens in order to ensure their own safety to repel them and seek to break up their haunts by force. These are the Indians that so infest Mary's river. It was supposed that some Panaks and Shoshonees attracted thither by their success in plunder had joined them; but a small representation from those tribes inhabiting in the vicinity of Fort Hall with whom I conversed a few days since, strenuously deny that either of their tribes or any part of them have ever gone there, and they seemed totally ignorant of the fact if any such existed; although they admitted that they had heard rumours of emigrants being robbed and killed upon that river.

Availing myself of the protection afforded in the emigration to California I intended to send out an expedition to treat with the Indians on Marv's river this season, and had prepared instructions accordingly to Maior Holeman. At this time the copy of his report herein alluded to having arrived, I improved an early opportunity of calling upon him, hoping that his longer residence in the Territory and more extended acquaintance had served to correct the views which he had so erroneously entertained and expressed. I sincerely regret to say that he still adhered so strenuously to them as to induce the belief that he was at least indifferent to the

interests of the community, by so manifestly endeavoring to prejudice the mind of the Government against them. He however promised to look over the matter and if he saw anything to retract that he would take great pleasure in doing so. But as he has failed to do it, I declined giving him any instructions as was designed. And he during my absence with an escort of twenty five or thirty men employed at the expence of the Government, as I understand, has gone, intending to visit Carson Valley before his return. It is to be hoped that the enterprise will prove beneficial. I shall now await the result of his enterprise before acting in the premises.

It cannot be expected much will be done towards establishing farms and other improvements for the Indians unless some appropriations are made for that purpose.

Having just returned from my tour to the southern portion of the Territory, and not having time previous to the departure of this mail to make all the statements required in your letter, must crave the indulgence of another mail, when the required information will accompany the quarterly report ending 30 of June. If it is usual to furnish superintendencies with blanks they would be very gratefully received. . . .

XVIII.

(Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 29, 1852)[52]

Sir, Herewith is transmitted my report ending this 3 quarter of the present year, together with Ma'or Holeman and Rose reports. I will briefly remark, that all is peace among the native tribes in this Superintendency, even on Mary's river. We learn of no depredations of importance; this however is the usual result during the heavy emigration; whether they will again commence when that has passed, and small companies again tempt their rapacity time will develope. It is to be hoped that all parties traveling in that direction will give them no opportunity.

On the 6th day of August Ultimo, there arrived in this city six of the Shoshones as messengers from that tribe to make inquiry in relation to trade, and ascertain if possibly peace might

52. U/17-1852. The substance of this communication has been printed by Dr. Hebard, though she is mistaken in referring to the document as Brigham Young's "annual report."

be made with Wa-chor and the Utahs. This being a desirable object to accomplish, I made the messenger some presents, and informed them that I would send for the Utahs to meet them, if they would come and endeavor to accomplish the object which they seemed so ardently to desire. Accordingly on the 3rd day of September after many fruitless efforts on our part to procure the Utahs, who appeared very wary, and inclined to try the patience of the Shoshones to the uttermost, they were brought together, the Shoshones having been in waiting some two or three weeks. There were present on the part of the Utahs, Wachor, Sowiette, Antaro, Anker-howhitch (Arrow pine being sick) 34 lodges. On the part of the Shoshones, Wah-sho kig, To ter mitch, Watche namp, Ter ret e ma, Persh e go and 26 lodges. The lodges were left a short distance from the city, the braves amounting to about fifty in number on each side attending the treaty. Major Holeman having arrived from Carson valley just previous, by my invitation was also present, Interpreters D. B. Huntington, and Elijah Warde. The main difficulty seemed to be accomplished in getting them together upon a friendly footing I led off by asking Wa chor and Wash a kick if they wished to make peace and be friends with each other. They replied they did Will you make good peace that will last? Answered yes. I then said to Wachor tell all of your tribe this, and ask them, if they will do the same, and if so, let every one arise and hold up their right hands It was done unanimously, and the same explanation being made to the Shoshones by their chief, they also responded unanimously in the same manner. I then told them they must never fight each other again, but must live in peace, so that they could travel in each other's country and trade with each other. I then asked the Utes if we had been friends to them and if they loved us. As soon as the question was explained to their understanding, they answered in the affirmative by acclamation, with evident signs of joy and good feeling. The pipe of peace being first offered to the great Spirit, was often replenished, and sent around by the Shoshones' chiefs until every one had smoked in token of lasting friendship. The Utahs were then asked, if they had any objection to our settling upon their lands, and if they had not, to raise their right hands, which they did unanimously. Sow er ette being the Chief of the Uinta Utes and two of his sons being present, was also asked the same question, Replied that it was good for them to have us settle upon their lands, and he wanted a house close beside ours. I then asked the Shoshones how they would like to have us settle upon their land at Green river; they replied that the land at Green river did not belong to them, but that they lived and inhabited in the vicinity of the Wind river chain of mountains, and

the Sweetwater (or Sugar Water as they called it)[53] but that if we would make a settlement on Green river, they would be glad to come and trade with us.[54] I expressed unto them my good feelings for their kindness, in always being friendly to the whites, and for the safety in which all of the emigrants had ever been able to pass through their country, and hoped they would always continue the same. If any of the whites should steal anything from them, it should be returned if I could find it and if any of their tribe should steal anything from the whites, they must do the same. The Shoshones were expecting that Wa chor and the Utes would give them some horses according to their usual custom for a certain number of Shoshones which they had killed in their last conflict which occurred something over a year ago. Ten seemed to be about the number which had been killed, and the same number of horses were required. But finally agreed upon nine head. Walker now led off in quite a lengthy speech in which he said that he had done wrong and was sorry for it, His friends had been killed on the Shoshones land, and he had supposed that they had done it, but now he was satisfied that it was not them, that Brigham told him not to go, but he would not hear him, he had been sorry ever since, and so forth; had no horses now, but was going to trade with the Moquis next winter and would bring the horses to Green river when he should return. I will hear now what Brigham says to me, me good, placing his hand on his breast, have been a fool, but will do better in future. To ter mitch Shoshone chief then said a few words; his ears were open wide to hear, it was good, and he felt well, his heart was good. I then directed that the Chiefs should have some clothes and ammunition given them, and some beef cattle, and flour having been procured for the purpose, was distributed among them, when they left in apparently high spirits and good and friendly feelings towards each other as well as the whites.[55]

I have been thus explicit in giving the particulars of this interview, as it is the first that has occurred of a like nature since the settlements were founded; and it is hoped will result in long continued amity between the tribes. The Indians are universally fed

53. It has always been supposed that the name of the Sweetwater was bestowed by the trappers who frequented its waters from 1824; the French name, Eau Sucree instead of Eau Douce, has given some validation to the story that a mule with a load of sugar once fell in the stream. Under the circumstances it is very curious that the Shoshoni themselves should be represented as using the name, "Sugar Water."

54. Although it was some time in materializing, this is the genesis of the Fort Supply settlement near Fort Bridger.

55. For additional details about the summer's council with the Indians see the *Deseret News*, August 2, 21, 30, 1852.

and partially clothed throughout the Territory where settlements have been made, according to the ability of the people, and very many children are taken into families and have all the usual facilities for education afforded other children

The following estimates are made out from past observation and experience, as well as a knowledge of the actual wants and necessities of the Superintendency.

Goods for presents, such as blankets, shirts, hats caps shoes pants & c	5000—
Ammunition and guns	1500
Provisions and tobacco	5500
Total for presents	12000—
	12,000

For Major Holeman's Agency current expenses as per bills of last year	5000
Major Rose Do Do Do	3500
*Two [Stricken out: Interpreters pay	1000]
Total Agencies	9500
	9,500

Superintendent's Defraying expenses of farming operations	2700
Messengers on various business	600
Expenses of office, clerk hire, and other general contingencies	
[Stricken out: * including Interpreter $500	2500]
	5,800

*(leave out)

c 5,800
D$27.300

It will be observed that the above estimates do not contemplate holding of treaties or establishing schools, blacksmiths, mills &c at agencies, as usual in other Territories, and would be desirable in this. The estimates for such purposes were made in my report of estimates to Elisha Whittlesey Esq: December 31st, 1851, and have probably been received 'ere this. . . .

My Pal – 57 Years

By

HARRY ROBB

I'm going to miss him; I know I shall,
For his letters have been like stories that sell.
I have only met him from year to year,
But his friendship to me has been most dear.

It brings fond memories of days way back,
When we drank bad water from the same cow track.
When our stirrups have rubbed and clicked together,
As we rode the ranges in all sorts of weather,
When we sat our horses on the same side hill,
Watching a beef-herd take their fill.
To know he's gone is going to hurt,
For he was kind of man that would give his shirt.

When the night was bad and the work most hard,
Without even asking, he would stand my guard.
I'm going to miss him, now he's gone beyond,
But I know his horse will swim the pond.
And we will meet again in the buffalo grass,
Ere many more years will come and pass.
I know he'll be waiting for he was a pal of worth,
And we will lope on together as we did on earth.

to Bump from Harry. 8-13-1952.

This was written in memory of Wm. "Bump" Miskimins, by his pal and cowpunching friend Harry Robb. "Bump" grew up at LaGrange and after retiring from his job with The Swan Land & Cattle Company he returned to LaGrange and went into the ranch and cattle business which he continued until his death on August 1, 1952.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

FRANK L. BOWRON

Response to our recent organization of the Wyoming State Historical Society has been overwhelming. Attendance at the initial meeting in Casper was far beyond our original expectations and the speed with which county chapters are springing up throughout the state underscores the need for an organization of this type.

In view of this amazing response, it is certainly fitting to pay tribute to the person who is responsible for the founding of our group, Miss Lola Homsher, who is doing such a wonderful job as state archivist and historian. Miss Homsher's travels around the state, stirring up interest and laying the foundation for the Society, were an immeasurable contribution to her chosen field of work. I hope that the members of our Society, as well as other persons interested in Wyoming history, will let Miss Homsher know of their gratitude for her excellent efforts. There are undoubtedly others who have made contributions toward the beginnings of this group but the lion's share of the work fell on her shoulders.

* * * * *

It is my hope to devote this space to a discussion of problems which face our Society during the year and the reader's suggestions as to material for this space will be appreciated.

It seems to me that our primary objective during the first year of the Society's existence must be that of organizing and chartering county groups throughout the State. Until we have a statewide membership, our efforts will lack the necessary support to follow through on the Society aims. If your county does not presently have a chapter of the Society, I would like to suggest that you contact Miss Homsher and ask for organizing materials.

Virtually every county in the state faces some major problem in the preservation of historical sites and the storing of valuable papers. It is this problem upon which we can build our local chapters. In working to build your county organization, I suggest that you discuss local problems first and sell the Historical Society as one means of meeting a specific local problem.

I would like to urge local Historical Society chapters to take advantage of special event slogan postal cancellations which can be authorized by U. S. Postal authorities. By this means, every letter which leaves your post office can bear a slogan advertising some historical event. Some slogans recently authorized by the Post Office Department include "Ohio University/1804-1954/Sesquicentennial", the 100th anniversary of Omaha, Nebraska, the 75th anniversary of Ocean City, New Jersey, the 50th anniversary of the Borough of West Caldwell, New Jersey, all of which slogans will be used during the first six months of 1954. The 1850's marked the early beginnings of a number of historical events in the territory which later became Wyoming, and this is one economical means for these milestones to be recognized. You might check with your local postmaster about these cancellations or write to the U. S. Post Office Department in Washington.

* * * * *

U. S. Senator Lester C. Hunt recently put forward a suggestion that the women's groups of Wyoming, assisted by other groups interested in Wyoming history, sponsor a campaign to place a statue of of Esther Morris of South Pass City in Statuary Hall of the National Capitol. On December 8 twenty persons representing Albany, Natrona, Campbell, Fremont and Sweetwater counties met in the city council chambers at Casper to discuss the various aspects of such a campaign.

Senator Hunt traced the history of Statuary Hall, outlined the procedure to place a statue there, and called attention to the fact that only six states have not taken advantage of the 1864 law which permits a state, at its own expense, to place not more than two statues in the hall. The group attending the meeting tended to favor a woman who would be connected with the attainment of woman suffrage to represent Wyoming. Only one woman, Frances E. Willard, is now represented in Statuary Hall.

The cost of such a project would be between $25,000 and $30,000, and it was agreed at the meeting that the support of the newly organized Wyoming State Historical Society would be sought.

I know that there are some members of the Society who feel that every penny available for historical purposes should be spent within the borders of the state for badly-needed preservation and restoration work, and certainly it would be difficult to disagree with this view. I feel that the primary purposes of our Society are aimed at work within the State and while we can and should cooperate with these efforts, we must devote ourselves to the very important tasks that face us in Wyoming.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of merit in the project put forward by our senior Senator and I would urge every member of the Society to consider his proposal with these points in mind.

First, the national publicity attendant upon the placing of this statue in the Hall would certainly benefit our society. As you know, there are several powerful and wealthy national groups dedicated to women's rights and it seems possible that these national women's groups would assist in financing the cost of the statue. The campaign to raise funds for the statue would certainly spotlight the colorful history of Mrs. Morris, the woman responsible for the first successful legislation giving women the right to vote and the first woman Justice of the Peace in the nation, should she be selected. More directly, it could benefit South Pass City, which certainly could be classified the "Cradle of Women's Rights", as a result of Mrs. Morris' efforts.

Forty-two of our forty-eight states have now honored at least one of their outstanding citizens with the placing of such statues in the Hall. Several million persons visit this national shrine each year and I can assure you that nearly every one of them views each of these statues. The placing of a statue of a noted woman in Statuary Hall would give our State the recognition it deserves for the part our pioneers played in bringing equal rights to women.

In January, Miss Velma Linford of Laramie, who was elected chairman of the Casper meeting and was authorized to appoint an executive committee to initiate and keep action going on the campaign, will meet in Cheyenne with the members of the Executive Committee of the Historical Society at the first meeting of that board to discuss this matter. I would appreciate very much learning the views of any of the readers of this column on Senator Hunt's suggestion.

* * * * *

Whether the Society joins the sponsors of this project or not, Senator Hunt should have our commendation for his laudable efforts to recognize one of the outstanding figures in Wyoming history.

* * * * *

Another storehouse for preserving and displaying Wyoming's historical material will be available when the new Casper Junior College building is completed. Dean Maurice Griffith of the College indicates that a part of the school's library is being set aside for historical display purposes and that the safe storage of documents of historical value is being taken into consideration in planning the new building. The college building, authorized last fall by Natrona County voters, will cost about $750,000.00.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Wyoming State Historical Society

The organization of a Wyoming State Historical Society has been a subject of interest to many citizens of Wyoming for a number of years, and many expressions of this interest have been received by the State Archives and Historical Department. Since the State Library, Archives and Historical Board is charged with the duty of stimulating and developing an interest in the history of the State and with preserving the history of Wyoming, the subject of such a Society has been of concern to the members of that Board.

During 1953 the Board discussed the best means of initiating the organization of a Wyoming State Historical Society. As a result of these deliberations, the Director of the State Archives and Historical Department was authorized to call a meeting of all interested persons at Casper, Wyoming, on a date most convenient for the greatest number of people, for the purpose of organizing such a society.

Newspaper releases were sent to all state newspapers giving publicity to the proposed meeting at Casper and inviting all persons interested to be present at the first meeting. Through correspondence with persons who indicated an interest in the Society the date of Sunday, October 18, was chosen.

At 1:15 p.m. on October 18 at the Woman's Club House in Casper, Wyoming, the organizational meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society was called to order by Mr. Fred Marble of Cheyenne, Chairman of the State Library, Archives and Historical Board. More than seventy-five persons representing all areas of Wyoming were present at the meeting. Excellent cooperation was received from the people of Natrona County. The Natrona County Pioneer Association made arrangements for the meeting place, the Casper Chamber of Commerce furnished registration facilities and gave to each registrant a name badge on which was printed the name of the proposed Wyoming State Historical Society, and the local newspapers gave coverage to the meeting.

Mr. Marble opened the meeting with a short address of welcome. He then introduced Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan who spoke briefly on the needs and purposes of a state historical society.

Mr. Marble was elected chairman of the meeting by a unanimous vote, and Mrs. James Taylor, Jr., of Casper was elected secretary of the meeting.

The meeting was devoted almost exclusively to the discussion and adoption of a constitution and by-laws for the new society. In order to provide the meeting with working material, a study of the constitution and by-laws of historical societies of surrounding states had been made prior to the meeting. From this study a suggested form for a constitution and by-laws for the Wyoming State Historical Society was prepared and each person present was provided with a mimeographed copy. A thorough study of the suggestions was made and spirited discussions took place during the four-hour meeting, with successful results. The constitution as it was adopted follows:

CONSTITUTION OF THE WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Article I

The name of this organization shall be the Wyoming State Historical Society.

Article II

The purpose of this organization shall be: to collect and preserve all possible data and materials including historical relics, relating to the history of Wyoming and illustrative of the progress and development of the State; to promote the study and preservation of such data and materials and to encourage in every way possible interest in Wyoming history.

Article III—Membership.

Section 1—The organization shall be composed of the State Society and of chapters in each county of the state, upon each of which chapters will be the responsibility of collecting and preserving the items, documents and records of its area. Each County Chapter shall have its own officers and constitution.

Section 2—Membership in the Society shall be open to all persons who will actively support the association and upon payment of dues as set forth in the by-laws of the Society; provided, however, that persons residing in a county in which is located a duly chartered county chapter of this Society shall affiliate only through membership in such county chapter. Persons residing outside the state or in a county in which no county chapter has been chartered shall affiliate directly with the State Society.

Section 3—County Chapters may be organized in the counties of the State of Wyoming, provided that affiliation shall not be accorded to more than one such unit in any given county.

Section 4—Affiliation of County Chapters shall be by charter, to be granted by the Executive Committee of the Society upon application pursuant to rules and regulations set forth in the By-laws of the Society.

Article IV—Officers.

Section 1—The elected officers of the Society, who shall be elected by the Society at its annual meeting and who shall hold office for one year or until their successors are installed, shall consist of the following: (a) a President, (b) two Vice Presidents, (c) a Secretary-Treasurer.

Section 2—The Executive Secretary shall be the same person as the Director of the State Archives and Historical Department. He shall conduct the correspondence of the Society; shall preserve the official communications of the Society; shall collect or cause to be collected moneys due the Society and pay the same to the secretary-treasurer; shall give notice of the meetings of the Society and of the Executive Committee; shall edit and distribute publications of the Society; shall keep in the State Archives and Historical Department as a part of the collection there all books, manuscripts and other collections contributed to or acquired by the State organization of the Society; shall make an annual report to the Society.

Article V—Executive Committee

Section 1—The Executive Committee shall be composed of the elected officers of the Society, the executive secretary and one delegate from each duly chartered county chapter of the Society.

Section 2—The Executive Committee shall direct and control the activities of the organization within the limits prescribed by this Constitution and the By-Laws. The Executive Committee shall meet at such times as may be fixed by said Committee, but at least twice each year.

Article VI—Annual Meeting.

Section 1—The Society shall meet annually.

Section 2—Time and place for the annual meeting shall be set by the Executive Committee at least two months prior to the said meeting and written notice shall be given by the Executive Secretary to the President of each chartered County Chapter and to members residing in counties not chartered at least one month prior to said annual meeting.

Section 3—Every member of the Society shall be eligible to vote at the annual meeting and every question presented to the annual meeting, unless otherwise herein provided, shall be decided by a majority vote of the members present at such annual meeting.

Article VII—Amendments to this Constitution

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any annual meeting.

BY-LAWS

Article I

There shall be three (3) classes of membership in the State Society: Life Members, Annual Members, and Non-voting Honorary Members.

Article II—Dues

Section 1—Annual dues of annual members of the State Society shall be $3.50, payable in advance. A county chapter may set additional dues in its own constitution for use of the local chapter. No

annual member shall be allowed the privilege of a vote or a place on the Executive Committee of the Society while his state dues are in arrears.

Section 2—The fees for Life Membership shall be $50.00, and when once paid no further dues shall be imposed upon these members.

Section 3—The Executive Committee may recognize those who contribute to the advancement of the aims of the Society by the issuance of such non-voting honorary memberships as it deems proper.

Section 4—All membership fees and annual dues shall be paid to the Executive Secretary who shall turn over such moneys to the secretary-treasurer.

Article III

Section 1—Any county in which Fifteen (15) or more legal residents desire to form a county chapter of said Society may organize such chapter and apply for a state charter. Said county group shall make application for a charter to the State Executive Committee by forwarding to the Executive Secretary a copy of the constitution of said chapter, which constitution must not conflict with the provisions of the State Society constitution, a list of the charter members and officers of said county chapter, together with payment of state dues for any members who have not affiliated with the State Society for the current year and payment in the amount of Ten Dollars ($10.00) to cover the costs of preparing a charter for said chapter.

Section 2—Application for charter shall be the first order of business at any meeting of the State Executive Committee or at the annual meeting of the Society and Charters shall be granted by a majority vote of the members present at any such meeting. Upon a charter being granted, said chapter shall be entitled to immediate membership upon the State Executive Committee.

Article IV

Section 1—The Annals of Wyoming, the historical publication issued by the State Archives and Historical Department, shall become the official publication of the Society. The Treasurer shall pay into the State Historical Fund that portion of the dues of each member required for the purchase of the periodical, one copy of each issue to be received by each member of the Society.

Section 2—Other publications by the Society may be determined by action of the Executive Committee from time to time.

Article V

Section 1—A quorum of the annual meeting of the Society shall consist of 14 members.

Article VI

Section 1—Order of Business. Roberts Rules of Order Revised shall govern the Society in all cases to which they are applicable, and in which they are not inconsistent with the by-laws or the special rules of order of this Society.

Article VII

Section 1—These by-laws may be amended by 2/3 vote of those present at the annual meeting.

Adopted October 18, 1953
Casper, Wyoming

Immediately following the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, the election of officers was held. Mr. Frank L. Bowron of Casper was elected president, Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan first vice president, Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander second vice president, and Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne secretary-treasurer.

Charter membership rolls will be held open to July 1, 1954.

CHARTER MEMBERS

Life Members

Berry, Miss Henryetta, Cheyenne
Coe, W. R., New York City
Condit, Mrs. Thelma S., Kaycee
Homsher, Miss Lola M., Cheyenne
Larson, Dr. T. A., Laramie
Salisbury, Herbert J., Cheyenne

Annual Members

Allen, Miss Cody, Cody
Allen, Mrs. Mary Jester, Cody
Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne
Anderson, Elwood, Gillette
Barclay, Rex L., Lance Creek
Bardo, Gerald, Lusk
Bentley, Mrs. Helen M., Casper
Berlet, Walter H., Casper
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne
Bishop, Marvin L., Casper
Blakeslee, Claude L., Casper
Blakeslee, Mrs. Claude L., Casper
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Fred D., Jr., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Margaret McIntosh, Cheyenne
Bon, Miss Lorraine, Cheyenne
Bowen, Chester H., Gillette
Bowron, Frank L., Casper
Bragg, William F., Jr., Torrington
Bremers, Ralph R., Omaha, Nebraska
Brice, Mrs. David W., Wheatland
Brock, J. Elmer, Kaycee
Brown, Mrs. Sholie Richards Monterey, Calif.
Burns, Miss Dorothy M., Sheridan
Burnside, Dr. Raymond A. Des Moines, Iowa
Carley, Miss Maurine, Cheyenne
Carter, E. B., Orr, Minnesota
Carter, Miss Gladys, Laramie
Champ, Mrs. Myrtle M., Gillette
Chassell, Norvall W., Waterloo, Iowa
Clausen, Miss Esther M., Laramie
Clairmont, Mrs. Maude, Fort Washakie
Collins, Dabney Otis, Denver, Colorado
Cooper, Ralph, Kansas City, Missouri
Corthell, Irving, Laramie
Dahlquist, John E., Fort Bridger
Dahlquist, Mrs. Laura, Fort Bridger
Daley, Mr. & Mrs. P. E., Rawlins
David, Robert B., Casper
Day, Hugh S., Riverton
Day, R. C., Rock Springs
Deering, Mrs. Jean Miller, Boone, Iowa
DeVore, Harold, Laramie
Dickey, Hubert F., Gillette
Dickinson, Norman R., Riverton
Diver, Mrs. Jessie S., Long Beach, Calif.
Dobler, Miss Lavinia G., New York City
Dodge, Mrs. Beulah I., Rock River
Dodge, George W., Rock River
Eberstadt, Edward & Sons, New York City
Ehernberger, Jim, Cheyenne
Elmore, Mike, Gillette
Farlow, Jules E., Lander
Faville, Mrs. A. D., Laramie
Foster, Biford, Lander
Froyd, Erwin A., Torrington
Fuller, E. O., Laramie
Fullerton, Mrs. Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.
Gaber, Mary A., Casper
Gage, Jack R., Sheridan
Gantt, Paul H., Washington, D. C.
Garton, Mrs. Maude, Casper
Gehman, Lester, Denver, Colorado

Geier, D. O., Banner
Gettys, Claude L., Story
Gillespie, A. S., Laramie
Gillies, Miss Catherine, Thermopolis
Gillies, Miss May, Cheyenne
Gordon, Alex, Rawlins
Gose, Mrs. Etta M., Upton
Graf, Mrs. Louise Spinner, Green River
Griffith, James B., Sr., Lusk
Griffith, Mrs. Vernon S., Sheridan
Hardy, Marrabel, Gillette
Harris, Burton, Hackensack, N. J.
Harrower, James K., Pinedale
Hart, Mrs. Shelia, Lander
Haynes, Mr. & Mrs. Jack E., Bozeman, Montana
Hays, Mrs. Alice C., Lander
Henderson, Mrs. Paul C., Bridgeport, Neb.
Hesse, Miss Vivienne, Buffalo
Hewlett, Mrs. George Wilson, Cheyenne
Hilman, Fred W., Big Horn
Himebaugh, Mrs. Duke, Casper
Hodgson, Mrs. Colin, Hanna
Hook, James W., New Haven, Connecticut
Hoover, H. H., Kansas City, Mo.
Hord, Mrs. Violet M., Casper
Hull, Mrs. Irene David, Encampment
Hunter, Allen, Gillette
Hurd, Mrs Emilie, Denver, Colo.
Hurd, V., Green River
Huston, Mrs. A. T., Gillette
Hutton, Miss Eunice, Green River
Hutton, William, Green River
Ilsley, John P., Gillette
Jack, Wm. "Scotty", Casper
Jayne, Dr. Clarence D., Laramie
Joelner, Mrs. Fred, Casper
Johnson, Fred J., Medicine Bow
Kafka, Mrs. Olive Garrett, Rock River
Keeline, H. W., Gillette
Kennedy, Donald M., Sheridan
Kent, Raymond D., Kelly
Kintz, Ralph G., Gillette
Latham, Wm. "Bill", Chugwater
Latham, Mrs. Wm., Chugwater
Lawrence, W. C., Moran
Leermakers, J. A., Rochester, N. Y.
Lindsley, Miss Alice Louise, Sheridan
Linford, Miss Velma, Laramie
Littleton, Ernest, Gillette
Logan, Edward O., Cheyenne
Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colo.
Lott, Warren B., Buffalo
McCormick, John S., Elk Mountain
McFarling, Lloyd, Palmer Lake, Colo.
McMahon, Thomas B., Jr., Gillette
Malone, Miss Rose Mary, Casper
Manley, Mrs. Frank A., Spur, Texas
Marble, Fred W., Cheyenne
Marion, W. L., Lander
Marquiss, R. B., Gillette
Metz, P. W., Basin
Mickelson, James F., Big Piney
Mickelson, Mrs. Mae E., Big Piney
Miller, Thomas O., Lusk
Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie A., Cheyenne
Mockler, Frank C., Dubois
Mockler, Mrs. Frank C., Dubois
Mokler, Miss Edness, Casper
Moore, Charles C., Dubois
Moore, James K., Jr., Lander
Moudy, Mrs. Mable Cheney, Laramie
Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver, Colorado
Newell, Most Rev. Hubert M., Cheyenne
Nicholas, Tom, Casper
Nisselius, Jack, Gillette
O'Callaghan, J. G., Casper
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne
Orr, Dr. Harriet K., Berkeley, Calif.
Paddock, A. A., Boulder, Colo.
Parks, William P., Sr., Gillette
Peryam, Mrs. Mable Large, Encampment
Peters, Mrs. Leora, Wheatland
Peterson, Robert A., Cheyenne
Peyton, Mrs. Pauline E., Douglas
Peyton, Miss Pauline M., Douglas
Pool, Mrs. Guy E., Torrington
Pryde, George B., Rock Springs
Rawlings, C. C., Ranchester
Reed, Lloyd R., Lincoln, Neb.
Ridings, Miss Reta, Laramie
Riley, Mrs. Gladys F., Cheyenne
Riter, Mrs. Franklin, Salt Lake City, Utah
Ritter, Alta, Gillette
Ritter, Raymond R., Gillette
Rosenstock, Fred, Denver, Colorado
Schroer, Mrs. Blanche, Lander
Scifers, Mrs. Barbara, Casper
Sherard, Agatha, Gillette
Sims, Albert G., Douglas
Sinclair, F. H., Sheridan
Sinclair, Mrs. Jack, Gillette
Smith, Joe A., Wood River, Illinois
Smith, Miss Louise S., Cheyenne
Snell, Miss Bernice, Lander
Snoddy, Mrs. Joe, Gillette
Spielman, Jesse E., Gillette
Spielman, Mrs. Jesse, Gillette

Spring, Mrs. Agnes Wright, Denver, Colo.
Stan, Charles S., Casper
Stimson, Dallas, Gillette
Stoddard, Lee C., Manville
Stolt, Miss Edna B., Cheyenne.
Storm, Archie, Sheridan
Stratton, F. D., Riverton
Stratton, Fred D., Jr., South Pass City
Stratton, Mrs. Nelle N., Riverton
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colo.
Swartz, Mrs. Kate, Gillette
Taylor, Mrs. Bertha B., Mountainview
Taylor, Mrs. James W., Jr., Casper
Taylor, Livingston L., Columbus, Ohio
Templin, Curtis, Chugwater
Thom, John C., Buffalo
Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne
Tonkin, T. C., Casper
Toppan, Fred W., Jackson
Travis, Maury M., Casper
Trenholm, Mrs. Virginia, Glendo
Turnbull, Roy, Lusk
Turk, B. E., Sussex
Tyrrel, Mrs. W. S., Lusk
van Hatten, C. J., Powell
Wakeman, E. E., Newcastle
Wallis, Miss Martha, Laramie
Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Laramie
Watson, Judson P., Lusk
Webb, J. Early, Kaycee
Wentworth, Edward N., Chicago, Ill.
Wheatland High School (Willard Fox, Supt.), Wheatland
Wilkins, Mrs. Edness Kimball, Casper
Williams, Wm. B., Banner
Williamson, A. P., Lake Andes, South Dakota
Williamson, C. D., Hanna
Wyoming Typewriter & Equipment Co., Cheyenne
Yoder, Dr. Franklin D., Cheyenne

History News—

So that members of the Wyoming State Historical Society can keep in closer touch with what is being accomplished in the historical field in Wyoming, a mimeographed sheet entitled *History News* was inaugurated in December 1953. This news letter will be issued six times a year, and it is hoped that it can become a monthly sheet in the near future.

History News offers to local chapters a means by which they can exchange information on their activities and by such an exchange obtain suggestions for program planning. News from headquarters at the State Archives and Historical Department will also appear.

Local Chapters—

To Fremont County goes the honor of organizing the first County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society. The organization meeting was held on November 8 at the City Hall in Riverton. Officers elected were J. K. Moore, President, Norman Dickinson, Vice President, and Mrs. Schroer, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Campbell County Historical Society was organized at a meeting held in Gillette on December 4. E. A. Littleton was elected temporary chairman and Mrs. Myrtle Champ temporary secretary-treasurer, to hold office until a meeting in January at which time a constitution will be adopted and permanent officers

elected. Mrs. Alice Spielman, Mrs. Myrtle Champ and Mrs. Roy Hardy were appointed to a committee to draft the constitution and by-laws to be presented at that time.

The Goshen County Historical Society was organized at a meeting on December 11 in Torrington. Approximately forty residents of Goshen County gathered at the Southeast Center in Torrington to hear a talk given by Dr. T. A. Larson, Head of the Department of History at the University of Wyoming. Following his talk steps were taken toward the organization of the local society under the guidance of an organizing board composed of Col. E. A. Froyd, Rev. Homer C. Crisman and William F. Bragg. A constitution was adopted and temporary officers were elected to serve until a meeting on January 4, at which time permanent officers will be elected. Temporary officers are Col. Froyd, acting president, Rev. Crissman, acting secretary, and Mr. Bragg, acting treasurer.

Oral History—

The collection of Wyoming's story by recording continues as an activity of the State Archives and Historical Department. Rumor has it that some local groups may shortly begin this method of collecting the stories of the old timers, also, which will be a fine thing for the future of our history in Wyoming.

In the gathering of oral history it is well to give your informant time to think over some of the questions you wish to ask him. Give him an opportunity to organize his thoughts and if possible make sure of some hazy facts. Our memories play us tricks years after an event has occurred, and a planned interview is a valuable interview.

It is important that we record more than dry facts. History is made by people, and we want the local color, the life and the vitality of the times that such recordings can give us.

A good start on recording the history of the Dubois country back to the 1880's was made in July when Mrs. Frank C. Mockler and your editor spent several days interviewing the old-timers of that area. Chief interviewer was Mrs. Mockler who has long been interested in the history of the area and can ably direct her interviews to gain a maximum amount of information. Interviewed were W. Noble Harrison, Mrs. Tom Moriarty, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Olson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Welty.

Records have also been made recently by A. S. Gillespie of Laramie, Jules Farlow of Lander, Bill Frazee of Inglewood, California, Dr. Lillian Heath Nelson of Rawlins, Grant Harnden of Laramie, former Acting Governor Fenimore Chatterton of Arvada, Colorado, and Mr. Thomas Gordon of Cheyenne.

We Miss Them—

While it does not seem possible to mention the names of all of our old-timers who are slipping away over the Great Divide at all too frequent intervals, those persons who have been active in the historical field have been mentioned from time to time in this column.

The death of A. J. "Stub" Farlow of Lander on July 24 was a shock to all those who knew or knew of him. The new monument dedicated to the Pioneers of Fremont County especially honors "Stub" with the engraving of the famous Wyoming "Bucking Horse" shown at the top of the marker.

Mrs. Lillian H. Baker, daughter of one of Buffalo's pioneer families, died on November 15. An accomplished organist, Mrs. Baker, as a girl of 15, played for the funeral of Nate Champion and Nick Ray in 1892. Her hobby in recent years was the writing and recording of the early history of Johnson County.

Charles Washakie, 80, the last surviving son of Chief Washakie, legendary chieftain of the Shoshone tribe of the Wind River Reservation, was killed on September 8 in an automobile accident at Pocatello, Idaho. With him has disappeared another important link with Wyoming's early history.

Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro of Rock Springs died at the age of 81 on October 13. She had made her home the center of historical interest through the many historical furnishings which had been in her and her husband's families for generations. In 1936 she was appointed a member of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union, an organization which is responsible for and owns George Washington's national shrine at Mount Vernon. She has been one of the few women west of the Mississippi River to receive the honor of this appointment.

From Our Newspaper Files—

The largest collection of early and current Wyoming newspapers to be found in Wyoming are located in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department. More than 4600 volumes, the earliest of which date back to 1867, are easily accessible to the many researchers who visit the department to use the newspapers as well as other historical research facilities.

From the *Laramie Daily Independent,* December 26, 1871:

> Our stock men have been recently removing their stock to more favorable localities in the neighborhood. A few miles distance in the mountain country will exhibit remarkable differences in the fall of snow and grazing advantages. N. K. Boswell & Co. have removed their sheep to Virginia Dale, where they think they will stand the winter. They have one hundred tons of hay there to help out with. Mr. Winslow has removed his flocks to some point on Little Laramie, we understand, and says there is very little snow in that region, and

if the winter does not grow worse they will probably winter through. Other parties are now making changes. Dr. Latham informed us yesterday that he would not remove his cattle, but would merely put them on snow-shoes.

Northwestern Live Stock Journal, April 10, 1885.

Messrs. Boyce & Felloon, of Twin mountains, sold to Joe LaRose, a Cheyenne butcher, on Tuesday, eleven head of range steers which averaged 1,100 pounds getting therefor 4½ cents.

Carbon County News, January 12, 1878.

Every indication goes to show that oil has been discovered in Wyoming near the Cheyenne river, on the Black Hills road. Steps are being taken for the development of the enterprise, and we hope ere long to see our evenings brightened with burning fluid from these wells.

The Wyoming Weekly Leader, Cheyenne, March 13, 1869.

News from Red Cloud—This Sioux, who exercises authority over all the Northern Sioux, has informed the Agent that a large portion of his followers are destitute, and that they must be supplied, else he would be compelled to resort to unlawful measures. Accordingly the Agent, Mr. N. G. Taylor, has allowed Julies Ecoffey, Adolph Cunney and John Ricthart to take stock of woolens, etc., to Red Cloud's present camping grounds, about sixty-five miles northwest of Laramie. The stock is estimated at $25,000. Red Cloud claims to have about fifteen hundred lodges with him. The traders left yesterday morning.

Manuscripts Welcome

Have you a good manuscript on some phase of Wyoming's history which might offer a contribution to the published history of Wyoming? All articles published in the ANNALS are copyrighted for the author's protection. Its circulation now reaches all parts of Wyoming, to thirty-seven other states and Washington, D. C., and to three foreign countries.

Recent Acquisitions

MUSEUM

Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Two demijohns, two quart and gallon sizes; miniature picture frame.
Brown, Thomas M., Cheyenne	Pencil pointer, Guhl & Harbeck, Germany.
Capitol Building Commission Cheyenne	Large steel safe used by the Secretary of Wyoming Territory.
Chatterton, Fenimore, Arvada, Colorado	Beaded anklets made by Julia Lone Bear, Araphao
Cheyenne, City of	1902 Model mimeograph machine.
Connor, Rock H. Chicago, Ill.	Eight "Clearing House Certificates" used in 1907.

Danks, Jimmie, Ardmore, S. Dak.	McCarte made by Tom Horn, October 1901.
Dildine, Fred R. Los Angeles, Calif.	Coffee mill, 2 kerosene lamps and 3 lamp chimneys.
Gillespie, A. S. Laramie	Telegraph insulator, top of pole and iron band from first line across southern Wyoming, found by Donor on his ranch near Rock River; knots used by cowboys on the range with explanations of each; trailer hitch used on tongue of freight wagon.
Gordon, Tom, Cheyenne	Platter purchased 1882 in Cheyenne; crocheted bedspread made by Mrs. John Gordon (Mother of Donor) in 1883, Cheyenne; reed pad made by Navajo Indians, 1906.
Greenhouse, Jack Cheyenne	Memorial medal to John Davis.
Kunkel, Mrs. Millie Wenger, Cheyenne	Doll sofa & velvet cape (1883), carpet bag (1865), dolls (1890), sewing and art book of Donor (1890), 2 needle point pieces by Anna Wenger Hoffman, cigar case of Rudolph Wenger, 1880.
Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver, Colorado	Gavel made by Donor from timber from Commissary Building of old Ft. Bridger.
Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath (Mrs. Lou), Rawlins	Mustache cup & saucer and cup and saucer purchased by her parents in Rawlins in 1882; glass tumbler and hand painted sauce dish purchased 1820 in Wisconsin by Donor's grandmother.
Perales, Clarence P., Jr. Cheyenne	Fourteen Ft. D. A. Russell exchange tokens.
Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber Denver, Colorado	Medical instruments of former Gov. Amos W. Barber, watch, wedding dress of Donor's mother, hat pins, hair brooch, carriage whip of Guy Kent, bonnets and dresses of 1890 period, parasols and other items from the former T. A. Kent & Gov. Barber homes.
Rice, Clarke P., Torrington	Mule shoe, chisel and bolt found on Custer Battlefield, 1885.
Ridley, Charles E., Cheyenne	Two rifles: 40-90 sharps and ball & cap.
Ross, Edward, Gillette	Two samples of carnotite (Uranium) ore from Dakota Sandstone near Carlile, Wyoming.

VanBenthuysen, Mrs. Estella M. Cheyenne	Fan given Donor in 1887.
Wyoming Typewriter & Equipment Co., Cheyenne	1919 Underwood Standard Portable Typewriter, Monarch Typewriter, 1911 Stenotype machine, 1909 Rotary Neostyle mimeograph machine.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PAPERS

Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel, Calif.	Manuscript, "Panics or Depressions in the U. S."; Vol. 1 Nos. 2, 3, 4 *Ft. Union;* Facsimile *Frontier Scout,* Ft. Union, S. D., Dakota Territory, July 14, 27, Aug. 17, 1764; correspondence dated 1917, 1918, 1919 to Mrs. Beard; Federal Judge Riner's remarks at funeral of Judge Cyrus Beard, 1921.
Bishop, Mrs. T. K., Basin	Typescript copy of diary of Volney King; information on "Prayer Rock".
Bogensberger, M. J. Cheyenne	Twelve cancelled stamped envelopes, postmarked in the 1880's.
Carlisle, Bill, Laramie	Photostat copy of Instrument of Surrender by Japanese Sept. 2, 1945.
Coe, W. R. New York City	Pictorial map of Pony Express Route.
Cooper, Mrs. Clara Chassell, Berea, Ky.	Letter regarding Inyan Kara Church.
Coughlin, Louis D. Laramie	Stories from Laramie Daily *Bulletin* on Mr. Coughlin's retirement from Forest Service, Aug. 1953.
Dunn, Mrs. Vallie Laramie	Manuscript, "Musings of a Pioneer", account of Frederick C. Bath by his wife, Mrs. Vallie G. Bath.
Chatterton, Fenimore, Arvada, Colorado	Brochures on Shoshoni Reservation lands; invitations, clippings, proclamations while Governor of Wyoming.
Gordon, Tom Cheyenne	Bible published 1882; certificate of Donor for examination as UPRR engineer, Aug. 21, 1903; family record of Donor.
Governor's Office, Cheyenne	Posters and pamphlets on 150th Anniversary of Louisiana Purchase.
Graf, Mrs. Geo. J. Green River	Manuscript, "Early History of Green River" by Louise Spinner Graf.
Greenhouse, Jack Cheyenne	Provisional Commission of Edmund Burgoyne by Maj. Gen. E. O. C. Ord (1865); first paper money, 1690, from Massachusetts Colony.

Jones, Mrs. K. C. Ft. Laramie	Manuscript, Radio program on history of Kaspiere Club and history of the name Kaspiere.
Larson, T. A. Laramie	Reprint, "Woman Suffrage in Territorial Wyoming" by T. A. Larson.
Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver, Colorado	Pictorial map, "Bird's Eye View of Gunnison, Colo."
Olds, Kirby H., Cheyenne	U.P.R.R. profiles, 1882: Medicine Bow — Rawlins, Rawlins — Bitter Creek.
Robinson, Harry Omaha, Nebr.	Wyoming Tie & Timber Co. cancelled checks 1927, 1928.
Rymill, W. L., Boulder, Colo.	Broadside "The Switzerland Trail" a brief account of Old No. 30 and the narrow gauge train in Central Park, Boulder, Colo.
Simmons, George O. Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Clipping, Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, Oct. 6, 1953, of story of Mr. Simmons' life.
Utter, Vincent & Hattie Wheatland	Plat, King Brothers land, Albany County.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

Bernstein, Mrs. Martin Cheyenne	*Colorado-Wyoming Automobile Directory*, 1916, and Hotel Listing.
Brimmer, George, Cheyenne	Ludington, Lt. Col. M. I., *Uniforms of the U. S. Army, 1774 to 1889.*
Chatterton, Fenimore Arvada, Colo.	Pamphlets: "Saratoga Mineral Springs", "Shoshoni Reservation".
Coe, W. R. New York City	Camp, Charles L., *The Plains and the Rockies.* Wolle, Muriel Sibell, *The Bonanza Trail.* Haley, J. Evetts, *Life on the Texas Range.* Miller, Henry, *Account of a Tour of the California Mission.* Taft, Robert, *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West.* Jennewein, J. Leonard, *Calamity Jane of the Western Trails.* Mumey, Nolie, *Westerners Brand Book, 1951.* Sutter, Marshall & Bidwell, *Pioneers of the Sacramento.* Morgan, Dale L., *Jedediah Smith.*
Hanke, L. F., Chicago, Ill.	Overton, R. C., *Milepost* VJJ—*Burlington Lines 1849-1949.*

Haverly, Mr. & Mrs. Mark, Wheatland	*The First Mortgage* *Sixth Annual Report of The Agricultural College of the University of Wyoming and of the Wyoming Agricultural Experiment Station, for the Year 1896.* *Official History of The U. S.* by the Presidents. Bartlett, *Volume I-II, The History of The U. S.* *Laws of Wyoming 1890-91.* *Journals and Debates of The Constitutional Convention Wyoming 1889.* *Revised Statutes of Wyoming 1887.*
Hills, Ratcliff M., Hartford, Conn.	Pamphlet: "Old Glory".
Hunt, Senator L. C., Washington, D. C.	Pamphlet: "Our Capitol".
Manley, Woods Hocker, Spur, Texas	Manley, Woods Hocker, *The Doctor's Wyoming Children.*
Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber, Denver, Colo.	Voorhees, Luke, *Personal Recollections of Pioneer Life.*
Riley, R. W., Cheyenne	*Cheyenne City Directory, 1950.*
Robinson, Harry Omaha, Nebr.	Pamphlet: "Guide to the Custer Battlefield".
True, Laura B., Cheyenne	Blackmore, R. D., *Lorna Doone.*

PICTURES

Barrett, Senator Frank A., Washington, D. C.	Photograph of F. A. Barrett for Governor's section of the Museum.
Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Photographs (to be identified); souvenir of San Antonio, Texas.
Chatterton, Fenimore Arvada, Colo.	58 pictures mainly of the Riverton area, 1907, Rawlins in 1890's and while Mr. Chatterton was Wyoming's Acting Governor, 1904.
Covert, Dean F., Cheyenne	Launching of U. S. S. Monitor Wyoming, Sept. 8, 1900. (3 views)
Gillespie, A. S. Laramie	Ten pictures taken in 1900-1902 of Swan Land & Cattle Co. men showing such activities as eating, branding, swimming, roping; and cattle and horses.
Graf, Mrs. Louise S., Green River	First jury with women as jurors in State of Wyoming, May 8, 1950.
Haverly, Mr. & Mrs. Mark Wheatland	Early picture of Wheatland.

Jordan, M. S Lusk	Fifteen pictures of livestock frozen in 1949 blizzard in Lusk vicinity; 52 views of 1949 storm.
Mantey, L. T, Cheyenne	Eleven pictures taken by Donor: Prosser ranch, 1942, 1945; U.P.R.R. engines—steam electric, City Los Angeles, City Portland; Frontier Day Parade 1942; Laramie Peak; Lone Tree.
Metz, Mrs. P. W., Basin	Five pictures of Heart Mountain Girl Scouts during World War II; three pictures of scenes made of colored beans entered at the Basin festival.
Owen, Earl, Cheyenne	Twenty-seven pictures of Wyoming scenes by J. E. Stimson.
Pryde, George B., Rock Springs	Thirteen pictures of Union Pacific Coal Company personnel and Reunion activities, 1952.
Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber Denver, Colo.	Photo album of early ranch scenes by Kirkland and of the Gov. Barber family.
Rosenstock, Fred, Denver, Colo.	Eight stereoscopic pictures of early Hanna, Wyo.
Society of California Pioneers San Francisco, Calif.	Ten W. H. Jackson photographs of Wyoming scenes, 1871 series.

STATE ARCHIVES

Wyoming Live Stock & Sanitary Board	Circular No. 1, *Cattle Scabies,* issued by the office of the State Veterinarian, January 8, 1915.
Dr. A. C. Hildreth, Sup't Cheyenne Horticultural Field Station, U.S.D.A.	Records of the Wyoming Commission for the Celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, 1931-1932.

Book Reviews

Lost Pony Tracks. By Ross Santee. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. 303 pp., 26 illus. $3.95.)

From the beginning to the last line the reader will find Ross Santee's new work chock full of meaty narrative which has the smack of authenticity throughout. Mr. Santee, who is no stranger to rangeland, recites his experiences in Arizona as a wrangler in the rough country where range work was done largely with pack horses. The northern reader who had range experience will notice some difference in the "lingo" and will miss references to the chuck wagon—which was the center of operations in our northern states in the open range days.

The author knows his horses and his salty descriptions of many of the mounts with which he came into contact—and those he had an opportunity to observe—will bring back memories to the old range hand. The tale he tells of handling the cook's pack string to the shipping point is nothing short of hilarious.

The cow hands with whom he worked were typical—and while they used expressions common to the southwest—they were still cowboys whose lines of thought do not vary, no matter where you find them.

One thing which is particularly worthy of comment is the fact that Mr. Santee has caught the whimsical humor of the cattleman —the dry, crackling sort of wit which most writers of today, and who were not a part of the old range days, fail to recreate. Most of the modern authors of western stuff as well as motion picture script utterly fail to portray the waggish wit which was so much a part of the people of the range. Santee's book is full of it.

His style is easy to read, and while old timers in range country will get many a chuckle out of it, it will prove to be entertaining to readers who are not at all familiar with cow country and cow folks—and from the book they will get a true picture of some of the hardships endured by cow hands and which were taken as just part of the job. The author's stories of range cooks alone make the book worth reading. It is nicely illustrated with the author's own pen and ink sketches. It has a definite place in the bibliography of authentic western volumes.

Sheridan, Wyoming F. H. Sinclair

Fighting Indian Warriorss True Tales of the Wild Frontiers. By E. A. Brininstool. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Company, 1953. 353 pages, 46 illus., $5.00.)

This is a revised and expanded edition of Mr. Brininstool's *Fighting Red Cloud's Warriors,* published in 1926 by the Hunter-Trader-Trapper Company of Columbus, Ohio.

The new book covers wider ground than its title might imply. It includes chapters on Bent's Old Fort in Colorado, on Jim Bridger and California Joe, and even one on Calamity Jane—who, whatever she was, was not a fighting Indian warrior. All these, however, are so much velvet added to lively accounts of the Fetterman disaster, the Wagon Box fight, Forsyth's Beecher Island battle, the Dull Knife outbreak, the Ghost Dance trouble and the Modoc war, together with some lesser known but exciting clashes between red men and white.

Many of the stories Mr. Brininstool retells took place in Wyoming. There was one Indian fight, however, in Wyoming history which he omits, and which was as exciting as some he includes. This was Capt. John R. Smith's three-day battle with Crazy Horse in 1868 at the Horseshoe ranch some thirty miles west of Fort Laramie.

Mr. Brininstool's literary style leaves something to be desired. He is overfond of such phrases as "it was deemed unwise," "it behooved the party to 'get a move on,' " and "bad luck was to follow." To attain emphasis, he relies too much on the exclamation point and too little on the precise noun and the strong verb. Many lovers of Western fact stories will not cavil at this, although historians may wish that, instead of saying, for instance, "it was decided," the author would tell who decided it. The book is also marred by some typographical and spelling errors.

But in the main it is a collection of fast-moving and straightaway accounts of some of the Western tales that to many of us will never grow old. Mr. Brininstool has been an indefatigable writer along these lines for more than fifty years, and as such his contribution is a major one.

University of Colorado MAURICE FRINK

The Custer Myth. By Col. W. A. Graham. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Co. xxii+413 pp. illus. $10.00)

After three quarters of a century, can another book on a small military engagement which has been kicked around in publications without number, serve any useful purpose? Col. Graham and the publisher thought so. After careful study of *The Custer Myth* this reviewer at least finds himself in accord. It should enjoy the

biggest sale of any book published on this highly debatable historical incident.

For the first time the drug-store strategist can in one volume find authentic documentation for his most cherished philosophy of what transpired on that historic day on the Little Big Horn. For the first time available source material is consolidated for the critical analysis of the expert so that he may try his hand at reconciling it into an accurate reproduction of the tragic event.

There is ample new fuel for an old fire represented in heretofore unpublished pictures, maps, drawings, photostats and narratives of participants. The fine pictures of Gall, the only existing photograph of Crazy Horse, the fascinating pictographs of Chief Red Horse and the artist's colorful aerial panorama of the massacre highlight the illustrative feature of the book.

The material in the publication is well arranged in four parts making it readily available for convenient reference. There are 405 pages exclusive of Index bound into a book 8" x 10½".

Col. Graham has contributed a fine publication for the legion of Custer fans and critics, in which they will find many hours of interesting and informative reading and study compiled into a substantial and colorful book to grace with distinction its place in your western history book shelf.

Laramie, Wyoming ALFRED M. PENCE

Firearms In The Custer Battle. By John E. Parsons and John S. DuMont. (Harrisburg, Penn.: Stackpole Company. 59 pp., $2.75.)

Without a doubt this newly published monograph is unique in the fact that it answers many controversial questions such as: Were the Indians who defeated Custer armed with Winchester rifles which outclassed the Cavalry weapons? What happened to the arms carried by the 7th Cavalry?

From the front cover, a reproduction of Custer's Last Stand by T. B. Pitman, to the back, the text is strictly factual with no flights of fancy and a minimum of speculative comment. Numerous illustrations, including many reproductions from noted arms collections, assist in keeping the reader fully interested. The illustrations include pictures of General Custer during the early part of the Civil War, on a buffalo hunt in 1869, and on other occasions. Many personal arms of Custers are shown here for the first time.

The story of the historic battle itself is better told elsewhere than in this paper which deals primarily with the arms employed. This is probably true because both authors are noted and ardent antique firearms collectors. John E. Parsons and John S. DuMont have combined their skills to fill the gap in Custer Battle

literature. The student of Custer and the arms collector will find this publication a must as it gives the first full account of the weapons used. Incidentally the painting reproduced on the front cover was commissioned in 1952 by Mr. DuMont.

Of the twelve companies of the 7th Cavalry, five, including a number of Indian scouts, packers, guides and civilians, were completely annihilated. The firearms, including 405 Springfield .45 caliber carbines and 396 Colt .45 revolvers, were carried off by the victors. Many of these captured weapons were later used against the soldiers. Contrary to a popular belief Spencer repeating carbines were not carried by the troopers and Sharps carbines in a very limited number only.

During the course of battle the 7th Cavalry fired or lost 38,030 rounds of carbine ammunition and 2,954 pistol cartridges, of which possibly 10,000 rounds were captured by the Indians. No doubt a large number were lost when the horses stampeded, carrying away the saddle bags.

When considering the armament of the hostiles, a far greater variety of weapons is found, acquired through trade, capture, or the smuggling ventures of renegade white men. An ironic item is the fact that the weapons of the victims of the Fetterman Massacre were taken by the Sioux and Cheyennes who in turn were Custer's attackers. The Indians used anything they could lay their hands on. From the reports of witnesses half of the warriors carried bows and arrows and lances while half of the remainder carried muzzle loaders and single shot rifles of assorted manufacture and age. This left approximately 25 percent with modern repeaters such as Henrys and Winchesters. Even at this Custer's troops were facing superior fire power.

A question was brought forth during the course of the book, whether it was intended or not is unknown. Custer left behind three Gatling guns (early type of machine gun) as they would impair the speed of his mounted force. Would these three weapons have saved his doomed 7th Cavalry?

Francis E. Warren Air Force Base A/1C Richard Ferris
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Westward the Briton. By Robert G. Athearn. (New York.: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. xiv + 208 pp. illus. $4.50)

Robert G. Athearn has made a valuable contribution to Western Americana in his new publication *Westward the Briton.* In one volume the West is pictured as seen through the eyes of intelligent and well-traveled Britons. This is a well-balanced account of the West as it was during the period 1865-1900, and it discourages

the "wild west" myth which has grown up over the years. More than three hundred accounts from books, magazines, printed articles and manuscripts were used by the author in obtaining his evidence and conclusions.

Dr. Athearn feels that it is significant and important to look at the Old West through the British eye because "these people were literate, intelligent, well-traveled, and above all, not favorably influenced by the local manifest destiny virus. The things they saw could be set against those they had seen in England, or on the nearby continent. They had a basis of comparison. Interesting, but perhaps not so important, is the fact that the average western American was busy, from sunup to sundown, building a little empire of his own. Seldom did he have time to record his thoughts, his observations, or any description of what he was building."

The British traveler, on the whole, was surprised to find few traces of the "Wild West." He found, for the most part, good shops, good food, good hotels, and schools and churches. He was impressed by the courteous manners, the hospitality of the Westerners, the respect for the personal rights of others, and the intense feeling of social equality.

The author has divided his summation of the observations of his writers into several topics: the Western myth, travel facilities, cities, home life, investment inducements, law and order, and Indians, the latter of which was one of the greatest of disappointments to the travelers.

Of the cities of Wyoming, Cheyenne was most prominently mentioned since "the visitors heard tall tales about Wyoming, particularly Cheyenne . . . They hastened northward, to that place which was labelled 'Hell on Wheels'—and again they were disappointed."

Again of Cheyenne the comment was made that "Hope still remained that Cheyenne would one day be a great city, but as one critic said, the period of waiting would undoubtedly be much longer than the optimistic westerner was prepared for."

For any researcher or student of the Western scene during the 1865-1900 period, certainly this book will be a must in order to gain a lucid, well-balanced understanding of the West as it really was as against the later the Hollywood version.

Cheyenne, Wyoming LOLA M. HOMSHER

Contributors

James William Hook was born in Wapello County, Iowa, January 9, 1884. He was graduated from Iowa State College in 1905 from the school of engineering, following which he came to Cody, Wyoming, for a short period. Since that time he has had an outstanding career in the field in engineering in Iowa, New York and Connecticut. He is the co-author of *The New Outlook in Business* (1940), and author of "Industry's Obligation to the Unemployed" (1938), "James Hook and Virginia Eller", a geneaology (1925), and "Judge Karl Bechtel of Hanau, Germany" (1936). For a full biography of Mr. Hook see *Who's Who in America.*

Nora Gattis Dunn was born in Missouri. She received her education in the schools of Campbell, Missouri, and married R. L. Dunn in 1912. In 1922 she came to Cheyenne where she has resided since. Mrs. Dunn is actively interested in history and historical writing. She wrote the article on Mr. Meanea while working with the Statewide Historical Project in 1937.

Harriet Knight Orr, daughter of Judge Jesse Knight and Mary Hezlep Knight, was born July 3, 1877, at Evanston, Wyoming. A graduate of the University of Wyoming in 1898, she later received her M.A. and PhD. degrees at the University of California. She was a teacher in the Cheyenne public schools, principal of the Cheyenne High School 1908-09, a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Wyoming from 1903-08, and a member of the faculty of the University of Wyoming from 1920-1945, at which time she became Professor Emeritus of Education. She was married to Joseph T. Orr at Cheyenne on June 30, 1909.

George B. McClellan was born at Simcoe, Ontario, Canada, on October 18, 1862, and came with his parents to Kansas in 1868. He rode the old Chisholm Trail in the 1870's, worked as a cowpuncher for large cattle outfits in Wyoming, hunted large game for the markets, and acted as a guide for big hunting outfits in northwestern Wyoming. He went to the Big Horn Basin in 1883 and settled in the Worland area, from which he later served as State Senator for several terms. He became known as "Bear"

George McClellan as a result of his stories and record kills of bears in the Big Horn Mountains. He died at his ranch on October 18, 1934.

JULES E. FARLOW, SR., was born on August 12, 1884, at Lander, Wyoming, the son of Edward J. and Elizabeth Lamoreaux Farlow. Mr. Farlow, whose parents were early pioneers of the Wind River Valley area, has spent his life in that vicinity where livestock and ranching have been his chief business interests.

DALE L. MORGAN. For a biography of Dr. Morgan see the ANNALS OF WYOMING Vol. 21, Nos. 2-3, July-October 1949, pp. 108-109. Dr. Morgan is currently engaged in historical research in Washington, D. C. His latest book, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* was published by the Bobbs-Merril Co. in the fall of 1953.

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THE LUSK HERALD



Mrs. Mary Godat Bellamy, John S. Bugas, and L. C. Bishop, June 2, 1952

The First Ninety Years

By

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

It was June 2, 1952. The last strains of the organ march by Grieg died away. Faculty and degree candidates at the University of Wyoming in Laramie seated themselves in the front of the huge, recently opened Memorial Fieldhouse. Together with other members of the large Commencement audience, they faced a flower-lined stage crowded with dignitaries. Following the invocation, Governor Barrett spoke a few words of greeting.

As President Humphrey rose to announce the title of the Commencement address—"Green Lights for Freedom"—and introduce the speaker—John S. Bugas, an alumnus—many eyes focused on this young man who had risen to the position of vice-president in charge of industrial relations at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit. Others in the audience centered their attention on the faces of the two persons who, later in the morning, would be awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

One of these two honorary candidates was an unassuming little brown-eyed woman, ninety years of age. Those brown eyes, sparkling with the excitement of it all, looked out over the big audience as a little smile hovered around her lips.

How satisfying it was to know that the members of her own closely knit little family had come from near and far to witness the tribute to be paid her by the state of her adoption! Out there, in front of the stage, sat sons Ben and Fulton; daughters-in-law Beth and Wilhelmina; grandson John and his wife Josephine; even eleven-year-old great-grandson, John Cary Bellamy II.

Unfortunately, her hearing was no longer what it once had been. She leaned forward eagerly, trying to catch the speaker's words. It was of no use! His back was turned and the microphone he faced threw his voice out toward the audience, away from the people who sat on the stage. She settled back in her chair and resigned herself to turning her thoughts inward.

A few years ago, she had seen a flashback moving picture at the old Empress Theatre, now the Fox Theatre, in downtown Laramie. Each picture flashed upon that screen had fallen into place in its natural chronological order and had been preceded by the slow merging and gradual fading of the date of the year which had heralded it.

Just now, with time on her hands, and unable to hear the voice at the podium, she would sit quietly and reflect on the "flashback movie" of her own life.

1861

It had begun on Friday, December 13. Yes, Friday the 13th! Luckily, her parents were not particularly superstitious! Otherwise, they might have feared for the life of the baby—with brown eyes and brown hair, inclined to curl—who appeared that day in their little home at Richwood, Missouri. She was born not only on Friday the 13th, but also in the midst of a Civil War which was sure to leave its mark on the whole nation for many decades to come.

Doubtless her parents did wonder what was in store for her. For little Marie Godat; christened "Marie"; nicknamed "Mollie"; later to be known in public life as "Mary G. Bellamy."

Although Mollie's mother was American born, she sometimes mentioned with pride that her father had once been the mayor of Bern, Switzerland. Mollie's father had come directly to this country from Switzerland where he was descended from a long line of French Huguenots.

1868

Little Mollie was the youngest of seven girls. One brother had died before she was born. With the neighborhood children, she attended school and played some of the games children still like to play today—"Anthony Over," "Drop the Handkerchief" and "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

Following Mr. Godat's death, Mollie accompanied her widowed mother on a visit to the home of Estelle, a married sister in Galena, Illinois. They decided to make their own home in that little town and Mrs. Godat was pleased with the schooling her daughter acquired there.

1873

Mollie was twelve years old when another sister, Alice, died suddenly in far-off Wyoming Territory. Alice's husband, J. L. Murphey, sent an urgent appeal to Mrs. Godat in Illinois to come west and make her home with him and his orphaned two-year-old son, Louis.

Never would Mollie forget that train ride! Four days it had taken them to travel from Galena to Laramie, Wyoming.

This little western town had sprung up five years before as "end-o'-track" on the Union Pacific, the country's first transcontinental railway. At birth, Laramie had consisted of canvas tents and board shacks, put together hastily from any materials available. The use of discarded railroad ties and dismantled wagon boxes caused some of the shacks to assume a "Mrs.-Wiggs-of-the-Cabbage-Patch" appearance. The town was still crude and rough and boisterous in 1873 but the lawless element which always followed the building of a railroad had moved on west-

ward to Carbon (soon a ghost town); to Fort Steele (just a memory); and to Rawlins (still, in 1952, a fine, thriving community.)

Laramie people back in 1873 had bought their drinking water (at twenty-five to thirty cents a barrel) from men who brought it directly from the Laramie River, just west of town. For cooking purposes, some families sank barrels of their own in ditches beside the unpaved streets and got the water they needed.

Mollie adjusted quickly to this strange, new western town. She made many friends among the children and the grownups. She joined the school group which later made up the first class to graduate from Laramie High School. There were only two members of that class besides Mollie Godat—Maggie Carroll and Cora Pearson. Maggie was living today with a son and daughter in Salt Lake City. Cora had died many years ago.

1876

Ah, that was the year the United States held its Centennial celebration! The West, as well as the East, participated. Fort Sanders, two miles south of Laramie, boasted of the Army reports which declared the Sanders band held the second highest rating in the whole nation. There were many band concerts in Laramie in those days, but the one which marked the Centennial celebration was one which the town's citizens never forgot!

1878

Again Mollie traveled westward but this time she went alone. As a brand-new western schoolma'am, she journeyed to the neighboring state of Nevada where Eliza Page, a third sister, lived. For three years she made her home with Eliza at Tybo in Nye County and taught the children of that neighborhood.

1881

Back in Wyoming Territory once more, she traveled upstate to teach in a rural community twenty miles from Buffalo. While living with the John R. Smith family there, it had been fun to stake out a homestead claim on land nearby. Actually she never "proved up" on the claim since she returned to Laramie when she was notified of a school vacancy at home. Just last year, however—in 1951, seventy years later—a member of the Smith family had told her (while visiting in Laramie) that bit of homestead acreage was still known in the old community as "the Mollie Godat land."

1882

Mollie began her Laramie teaching career in the old West Side School across the railroad tracks. Actually, at first, she was just a helper for Mrs. Belle Whiting, whose group (known as the

"Third Primary Department") numbered far more pupils than any one teacher could possibly handle. The salary of eight dollars a month which the school board first paid Mollie did not seem very munificent, even in 1882. Later, she was assigned a grade of her own in the northwest corner of the East Side School, built in 1879. Today, in 1952, that old East Side building still formed the heart of the modern, block-square Laramie High School building. Of course not many of the townspeople living now realized that fact.

Those teaching days in the 1880's and 1890's were happy ones. Perhaps, in the Commencement audience out front, were some of those very same pupils she had taught long ago. Several of them still made their home in Laramie. Among them were Bert Miller (retired banker); Fred Frick (retired postal clerk); Martha Wallis (who still occupied her parental home on South Eighth street, a stone's throw from the old school); and Maud May (from the old May ranch near Centennial), who became the wife of George Stevens. Some of her former pupils who lived elsewhere today still wrote occasional cards, or dropped by to see her, or even sent flowers when they were in town. A teacher's life was such a full life, its compensations not limited by the meager pay check, but reaching out, (in her case) to span a period of 70 years.

1886

It was in the midst of a full teaching year that she had married Charles Bellamy, a civil engineer from Boston, Massachusetts, who had loved the West as she did. He had also loved her name, "Marie." She was no longer "Mollie" now, even in her own thoughts. It was Charles who had named that sparkling blue lake in the Snowy Range of the Wyoming Rockies west of Laramie for her. "Lake Marie," it was called! Today a modern sign at the edge of the lake proclaimed its name and it appeared also on local maps of the region.

Charles' work in civil engineering carried him far away from Laramie at times but he always came back to the hometown of their choice.

1887

Marie continued to teach at the old East Side School even after little Ben was born. When he was about five years of age, the Bellamy family moved to Cheyenne where Charles became secretary to General Thompson in the Territorial land office.

1895

They were still living in Cheyenne when the twins, Fulton and Freeman, were born. Freeman was not very robust and he died

at the age of eight months but Fulton, like Ben, lived to make their little home a happy one.

1896

That was the year she became a charter member of the Cheyenne Woman's Club and threw herself wholeheartedly into its activities. She had always enjoyed work outside the home as well as inside.

1898

Back in Laramie once more, she was one of the chief organizers of the Woman's Club in that town. Now, fifty-four years later, she was still a faithful member.

1902

Teaching was in her blood! No longer a classroom worker, she still yearned for it. Her friends urged her to run for the office of Albany County Superintendent of Schools. She did, and she won! Her theme for the children of that county was "KNOW WYOMING!" Again and again, she urged their teachers to acquaint them more fully with the rich geographical and historical background which was theirs. Constantly also, she advocated greater equalization of tax money among the various districts.

1904

What a happy privilege it was to serve as one of the founders of the Wyoming State Federation of Woman's Clubs! The groups were growing throughout the nation and it was a fine thing to witness the increased interest of women in civic betterment.

1905

She and Charles made several eastern visits to the home of his Boston relatives. Occasionally they took Ben or Fulton with them. How well she remembered meeting Julia Ward Howe, ardent suffragette and composer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic!"

Both as a territory in 1869 and as a state in 1890, Wyoming men had made woman suffrage possible. By 1905, voting was a commonplace event for women from the "Equality State." Marie was therefore somewhat amused at a Boston tea party when Mrs. Howe requested that they sit together so that she could "talk with a woman who actually had voted."

1910

Five years later, Marie was more than a voting citizen. Her good neighbors of Albany County sent her to Cheyenne as the first Wyoming woman to serve as a state legislator. She became chairman of the credentials committee and a member of the com-

mittees on public buildings, education and libraries. As her goal, she set up the betterment of conditions for the women and children of the state. She was instrumental in establishing the Boys' Industrial School at Worland so lads of tender age need no longer be housed with hardened criminals. She felt that women, also, should have separate penal quarters so she persuaded her fellow legislators to arrange for them to be segregated from the men and sent to a neighboring state prison where they could be housed more efficiently. She helped formulate laws which would result in the handling of better foods by Wyoming merchants.

At that time, even in the "Equality State," a widow was not permitted to become the administrator of her husband's estate. One bill Marie had helped introduce provided for this to happen.

She felt very strongly that all of the state institutions of higher learning should be housed on a single campus so she gave freely of her time in helping to bring the College of Agriculture to Laramie. The Home Economics department was added to the State University partly through her efforts.

Those two years at the statehouse in Cheyenne were busy, strenuous years but certainly they had born fruit!

1912

That was the year Ben married Beth Cary. Beth (Nebraska and Iowa bred) had come to Wyoming when her father assumed supervision of some of the bridge construction work along the Union Pacific railway. Ben had received his B. S. degree in Civil Engineering at the State University in 1910 and Beth was granted a normal diploma in Education in June of the year they were married.

1915

Again an eventful year! Marie (or "Mary G. Bellamy" as she was called in public life) was a delegate both to the state and the national Democratic conventions. She served also as a member of the national committee which notified President Woodrow Wilson of his second nomination.

Of far greater significance in the life of the Bellamy family was the birth of the one and only grandchild—Ben and Beth's boy, John Cary Bellamy—on April 18, 1915.

1917

Fulton entered the 148th division of field artillery as a lieutenant and served overseas during World War I for several months. Ben's name, which had been lost in the records of the army office, was not located until about the close of the great conflict.

1918

Mary G. Bellamy was sent by the women of Wyoming to the great national suffrage convention in Washington, D. C. Here

she met again Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt who had won her admiration years before as an ardent advocate of women's rights.

1920

Two events stood out in her memory of that year. Beth, who had continued her college work along with her duties as a wife and mother, received her bachelor's degree in Education that June.

Of great national significance that year was the 19th amendment to the Federal constitution, granting woman suffrage. It was ratified by 3/4 of the states on August 26. A wonderful victory, indeed! Mary G. Bellamy was proud to have played a small part in the campaign which led to the adoption of that amendment.

1921

How proud she was in the June following passage of the suffrage act, when her friend, Carrie Chapman Catt, became the first woman to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Wyoming! Little did she dream then that 31 years later a similar honor would be paid to her, Mary Godat Bellamy! She could scarcely believe it yet.

1929

Ben, Beth and teen-age John left Laramie for an eastern sojourn which lasted five years. On the eastern coast, Ben served the city of New York as an engineer. His work centered around the development of vehicular tunnels and water supply and the construction of city hospitals. John was one of 5,000 pupils at Stuyvesant High School where he graduated with a number of awards, including the gold medal of honor.

1934

Sorrow entered the Laramie home at 315 South Tenth street in the summer of 1934. Charles' death came as a distinct shock following an illness of short duration. Even yet, it seemed impossible that he was gone.

1935

After her husband's death, Mary threw herself into the work of the various local organizations to which she belonged. Chief among them were the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church, the Woman's Club, the American Legion Auxiliary and the Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

How pleased she was when the local Woman's Club undertook the big problem of establishing and maintaining a county historical museum! They used "the Mary G. Bellamy Collection" as part of the nucleus for that museum.

That year of 1945 marked Fulton's marriage to Wilhelmina ("Billie") Pecheau of Montrose, Colorado. They had met in

Cheyenne where she was teaching and he was working in the state engineer's office.

1936

Young John graduated with a bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering at the University of Wyoming about the same time Ben, his father, was appointed to one of the chief engineering jobs on the Heart Mountain federal irrigation project upstate near Cody.

1938

Following his attainment of a master's degree in Physics at the University of Wisconsin, John became deeply interested in individual experimentation. His decision to leave an assistantship at Madison and come home to engage in "atom-busting" research pleased his grandmother very much. Except at mealtime, she saw very little of him but, just the same, it was comforting to know he was there. He spent from eight to ten hours daily in the family garage which served as his laboratory and he studied nuclear reactions from four to five hours at night. "Atom-buster Bellamy," they called him!

1940

Of course she was still interested in Ben's engineering activities and in Fulton's duties with the Civil Aeronautics Administration but somehow, since Charles' death and her own retirement from really active civic work, so much of her life seemed to center around John. His wedding to Josephine Johnston of Sinclair, Wyoming, occurred in September, 1940. She saw less of him after that because the young couple moved forty miles north of Rawlins where John took over a surveying job at the Ferris oil field.

1942

Just as it had been hard to watch Fulton march off to war back in 1917, it saddened her to say good-by to John in 1942. He served in the Pacific as a special consultant to the Army Air Force and later became director, for a time, of the Institute of Meteorology at the University of Puerto Rico.

1946

Soon after the close of World War II, John received a Ph.D. in Meteorology at the University of Chicago. Since that time he had been employed as assistant director of the Cook Electrical Research Company in Chicago. Both Fulton and his wife, Billie, held degrees from the University of Wyoming by this time, he in Engineering and she in Education.

1948

In HARPERS MAGAZINE for May, Wolfgang Langewiesche

—test pilot and writer on aviation affairs—paid a special tribute to John's wartime discovery of the way to measure barometric pressure while flying from continent to continent. According to Langewiesche, "that little trick helped more to make an airplane ocean-worthy than another couple of engines would help, or another ton of gasoline."

Two honors came that year to John's grandmother also. The Casper, Wyoming, Kiwanis Club presented her with an award for outstanding achievements and the Wyoming Press Women voted her an honorary membership.

1951

Still another honor came her way when the state chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (in which she held a local honorary membership) presented her name as the one to represent Wyoming on the inscriptions placed in the Memorial Bell Tower, newly erected by the national organization at Valley Forge.

1952

And now it was 1952! What was that old saying—"the first hundred years were the hardest?" One thing she could say in all sincerity—*her* "first *ninety* years" had been full and satisfying! God had been good, indeed! How rich she was in friends, for instance! Dozens of them had helped to make this final great honor possible for her. How grateful she was to all of them, particularly to her two very good friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fey!

Her eyes sought also the place in the audience where the Bellamy family sat together as a unit. At breakfast that morning, they had decided that the long Commencement activities would be too tiring for John and Jo's three youngest children so they were left at home. Eleven-year-old John II, however, was sitting out there in the audience with a rapt expression on his face as he watched the nearly 450 degree candidates march across the stage to receive their diplomas. What was he thinking? His own father, mother, grandparents, great-uncle and great-aunt had attended the University of Wyoming. In just a few moments, he would watch this same institution confer an honorary degree upon his great-grandmother.

In a few moments? Mercy! Already the Commencement marshal, (her good neighbor and friend, Dr. Sam Knight, head of the University Department of Geology) was approaching to escort her to the president's station. Dr. T. A. Larson, head of the History Department, was beginning to read her citation:

"Mary Godat Bellamy, exemplary woman, wife and mother; pioneer educator, legislator and civic leader . . . "

Yes, certainly her "first ninety years" had been well worth living!

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The Bordeaux Story

By

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

A road sign, a small community club, and a telephone exchange serving two ranches are all that remain to preserve the name of historic old Bordeaux. When one places a call to the exchange, the inevitable question follows, "Is that in Wyoming?"

Bordeaux in Wyoming and in France are as related as the family, members of French Parliament, for whom they were both named. Bordeaux, Wyoming, no longer has a post office, but scattered stones of foundations and a number of unidentified graves mark the site.

James Bordeaux, the French fur trader for whom the original road ranch was named, is rightfully claimed by Wyoming, Nebraska, and South Dakota as he contributed to the early history of the three states. However until recently, little more was known about him than of La Ramie, Sybille, Richeau, and La Bonte, his contemporaries whose names have been immortalized by streams in southeastern Wyoming.

Bordeaux, who was associated with Fort Laramie almost from its establishment, was host for John C. Fremont and Francis Parkman when they made their celebrated visits there in the '40's. He also served Fremont as councilor and interpreter. In "The Oregon Trail", Parkman describes him as a blustery, little man, a true product of the untamed West.

In introducing him to the reader, Parkman says that without a word he stalked ahead of his guests, mounted the stairs, "tramped" along the balcony, and "kicked" open the door of the room they were to occupy. This accomplished, he began to "roar" for buffalo robes. Perhaps his manner accounts for his Sioux name, Mato, meaning bear.

Through the efforts of Alexander Bordeaux, Jr., (grandson of James) and his son, Kenneth, both of White River, S. D., documents have been brought to light that help in piecing together the Bordeaux story. Chief among these are a publication of the historical department of South Dakota and the unpublished manuscript of Susan Bordeaux Bettelyoun (daughter of James) in the archives of the state historical library at Lincoln.

Just when the Bordeaux brothers, Paul and Felix, landed at New Orleans to seek their fortune in the new world, we do not know. James, the son of Paul, was a small boy at the time. His father is said to have owned and operated a large plantation at what is now St. Louis, Missouri. When James' mother died, his



Alexander Bordeaux, Jr., Grandson of James Bordeaux

father remarried. Lack of understanding between the boy and his stepmother prompted the elder Bordeaux to permit his son to accompany a group of fur traders by flat boat to Fort Union. He was placed in the care of an older man who had been employed by his father. As James was under age, his meager wages from the fur company were given to his father, who in turn sent him what clothing and supplies he needed.

With the Indian's excellent narrative ability, Alexander, Jr., tells some of the incidents he has heard since childhood. "At Fort Union, my grandfather and a man he called Pete, who was also from St. Louis, carried mail between Fort Union and Fort Pierre. They had to make that long, hard, and dangerous journey on foot. They traveled mostly by night to keep out of sight of hostile Indians who roamed the region. It was on one of these trips that his partner, Pete, was wounded fatally by some Rhee Indians they encountered. During the fight that followed, Pete was shot in the back with a poisoned arrow. Though badly wounded, he and Grandad made their way into some heavy timber on the side of a butte and lost their enemies, but they had to remain there in hiding until after dark. Grandad did all he could for Pete, but he soon passed away. Before daylight, he carried his body to the top of the butte and piled rocks over it, and continued on alone to Fort Pierre. He notified Pete's relatives, who in later years moved his remains back to St. Louis to a more permanent resting place. This incident took place on Bear Butte, near what is now Sturgis, South Dakota."

James worked for a time for the American Fur Company at Fort Pierre. Then he took his Rhee wife and two children to the Platte region, where he became a well known fur trader, serving more than once as bourgeois at Fort Laramie. His wife, unhappy in the Sioux country, soon returned to her people.

He was next married to Marie, daughter of Swift Bear, a Brule Sioux war chief, who was killed along the Platte River in a clash with Pawnee Indians. Alexander, Jr., recalls a younger warrior who was named in his honor. "I knew him well," he says. "He used to come to the Rosebud Agency in his old age on business." He was not a relative.

Mr. Bordeaux speaks of the road ranches or trading posts operated by his grandfather. One was on Bordeaux Creek, between what are now the towns of Hay Springs and Chadron, Nebraska. This was established late in the year of 1846. Another, an earlier one used as headquarters, was nine miles below Fort Laramie at what was known as Bordeaux Bend. This ranch was made famous by the Grattan massacre.

The story is as tragic as the Fetterman massacre, except in number of men killed. It was brought about by an Indian who killed an emigrant's cow and shared the feast with his tribesmen. The commanding officer at Fort Laramie demanded his surrender

and sent Lieutenant Grattan after him. The Indians, taunted by a drunken interpreter, opened fire. All but one of Grattan's men were killed. One man, Obridge Allen, who found himself without a horse, watched the encounter from the roof of Bordeaux's road ranch. The one survivor could not tell of the death of his twenty-nine comrades. His tongue had been cut out, and he died shortly afterwards.

Had Bordeaux, rather than Lucian Auguste, served as Grattan's interpreter, the massacre might have been averted, for the Indians hated Auguste. They were incensed when he told them that the soldiers would cut out their hearts. One of the chiefs, realizing that Auguste would foment trouble, begged Bordeaux to go with him to prevent a fight. By the time they arrived, it was too late. The massacre was in progress.

If Bordeaux had not been a trusted friend of the Indians, he would probably have suffered the same fate as Grattan's men. Knowing the Indians' nature, he opened his doors to them. They celebrated their victory by helping themselves to the stock on the shelves in his trading house. Satisfied, they made no attempt to take Fort Laramie.

In speaking of the Grattan massacre, Alexander, Jr., says, "Had it not been for Grandfather and his wife and their influence among her Indian relatives of the Brule Sioux, Fort Laramie would have been wiped out after the Grattan massacre. He got along well with those Indians from the beginning and saved the day a number of times for the army."

His influence among the Indians is further attested by Parkman, who tells of his persuasive power over Whirlwind when he wanted to go on the war path. Realizing that this would jeopardize the buffalo robe trade for another season, Bordeaux put forth his most logical argument against it. Under the influence of his speech, Whirlwind "became tired like a child of his favorite plan." Then, having shaken the Indian's resolve, Bordeaux "exultingly predicted" there would be no war.

Bordeaux was first and last a shrewd trader. When he discovered, in 1867, that the War Department had definitely located Fort D. A. Russell and had ordered the construction of a road and telegraph line joining it with Fort Laramie, he was the first on hand to establish a trading post along the new route. Antoine Ladeau, guide at Fort Laramie, informed him that a branch road from Chugwater north was to be opened at the same time. Bordeaux established his camp at the junction of the roads. Here he built a small store and road ranch. After placing Hugh Whitesides in charge, he returned to his headquarters at Bordeaux Bend.

The left branch of the road was opened when Major Nelson B. Sweitzer and his troops of the Second U. S. Cavalry moved northward with a large train of supply wagons for the purpose of constructing Fort Fetterman, the supply center for forts Phil Kearny,

Reno, and C. F. Smith farther to the north. The new trail was known variously, as the Sweitzer Cut-off, the Fort Fetterman Cut-off, and the Bordeaux Cut-off. The Bordeaux ranch passed through several hands before being bought, October 28, 1870, by John Hunton, the last of the post sutlers at Fort Laramie. For a decade or so, it was known as "Hunton's," then the LD ranch, now the property of Fred Prewitt. Bordeaux's squat-roofed trading house located on this ranch was the beginning of Bordeaux, Wyoming, which later boasted of a hotel, a store, and a post office. It was not only a military sub-station but later a favorite stopping place along the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail.

Alexander, Jr., recounts a number of incidents that took place at his grandfather's various road ranches. These were told to him by Alexander, Sr., and his brother, Antoine. Among these is a significant account of the Indian attack upon Bordeaux's road ranch near Chadron.

"The Crow Indians burned down the ranch and ran off eighty-five of Grandad's horses. His family and help barely got away with their lives. They packed the children on their backs and fled into the night. After they were far enough away to be out of



James or Mato ("Bear") Bordeaux, as he was known to the Sioux, with his wife Marie. (Taken from a charcoal sketch.)

danger, they stopped and looked back to watch the ranch go up in flames.

"Camped nearby was a fierce war party of Brule Sioux, some of Grandmother's relatives. They were notified immediately of the attack, and it wasn't long until the Sioux were in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy, the Crows. Part of the Crows took refuge up on top of Crow Butte, near what is now Crawford, Nebraska, while the rest of the party made away with the horses. The Crows on top of the butte, rolled huge rocks down on the Sioux. One of the rocks narrowly missed hitting Chief Two Strikes.

"The Sioux kept a big fire going around most of the bottom of the butte so they could watch their enemies, but the Crows escaped down the steep bank during the night by tying pieces of rawhide together and lowering themselves to the ground.

"They left an old man behind. He sang death songs all night and threw rocks down at the Sioux. Then when morning came, the Sioux were rather taken back to find that the wiley Crows had escaped. They killed the old man they found alone on the top of the butte."

Mr. Bordeaux speaks of another brush his grandfather had with the Indians, this time at the road ranch near Fort Laramie. A hostile band of Sioux ran off nearly five hundred head of cattle and horses. This put an end to his trading operations in Wyoming.

"Grandad tried suing the government for $60,000, but he was unable to get anything out of it as the damage was done in Indian Territory. This caused him to build another place, in Charles Mix County (South Dakota), outside the boundry, on the Missouri River. It was located fifteen miles above Fort Randall, at the Wheeler Crossing. This was his last business venture."

All of James and Marie's children were born in Wyoming, the two oldest in the late '30's at Fort Laramie. They were Lema (Mrs. Lamoureaux) and Antoine. The younger children, Louis, John, Susan (Mrs. Isaac Bettelyoun), Alexander, and William were born at Bordeaux Bend. Lema and Antoine attended school in St. Louis, their father taking them to and from in a covered wagon. He would go cross country alone. "When he first tried this," his grandson recounts, "he was warned by friends that he would never return alive, but he only laughed and said he could get along with any of the plains Indians. He wasn't afraid of them. He was a man that took some awful chances."

Mr. Bordeaux tells an incident to prove this. "Grandad had quite an experience one time when he was bringing Antoine home. He was traveling across Kansas when a war party of nearly 500 Comanches charged from over the horizon. Antoine was a very sick boy. He lay, wrapped in blankets, on the floor in or near the front of the wagon. When Grandad told the Indians he had a sick boy, they moved to the opposite side of the wagon as the

wind was blowing from the direction of the boy. The Indians took them into camp and set up a lodge for them. They stayed until Antoine was able to travel. The Comanches were real good to them during their stay."

When the American Fur Company became firmly established at its famous trading post at the mouth of the Laramie River, in the '30's, it sent John Sybille and a companion to the Black Hills of the Dakotas to invite the Sioux to the fort to trade. Chief Bull Bear, with one hundred lodges of his people, accepted the invitation. He and the first of his tribesmen to arrive were so well pleased with their new location that they spread the news, and the Sioux began to swarm into the Platte region. Allied with their friends, the Cheyenne and the Arapaho, they caused so much trouble that the authorities at Fort Laramie finally decided to remove them to Nebraska, near the less troublesome Pawnee tribes. George E. Hyde, Indian authority, says that the Sioux, bitter enemies of the Pawnees, considered this a march to their death.

Two companies of Nebraska troops were sent to help move the 200 lodges of Sioux. Fifteen lodges, apparently sensing the situation, had already moved elsewhere when the soldiers arrived. The troops, accompanied by forty civilians, began the march with the 185 lodges. The Indians seemed docile and easily managed until they reached Horse Creek, where they staged a rebellion, apparently by prearranged plan. After a brisk encounter, they scattered in all directions.

Mr. Bordeaux gives his version of this event. "My father and Antoine and some of the older children used to tell of the time when they were young and the army was moving some Brule Sioux from the Fort Laramie region. They used Grandad's teams, wagons, and equipment to help move supplies along with the troops. The Indians became suspicious, and one morning (May 16, 1865) they killed one of the two officers in charge. This took place near the mouth of Horse Creek in Nebraska.

"The Indians forced the troops to withdraw from the creek so that their women and children could escape across the river. A running fight took place, and my grandfather and the children had to flee with the troops in their covered wagon. My dad used to say that the children were curious to see what was going on. Each time they would look out the back end of the wagon, the men inside would jerk them down. But they kept trying anyway.

"During the flight, my dad said that a man named Louis Roubidoux was the driver of an ox team that couldn't move fast enough to suit him, so he jumped off and started running on foot. Again Grandad and his family escaped death, but some of the people were killed on both sides." Besides the officer mentioned above, seven soldiers were killed and seventeen soldiers and civilians were wounded. There is no record of Indian casualties.



Mary Julia (Jordan) Bordeaux in her tribal costume

James Bordeaux's final enterprise, the post on the Missouri River, was operated until the late spring of 1878, when the Brule Sioux were moved from there to the Rosebud Indian Reservation. He died that same year and was buried at the agency. Some years later, his daughter, Susan Bettelyoun, had the remains of James, Marie, and their son, John, moved to St. Francis, South Dakota.

Antoine and Alexander, Sr., who served as scouts for the army upon a number of occasions, lie buried at White River. Antoine was one of the guides on the Powder River Expedition.

Alexander, Jr., whose keen memory and able discourse contributed to the colorful story of his grandfather, resides on the old Jordan ranch near White River. He was born at the Rosebud Agency in 1884. His mother, Salayce, was a daughter of Lester Pratt, of St. Joseph, Missouri, a member of the Treaty Council of 1868. Her mother was a Brule Sioux.

Mr. Bordeaux's wife, the former Mary Julia Jordan, is the daughter of Colonel Jordan, a drummer boy of the '60's, and Julia, a full-blood Oglalla Sioux. Julia belonged to Red Cloud's band and was related to some of the famous warriors and orators of her tribe. She is said to have been a niece of Red Cloud. When Crazy Horse surrendered at Fort Robinson, in 1877, he presented his rifle to Colonel Jordan. This is still a prized, family relic.

Mr. Bordeaux hopes some day to visit the site of his grandfather's road ranches as his son, Kenneth, has done. They are both justifiably proud of their family name and of the role James Bordeaux, trader, interpreter, and settler, played in the early history of the West.



The Bucking Horse by Allen T. True. The original drawing is located in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

Wyoming's Insignia– The Bucking Horse

By

JEAN C. GADDY

One week about eighteen years ago Dr. C. H. Welsh of Cheyenne was driving through Los Angeles little thinking he was violating a law. Inevitably, as was right, he was stopped by a policeman for lack of license plates on his car. A startled look by the doctor at the front and then at the rear of his automobile proved the minion of the law quite correct.

"It's becoming a hard problem to protect those darn Wyoming bronc plates," said the officer. "Nearly every day we pick up a car without plates and find he is from Wyoming."

Nineteen thirty-six was the first year that Wyoming had issued the unique license plates which were to furnish such an irresistible challenge to sleight-of-hand souvenir hunters. The distinctive design of the bucking bronco and his determined cowboy rider have from that year to the present enticed the imagination of out-of-staters and endeared itself to the pride of all Wyomingites. Doubtless part of the reason for these attachments to what is after all a mere license plate is that the design is authentically western and that it is particularly steeped in the history of the state.

The cowboy trade has reigned supreme ever since the introduction of the cattle industry to Wyoming's vast grazing lands with the advent of the Texas Trail and others. Thus, it was only natural that the cowboy and his dependable working companion, the horse, should eventually become a prominent symbol of the ranching industry and the fabulous romance of the West, aided and abetted by its gala rodeos. It was only one step further for someone to originate the idea for the Wyoming bucking bronco license plate, and the credit for this particular inspiration falls to then Secretary of State Lester C. Hunt.[1]

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1. Although Senator Hunt has since indicated that "The idea of the Wyoming license plates was entirely original with me to the best of my knowledge. No other person had mentioned such a plate in my presence," in his letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953, some mention should be given to a statement made by the late Charles E. Lewis of Powell to C. Watt Brandon. Mr. Lewis credited a similar design to George Austin, Buffalo, Wyo., who during World War I had drawn a picture of a bucking bronco on his company's bass drum (Co. F., 148 Field Artillery). The drawing attracted the attention of his commanding officer, Col. Burke Sinclair, who ordered a stencil made and an identifying plate attached to each of the artillery vehicles.

It is, perhaps, particularly fitting to refer to the creation of this idea as an 'inspiration' for it is the purpose of this paper to indicate that the man Secretary Hunt called "the most typical cowboy I know," the late Albert "Stub" Farlow, was most certainly the inspiration for the design of the plate although not its model, as has been mistakenly publicized in the past. This does not constitute a loss of distinction for "Stub" but rather adds to it, for it is his spirit, not merely his likeness, riding herd on American traffic to the tune of 152,868[2] Wyoming license plates. The St. Louis *Post Dispatch*[3] pays tribute to the stubborn courage which he and the West have typified in overcoming the most untamed of obstacles, stating, "As the kind of cowboy which an old western saying says could not possibly exist—the cowboy who never got throwed—Albert Farlow deserves more prominence than Hopalong Cassidy. And he may get it."

The first announcement of the new bucking bronc plate was made by the *Wyoming State Tribune,* July 15, 1935:

> A boldly embossed picture of a cowboy doing a good job of riding a widely-bucking bronco will adorn Wyoming's automobile license plates of next year.
>
> Secretary of State L. C. Hunt today approved a design for the next edition of the plates, taking his choice from two that were submitted. The picture of the rider and horse were drawn by Allen T. True of Denver, brother of James B. True, Wyoming State Highway engineer[4]

More details were given in an official news release published in the *Wyoming State Journal,* August 22, 1935:

> Lester C. Hunt, Sec. of State, has originated and produced a unique and attractive idea in the 1936 license plate. Prior to the 1935 legislature, the makeup of the plates was always the same, since specifications were definitely set out by statutes, allowing only a change in color from year to year. This made it possible for wide-spread counterfeiting of plates which was very difficult to detect; and with the thought in mind of overcoming this counterfeiting, together with the idea of producing the present plate, Secretary Hunt has introduced in the Legislature a bill to allow any changes in the makeup and design of the license plate the Secretary of State deemed necessary.
>
> The art work in connection with the plates was done by Allen True . . . in the form of a drawing 20 x 26 inches, which was reduced by photostatic machines in State Engineer Burritt's office to the dimensions for use on the plates. The plate has been made up in black and white, the two colors which hold their identity at the greatest distance, and has the approval of Governor Miller, Highway Eng. True and Capt. Geo. R. Smith of the Highway Patrol.

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2. Wyoming Highway Department figure as of May 31, 1954.
3. As quoted from the San Juan *Lookout,* August 18, 1953, p. 5.
4. It may be of interest to note that Allen True was selected to supervise the painting of Pima Indian designs on the enormous Hoover Dam property. The project, to adorn the world's biggest water retention job, was described as the largest painting task of the kind ever assigned to an artist.

The plate is slightly larger in size. The contract for the manufacture of the 1936 license plate has been granted to the Gopher Stamp and Die Co. of St. Paul, Minn., at approximately the same figure as in 1935.

Sec. of State Hunt is of the opinion that the new plate not only is symbolic of our State, but also carries with it a definite advertising value for Wyoming. That he is correct in this assumption is evidenced by the extraordinary amount of interest that the new "Cowboy Plate" is already attracting.

Early in 1935 the design of the bucking horse and rider occurred to Secretary Hunt as being particularly appropriate since it "would not highlight any particular locality or event since rodeos were common all over the State."[5] While further considering this idea of a Wyoming license plate, he mentioned it to Mr. Lewis, who had been in the Secretary of State's office for several years in charge of making up license plates, and he was told that it was not appropriate to put designs of this type on license plates. However, the Secretary of State evidently felt his idea was worthy of a try, and the process of designing the 1936 license plate started in April or May, 1935. Specifications and call for bids were probably prepared within that same period and the contract let in June.

As he had admired the murals in the House and Senate Chambers at the State Capitol Building, Secretary Hunt decided to call Mr. Allen T. True of Littleton, Colorado, the artist who had painted them.

"I contacted Mr. True by telephone and asked him if he would mind coming to Wyoming, which he did one Sunday morning and I explained to him in detail what I had in mind. Mr. True said he would be glad to make such a drawing, and he returned the next Sunday morning with the drawing. Mr. True was paid $75.00 for the drawing."[6]

Looking back recently Senator Hunt remarked, "I have in the intervening years been pleased that I had Mr. True do the drawing rather than to use a photograph of a bucking horse, in that Mr. True, through his knowledge of art, understood what design could be stamped in steel and retain its identity at some distance. He therefore made the drawing with only one bridle rein, and only one front leg on the horse and with only one rider's foot."[7] The correctness of the Senator's judgment in selecting Mr. True's bucking horse and rider design has since been borne out although at first it was thought that the skeletonized figures might not show up as quickly or as plainly as a solid figure, but this objection has been thoroughly discarded. The Purdue Motor Club, who made license plate surveys, applauded the Wyoming plate for several

5. Senator L. C. Hunt's letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953.
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*

years after it was introduced by naming it as the most distinctive plate in the United States and, along with New York State, as the best state-advertising plate of all the forty-eight states.

Publicity on the new plate began appearing in Wyoming in July and August of 1935. Around September, Secretary Hunt followed his custom of distributing sample license plates in their adopted colors, and with zeros for numbers on them, to filling stations, hotels, motels, newspapers, etc. The enthusiastic acceptance of the plate must have been heartening to their originator. On December 20, 1934, for example, the Secretary of State's office had collected $7,263 in fees from the advance sale of 1935 license plates. One year later, December 20, 1935, receipts for the corresponding period amounted to $15,588.75, or more than double those of the preceding year. Much of the increase was doubtless evidence of the rapid growth of Wyoming's transport industry from year to year,[8] but it is not wishful thinking to also attribute its fair share of the increase to the unique license design which had been introduced.

An amusing incident was recorded by the *Wyoming State Tribune* on November 14, 1935, to illustrate the general reaction to the bronco car plate. A Montana admirer wrote to Secretary of State Hunt:

> "Will you please give me this information?
> "Is it possible for one living in Montana to have a set of Wyoming license plates on his car?
> "If so, will you kindly advise how to go about it. For, I kind of got stuck on your 1936 plates."

Secretary Hunt replied that there was no objection to a Montanan using Wyoming plates—that he could have them if he sent a certificate of title and the necessary fees. Such out-of-state requests have not been unusual since.

Realizing its uniqueness, Secretary of State Hunt applied for a copyright of the plate design as a work of art. The copyright covers the use of any horse and rider design on license plates, thereby protecting the exclusive right of the symbol for the State of Wyoming. It is, however, due to expire in 1956 unless renewed. In 1942 Secretary Hunt turned the copyright, which had been taken out in his name, over to the keeping of the State of Wyoming as he realized it might be the last plate issued under his supervision.

Approximately two months after the release of the new plates for general use, one of the most interesting aspects of the bucking

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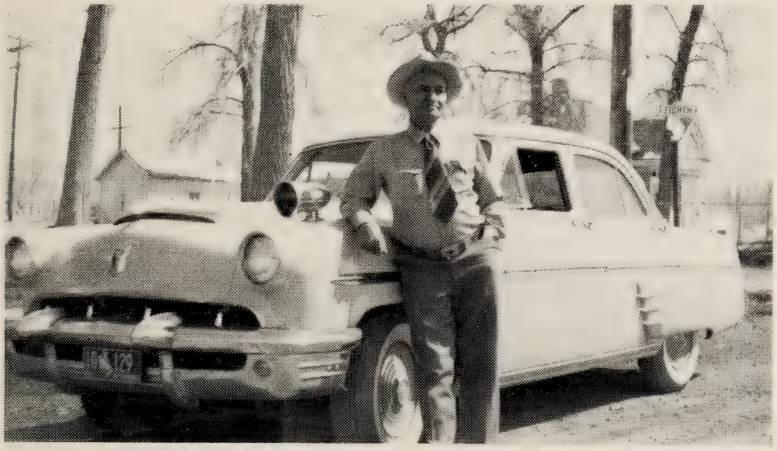
8. In March of this year, W. H. Sigler, Assistant Director for the Motor Vehicle Division, said that since the first license plate was sold in 1913, purchases have climbed from 1,584 in that year to 177,189 in 1953. Casper *Tribune Herald*, March 24, 1954.

bronc plates was introduced on December 25, 1935, when the *Wyoming State Journal* came out with a story headlined LANDER COWBOY IS RIDER ON PLATES . . . "The bronc rider on your new 1936 license plate represents A. J. (Stub) Farlow of Lander . . . Secretary of State L. C. Hunt said."

Albert Jerome Farlow was born February 2, 1886, in Lander, Wyoming. His father, E. J. Farlow, who came to Wyoming in 1876 from Adel, Dallas County, Iowa, was of Scotch Irish descent. His career had led him from that of horse wrangler to that of rancher in Fremont county, and he was also to become an Indian authority. Successively, he was mayor of Lander, Justice of the Peace, State Legislator, U. S. Commissioner, and (1936) vice-president of the Stockgrower's Bank at Lander. E. J. Farlow married Lizzie Lamoreaux, who was of French-Sioux descent, and daughter of Jules Lamoreaux, one of Wyoming's earliest pioneers. There were two children from this marriage, Jules and Albert.

Albert's boyhood days were spent with Indians, horses, ropes, spurs, and everything pertaining to a cowboy's life. He got his first lesson in roping by standing on the back porch roping pieces of wood on the woodpile to haul in the supply for the stoves in his home. According to L. L. Newton his nickname, "Stub", was acquired at an early age, it being derived "not from a short stature but from the fact that he rode a horse long before any saddle could be shortened to serve his little legs."[9]

At the age of eight "Stub" was introduced to the arena which was to earn him in later years the description of "one of the finest



Under Sheriff Albert J. (Stub) Farlow taken in April, 1953

9. Casper *Tribune Herald,* August 13, 1950.

bronc riders in the world,"[10] although he preferred describing himself as more of a stunt rider than anything else. In 1894 in Lander his father put on the first "Pioneer Days," Wyoming's oldest rodeo celebration. It featured the kidnapping of a little white child—"Stub" dressed in girl's clothing,—from a stagecoach by Indians and "her" eventual rescue by the U. S. Cavalry. The *Wyoming State Journal*[11] relates, "It was filled with all the thrills of a real Indian kidnapping—for in those days such things were not unknown in real life."

Since that initial performance "Stub" was to re-enact many a thrilling scene in subsequent rodeos covering seven states. As he says, "I was a fill-in man for years. Now they call them stunt men. I have been roped off of running horses by cowboys and dragged [to a stop]. This was called the 'horse thief drag.' I have been roped by the neck and hanged ten or twelve times, and have been burned at the stake right here in Lander."[12] The burning at the stake incident was so realistic, it is recounted, that women fainted and strong men flinched.

Besides "Stub's" love of horses and livestock, being early exposed to the rigors of the range undoubtedly was instrumental in developing his early skill at riding and roping. At the tender years of ten, twelve, and fourteen he did a full hand's work on the drive of beef herds from Lander to Casper. These herds averaged from 600 to 850 head and the trip took a month's time. At a more mature age he worked two summers at Fort Keough, near Miles City, Montana, breaking cavalry horses for the government. He wrote once that "this was fascinating work and the finest bunch of horses I ever worked with."[13]

A seasoned cowpoke at twenty-two years, "Stub" joined Charley Irwin's Wild West show, performing along with Tom Mix, and worked eight summers with the Cheyenne Frontier's Day outfit, seven with the late Charles Irwin as manager, and one year with Eddie McCarty and Vern Elliott. He nearly always won some of the top money, though in later years he was the first to admit with his big grin that there were times too when he walked away empty-handed—all part of the game.

It was in 1908 that "Stub" Farlow won the highest purse relay ever staged at the state fair at Douglas, winning eleven out of twelve heats. He also won in competitions at Miles City, Bozeman, Billings, and Idaho Falls. In fact, at Idaho Falls he was a one-man show resulting in his being selected as the Wyoming all-around cowboy. Five days after he went alone to this show he

10. *Wyoming State Journal,* April 2, 1936.
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Wyoming State Journal,* July 23, 1953.
13. *Ibid.*

walked off with three $500 silver-mounted saddles and $1,800 in cash. He had won first bronc riding, first in steer roping, first in five-day relay races, best wild horse racer, won the famous War Bonnet race and $200 for being the all-around champion cowboy!

"Stub" finished his distinguished rodeo career in 1915, but he continued to live close to the cowboy life. He was instrumental, along with his father and brother, Jules, in conducting some of the early day Lander rodeos on the Farlow ranch between the years 1900 and 1920,[14] and was also arena director from about 1925 to 1931. In 1921 he married Netta Ann Weedin in Lander, and the couple settled on the 4J Ranch north of Lander and raised cattle and sheep. He divided his time between such varied interests as supervising CCC camps in Jackson and Thermopolis, driving the school bus on the Milford-Hudson and Squaw Creek-Baldwin Creek routes, and serving as under sheriff in Lander, a post he held at the time of his death on July 24, 1953. He also owned a dude ranch in the mountains above Lander. It was not all work and no play for "Stub", however. Though he spent most of his life in the livestock business, his favorite recreation was hunting and fishing, and he built himself a cabin to carry out these relaxing pursuits high in the mountains on Porcupine Creek near the headwaters of Baldwin Creek.

Since his unexpected and untimely death, Wyoming's favorite cowboy has been honored twice. In September, 1953, an impressive list of real pioneers of Fremont county was engraved on a granite stone dedicated at Lander's Pioneer Grounds. Also engraved were an ox team, a bucking horse and a stage coach. The bucking horse is an exact replica of the one used on the Wyoming license, and underneath it is inscribed "A. J. 'Stub' Farlow." Farlow's name has also been recommended by Senator Lester C. Hunt for commemoration in the proposed Rodeo Hall of Fame foundation. A bill is expected to be introduced in Congress seeking federal permission to incorporate a non-profit foundation to honor past and present cowboys, stockmen, and ranchers who have contributed to the development of the West.

There has been a good deal of controversy, much factual and much pure speculation, about the identity of horse and rider on the Wyoming license plates. In fact, "Stub" Farlow has often been referred to "as the man on the Wyoming license plates," but this is something of a misnomer. The design was not taken from a photograph of a ride "Stub" made on the horse "Dead Man" at the War Bonnet Roundup at Idaho Falls nor from the picture postcard of "Stub" on "War Dog" which Senator Hunt

14. "Stub" also ran sheep from 1907 to 1920 when he was taken in as a partner by his father.

had in his office along with the original drawing[15] of bucking horse and rider by Allen True. Nor does the bucking horse represent that great black bucker, "Steamboat", who for so many years reigned supreme in the arena. It is indeed difficult, in face of the evidence, to deduce unequivocally that the license plate cowboy *is* "Stub" Farlow, anymore than that the horse is a specific one. In the words of Senator Hunt to Lola Homsher:[16]

> Your question with reference to Mr. Farlow is prompted by the fact that some time after the plate was in use, I gave a release to the effect that in originating and designing the plate, I had in mind "Stub" Farlow who was the most typical cowboy that it was my pleasure to know and for the further reason that he was a personal friend of mine.
>
> Many stories have appeared in the press from time to time—their origin I do not know—saying that the bucking horse license plate was a certain horse and the rider was Mr. Farlow. *Such is not the case,* but I did have "Stub" Farlow *in mind* when designing the plate. [Italics are the author's.]

The Casper *Tribune Herald* of August 13, 1950, put it most accurately when they stated, "The famed Wyoming rider was the inspiration several years ago for the bucking bronc buster now so prominent on Wyoming license plates." However, the misleading headline over this news item—MAN WHO POSED FOR WYOMING'S FAMOUS BRONCO LICENSE PLATE . . . —is another example of the confusion that has arisen making it necessary for Senator Hunt to remark, "Many stories have appeared in the press from time to time . . . saying that the bucking horse license plate was a certain horse and the rider was Mr. Farlow."

Though the silhouette of the rider of the bucking horse cannot truthfully be identified as A. J. "Stub" Farlow, that his spirit is identical there can be no doubt. "He represents all that is typical and symbolic of the West," says Senator Hunt. Perhaps this sincere expression not only explains "Stub's" connection with the rider on the plate but also explains the appeal of these colorful and imaginative plates themselves, an appeal sparked by the inspiration of Senator Hunt, the artistry of Allen T. True, and the spirit of "Stub" Farlow.

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15. Now in the possession of the Wyoming State Historical Department.
16. Senator L. C. Hunt's letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953.

The Rock River Stage Coach

By

OLIVE GARRETT KAFKA

The old stage coach which is now the property of the children of Rock River has a history colorful enough to give it a place in the annals of early Wyoming history.

For several years the old coach was a familiar sight in Rock River, always to be seen parked one place or another wherever it was most convenient to the last persons using it.

During the year before it came into the present ownership, it stood along the side of the Lincoln Highway just outside of the fence of its then owner, and what a joy it proved to passing tourists who could be seen during that season climbing in it and on top of it and posing for snap shots. It was found later that they had also cut off and carried away as souvenirs a good bit of it.

Before tourists thronged the highway as they have done for the past three decades, this old coach played an active part in many of the festivities of the town. For example no newly wedded couple was considered quite properly inducted into the state of matrimony unless they were given a ride in the stage coach, and they always got it.

The late J. F. (Sam) White owned the vehicle for a number of years and, some months before his death, sold it to Lewis Butler, then cashier of Rock River's First National Bank. When that institution closed its doors, the stage coach, with other effects, was up for sale. It was about to be shipped to a party in Brunswick, New Jersey, when we learned of the deal, and the bare idea of its being taken away was unthinkable. Mr. R. K. Neiderjohn was receiver for the bank, and when he was approached and given the reason for keeping the stage coach in Rock River, he very easily agreed to hold up the shipment a few days so that the money with which to buy it could be raised. And that last was very easily accomplished. A subscription list was presented to the townfolk, its caption stating that the stage coach, when purchased, was to be the property of the children of Rock River to be held in perpetuity by them. Dr. Patrick made the appeal, and I feel safe in stating that not one person when shown the document refused to subscribe something. Had the price been twice or thrice the sum paid, it would have been as easily raised, for no one, when they learned of it, wished to see the old relic taken away; and everybody seemed pleased to see its ownership vested in the children.

When Henry Ford's ten millionth car cavalcade on its coast to coast swing stopped to stage a parade in Rock River, the stage

was put in the procession, (a movie was made of that parade). Drawn by four horses, with an experienced driver[1] holding the ribbons, it added its own unique and suggestive note to the show.

It turned out that this coach, now so woefully out of repair and entirely paintless, was the same one that for several years had added its quota to the pageantry of Laramie's early history.[2] During its years in that city it was carefully housed and was a beautiful thing to look upon with its gay coat of vermillion and in excellent condition.

During all of those years it was owned by the late Mr. Linscott. When interviewed, that gentleman betrayed a surprising knowledge of interest in early Albany County history, also a very unusual interest in stage coaches and their uses and the part they played in pioneer days. When told our mission was to obtain the history of the Rock River vehicle, he showed instant interest, exclaiming, "Say, I'm glad those little kiddies own the poor old wreck. I hope they take care of it." He then told us when and why he first bought the coach. "I expect," he said, somewhat self-consciously, "you will think I'm an old sentimentalist. Perhaps I am. Anyhow, I bought that stage coach in Rock Creek a short time after it made its last trip with the mail, bought it just because I liked it, well—something like you might like a person. Bought it from the contractor for the stage line from Rock Creek north, over the Fort Fetterman to Fort McKinney and Junction City, Montana, road; and they bought it from the Patrick Brothers who ran the Denver, Cheyenne, Deadwood stage lines. I know this old coach was in two holdups while on the Deadwood route—say, if it could just talk."

Mr. Linscott told us where to find bullet holes in the coach body, and they were there, too, just where he said to find them—wherever the wood work was left to show them.

After the stage coach was acquired for the Rock River children, care for its housing was taken and thanks are due to the Southern Wyoming Lumber Company, the late Sidney Morris, and D. E. Richards of the Lincoln Highway Garage, all of whom housed it in successive periods, extending over a considerable time. Plans were made for a glass enclosed shelter to be built on a corner of the schoolhouse grounds in which to keep the stage coach, the

1. Frank Franzen, Rock River merchant, drove the stage coach in the parade. He is an only son of the late Asmus Franzen, pioneer rancher and business man.

2. Doubtless in many of the homes of the old families in Laramie, there are photographs of the stage coach behind a four or six horse team and filled with jolly folk riding in parade or pageant of some lodge or organization. Or if it be a hunting party, coming home with its game, sage chickens, ducks or antelope—perhaps all three. Mr. Linscott stated to us that he sold his stage coach to J. F. (Sam) White of Rock River.

building to bear a short legend of it painted in sufficiently large lettering to catch the attention of passing tourists; and, taking a tip from those earlier tourists, to give them opportunity for taking pictures about, in, or on the coach as desired for a price and under supervision, of course. School children of responsible age were to be placed in charge during the tourist season, two serving at a time for a week or two weeks, and while in charge to receive a percentage of the proceeds, the balance to be used to create a fund sufficient to put the stage coach in perfect repair and make it again the beautiful vehicle it once was. The idea behind this was to help the children to develop civic pride and love for their home town, to learn to transact business, and to cultivate a sense of responsibility.

Regretfully we have to record that this plan, for some reason, was not carried out. The writer moved away from the town and thus lost track of its activities. Dr. Patrick left Rock River. Its leader was gone so Rock River citizens lost interest.

The West

By

LOUJINCY POLK

Sunshine and sagebrush and a blue sky above,
This forms the foreground of a story of love;
In the background perhaps a thousand miles away,
Or some decades removed by time, lies the dark on another day;
Enter—ox teams and wagon, printing press and pen,
Tents and rolls of bedding, fearless women and men;
A moving line on the prairie, a halt by the side of a stream,
The sound of ax and hammer, and a home fulfills their dream.
Those pioneers met with hardships—the fitest stood the test,
And we, their great grandchildren were given this glorious West.
Sunshine and sagebrush and a blue sky above,
Our heritage from those heroes with a thousand stories of love.

The Passing of the Range

Written when Jireh became a town, 1911

By

LEE CROWNOVER STODDARD

The cowboy's heart is sad tonight,
As he watches the setting sun,
For he knows the day of the range is past,
And the cowboy's life is run.

He sits in his saddle, the reins hung loose,
His horse's head hangs low,
For he hates to think he must move on
And further westward go.

Now he looks again at familiar hills,
At the gently rolling plain,
Then imagines he hears the trampling herd,
And his comrades' voices again.

His memory paints a picture now
Of a roundup camp at night,
How he rolled his bed on the soft green grass,
With the stars as his only light.

He thinks of the weary watches at night,
When he sang to the restless herd,
Then how he'd sleep when he got to bed,
To wake with the morning bird.

His fancies now float further on,
To the work of the branding pen,
When he threw his rope with a practiced hand,
With a good horse at the end.

But the range has passed to the westward,
And he must follow along,
Altho he's weary and sad at heart,
For his lips refuse a song.

He has followed it many and many a mile,
Hoping in vain it would pause a while,
But the cowboy sits in his saddle still
As he watches the range pass over the hill.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART III—1852-1857

XIX

JACOB H. HOLEMAN, INDIAN AGENT, TO LUKE LEA, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, UTAH TERRITORY, NOV. 3, 1852[56]

Sir—During the past Summer, there has been some excitement with the Indians and Whites, in this Territory in consequence of the establishment of a ferry and bridge across Green River, by the Legislature of Utah Teritory. It seems, that for several years previous, ferrys have been established by the Mountaineers, for the accommodation of travellers, on the various roads crossing this river. At the last session of the Legislature, a charter was granted to a Mr. Moore, (a Mormon) giving to him the exclusive privilege of ferrying, and thereby excluding all others—a certain portion of the tolls, were set apart, by this act, for the benefit and use of the Mormon Church.[57] A charter was also granted to a company, all

56. H/201-1853.

57. The legislature of the State of Deseret, precursor of the Territory of Utah, granted the first ferry rights to Green River on Feb. 12, 1850, to whom is not known; see Dale L. Morgan, "The State of Deseret," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1940, vol. VIII, p. 99. The first Utah Territorial Legislature, in an act approved Jan. 16, 1852, granted these ferry rights to one Thomas Moor; he was granted "the right of erecting one or more ferries on Green river, for one year, at any point within Utah Territory, for the accommodation of travelers: *Provided* he pay ten per cent of all moneys collected on said ferry, to be paid into the Territorial treasury, for the benefit of the Territory of Utah, on or before the first day of October next ensuing." A schedule of rates was adopted, ranging from 25 cents for individual animals to $6 for wagons over 4,000 lbs. The act also provided that if any person should erect "any public ferry across said river within Utah Territory, without permission of the Legislature of the Territory of Utah, said person or persons shall pay the sum of one thousand dollars, to be collected for the use of the Territory of Utah." *Acts, Resolutions, and Memorials, Passed by the . . . Legislative Assembly, of the Territory of Utah. . . .*, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1852, pp. 166-167. (These, the sessions laws, will hereafter be cited simply as *Laws of Utah* for the date in question.)

Mormons, for the purpose of building a bridge across this river.[58] These charters, and the occupation of the country by the Mormons, have produced much excitement among the Indians, who express their disapprobation, in the strongest terms.[59] I received a few days since the following letter:

"Fort Bridger, Oct. 9. 1852

"Maj J. H. Holeman, Ind. Agt.

"Dr Sir—I beg to call your attention to the disturbed state of the Snake Indians at this moment, in consequence of the occupation of a part of their country by the *Mormon Whites*. Being an American citizen, and having the welfare and honor of my country in view I believe it is imperative for you, without delay, to allay, by all the means in your authority, the present excitement. I saw the Chiefs here, in council, at this Fort, and heard them assert, that they intended to immediately drive the whites from their lands, and much persuasion was used to pacify them for the present time. And now, dear sir, if you do not use the authority vested in you, speadily, I do believe and fear scenes of destruction and bloodshed will soon ensue.

"Respectfully—Yours
"A. Willson"

The above letter is from a gentleman, passing through the country, on his return to the States from California, and who was remaining at Fort Bridger a few days. I visited, immediately, the section of country alluded to and found that a company of Mormons, under the charter of the Legislature of Utah Territory, had assembled on Green river, and had commenced the construction of a bridge, but finding so much opposition on the part of they [sic] Indians, they determined to abandon it for the present, and all have returned to Salt Lake City.[60] This satisfied the Indians,

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58. No charter for a bridge is recorded in *Laws of Utah,* 1852. But see Note 60.

59. See Morgan, "The State of Deseret," p. 99 n., in which comment is made on the group psychology involved in these ferry grants. The Mormons, themselves essentially squatters, calmly ignored the squatters' rights of the mountain men. Unable to cope with the Mormons in the Territorial Legislature, the mountain men improved upon their close relations with the Shoshoni to stir up the Indians against the Saints and build a case they were better able to defend. The issues were complex, and they are argued at length in subsequent official correspondence, a major theme, in fact, of Indian relations in the Wyoming area over the next four years.

60. A great deal of the history of the Green River area is here passed over very lightly; more should be said about this episode, for it marks a distinct forward step in the Mormon occupation of what became Uinta County, Wyoming. Expansion of Mormon colonization into the Shoshoni country had been foreshadowed in August, 1852, when apparent agreement was reached with the Shoshoni on this subject; see Document XVIII. Following this up, Brigham Young on Aug. 30, 1852, addressed a letter "To the brethren who are emigrating to the valleys of the mountains," sent by Dimick B. Huntington, William Elijah Ward, and Brigham H. Young,

who immediately left, and at present all is quiet. The Mormons, I understand, intend to resume their efforts to build this bridge in the spring—the Indians I also understand, have resolved, that the Mormons shall neither occupy a ferry, nor build a bridge on the river, which is some 160 miles from the settlements in Salt Lake valley. Both parties I understand are determined. Should the Mormons persist in their determination, a war will be the

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with advice concerning "our wishes pertaining to making a settlement on Green River." This letter, the original of which is in the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, said in part:

> It has long been our cherished object to have a good permanent settlement located and established at that point. It is a very desirable location for many reasons which will be felt doubtless by the pecuniary advancement of those who shall make that place their home, but chiefly that a location may be established which will be calculated to strengthen this people and extend a favorable influence among the native tribes in the midst of whom we are located.
>
> It is extremely desirable to have one or two good bridges built across Green River, which should be accomplished while the water is low this fall and ensuing winter. Those can be toll bridges and inure to the benefit of the builders by such arrangements as shall be made with the Legislature the ensuing winter. No better place can be found for exchanging stock and trading with the emigrants as all concentrate at that point. It is also believed to be a good stock country and that grain sown early in the spring, say February or March, will mature in the best locations. No settlement has as yet been made upon the Shoshone's lands. They have always evinced a most friendly spirit and will no doubt, if correctly managed, continue to exhibit the same.
>
> It is also a place where a station is needed to produce mail facilities to keep a change of animals, etc. But the advantages which the place possesses in a pecuniary point of view for a settlement is not what we wish so particularly to present as the necessity for a settlement at that point, and the fact of its being calculated to be productive of much good in promoting the advancement of the cause which is dear to every Latter-day Saint. We therefore say unto you that we wish to have a sufficient number stop to organize a county at that place which was last winter named Green River County and attached to G. S. L. County for revenue, election and Indian purposes. [*Laws of Utah,* 1852, pp. 162-164]
>
> It is not our wish to oppress the brethren, but wish those who remain to do so of their own free will and choice, having and feeling an abiding interest in the cause which we have espoused. An extension of the settlements in that direction will manifestly promote the emigration. . . . You can stop and while your teams are recruiting select out the best place for a location; build up your cabins; and then come into the city so far as it shall be necessary to procure your winter supplies, after which you can return and make your arrangements for the ensuing season of emigration, etc. . . .

The exact nature of the difficulties that developed does not appear in the Mormon sources, but on October 14, 1852, Brigham Young wrote to "Wm. D. Huntington, Brigham H. Young and others at Green River":

> I wrote to you on the 4th inst., per Indian Simons, to return from

consequence, and great distress and suffering must follow, as it is on the main emigration route from to California and Oregon.

In regard to the occupation of the Indian country, under these charters from the Legislature of the Territory, and their authority to grant them, I should be pleased to have advice and instruction immediately. Maj. [John] Hockad[a]y, who will hand you this, is fully advised of all the circumstances—I refer you to him for further information. In relation to these ferry's and bridge, the charter provides that 10 cents on every dollar received as toll, shall be paid into the tithing office, for the benefit of the Church.[61] This seems to me, to be unconstitutional—advise me, in relation to this matter—I am called upon, almost daily, for information and am not able to give it, not knowing the power of the Territorial Legislature.

I wish, also, advice in relation to the use of Spirituous Liquors—On the route from the states to Salt Lake City, there are two establishments for the accommodation of travellers and emigration —I have given them Licence, as Indian traders, being in the Indian country—they keep spirits for the use of the travel, but in no case, do they permit the use of it by the Indians—they are what may be termed *Tavern Keepers*.[62] If it is improper for me to allow them this privilege, please advise me.

The Mormon authorities have levied a tax on these Mountaineers and have collected, in some instances—as the tax is considered extravagant, and partly for the use and benefit of the Mor-

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that place and for all of you to come away and bring your effects with you to this city and leave not one behind. Owing to the uncertainty of your getting the letter from that source, I now write you by Bro. Hutchinson. It is needless to urge the matter of settlement at that place at the present. We do not wish to lay the foundation for any difficultv which by a little foresight may be avoided.

If some of our people would go out with the Indians upon their trip hunting and get acquainted with them and with their chiefs, then a good influence might be exerted among them, which it would not be in the power of anybody else to counteract; but we must wait for the present; therefore, all of you come back and let things take their course a little longer. . . .

Hosea Stout, who came as a colonizing missionary to the Green River area in the spring of 1854, wrote in his journal on May 15, " . . . we arrived at Russell's [after] Baiting with Batise at twelve Here at Russell's is where Huntington & Co. commenced a settlement in 1852 which was wisely abandoned afterwards." And next day, "we moved two miles down the River to the Mormon Crossing of Green River Ferry," which serves to fix the location of the initial Mormon effort at colonization in Wyoming.

61. It will be seen that this does not square with the language of the law as quoted in Note 57.

62. These "taverns" may have been located on Green River; but one of them was possibly Fort Bridger.

mon church, it is producing much excitement, and I fear will produce bloodshed. These men declare their willingness to pay any tax which the Government may demand, but refuse to pay a *Mormon Tax,* as they term it. As I am frequently called upon for information on these subjects, I should like to be fully advised, as it may prevent difficulty and trouble in future. . . .

XX.

Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Webber Station [Utah], March 5, 1853[63]

Sir—I addressed you a hasty note, in November last, from Fort Bridger in relation to difficulties between the Mormons and the Indians. I remained on Green River, had frequent conversations with the Indians until all matters were quieted for the present. But I fear a disturbance, if the country should be settled and occupied by the Mormons, or if they should attempt to build Bridges and establish ferries under the acts of the Territorial Legislature, alluded to in my note of November last. I am at a loss to know how to act—I have so frequently asked for information and instructions, on various matters, without receiving any, that I fear my communications have not reached you. I hope, however, that they have not miscarried, and that I shall receive them by the first mail. We have not had a mail from the States since October. There has been so much snow, that the Mountains and roads have been impassable, except on foot, with Snow Shoes. I have been unable to reach Salt Lake—I was compelled to remain at Bridger until January, when a warm spell dissolved the Snow, and I made an effort—but could get no farther than this place, where I have been compelled to remain ever since, some three months—living upon wild game that we could kill. There are three Mormon families living here[64]—all they have to live on is flour—they have no meat but such as they can kill. From these we have been enabled to get bread, and such other accommodations as they can afford, but at a very high price, and none of the best at that—they have but a scant supply for themselves. I have remained here in this predicament on account of my horses, being satisfied, that if I left them, they would be lost—I have a hired man with me, and by our constant attention we have been enabled to save them through the winter. The snow is disappearing on the South hill sides, the grass is commencing to grow, and I hope to be able,

63. H/234-1853.
64. The "Webber" or Weber Station from which this letter was written was probably in the locality of present Henefer.

in a few days to reach Salt Lake City, when I will communicate to you more fully—there being no mails from this Territory, to the States, since October has prevented me from writing before. The mail carrier of October, was compelled to leave his horses, and part of his mail here, and take the letter bag to the City on foot. He has just arrived from the city, with the March Mail, after a laborious travel of five days, only forty miles, and will make an effort to reach the States. He reports the Mountains impassable for horses, particularly weak as ours are—but I hope to be able to leave in a few days. You will please receive this as my excuse for not communicating to you at the end of each quarter.

My situation with Gov. Young, as Superintendent, is rather an unpleasant one—While I feel disposed to treat all parties fairly, and protect the Indians so as to prevent difficulties with the Whites, he seems to have no other anxiety but to favor his own church and people. If things are not changed I feel satisfied, I can be of no great service to the Indian department. My course is well known to the department—I have acted from circumstances, and to the best of my judgement, and hope that my conduct has been justified by the department. If matters are not changed, so as to produce a better feeling in the Mormons, toward the Government, or if the authority and laws of the Government are not enforced, if it should be the wishes of the department I would like to be called home, as my duty to the Government compels me to act in such a manner, as to give offence, frequently, to the Mormons, who seem to recognize no law but their own self will. This is a very unpleasant situation and one that can be productive of not much service either to the Government, to the Indians, or to myself. They seem desirous to hold all the offices themselves—and when a Gentile is appointed he is never treated with respect, but is abused let him do as he will. I have, and do yet, disregard their abuse, but feel that my efficiency as a Government officer is impaired by such conduct.

I have heretofore suggested to the department, various matters—having taken some pains to acquire information, and at the expense of the Government, and having formed a friendly acquaintance with the Indians and made myself acquainted with the country, if my suggestions should meet the views of the department, I will, with pleasure, give them such attention as the department may direct—as I do not feel disposed to relinquish a duty imposed on me, however arduous and disagreeable the service may be—particularly, having recommended them. . . .

P. S. I have written in a great hurry, on a board on my knee; you will therefore excuse the scrawl. . . .

XXI

STEPHEN B. ROSE, SUB-AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 30, 1853[65]

Dear Sir

Since my last report there has nothing of importance occured amoungst the Indians under my charge, with the exception of a fight between the Sioux and Utes of Uwinta Valley but I apprehend there will be some considerable fighting between them as all the Tribes of Nebraska are collecting their warriors together for a general war with the Utes. I would respectfully call the attention of the Department to the Sale of ardent spirits by the French Traders or Freemen as they are called upon the rivers and road from the States to this City as they are carrying on the sale of it to a great extent I wish to have particular instructions as to what course to pursue in this matter as I think it a serious matter Accompanying this report you will find a Schedule and Vouchers of the expenses of this Agency up to the present time which I hope will meet with the approbation of the Department. . . .

XXII

EDWARD A. BEDELL, INDIAN AGENT, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED G. S. L. CITY, SEPT. 30, 1853[66]

Dear Sir,

I arrived in this city on the 15th day of August ult, and on the same day reported to Governor Young that I was ready for duty, but could not releive Major Holeman according to the *strict letter* of your instructions, as he was away on a trip to Carson Valley; and as he did not return until yesterday I have not yet had time to receive and receipt for the Government property in his possession, and include the same in this quarter's return, but will attend to it forthwith.

Under the direction of the Superintendent, I have written the Indian Chief named Little Soldier, and his band, who are at present near the mouth of Weber River Kanyon, about 45 miles north of this city; also the Shoshones, and Yampah and Uinta

65. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1853, U/26-1853.

66. B/295-1853. Bedell had been named to succeed Holeman after the Democratic victory in the election of 1852. He came from Warsaw, Illinois, and had been on cordial terms with the Saints before their expulsion from that state.

Utahs, in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger.[67] I found them all friendly & professing much friendship, & made them suitable presents, so far as I thought warranted under the strangely small amount appropriated for the expenditure of this Superintendency, but far short, in my estimation, of what they actually need and deserve.

My Account Current, and accompanying papers are in the hands of Govr Young, & will be forwarded by this Mail, and I hope will prove entirely satisfactory.

Please permit me to indulge in a few remarks, which, though perhaps not immediately pertaining to my duties, I deem of importance.

I will not stop to use argument but simply state what I know and most assuredly believe to be facts. This Territory is known as a whole to be exceedingly destitute of game, and to be poor in spontaneous edible roots, & Seeds; and the Lakes and Rivers afford but a limited supply of fish, and the crickets are abundant only for a short season, and in certain localities. The Indians inhabiting this region, like the great majority of their red brethren, delight in leading a life of indolence, and indulge in thieving at every safe opportunity. Very many of the Stock owners enroute for California, and emigrants to Oregon & California stop & winter in these valleys with large numbers of stock. This stock, as it recruits, is very tempting to the Indians, who would take it to the extent of their fancies, were they not prevented by the fear of the settlements. A great proportion, if not a large majority of the white Inhabitants of Utah, are American born citizens, and generally the foreign population naturalize as fast as the laws will allow, and their is not a more loyal set of people, or inhabitants within the United States.

I need not weary your patience with an extended detail of kindred facts, and characteristics relative to the inhabitants, Indians, and temporary sojourners of this Territory, as I have already stated more than may be sufficient to make it evident that the

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67. During the period covered by this report, Jim Bridger had been driven from his fort by a Mormon posse—the date, August 26, 1853, being fixed by the diary of a California immigrant, Dr. Thomas Flint (see Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications,* 1923, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 97. There had been hard feelings between Bridger and the Mormons for more than 4 years, and according to Bill Hickman, "About this time it was rumored that Jim. Bridger was furnishing the Indians with powder and lead to kill Mormons. Affidavits were made to that effect, and the Sheriff was ordered out with a *posse* of one hundred and fifty men to arrest him, capture his ammunition, and destroy all his liquors." Bridger easily evaded the posse, but Hickman says the liquor was destroyed "by doses." See William A. Hickman, *Brigham's Destroying Angel,* New York, 1872, pp. 91-92. Bridger did not return to his fort until he came with Johnston's army in the fall of 1857.

appropriations for the Utah Superintendency are altogether too small, unless the Government design to let these Indians starve, so far as it is concerned, or live by plundering, or be sustained by the voluntary contributions of the different settlements. Neither of these courses is presumable, and I fully and cordially coincide with the judgment of Governor Young that $40,000. is the smallest amount that ought to be appropriated for the years ending June 30th 1854 & 55, and think a larger sum would be much nearer strict justice in the case. . . .

XXIII

EDWARD A. BEDELL, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED G S LAKE CITY, DEC. 31, 1853[68]

Dear Sir

In compliance with the regulations of the Indian Department I have the Honor to submit my Second report in relation to the affairs of my Agency. Nothing of importance has occurred Since my last quarterly report dated Sept 30th 1853 made to your excellency except the Masacre by the Indians of the lamented Capt [John W.] Gunnison and his party. In the fore part of October according to your suggestion I visited Fort Bridger and Henrys Fork I found but few Indians there Antero a Ute Chief with a Small band I found on Henrys Fork Encamped I held a conference with him had a talk I made his band presents of a few Blankets shirts & Tobacco He seemed much pleased and they all promised to keep up a friendly intercourse with the whites and remain quiet and at peace—Early in November I started for the Severe [Sevier River] where Capt Gunnison fell but on meeting my interpreter Demick Huntington and being informed by him that he had recovered the Government propperty or all of it that could be got I returned from Utah Valey to this City. The night before my arrival in Provo City the Indians killed several head of cattle Col [Peter] Conover followed them with a small party of men some twenty miles in the mountains but was not able to over take them. I found a small boddy of Utes Encamped on battle creek had a talk with them They promised to be Peacible and friendly. I received your instructions the last of November to visit the vicinity of Green River but was not at the time able to go in consequence of Sickness Deeming it important I procured the Services of the Hon Orsen Hyde and Sent with him Wm Hickman Esqr as Gua[r]d and Robert Coster[69] they found a few

68. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Dec. 31, 1853, U/28-1854.

69. Here again some background must be filled in. After the false start in 1852, a Mormon settlement in the basin of the Green River was begun in the fall of 1853, as one of several missions sent to the Indians

Indians made them presents and warned them against being led

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of Utah Territory. The official camp journal of the mission is copied into Andrew Jenson's History of Fort Supply, in his History of Lyman Stake, a manuscript in the Church Historian's Office at Salt Lake City. The company, consisting of 39 men with 20 wagons, 93 head of cattle, and 8 head of horses and mules, left Great Salt Lake City Nov. 2 and reached Fort Bridger on the 12th. They had intended locating in the valley of Henrys Fork, but chose in preference to this a location on Willow Creek, a tributary of Smiths Fork, a few miles south of Fort Bridger. Here, on Nov. 17, Fort Supply was founded. An extended account of the mission by a member of it is James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer,* Salt Lake City, 1900, pp. 304-374; brief mention by another member is found in Christopher Merkley, *Biography of Christopher Merkley,* Salt Lake City, 1887, p. 33. A formal history by Andrew Jenson is published in *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine,* January, 1913; see also Charles E. Dibble, "The Mormon Mission to the Shoshoni Indians," *Utah Humanities Review,* April, 1947.

Orson Hyde did not leave Great Salt Lake City with the advance party, but paid the new fort a brief visit on Dec. 9-12. A letter he wrote on the subject of the mission is published in the *Deseret News,* Dec. 1, 1853. The manner in which the Mormons were able to combine public business with church interests is well shown by Bedell's letter, for Hyde was obliged to go to Fort Supply in any event. He wrote the following letter to Washakie before returning home:

Fort Supply, Green River County
Dec. 10, 1853

Greeting:

Respected and esteemed friends:

I have often heard of you but never had the pleasure of seeing you or of making your acquaintance, both of which I desire and hope the time will not be long until I see you and make your acquaintance.

A little more than one year ago our people began to make a settlement (on your lands) on Green River, but learning that you and your people did not like us to form a settlement there, we left and gave up the settlement. Since that time we have heard by Mr. Battize Lauzon [a phonetic rendition of Baptiste Louisant] that you were willing that our people should make a settlement on your lands, on or near Green River, therefore our great Chief in G. S. L. Valley, Brigham Young, has sent me with a number of men to make a settlement on your lands. We have located on Smith's Fork, about ten miles from Sam Callwell's fort [i.e., what until lately had been Fort Bridger?]. I am now with them, but shall leave them in two more sleeps to go to G. S. L. City. I shall remain there until Spring and when the snow melts and the grass grows I shall come back to this settlement and hope to remain with them. I have heard that some whites have told you that we were a bad people, but in answer to this I would say to you come and see. Our young men are learning your language; they want to be united with your people and a number of our men want to marry wives from your people and we want to be friends. We want to be friends with the Utes and not kill them, but they will steal and rob us and we had to kill some of them and they have killed some of us. We are sorry that they live so bad. When you can learn all about what some white men have done on Green River you will not blame the "Mormons" for taking some of their stock, it was done according to the laws of our Great Father at Washington. Believe not all the bad things that some white

a stray by the notorious Rian[70] and I am satisfied that their visit had a good Effect and was well timed. As far as I can ascertain there is decidedly a better feeling towards the whites Generally among the Indians of this Territory You will find my account for this quarter for grain tolerably large My Excuse is to be found in the fact that the Horses I received from Major J H Holman My predesessor were in verry low flesh and I was obliged to feed them grain to keep them a live . . . .

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men say of us but come and see us. We would like some Lamanites of your people to come and live in our little settlement so that we may talk with them and learn your language. I sent you this letter by Bro. Barney Ward who has a Shoshone wife and some of our young men go with him to see you. I send you some tobacco and some shirts also and my best wishes. I hope to see you myself when snow melts and grass grows and then I want you to go with me to Salt Lake Valley and see our great chief Brigham Young and have a talk with him if you can when grass grows, come and see our new settlement and I expect to be here then and I will see you, but all our young men will be glad to see you [this winter] if you can come but I should not be with you then until grass grows and if you cannot come to see me then I will try to find where you are and come and see you and your people. I send you many good wishes and hope the Good Spirit above will be kind and good to the Shoshone nation and to their Great Chief and also to the Mormons and their Great Chief.

Will you send me word by Barney Ward and the young men, what you think and how you feel and they will write the same and send to me and to our Great Chief in G. S. L. Valley.

I am, your Friend
Orson Hyde

To Washakeete.

The above letter is copied into the Fort Supply camp journal under date of May 9, 1854. Owing to severe weather, it was not possible to carry the communication to Washakie during the winter; it was finally taken to him in the spring of 1854, an episode James S. Brown describes at considerable length (*op. cit.*, pp. 312-332). It may be remarked that the dates in Brown's book for this period check up very well with contemporary sources.

70. Ryan's first name was Elisha, but James S. Brown calls him L. B. Ryan. From Brown's account, it would seem that after Bridger was forced to leave his fort, Sam Callwell became the recognized leader of the Green River mountain men—or as Brown puts it, Callwell "was said to be at the head of the gang of desperadoes who plied their vocation from Bridger to Green River, and back on the emigrant route to Laramie; he was a large, trim built man, about six feet six inches tall, and very daring. But after a bowie knife was plunged into his vitals [by Louis Tromley, a Frenchman] he did not survive long, dying in about twenty-four hours. . . . L. B. Ryan [succeeded] Samuel Callwell as chief of the organized band of desperadoes. . . ." Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 310, 312. Bill Hickman has a considerable account of his own dealings with Ryan, who, he says (and this is shown to be the fact in at least one instance), accompanied him on three missions pertaining to Indian affairs in 1854-55. Hickman also says (*op. cit.*, p. 106) that Ryan was subsequently killed by "a Spaniard," this apparently in the spring of 1855.

XXIV

Jacob H. Holeman to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington City, March 7, 1854[71]

Sir—In reply to your verbal request, for information, "whether at the time of the organization of the Territory of Utah, the Indians in that Territory, occupied, possessed or claimed title to the whole of the Territory—whether the possessions of the different tribes, bounded on each other, or if not, about how much was not possessed by the Indians at the time of its organization."

Having resided in the Territory, of Utah, as Indian agent, since 1851, and having had considerable intercourse with the various tribes and bands of Indians in that Territory, I have no hesitation in stating, that within the boundary of the Territory, as I have understood it, the Indians claim all the land.—There are the Shoshonies—the Uwinte Utes—the Pi-Utes,—the Timpany Utes —the Parvante Utes—the Banacks—the Washaws—Sosokos, &c. Many of these tribes are divided into bands, under some favorite chief, and are scattered over the Territory, claiming large boundaries of land.—They move from place to place, within these boundaries, in search of game, and other necessaries, but generally, confining themselves within the limits of the grounds claimed by the respective tribes to which they belong.—These claims seem to be acknowledged and respected by the different tribes and bands and are defined by Mountains, water courses &c. There is a small tract of country, lying on the North Platt, between the Shoshonies, and the Sioux and Cheyenes, which is considered as neutral ground, and where they sometimes meet to trade with each other, or for war, as either tribe may feel in the humor. This ground is frequently occupied or visited by the various bands in the vicinity, when game is plenty,—each tribe concedes this priviledge to the other; no one tribe or band claims the exclusive right to do so.

The land, in the valley of Salt Lake, upon which the Mormons have settled, was claimed and occupied by the Utes and Shoshonies, until settled by the Mormons. Much complaint has been made by the Indians, an dfrequent difficulties have occurred, in consequence of this occupation of their lands, by the whites, without their assent. If something is not done, by which the Indians, and the whites may know their respective rights and privileges, much difficulty may be expected. . . .

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71. H/574-1854.

XXV.

Edward A. Bedell, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, dated Indian Agency Office, Utah Ty., April 6, 1854[72]

Sir,

In obedience to your instructions, Dated March 24th 1854, informing me that you had received a communication from Maj Higgins commandant at Manti of the whereabouts of the Indian Chief—Walker, and wishing me to proceed with my interpreter to Fillmore City & hold talk with him.

I have the honor to state most respectfully that I proceeded on the 25th of March, in Company with D. B. Huntington Esqr Interpreter. On the 27th of March, we held a talk with Panawick a Ute Chief with a Small party of Indians at Payson in Utah Valley. He informed me that he had used his influence to get the Indians belonging to old Squash-Head's band, who had stolen from the neighborhood of Springville, some Eighty head of Cattle a short time previous to return them to their owners, and we ascertained that he had succeeded in procuring the return of 24 Head, I told him he and his band had done right, and that I would report their good conduct to you, and that you would inform the great father of his good conduct, I then made them some small presents of Shirts, Tobacco &c. they seemed well pleased & promised to go again into the Mountains, and if the Indians had not killed the remainder of the cattle, to bring them in. I told them to tell old Squash-Head & Peteetneet to come in, & bring the Cattle back if they had not killed them, & be honest, and cease stealing. I also found quite a number of Indians at work on lands that had been ploughed for them by the citizens of Payson.

We then proceeded on our way, and arrived at Salt Creek on the 29th March, a fine flourishing Settlement, where I found Ammon, Walker's Brother, with 10 or 12 lodges of Indians. They seemed very much pleased to see us. Ammon talked very much in favor of establishing a permanent peace, & said he was glad we were going to have a talk with Walker, for he was sure Walker wanted to be friendly. I ascertained that Ammon furnished Captain Fremont with the first provisions he got after entering the Valley in a Starving condition; the citizens also spoke well of the band, they surveyed off & set apart for them 80 acres of land near the Fort, and was assisting such of the Indians as would work to plough and Sow wheat.

I gave Ammon two Blankets, and his men some Shirts, & Tobacco, & explained to them the object of the great father in having the Surveys made by Col Freemont, and the late lamented Captain

72. U/31-1854.

Gunnison. They seemed much pleased and said, that the Parvan Indians that murdered Captain G had done very wickedly, and they were sorry, for they beleived he was a good man.

We arrived at Fillmore City on the 31st of March, and found the celebrated chief Walker encamped near the Fort with about 75 braves with him. I visited him at his Lodge on the morning of the 31st March, in Company with the officers of the Fort and my Interpreter. He appeared quite reserved, but glad to see us. Said he had a great deal to say, and hoped we would make a stay of several days I told him I could not spend more than a day: he said Kenosh a & other chiefs were there, and he wanted the Indians all as also the officers of the Fort to hear what he had to say, for my Interpreter Mr Huntington could understand him.

I procured a large room from the Hon James McGaw, and commenced a talk with Walker in presence of the Officers of the Fort Authorities of the City & about Eighty Indians, which continued all day. I furnished dinner for the Chiefs at the Hotel, & furnished provisions for the other Indians also. Walker said from the first he had been opposed to this difficulty, & that he had done everything in his power to prevent it, but that he could not control some of his men, and when he found they were determined to steal & murder, he went off to New Mexico to get away, for he felt bad. I told him that the Report had gone to the States, that he & his men had murdered Captain Gunnison & part of his Surveying party, and that the people and also the Great father were justly indignant that such a terrible cold blooded murder should be committed upon men in the service of the United States, and sent by the Great father to locate a Road that would enable them to get a much larger amount of presents, by reducing the cost of transportation. He said, he had heard about it, & seen one party South, making a similar survey & had rendered them assistance & was much pleased. He said he was truly sorry the Pauvants had acted so hastily and indiscreetly, in committing the assault & murder on that party, but tried to apologise for them. Said a train of Emigrants a few days before, had killed an Indian without any provocation, and that the friends & relations of the Indians came upon the party while their hearts were bad. I told him Captain G & his men knew nothing of that, & were entirely innocent, & tried to show and explain to them how wrong it was to punish & murder innocent men, for the acts of bad, and wicked men.

The Pauvant Chiefs Kenosh & Parashunt were present, and quite a number of their men. They seemed very uneasy, and much alarmed. Walker wished me to ask you to inform the Great Father, & the people of the States, that it was not him, or his party that done the deed, & also to ask the Great Father, not to send soldiers to punish the Pah-vants, for he was afraid some

innocent Indians would be dragged into difficulty. I talked with him in reference to selling his land to the general government. He said he would prefer not to sell if he could live peaceably with the white People, which he was anxious to do.

The citizens of Fillmore had set apart Eighty acres of excellent land for the use of the Indians.

I asked Walker, if he or his men desired to raise wheat & Potatoes &c. He said he would much prefer to trade & hunt himself, but he would be glad to have the Indians work & raise wheat & Corn &c (which many are doing).

Walker I found with a large band of horses, which he wanted to trade, or sell, & other property. Walker said that the Shoshones in November last, stole 150 Horses from the Utahs. I promised them to enquire into it & endeavor to get the Shoshones to return the Horses.

I made Walker, presents of Blankets, Shirts, and Tobacco; and also presents to his men. They all said, they were anxious to live in peace, & promised to be friendly to Emigrants & citizens. Said they would not steal any more Cattle, for when they came into Fillmore hungry, the Citizens gave them a beef ox. & Wheat bread &c.

I am firmly of the opinion, if the Emigrants treat them with any degree of kindness & forbearance, as also the citizens of the Territory, they will be peaceable and quiet, which is greatly to be desired.[73]

In February last, a Deputation of Seven Bannack Indians visited this City for the purpose of having a talk with Your Excellency and myself; the weather was extremely cold & Stormy, & I was compelled to keep them in my Office for several days until the storm abated, and also keep their horses. I think the General Government should build a carroll, and some kind of cheap quarters for the Indians when they come in; for it is almost impossible to get them Kept, while in the City on business.

I am much indebted to D. B. Huntington Esq[r] for the favor of providing for them, as also Col [J. C.] Little.

The Bannacks are a friendly race of Indians, & quite intelligent; they say they have never received any presents from the Great Father, but that the citizens of the Territory have been usually very kind to them, and that you have been uniformly been [sic] good to them. I made them presents of Shirts, Tobacco, provisions, and such things as I had and could procure. They seemed much pleased, & promised to continue friendly &c. They said it

73. The peace talks with Walker, described here and in Document XXVI, as also in S. N. Carvalho, *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West,* New York, 1856, pp. 187-196, settled the difficulties with the Utes which are remembered in Utah history as the Walker War of 1853-54. Walker took no very prominent part in the war, and died soon after, on January 29, 1855.

was not good to steal from, or murder the whites, although, they said on several occasions, the emigrants had treated them badly. I told them, that you & the Great father would do everything in your power to have their wrongs atoned for, & that if they would inform me, I would always endeavor to regain any property that the emigrants wrongfully deprived them of.

The Shoshones, as far as I can ascertain, continue to be friendly, they say they do not receive as many presents as they are entitled to, the price of goods is so high here that the appropriation does not seem to go far, for the Indians of this Territory are so very numerous.

Hoping that we may be able to live in peace with the Native tribes. . . .

XXVI

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, June 30, 1854[74]

Sir,

Since my last quarterly report, our relations with our red neighbors have remained uniformly friendly towards the whites, so far as I have information.

I have recently heard rumours of hostile feelings between the Shoshones on Green River, and Country adjacent, and the Utahs of Uinta Valley. As these tribes are in the agency assigned to the late Agent E. A Bedell, who died on Green River [on May 3] on his return to the States, and as no authentic information has yet reached me, of any serious outbreaks upon each other, I have not deemed it best, up to the present date, to incur the expense of sending an express party to enquire into the matter; and, also, as I expect to visit that region personally during the next month, when I shall be able to learn definit[e]ly the facts in the case.

On the 3rd of May Ult. I left this City on a tour South, with the design of visiting, and talking with the various Indian tribes which might at the time be reasonably near the traveled route, and returned on the 30th Ult. having seen, and conversed with a majority of their principal men, and made such presents of cattle, clothing, &c as the exigences of the case seemed to require. all the Indians thus met with, expressed strong desires for "good peace," and thus far have acted in accordance with their professions. But they are generally very poor, and have few and scanty resources for subsistence, and are much given, very naturally, to contrasting our apparent wealth with their destitution, and from

74. U/36-1854.

the contrast make *onerous* demands upon the white settlers for food, and clothing, which, when not complied with from any cause, occasions ill feelings on the part of the Indians, resulting often, even now, in thieving, and on the other hand, renders it difficult for me to make our poor citizens understand at all times, that it is cheaper, and far better for us to feed & clothe the Indians, learn them to labor, and to read & write, than it is to fight them, more especially as they deem that to belong to the proper sphere of duty of the General Government, in accordance with her proclaimed policy.

Doubtless Congress in their appropriations, and the Indian Department in auditing my accounts, will duly appreciate the circumstances, and position of our recent & aboriginal population, and adopt a course that will tend to lighten the difficulties under which we are struggling to make the desert blossom as the rose, to extend the area of enlightenment, and civilization, and to ameliorate the condition of the untamed, & untutored savage.

As the only Agency as yet allowed to Utah is made vacant by the death of Major E. A. Bedell, and our only Sub-Agency will soon be vacated by the removal, to the States, of the present incumbent Major S. B. Rose, I beg leave to call your early attention to this subject, and most respectfully suggest, that James Brown 3rd be appointed Indian Agent,[75] & Dimick B. Huntington Indian Sub-Agent for Utah Territory, as persons every way qualified to act efficiently and with correctness and good judgment in official duties, both towards the natives, and the Department.

You are already familiar with the extent of this Territory, & with the number, & scattered situation of her tribes; would it not therefore be just to allow Utah one or two more Sub-Agents? Should your judgment permit you so to decide, it would be gratify-

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75. James Brown 3rd, as then called, later changed his name to James Stephens Brown, to distinguish himself from other Browns in Utah. In his quarterly report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of Dec. 31, 1853 (U/28-1854), Brigham Young had recommended that sub-agents be appointed for "Carson Valley, Mary's river, & that region, one for Green River County, one for the tribes who can be easily reached from the confluence of Grand and Green Rivers, and one for Washington, Iron, and Millard Counties"; he named as suitable persons George P. Dykes, Levi Stewart, Dimick B. Huntington, and John D. Lee. That James S. Brown was now recommended for an agency shows that Young appreciated the services he had performed during May and June in making contact with Washakie, a difficult and dangerous mission. Soon after writing these remarks, Brigham Young wrote in his History, "Learning that the principal chief of the Shoshones had invited Elder James Brown to go into his lodge and remain and identify himself with them, I wrote to Brother Brown counseling him by all means to do so, for it was what was needed and the very purpose for which the mission was established. The hand of God was in it. So that we could gain influence with the tribe to make them peaceable and do them good." (History of Brigham Young, 1854, p. 64, quoted in L. D. S. Journal History, July 18, 1854.)

ing to me, and highly beneficial to all parties concerned, if you would appoint John D. Lee, and Isaac Bullock.[76]

I presume you will extend to Utah all the facilities in your power, to enable her population to be benefitted, at the earliest practicable date, by such treaty regulations with her tribes as the liberality of Congress may provide.

Accompanying this my Report, I forward the vouchers from No. 1. to 10. inclusive, the a/c Current, and the abstract for the 4th Quarter, ending June 30th, 1854, and amounting to $2185 08/100.

Trusting that the official papers now forwarded will be found just, correct, & satisfactory. . . .

XXVII

2d Lieut. H. B. Fleming, comdg. Fort Laramie, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Fort Laramie, Aug. 15, 1854[77]

Sir

A copy of a letter has been sent me requesting me to forward the same to you for your decision thereon. There has been a great dal of trouble between the Mountain Men and the Mormons for some time past, which has resulted in the death of several persons on both sides. The Mountain Men have wives and children among the Snake Indians, and therefore claim the right to the Green River country in virtue of the grant given them by the Indians to whom the country belongs; as no treaty has yet been made to extinguish their title—The Mormons, on the other hand, claim jurisdiction over the country, paramount to all Indian titles, in virtue of it being in Utah Territory.

Now, the question, in issue, appears to me this; since the country lies in the Territory of Utah, have the Mormons or have they not the right to dispose of the country to settlers, to dispose of its resources, revenues, and finally everything in the country or exercise judicial power over revenues before the *actual Indian Title* has been extinguished

These questions have been and are now agitated among the people of the new Territories—have caused a great deal of trouble

76. Bullock subsequently became probate judge of Green River County. He led to Fort Supply the second company sent there, which arrived close on the heels of the first, Nov. 26, 1853. The company consisted of 53 men, and brought 190 head of cattle.

77. F/117-1854. The questions raised in this and the document following were on September 15, 1854, referred by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior. The Interior files in the National Archives do not indicate that any reply was ever made.

and will cause more unless permanently settled by proper authority. Since the large emigration to Oregon and California, the Ferries, Bridges, &c., have been profitable investments.

Your decision in this case I consider of great importance as it is time such things were settled and unnecessary blood-shed saved by placing the right where it properly belongs. Both parties contend for the right & I might add I think both equally honest in their convictions

Enclosed I forward the letter for your decision. . . .

XXVIII

John M. Hockaday to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, June 17, 1854[78]

Sir,

Whereas the Boundaries of Green River County in the Territory of Utah were defined and attached to Great Salt Lake County for "Election, revenue, and Judicial purposes" by a special act of the legislature of said Territory approved March the 3rd 1852, and was detached from said Great Salt Lake County by another act of said Legislature approved January 13th 1854, and is now organized with its Judiciary and officers and lies in the first Judicial District of the United States Court for said Territory and;[79]

Whereas an act was passed by said Legislature, approved January 17th 1853, Granting a Charter Unto Daniel H. Wells Esqr the right to Erect Ferries for the Conveyance of stock waggons, Passengers &c Over Green River in said County of Green River in said Territory, on the lands claimed, by the tribe of Shoshone Indians,[80] and which said Charter or Right of erecting ferries has been transferred by said Wells to others and at present Capt. W. J. Hawley, James H. Jones & John Kerr (of the firm of Jones &

78. Enclosure in Fleming to Manypenny, F/117-1854, Document XXVII. The copy transmitted by Hockaday himself is H/628-1854.

79. The citations are *Laws of Utah,* 1852, pp. 162-164; and *ibid.,* 1854, pp. 259-260.

80. *Compiled Laws of Utah,* 1855, Chapter L, pp. 237-238. The charter required Wells to pay into the treasury of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company 10 per cent. of all proceeds; the right to the Green River ferries was granted to him for three years, from and after May 15, 1853. Wells was expected to maintain ferries "at two of the most convenient and safe places of crossing," i.e., on the Sublette Cutoff and on the Salt Lake road. Subsequently, by an act of the Utah Legislature approved Dec. 27, 1855, Isaac Bullock and Lewis Robison were granted the exclusive right and privilege of ferries across Green river . . . for the space of three years from and after the 15th day of May, A. D. 1856. (Laws of Utah, 1856, pp. 16-17.) Thus they succeeded Daniel H. Wells as the statutory owners of the Green River ferry rights. Robison became more or less the pro-

Kerr) Frances M Russell & John M Russell are proprietors of said Ferries (the said Charter Expiring on the 15th day of May A D 1856) And:

Whereas the said Shoshone's are displeased with the said granting of such Charter, and being in Possession of "white men" not married into their nation or tribe and Claim the right, and Jurisdiction of Granting or giving the land, timber, River and the Right of erecting Ferries, to whom they please, Claiming all as belonging to them on their Lands, in said Green River County and that they have given the said River and the right of erecting Ferries on the same to the white men that have married Squaws of their tribe, and have children among them and which said Ferries or the right thereof said white men claim, contending that there has been no treaty made with the Indians and that the land, Timber Rivers &c legally belongs to them, until purchased of them by treaty with the U States Government. and that the Legislature of the Territory of Utah, have no right or authority to grant such Charters on Indian lands; but are willing to submit the same to the decision of the legal and constituted authority at Washington City,

Now in Order to allay all excitement or ill feeling that may exist in the heart of said Indians or White men at the present time in regard to said Ferries, and to conduce to peace now and hereafter, we sent this letter of Enquiry to you, that we may have your honorable opinion or decision of the same, Whether or not the said Legislature of Utah, have the right to Grant Charters for Ferries on Green River, or any other Rivers or waters in said Territory, w[h]ether in organized Counties or not, where said Rivers and lands are claimed by the Indians. If said Legislature have not, we wish to be informed and have the matter In dispute settled at the Proper Department and an answer returned at as as [sic] early a day as possible and to which decision all concerned will cheerfully submit. . . .

John M. Hockaday

N. B. Selected by the parties to address you this letter of Enquiry

N. B. Please direct your answer to the Commanding officer at Fort Laramie—[81]

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prietor of Fort Bridger after buying from Louis Vasquez, on August 3, 1855, the claim of Bridger and Vasquez. (The records concerning the purchase of Fort Bridger are in the Salt Lake County Clerk's Office, "Records," Book B, pp. 68, 125-28.) Alfred Cumming, who succeeded Brigham Young as Governor of Utah Territory, was averse to the granting of special privileges in the shape of herdgrounds, ferries, etc., and in 1859 all such special grants were repealed.

81. This document is the primary source of information on the ownership of the Mormon ferries or ferry at this particular time. Hawley may

have taken over the ferry in the spring of 1854, at which time a reinforcement was sent out to the Fort Supply mission and steps taken to organize Green River County, to give the Mormons better political control over it. Hosea Stout's diary interestingly develops this background. Stout left Great Salt Lake City, in a company which included Orson Hyde and William A. Hickman, on May 1, and arrived at Fort Supply May 7, finding it "the most forbidding and godforsaken place I have ever seen for an attempt to be made for a settlement & judging from the altitude I have no hesitancy in predicting that it will yet prove a total failure but the brethren here have done a great deal of labor." His diary continues:

[May 9.] Judge [W. I.] Appleby organized the County of Green River by appoi[nti]ng Robert Alexander Clerk of Probate Court, W. A. Hickman Sheriff also assessor and Collector as well as prosecuting attorney. He also appointed the other requisite County officers, after which Isaac Bullock, James Brown, Elijah Ward and James Davis were appointed to go to the Shoshonee Indians to assure them of our good wishes and feelings towards them also to allay the predjudice which some unprincipaled mountaineers had raised against us after the council was over we celebrated the inaugeration of the newly appointed officers in the usual way. . . .

[May 10] Elder Hyde, John Leonard, Ute Perkins & John Fawcett left about noon for Great Salt Lake City

[May 11] . . . Captain Hawley arrived this evening meeting Hyde & co at sulpher Creek. They were undoubtedly under forced march In fact Elder Hyde seems to [have] an invincible repugnance to Fort Supply.

[May 12] . . . Some six waggons started to Green River ferry to day. . . .

[May 14] Crossed Ham's Fork which we had to ferry in Hawley's Skiff Here we found Mr Shockley's waggon loaded with alcahal and other things This we all knew what to do with so after helping ourselves we took his waggon on with us some 4 or 5 miles and camped soon after which Shockley & Russell came after their wagon, both very glad that we had brought it along for with[out] Hawley's skiff they could not have crossed Ham's fork. Bullock & company also came and put up with us on their way to the Shoshonees so all was well now & plenty of good company.

[May 15] . . . we arrived at Russell's [after] Baiting with Batise at twelve Here at Russell's is where Huntington & Co. commenced a Settlement in 1852 which was wisely abandoned afterwards.

[May 16] . . . moved two miles down the River to the Mormon Crossing of Green River Ferry and ferried our traps & waggon across in Hawley's skiff Here was three log buildings in which we took possession of shielding us only a little from the Storms for they were in a bad condition. . . . Nearly all the mountaineers came to day to pay us our first visit

[May 18] . . . Mr Hawley put his rope across the river and Joseph Busby came from Weber ferry to commence suit against Bridger & Lewis in a matter pertaining to Ham's fort ferry last year wherein all three were partners.

[May 19] Attending legal business Joseph Busby vs James Bridger & Suece Louis. A large company of Bannack indians crossed the river to day. . . .

[May 27] . . . Hickman & Hawley started their teams to Hams Fork with a boat to start a ferry at that point.

[May 28] . . . The Mountaineers as usual throng in here to day drinking swearing & gambling.

[May 29] Law suit before Judge Appleby. John H. Bigler vs F. M. Russel administrator of the estate of saml. M. Caldwell deced in Replevin for the recovery of a mare Hickman was council for plaintiff & myself for Defence Judgement no cause of action & const apportioned equally.

The day was wound up in hard drinking & gambling. . . .

[May 30] Squalls & hard wind, cold and uncomfortable while we are all shivering around in these miserable old log huts and suel & Winters are quite sick & I have took up my boarding with Hawley. He has returned from Ham's Fork having started the ferry there

[June 1] Bullock, Brown, Ward & Davis came here this evening on their return from their mission to the Shoshonees.

They report the indians somewhat ill disposed but some were friendly & expect some of them here in a few days. . . .

[June 6] Suit of Busby V. Bridger & Lewis came up to day at ten a. m. I was on the part of the plaintiff & Hickman for Defence

This was an interesting trial which terminated in a judgement against the defendants for 540 dollars & about 75 dollars cost.

An appeal was called for by Plff. which was however was waived afterwards and Mr Bovee who was an agent for Bridger & Mr Hawley give bonds for the payment of judgement and costs in ten days.

The day was wound up according to custom by fiddling, drinking & gambling in Earl's & McDonald's grocery and finally about 11 o'clock in the night wound up by two of the party's having a knock down The fact is our place is improving fast. Earl & McDonald has a grocery and gambling table both well patronized every law day Hawley another grocery & Blazzard a Brewry, so when Emmegration & law gets in full blow every body can be accommodated

[June 8] . . . Emmegrants are coming and crossing

[June 9] The Judge and officers of court are busily engaged repairing to miserable log house which we occupy for a Court house. Vasques & Strongfellow arrived bringing the report that Mr James Bridger was left by them very sick & not expected to live. He was some where on the Missouri river.

[June 11] . . . Benjamin Hawley returned from Salt Lake bringing Hickman's & McDonald's wives. Hitherto only two women, Hawley's wife & daughter-in-law were the only women who graced our society. This in a company of some twenty Mormons seems to be verging into a state little short of *Modern* Christianity but since we have been blessed with two more female arrivals the aspect of our society seems to brighten

[June 12] . . . one man drowned at Kinney's ferry [which was 9.92 miles above the Pioneer or Mormon ferry; see the *Deseret News,* Oct. 24, 1855]. . . .

[June 15] Mr Elisha Ryan with some seven Shoshonee Indians arrived here, There is several lodges of shoshonee's been encamped here sevral days. In the after noon we had a regular talk with Ryan, as chif, and his braves He said he was sent by the Head Chief to learn what our intententions were. Whether we intended to take their land & if so whether peaceably or not. What was the feelings of the General Government & also Governor Young and the mormons, towards them. That they did not want their timber cut or have houses built on their land nor have settlements established. That if we did not and were friendly all was well for they desired to live in peace with all men but at the same time they would not allow any infringement on their lands.

That they had given Green River to him the said Ryan and those mountaineers who had married shoshonee wives. They complained

bitterly about the general government neglecting them in never making a treaty with them and not sending men to trade for their skins and furs &c Ryan said he had been robbed of his last bottom dollar (refering to the suit against him last year) That he considered this land his own and no one had a right to keep a ferry here but himself and those who had married shoshonee wives. He said he [had] nothing against the mormons as a people but had againts those individuals who robbed him last year, and many such things spake he. . . .

[June 16] . . . Another talk with Ryan and his braves
He claims all the ferrys on Green River in the most positive terms, denying the right of the Legislature of Utah to grant a legal charter without the consent of the shoshonees who own the land. He does not quite threaten hostilities but at the same time says he will have it and seems to want us to understand that he he has the power to redress his own grievances, and offers to arbitrate his claim by referring his right & the right of the ferry company to Chief of the Indian Beureau at Washington which Hawley agrees to do on the part of the company.

The conditions of this I will not relate.
He agrees to have another meeting and grand talk in about fifteen days. . . .

[June 17] Ryan on the part of those who claim Green River on the one part & Jones, Russells, and Hawley on the part of the company entered into bonds of 50.000 dollars to abide the result of the arbitration and Ryan gives bond to the same amount to keep the Indians peaceable in the mean time. . . .

[June 18] . . . The *plot thickens* and a considerable excitement Mr F. M. Russell came this morning complaining that Ryan had broke his treaty or arbritation and had attempted to take forcible possession for the ferry at Kinney and had made an attempt to cut the rope Judge Appleby issued a writ for him but while this was going on Mr Shockley came express reporting that Ryan being joined by eight other mountaineers had actually taken possession of the ferry and was crossing Emmegrants and taking their money. The writ was however given to Mr Hickman the sheriff who with a *possee* of six men besides Russell & Shockley started after Ryan. The excitement quite well got up now. When the sheriff arrived at Kinney's he found Ryan in a sound drunken sleep.
Ryan was drunk when he took the ferry so after occupying untill the sober second thought returned he gave up the ferry & money he had taken & fell quietly asleep.

Circumstances being thus & Ryan agreeing to behave in future those on the part of the ferry concluded to drop the matter and the excitement ended without smoke
And thus ended the Sabbath day on Green River.

[June 21] Ryan & company executed the affrsaid bonds. . .

[June 23] . . . Sokoper a Shoshonee Chief came. Another big talk. He don't want his timber cut or his land settled but says his heart is good towards us.

[June 26] . . . Judge Appleby & several others went to Kinney's to the sale of the property of the Estate of Caldwell.

[June 30] Wash-a-keek the Head chief of the Shoshonees and another Indian came He was not here long before he became intoxicated when he acted very bad but when sober he professed to be all very good He left mad creating considerable excitement.

[July 1] Hawley moved two waggon loads over the river & *cached* his liquor for fear the indians might come & get drunk and

XXIX.

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 30, 1854[82]

Sir,

I transmit by the Mail of the 1st proximo, the vouchers numbered 1 to 17 inclusive, the account Current and the abstract for the first quarter ending at date, amounting to $4176 61 1/2 /100 and report of employees, together with this my quarterly report now due.

Since my Report, the Indian tribes in this Superintendency have observed peaceful relations towards the whites and each other with two exceptions so far as I am informed. A few reckless Indians in Cedar Valley unprovokedly killed two whites who had gone to the Kanyon for wood. Some friendly Indians succeeded (in accordance with agreements previously entered into) in capturing two of the murderers, and delivered them up to the U. S. Marshal.

They had a fair and impartial trial before the U. S. District Court of the District where the deed was committed, Hon Leonidas Shaver presiding Judge, were sentenced to be hung, and were executed accordingly.[83]

In addition to killing those two men, a few of the small bands of Utahs at Provo, and Nephi are at times very ugly in their conduct and conversation, frequently taking garden vegetables, wheat &c. not only without leave, or compensation of any kind, but insolently in the presence of the owners, occasionally shooting cattle, and often threatening.

This course on their part makes it very difficult to restrain the feelings natural to American citizens, and induce them to realize the ignorance and degradation of the red men, and preserve peaceful relations; and how suddenly gross aggravation on the one hand, and a hasty retaliation on the other, may result in bloodshed and rapine is not always foreseen.

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thereby create a difficulty. Several left for home [I] among the rest. . . .

[July 6] Went to Weber [River] which we found barely fordable But we crossed on the boat. Here I paid Joseph Busby 283 dollars and 55 cents of the [money] collected for him of Bridger & suice. . . .

The better-known accounts of this period by James S. Brown and William Hickman may be read in comparison. The Hosea Stout diary is quoted from a typewritten copy in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society. See also A. L. Siler's letter of May 19, 1854, in the *Deseret News*, June 22, 1854.

82. U/39-1854.

83. The hanging of these two Indians for the killing of the Weeks brothers in Cedar Valley was the first execution under judicial process performed in the Territory of Utah.

It is obvious that means are necessary, and that too in at least a *just* proportion, to enable me to carry out the Pacific designs of the government towards its red children, and it would seem reasonable that the accounts of this Superintendency be audited and paid promptly, and with all that liberality towards any unknown, or accidental & immaterial informality which can be consistent with Justice, and well established usage.

Last week a small party of Shoshones fell upon some Utahs near Provo City, killed four and wounded a few, and after some skirmishing and having two of their party wounded, returned to their usual camping grounds. The Shoshones made this attack when searching for some of their Horses which they said the Utahs had stolen, Such outbreaks will sometimes occur, notwithstanding the most vigilant effort to the contrary, unless force be resorted to, which I have invariably deemed it most prudent to avoid, even against the anxious desires of each party for us to side with them.[84]

Finding the indians in Iron and Washington Counties naked, peaceful, and disposed to cultivate the arts of peace, I forwarded a small amount of plain clothing, cheap and substantial, to be distributed among them as per accounts now rendered, and which I feel to say, are at the lowest reasonable total for their real necessities at the time.

On the 1st Inst at their earnest solicitation I made a short visit to some chiefs, and quite a company of Shoshones who had assembled just north of Ogden City. They were very friendly and appeared well pleased, and highly gratified with the presents my Judgment dictated as suitable for the circumstances, & their condition and feelings.[85]

It affords me pleasure to commend the faithfulness and vigilance of the Employees in this Superintendency, and to congratulate the Department upon the beneficial results to the natives, notwithstanding the limited amount of facilities & means with which to operate.

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84. It is more probable that these Shoshoni came from the northern part of Utah than that they were Wyoming Shoshoni. Some frictions involving the latter are, however, intimated by the *Deseret News* of July 20, 1854: "Our red neighbors remain friendly towards the whites; but there are rumors of slight disturbances, and one or two small fights between the Green River Snakes and the Uinta Utahs." For a fuller account of the Provo fight, see Almon W. Babbitt's letter, Sept. 26, 1854, in the *St. Louis Luminary,* Nov. 22, 1854.

85. James S. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 346, back from the Green River country for the winter, describes this visit to what he calls "Chief Catalos' camp of Shoshones, four miles north of Ogden." Another account is found in the *Deseret News,* Sept. 7, 1854. Elsewhere the chief's name is given as Katat or Ka-tat-o, and he is termed chief of the Shoshoni bands of northern Utah.

It would materially facilitate my operations if the Department would transmit official blanks.

I have drawn upon the Department in favor of the Hon John M. Bernhisel, Utah Delegate, for the sum of $4176 61 1/2 /100.

Trusting that these papers will be found in due form and receive audit & allowance conformable with the position of business upon reception. . . .

XXX

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, June 30, 1855[86]

Sir,

Herewith I forward my accounts for the Quarter ending the 30th of June/55.

The Indians are universally quiet, and many appear inclined to work, and raise Grain, although, the Grasshoppers, and low stage of water, in all the Streams used for irrigation, affords but poor encouragement the present season.

The Shoshones have expressed a desire to commence farming operations next spring, and have solicited me to make a location for them, which I intend to do, this season, probably in the month of August.[87]

I have met several of the bands of Utahs, the present season, during my tour to the Southern part of the Territory; they all seem friendly disposed, though considerable fault is found by them, in regard to not paying them for the use of their lands, although they have universally acknowledged that they were essentially benefitted by the settlements being made among them. It is not an unfrequent occurrence, to see an Indian driving team, and performing other common labor in the Southern Settlements, nor Indian children playing with those of the inhabitants; clothed, fed and Schooled the same as their own.

The idea of cultivating the earth, for a subsistence, gains slowly among them, for it is very adverse to there habit of idleness; still their necessities reason strong with them, and furnish forcible

86. U/48-1855.

87. Somewhat more precisely, George A. Smith wrote on June 20, 1855, in a letter from Great Salt Lake City to the editor of *The Mormon,* "The Indians are very quiet, and are disposed to learn to raise grain. Wa-she-kik has sent a request to Governor Young to select him a farm on Green River, as he is unacquainted with farming. He is anxious to farm, as *game* is scarce." (*L. D. S. Millenial Star,* vol. XVII, p. 636.) The contact with Washakie was made by James S. Brown early in June, 1855; Brown found the chief in the upper Green River Valley, apparently on the heads of Horse Creek. Brown, *op. cit.,* pp. 350-368.

reasons why, they, should pursue the peaceful avocations of Agriculture, raising Stock &c, for a subsistence, instead of longer following in the habits of savage barbarity, idleness, and war, to which they have so long been accustomed.

In many places, however, they may be said simply to exist without either hunting or war; wikeup, or Lodge, utensils, or clothing of any kind. This Class are a constant prey to other more warlike bands, who steal their children; they possessing no means of defence, seek their safety in flight, & concealment; they live upon roots insects, and seeds gathered from a Kind of Tmisquit grass, which yeilds quite bountifully. Indians of this description remain in their localities, and until hunted up and meet the traveler, have never seen white men, they are mostly to be found bordering upon the Deserts, and are called Diggers.

I am happy in informing you that the Indians on the Humboldt, or Marys River, are more peacefully inclined than heretofore; they have not committed any depredations of importance upon travelers this season so far as has come to my Knowledge. Although, I heard, during my recent trip North, that two or three Indians have been inhumanly Killed by California Emigrants, but I hope that it may not result disastrously to succeeding traveling.

The Pah-vante Indians, who inhabit Millard County, are much inclined to go to work, owing principally to the influence of their young Chief Kenosha, who has long sought to bring about this result. Ken-osha, is quite young, and many of the Old warriors of his tribe do not like the idea of labor, hence, he meets with more, or less difficulty, in his laudable endeavors of introducing such of them, an extreme innovation.

He has some Stock, over which he exercises great care, and begins to realize, the benefit accruing therefrom. Arrow-pin, the Newly elected Chief of the roving band of the Utahs, is also, more or less, engaged in raising Stock, but careless about Agriculture, as his Stock can travel with him in his wanderings; nevertheless, he is extremely gratified, as was also his brother, late Chief Capt. Walker, in having grain Sown, Cultivated, and harvested by the inhabitants for them, which has been done every Season in most of the Settlements, more especially South. There should be an agency established in the Uinta Valley, or thereabouts, as the Indians of that region are frequently brought into collision with different tribes, by seeking trade with the mountain men, inhabiting in the vicinity of Green River. Its impossible to establish such agencies, in a manner to accomplish much good without some means to commence with. In order to have anything successful, there should be means to build a Fort, some *carols,* furnish farming utensils, teams, some oxen, & cows, & wagons; as also some provision, and Clothing.

If an arrangement of this Kind could be made, it would soon

induce more, or less families of whites to settle there also, which would soon prove beneficial in rendering assistance to the Sub Agent who would have charge, and be greatly instrumental in exercising a beneficial influence among the natives.

This location would contain the Uinta Utahs, the Elk Mountain Utahs, Yampa Utahs, and would be convenient to the main tribe of the Shoshones, who inhabit farther north, but sometimes frequent in that region. Not having personally examined as yet for a location, for a farm, for the Shoshones, I cannot speak with as much certainty, as I shall be able to, after my return from my contemplated visit in August; but I expect to find a suitable place for their farming operations near Green River, in the direction of Fort Supply, at which place grain was raised last year, and a tolerable fair prospect of raising some this.

So far as I can at present determine, the Shoshones, or Snakes, number about 300 Lodges, but they, as well, as the Utahs, Cum-um-bahs, Piedes, Pah Utahs, Pav-Vants and Diggers are so broken up into small bands, that it is impossible to tell with any degree of accuracy their numbers.[88]

As the settlements extend, and the people make more explorations, as before remarked, Bands are found, who have never before seen White men.

I received pr last Mail, a request for estimates for the appropriation of Forty five thousand dollars in which letter it was also observed, that a similar request had previously been made, but not Complied with. I have only to state, that the desired estimate was made, and forwarded to the Department via of Independence, and Duplicates via of California in January 1st 1855.

Immediately after the receipt of your last letter, a Triplicate Copy was made out, and forwarded by last Mail, some of which

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88. In conformance with these views, the L. D. S. Journal History, under date of Nov. 30, 1854, records: "During this month I [Brigham Young] wrote to Washakee and Katat, two Shoshone chiefs, advising them to not let their people divide into small parties, as their enemies would have more power to injure them, also advised them to not depend on hunting for a living, but to settle on good localities where they could raise grain, and I would send them men to teach them the arts of husbandry and civilization."

James S. Brown says that on Oct. 10 he received a letter from Orson Hyde "stating that Governor Young wished me to go on a mission among the Shoshones that winter. I answered the call, but when I got to Salt Lake City, on the way, it had been learned that the Indians had gone out so far into the buffalo country that it was not advisable for me to follow them. . . ." (*Op. cit.*, pp. 346-347.)

Other events of the winter pertaining to various Snake bands are not reflected in the Superintendency records, especially some trouble with the Shoshoni in the Ogden area. For some account of these, see D. B. Huntington's letter of Dec. 5, 1854, in the *Deseret News*, Dec. 21, 1854; Wilford Woodruff's journal entry for Dec. 3, 1854, printed in the *News of* Dec. 28; Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 347-350, and Hickman, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

I presume you have received. If you have not, and no movement has yet been made, in regard to that matter, it is rather late to make much out of it this season. If the funds could now be placed, at the disposal of some Agent, or person authorized to hold the treaty with the Indians, and expend the appropriation, it would be none too soon to effectually bring the business to a bearing another year.

The goods wanted, as set forth in the estimate, would have to be brought from S[t] Louis, and it is too late now, to make a successful operation of that matter this season. The goods could probably be obtained here but it would be at such an advance, that it would be much better, and far more economical to purchase them in S[t] Louis, and freight them out.

I cannot in justice to my feelings, conclude my Report, without expressing my sentiments in relation to the true policy to be exercised towards the Indians, to keep them friendly, and slowly, but surely lead them to adopt a more peaceful, industrious, useful, and civilized existence. I am also happy to learn, that my views, opinions, & policy upon this subject, so intimately correspond with yours. To feed, and clothe them, is not only much cheaper; more humane, but far the most effectual, and if rigidly adhered to must make its impression, and eventually be successful.

It is with profound regret, that I witness the preparations for waging war upon the Sioux; they have generally, I might almost say, always, manifested the greatest friendship toward the Whites. In all of our intercourse with them, (and it has been considerable within the last nine years,) we have ever felt safe in their country, and had the most convincing proofs of their friendly disposition toward the Whites.

In all their depredations which have come to my knowledge, (with perhaps the single exception of the attack upon the mail, last September,) they have been strongly incited thereto by some mismanagement, or wrong on the part of the whites. And so far as regards that perticular instance, I have no doubt, but that those who were actually guilty of the act could be brought to justice which would be much better than to visit wholesale destruction upon all alike, both the innocent, and guilty. Indeed I find, that in all such cases, the guilty are the most apt to escape. I do not entertain a doubt, but all the difficulty with those Indians could be amicably arranged, leaving a much better & more favorable, and lasting impression of friendship without, than with the aid of Military force. You will please excuse me, for thus deviating from my subject, but while seeking a location in 1846 & 7. and at various times then, and since, not only myself, but hundreds, and thousands, of others, not only citizens of this Territory, but emigrants to Oregon, and California, having experienced not only friendship, but hospitality, and protection, which rude though it might be, nevertheless, being genuine and effecient, seemed to

require a word in their favor from me; which, although, it may be considered obtrusive, and make nothing in their behalf, will still be an abiding satisfaction to me.

I understand that your influence has been, and is enlisted adversely to hostile operations against the Sioux. I can only say, may you be successful, in restraining the horrors of war, and the shedding of innocent blood, of the native tribes, to cry like *Abel's* for vengeance from the native soil.

In carrying out the policy indicated by you, and I beleive by many other influential members of the Government, for the extension of good to the native tribes; also securing their friendship, and peaceful disposition to the frontier settlements, traveler, and passing emigrant, you may confidently rely upon my most cordial Co-operation.

I have forwarded by this mail to your address George W. Armstrong's bond which I hope you will duly receive. His papers, or quarterly Returns, have not come to hand. Doctor Hurt's the Indian Agent came in too late to be examined at this office, to be forwarded by this mail.

Hoping that my a/cs may be found satisfactory. . . .

XXXI

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Utah Territory, Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 29, 1855[89]

Sir: It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the steadily increasing success of the pacific policy, which you so properly and ably direct and advocate should be invariably pursued towards the red men, most wisely considering their degraded and ignorant condition, and advocating a course not only the least expensive to the general government, but the only one that promises any success in ameliorating the circumstances of a race who have long been a prey and enigma to their brethren, the whites.

As an incontestible proof of the last assertion, and an argument which you can use without fear of successful contradiction, the natives within Utah's borders are universally at peace among themselves, also with their white neighbors and the passing travellers; have begun to bend their unwilling backs to the useful toil of the laborer and husbandman, and realize the benefits thereof; and all this has been accomplished at far less expense than has

89. The original of this letter not being found in the Superintendency files—a usual circumstance when a letter has been printed—the text is derived from the version in the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1855, 34th Congress, 1st Session, *Senate Executive Document* v, Part I (Serial 810), pp. 515-517.

ever been incurred under anything like similar circumstances. The force of this comparison, and the small amount disbursed for the attainment of such rapid beneficial and flattering results, will be readily appreciated by yourself and by all who are in the least familiar with the great number of numerous, wild, and unusually degraded tribes claiming this Territory for their home, few of whom, until quite recently, had ever seen the abodes of civilization.

True, the cheap rates at which these results have been attained have to be debited with the large amount of expense to our population accruing through the begging and thefts of the original settlers; yet, with this sum added, I am sanguine in the belief that Utah would compare much to her credit, in expenditures and results, by the side of any other portion of our extensive territories; and I can but trust that your honor, and all candid men, will at once subscribe to the correctness of my briefly expressed though firm belief.

The hitherto small amount of expenditures; the expectation (rightfully, perhaps,) raised in the minds of the Mary's River Indians by Major Hurt's predecessor; the general understanding of the various tribes, through some source, that a large appropriation had long ago been made for the purpose of making treaties with them, and the actual extensive occupancy of their lands, will easily account for what might otherwise be deemed the large disbursements for the quarter now ending, more especially those made by Agent Garland Hurt; still, after a careful examination of all the accounts and reports now forwarded, I am not able to state in what particular the total could be lessened in justice, and presume the department will come to the same conclusion, and duly honor the corresponding drafts.

I have at different times divided the Territory, and allotted the agents and sub-agents, the last division being by the territorial road running north and south nearly through the centre, which was made on account of its definiteness and to accommodate the officers so far as consistent, all of whom hitherto have preferred to live in this city, with the late exception of Agent G. W. Armstrong, whose residence is at Provo. Death, changes, &c., have caused the last named line to remain until now, but as the present agents bid fair for a greater permanency, another division may ere long be deemed necessary.

On the 7th instant I had the gratification of meeting large bands of Shoshonees (Snakes) and Utahs in council in this city, where they made a "good peace," which I hope will prove lasting.

They came into this city during the latter part of August, had a friendly meeting on the 2d instant, and of course had to be fed and required presents; this I caused to be complied with as economically as my judgment could dictate, as will be seen by a portion of my own and Agent Hurt's vouchers. That you may become cognizant of the minute particulars of this visit, I take the

liberty of forwarding to you Nos. 27 and 28, volume 5, of the Deseret News.[90]

You will at once perceive that not only myself, but the subordinate officers of this superintendency, find it impossible, as proven by our united best endeavors and judgments, to carry out your admirable policy—which we all most heartily coincide with—except at considerable expense; hence may I not rely upon your powerful mediation with the next Congress for appropriations commensurate with the justice of the case and the magnanimity of our nation?

I take pleasure in forwarding the reports and accompanying papers of Agents Major Garland Hurt[91] and Major G. W. Armstrong, for the quarter ending September 30, 1855, trusting that their suggestions will meet with due consideration, their papers prove every way acceptable, and their accounts be satisfactorily adjusted.

So far as careful supervision gives me information, I am happy in being able to commend the diligence, economy, and success of the few employes under our control.

To prevent future misunderstanding, permit me to enquire whether I have a right to request agents and sub-agents to lodge in my office a copy of their quarterly reports and other documents

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90. The enclosure is now lost, but Young had reference to Dimick B. Huntington's two accounts of the treaty-making published in the *News*, and these are consequently made our Document XXXII.

91. The original of Hurt's report is also now lost, but the text is recoverable as in Note 77, pp. 517-521, and some parts of it merit quotation here. Referring to his journey to the Humboldt, Hurt says: "The first Indians we saw after leaving this place [Great Salt Lake City] were a band of the Treaber [Weber] Utes, at Bingham's Fort [near Ogden], numbering about 60 or 70 men, under a chief by the name of Little Soldier, or Showets. We gave them some presents, at which they were much pleased, and soon left for their camps near by. On the evening of the next day we camped at Willow creek, and scarcely had time to unharness, when we discovered, in the distance, a perfect cloud of dust, which we perceived was produced by a large band of Indians coming towards us in a sweeping gallop. In a few minutes they were in camp, when we discovered them to be a band of Shoshonees, or Snakes proper, from the Green River country, numbering something over one hundred, who had come over to the mouth of Bear river to fish; and hearing that we were in the neighborhood, said they supposed we had come to give them presents, and I soon saw they were not disposed to leave disappointed. So I gave them all some shirts and tobacco and some bits of calico for their squaws.

"These are a good looking band of Indians, and left a favorable impression of their friendly disposition towards the whites. . . ."

After describing his experiences on the Humbolt and return to Salt Lake City on August 22, Hurt recounts the treaty-making in these terms: ". . . a band of the Shoshonees, or Snakes proper, under a chief by the name of Ti-ba-bo-en-dwart-sa, (white man's friend,) numbering in all about three hundred, who had come to this place, according to previous

of theirs, which the law requires me to examine and forward in addition to the one forwarded, and that remaining in their offices.

Owing to Mr. James Case (farmer for the Sandpitch Indians) having left for the States,[92] I appointed Mr. Warren Snow in his place on the 2d of July last.

I transmit by the mail of October 1st, proximo, this my report, the account current, abstract return property, and vouchers, from 1 to 15, inclusive, for the quarter ending September 29, 1855; also abstract of employes, and have drawn upon you in favor of the Hon. John M. Bernhisel, Utah delegate, for $2,949 50, that being the amount shown in the accompanying account current.

Trusting that this report may be found sufficiently explicit, and not tedious through minute detail, and that the accompanying above named papers may prove to be correct in accordance with prescribed requirement. . . .

XXXII.

Meeting of the Snakes and Utahs[93]

By Br. D. B. Huntington we learn that Ti-be-bu-tow-ats (meaning the White man's son, so named, by being made a chief by the

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arrangements with the Utahs, for the purpose of holding a treaty with them [visited him on Aug. 24]. And in compliance with your instructions I selected camping ground, and supplied them with provisions, fuel, and some hay for their horses. In a few days they were joined by the Utahs and Cuniumhahs [Cumumbahs], making in all about five hundred souls; and as my expenditures in presents and provisions to them were larger than may be anticipated, it may be necessary to state the reasons which induced me to make them. It was well understood among the Indians of this Territory, as early as last spring, that large appropriations had been made by Congress for the purpose of making presents to and treaties with them. I am not prepared to say how they came in possession of these facts, but they had been looking for something to be done in this way all summer. I perceived that their expectations were up, and that there was no way to avoid making these presents without serious disappointment. The season was passing away and the Indians were anxious to know why these presents did not come. The Snakes complained that they had permitted the white people to make roads through all their lands and travel upon them in safety, use the grass and drink the water, and had never received anything for it, all though the tribes around them had been getting presents. Under these circumstances, I saw no way to retain their confidence but to meet these expectations. And as they have succeeded in making peace among themselves, and renewed their pledges of friendship to the whites, we have reason to hope that harmony will prevail for a season. . . ."

92. The life of James Case would reward investigation. At the time of the Mormon movement west of the Missouri River in 1846, he was a farmer to the Pawnees on the Loup Fork in Nebraska. He joined the Saints, was consequently expelled from his post, and eventually went on to Utah.

93. *Deseret News,* September 12, 1855. The letter by Huntington which follows, dated Sept. 11, 1855, is from the *News* of Sept. 19, 1855.

U. S. Agents at Laramie in 1852.)[94] one of the Chiefs of the Snake Indians, and Ka-tat-o Chief of the northern Snakes, had come into this city for the purpose of making a treaty with the Utahs; they were met on Sunday 2nd Sept. By T-shar-poo-e-ent (White eye), An-ta-ro Chiefs of the Yampa Utes, Tin-tick, the hereditary chief of the Timp-no-quint band; Sow-i-etts son represented his father and band, Tab-be-, a Chief of Ar-ra-peen's band, and Pe-teet-neet, chief of the Spanish Fork band, accompanied by subordinate chiefs and braves on each side.

The Utes met at the Governors office fully armed with bows and arrows, and guns, at 10 a.m.

The Snakes formed a line opposite the Tabernacle unarmed.

A messenger went from the Utes to tell the Snakes to stop where they were; they tarried awhile and then moved east opposite the Deseret Store, led by D. B. Huntington, Utah and Sho-sho-nee Interpreter, where they encountered the Utes, who formed a line painted black as if for battle, and completely armed in violation of the usual Indian custom of making peace.

Huntington went over and told the Utes to put away their guns, when they dismounted, and all placed their guns against the wall, except Squash and To-ma, and Batieste retained his war spear. When the Utes had laid down their guns, many of them commenced concealing their bows and arrows under their blankets, which Kat-tat-osaw, when he lifted up the pipe of peace towards

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94. This is the same assertion James S. Brown made, and which was too easily rejected by Grace Raymond Hebard in her *Washakie*, pp. 82-83. Some further research in the Federal archives seems indicated, to establish under just what circumstances an officer of the government treated with the Shoshoni, or some Shoshoni, at Fort Laramie in 1852. Brown's remarks, when he sought out Washakie somewhere on the upper North Platte on the mission previously referred to, in the spring of 1854, are to the following effect: "Washakie told us that only a few snows before then he was chief of all the Shoshones, and the Indians acknowledged him as such, but he was called to Fort Laramie, to have a talk with the agents of the big father at Washington, and to receive blankets and many other things. There the agents called a quiet, unobtrusive man, who never had been a chief, nor was in the line of chiefs, and designated him as head of the Shoshones, telling the Indians that they must have him as chief, and respect him as such, and that they, the agents, would recognize him in that position, and through him they would do all government business. Then the agents passed out a great quantity of blankets and other Indian goods, through their appointed chief. In this act, the Indians saw that the agents had chosen a favorite of their own, so the red men called him 'Tavendu-wets' (the white man's child), but never recognized him as chief.

"That act of the government agents was the opening wedge to divide the Shoshone tribe into discontented factions, and thereby weaken it. Possibly that was the purpose in view, for before the tribe was very powerful, with a chief at their head unexcelled for bravery, skill and far-sightedness. Chief Washakie was a bold, noble, hospitable, and honorable man. As an orator, I think he surpassed any man I ever met." Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 318-319.

Heaven, as high as he could raise his arm and shouted in a loud voice, "THIS IS THE WEAPON I COME TO FIGHT WITH." At this time Batteiste, the coward, commenced dancing the War dance and singing the War songs in front of his men, and thrusting his spear to the earth. Huntington told the Utes to come and meet the Snakes in peace, when Old Pe-teet-neet started, followed by the other chiefs and braves. On approaching the Snakes, Pet-teet-neet offered Ti-be-bu-tow-ats his hand, who refused to take it. He then raised his own hand towards the Heavens, whereupon Pe-teet-neet did the same, then they solemnly lowered their hands low towards the earth, then raising up looked each other in the eye, eagerly grasped each other by the hand, and then embraced each other in their arms. The several Chiefs then went thro' the same solemn ceremonies.

The Snakes maintained their position in the line, when the Utes passed along the line, measuring arms and shaking hands, and embracing each other. When this portion of the ceremony was done, it was agreed they should adjourn to the encampment of the Snakes, on Union Square. They went promiscuously, and the Utes encamped in D. B. Huntingtons door yard.

The Snakes and Utes then formed two parallel lines, about two rods apart and sat down on the grass. Ka-tat-o and Ti-be-bu-tow-ats then filled the two large pipes with tam-i-nump and tobacco, commenced on the right of the line of the Utes, presenting the pipe to the first man, not allowing him to touch the pipe with his hands; who having smoked until satisfied, the pipe was presented to the next; and thus passed through the entire company. If any one was unaccustomed to smoking, he was excused, by putting his right hand on the shoulder of the Snake, and drawing it slowly down his arm and along the pipe.

After the Snakes had passed the pipe to all the Utes, Pe-teet-neet and Tin-tick presented the pipe to the Snakes in like manner. They spent the remainder of the day in eating and refreshing.

Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 11, 1855.

Editor of the News—Dear Sir:—

On Friday, Sept. 7, Ar-ra-pine, or Senioroach, the Utah Chief in Walker's place, came into the city to make a treaty of peace with Ti-be-bu-tow-ats, the Chief of the Snakes. The Utahs were about thirty in number, the Snakes about sixty.

The Utahs called at the Governor's Office to pay him a visit: the Snakes on hearing of their arrival, came up in line in the usual manner of receiving each other, singing as usual. When Ar-ra-pine heard them singing, he said it was not good that they should sing the war song: I went out and told the Snakes to stop their singing, when Ar-ra-pine requested me to go out with him.

We met the Snakes in front of T. S. Williams & Co.'s store. I introduced the two chiefs to each other, and after shaking hands, Ar-ra-pine took the Snake chief in his arms and gave him a tremendous hug, and raised him clear from the ground.

They went through the usual compliment of shaking hands and then repaired to the Temple Block, and were seated under the bowery to smoke until the Governor should come to talk to them. I seated the two tribes in front of each other. Ar-ra-pine took the presidency of the meeting, and having requested the citizens to be seated, he called upon all his men to raise their hands toward Heaven as a token or covenant of peace. They did so twice; all the Utahs then knelt down, and Ar-ra-pine made a lengthy prayer. He prayed like unto the ancients, for his wives and children, flocks and herds, and for all that he could think of.

The pipe of peace was passed around until the Governor arrived, when Ar-ra-pine requested all who wanted to speak to do so, reserving his own until the last. Several spoke on both sides, expressing a desire to be on friendly terms with each other. The Governor gave them some good counsel.

It was agreed that the Utahs should visit the Snakes, encamped on Union Square, and the Snakes agreed to take their lodges and move about four miles south, to where the Utahs were encamped.

The Indian Agent, Dr. Garland Hurt, kindly furnished them provisions, and gave the Utahs some presents; they appeared to be well satisfied. I visited the encampment the next day; they were enjoying themselves well. They say they have not had so good a treaty for twenty years.

Ar-ra-pine has just returned from the Navijos, and reports that they have raised a good crop of corn this season. He has established friendly relations between the Navijos and the Elk Mountain Utahs, and is doing much to reconcile the different tribes and bands to each other, teaching them to cultivate friendship with the whites.

The Utes and Snakes have agreed to meet on White River, and hunt buffalo together this winter.

Yours respectfully,
D. B. Huntington, Interpreter.

XXXIII

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED PROVO, DEC. 31, 1855[95]

Sir,

In compliance with the regulations of the Indian Department, I have the honour to forward this my report for the Second Quarter of the fiscal year beginning December 31st 1855.

95. A/38-1856.

Since my last report and in compliance with your recommendation I have visited a portion of the Shoshonee or Snake Indians. As I was informed by good authority that Wash-a-keek the chief of this tribe was camped on Green River or near that point I left this city on the 3d of October for the purpose of meeting him and his band at Fort Supply, a white settlement about fifteen miles South west of Fort Bridger having previously sent word to him that I would be at that place on or about the 10th of October. On the morning of the 9th about 8 o'clock I was met by an Express from Fort Bridger informing me that Fort Supply was Surrounded by a Hostile band of Indians and that they had threatened to burn the Fort and also threatened the lives of the citizens; desiring me at the Same time to make all possible haste and render what assistance was in my power. I complied with his request and made all possible haste to Fort Bridger which is Situated immediately on the main road to the place of excitement. When I arrived at the Fort I found Considerable alarm at that place in consequence of the various reports that was in circulation concerning the hostility manifested by the Indians against the people of Fort Supply. After making various enquiries I deemed it unsafe to take my wagons containing the property belonging to Government along with me to the place of excitement as I thought my guard was not sufficiently strong to defend it in case of an attack (only nine men) and as there was none at Fort Bridger that could be spared I concluded to place the property inside of this fort leaving two of my men in charge and proceed with the balance on horses to Fort Supply. Before leaving, however, I was informed that the Indians on learning by Some means or other that a Government Agent would be at Fort Supply that day, had left and had camped on a small stream known as Smith's Fork a tributary of [Blacks Fork of] Green River about eight miles east of the Fort. I afterwards concluded to venture into the Indian camp before going to the Fort having procured at Fort Bridger the very best Sho-sho-nee Interpreter that could be found. When within sight of the Indian camp I was met by a half breed splendidly attired in Indian costume who spoke very good English and who gave the camp a sign that something very unusual was at hand by galloping his horse round making a circle three times, then bringing him suddenly to a halt. He spoke in a very co[u]rteous manner and informed me that the chief was at his lodge. I was met by the chief Te-boo-in-dowetsey who was informed by the Interpreter that I was an Agent of the Government of the United States, he extended his hand in a friendly manner and bid me welcome to his camp. I learned that this was only a small portion of Wash-a-keek's band numbering one hundred warriors with their squaws and children and who had been located near Fort Supply during the Summer and fall. I made known to him that I had been informed that a misunderstanding existed between his

band and the inhabitants of Fort Supply and requested him to accompany me to the fort where we could hold a Council and settle the matter satisfactory to both parties. He expressed his willingness to comply with my request and immediately left his camp being attended by thirty of his warriors armed with bows and arrows as a guard. On arriving at the Fort I found all the men under arms (being only fifteen) Supposing the Indians were about to attack the fort, and presuming that myself and guard were mountaineers who had joined them for that purpose. Before arriving at the Fort, however, their picket-guard discovered and informed the fort that we were friends and on arriving we were permitted to enter. I had previously disarmed the Indians and taken possession of their bows and arrows, at the same time assuring the chief that I would be responsible for their Safety The citizens at my request immediately put away their arms. I then informed them that I wished to hold a council to ascertain the nature and extent of the difficulty. We held a council of about three hours duration and I learned that the Indians had made a demand on the fort for a large quantity of provisions, a demand which the citizens did not and would not comply, in fact the demand was unreasonable and had it been complied with would have left the fort destitute. I would here state that the grasshoppers here as in almost every Section of the Territory had been very destructive to the crops and the wheat which was then standing at this late season of the Year was the result of the Second sowing the first having been entirely destroyed. The Indians asserted that promises had been made to them by the fort that when the crops were harvested that they were to have much the largest portion which the citizens denied, but admitted that they had promised a certain amount which promise they were and had been willing to fulfill. To this the Indians took exceptions and threatened that if their demands were not Complied with to possess themselves at all hazzard with as much as they desired. The citizens informed the Indians that they would resist to the extent of their power any and every attempt to dispossess them of their property. The Indians admitted that they had behaved in a rude manner on several occasions by throwing down fences, riding their horses through the grain, making threats &c against the citizens; they excused themselves, however, by saying, that as the citizens would not do as they had agreed, and as they considered themselves as the rightful owners of the Soil believed themselves justified in doing as they had done. After explanations on both sides had been made I then addressed the Indians at some length showing them the impropriety of their course telling them that the great chief at Washington (the President of the U. S.) should he hear of their conduct would be much displeased and would look upon them as bad Indians. After I had done speaking they expressed through their Chief their determination to renew their

friendship with the people of the fort and promised not to disturb the property of the citizens for the future. I then returned their bows and arrows when they all left for their camp well Satisfied with the proceedings of the Council. They expressed a great desire to see the President and hear him talk. I remained at the fort four days to satisfy myself as to the sincerity of the Indians, they returned several times to see me and manifested the most friendly feelings towards me as well as to the people of the fort. The day previous to leaving them I sent for the entire band and gave them presents at the same time assuring them that if they should renew their hostilities that the President would not send them any more presents and that I would be under the necessity of resorting to measures to enforce peace. I have since been informed on good authority that the Indians have faithfully kept their promise and are now in the Buffaloe country on a hunt. I would here state that the chief who acted as spokesman at the council was Tab-aboo-in-doweteey (or white man's Son) the chief of the band being on a war party with Wash-a-keek in the Crow country. I would also state that this band had not been visited by an Agent nor received any presents from Government. Their presents were distributed by the Chief in a very satisfactory manner, when they all left the fort. The Sho-sho-nee or Snake Indians have heretofore manifested the most friendly feelings towards the emigrants to California, Utah and Oregon in fact they boast that their tribe have never shed the blood of a white man and this is the first difficulty of any magnitude as far as I am informed that ever has taken place between them and the whites. I would further add that the message which I sent Wash-a-Keek did not reach him as he had previously left on a war party against the Crow Indians, Consequently I was disappointed in Seeing him but learn from good authority that his expedition proved very profitable to him as he has taken about seventy five horses and a large amount of skins and furs from the Crows. Many of the Sho-sho-nee Indians expressed a great desire to be instructed in farming having learned by the example of the white man that it is much better to raise their bread than to depend upon the chase for their Subsistence. I regret that I did not see Wash-a-keek as I have since learned that he expressed a great desire to see me on hearing that I had visited Fort Supply for the purpose of meeting him and that he wished me to to [sic] communicate his feelings to the great Chief at Washington (meaning the President of the U. S.) As I purpose visiting him in the Spring as soon as the snow on the mountain, will admit of travelling, I will then be able to learn the number of his band, his intentions &c and communicate through Your Excellency to the Department of Indian Affairs. . . .[96]

96. Compare Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 364-369. A letter written by Isaac

Bullock to George A. Smith from Fort Supply on Oct. 20, 1855, so interestingly illumines Armstrong's letter that it is quoted in full despite its length; the original is in the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office:

Dear Brother Geo. A. Smith.

Since I last wrote (Oct. 5th,) there has been some trouble here with the Indians. One of the chiefs by the name of Tababooindowetsy and band came to our fort Oct. 10th. They demanded a present of potatoes and wheat from Brother [James S.] Brown, telling him that he had promised it to them. He told them he had made no such promise. They told him that he lied and were very bold and impudent. There had been a promise made to them by Brother Zera Pulsipher before they went into the valley that when the leaves fell, the potatoes and wheat were ripe, if they should come we would give them some wheat and potatoes that grew on their land. This promise was made in Brother Brown's absence and he knew nothing of it. Brother Pulsipher, having the charge of affairs, made this promise to get rid of them until the crops were matured, for they were grappling the potatoes before they were as big as hazle nuts and also they wanted flour. They were put off by telling them that the flour we had did not grow on their land and the men had only enough for themselves. It was brought from another land, for them to wait till it grew on their land and for them to go to farming; if they liked potatoes, they must raise them, etc. The chief was in a bad humor. He had two of his children die in the valley and partly laid it to Brigham's talk killing them. The spirit to complain and find fault seemed to be with them, yet at times they manifested the most friendly feelings. I had been away while Pres. Brown and chief had their talk. I returned just as the chief and quite a number of his braves were leaving. I informed Pres. Brown of the promise, for I was present when it was made. He wished me to go and see them and tell them that it was not Brown but Pulsipher that made the promise, to which I did go and partially reconciled them, at least to all appearances. The next day I went to dig some potatoes for the chief, as I had promised him some. He went along with me. Nearly his whole band followed and commenced grappling all around me. I spoke to the chief to see what his people were doing. He very carelessly replied that he had no eyes and could not see them. I told him that I had eyes and could see and I worked hard to water and raise them and that it did not make my heart feel good to have them do that way when I was just going to give them some. He called to his people and left the field. I saw that his feelings were not first rate. Just about this time three (two young bucks and one little chief) came to where Pres. Brown was standing at the bars and wanted to go through. He said they might if they would keep the path and not run over the grain. They passed through and went galloping over the wheat, saying it was good to run over the "Mormon's" grain. These same three came to me and wanted something to eat. I did not know of their running over the grain. I promised them some and went to the house. Having none cooked, they proposed to take a little flour as it was most sundown and go to their own wickeups and cook and eat it. I gave them 4 pints of flour and they seemed well pleased and wanted to know if they might come the next day and dance. About this time Pres. Brown came up and knew that they were the ones that run over the grain. He commenced talking to them for running over the grain. One bold, impudent fellow said, Yes, he had run over it and would do it again and it was good to run over the Whites' grain. Pres. Brown told him if it was good for him to run over it and if he did it any more that they

would go for him to whip him. He spoke up and said, "Whip me, whip me." And the other little chief said for [us] to whip him. They pressed and insisted that Brown should whip him, daring him to strike him. Coming close to Brother Brown to get him to strike the first blow, Pres. Brown told him to go away and leave the fort. He got so mad at Pres. Brown that he drew his bow and arrow and was about to shoot him, when Pres. Brown cried out to the brethren to get to their arms. They had not any more than got to them till another order to come quick with our arms. This happening close to my room door, I quickly stepped in and got my revolver and handed it out to Pres. Brown. As soon as they saw him with a pistol, they broke out of the fort. Brown followed close after them, telling them not to go through the field, when they instantly asked where they might go. He showed them to go around and they were perfectly cornered, and turned and went around. By this time the excitement had run like wild fire. The Indians came running with their bows and arrows. None seemed to be mad but these three, but still to see all the "Mormon" boys coming out with their arms in a bustle which they never had seen before, waked them up. A strong guard was placed around the fort and kept up all night. Pres. Brown posted a man with an express to Gov. Young. Had it written that night, started at 2 o'clock the next morning; also Brother McCray left at the same time to go to Fort Bridger, under strict orders not to take the road, but go round down Black's Fork, so as not to be discovered by the Indians. Our orders were to have our guns ready, for we might expect an attack. Our horses were sent out next morning with a guard to a place where, if an enemy were to come, they could see the enemy before it could get to them, and if they saw any dust or appearance of Indians, that the guard should run the horses into the corral in the fort. About one or two o'clock a large dust arose in the distance. Pretty soon here came the guard full charge, with the horses. The cry was, "The Indians are coming." Orders to arms. Bring everything into the fort. They mustered to arms in a hurry. Every man was at his post, expecting every moment to hear the war whoop. A cry from the guard house, that it was white men. Next cry was, whites and Indians, which gave our hearts another flutter, (for it was presumable that the mountain men and Indians might colleague together). As they neared our fort, it was authentically declared that it was the Indian agent, for here he was in person, followed by the Indians, who were stopped at the gate by Pres. Brown's request. The agent had their arms taken from them before he would let them come into the fort. It truly happened very lucky for us that Major Armstrong, U. S. Indian agent, and party, were so near by when this excitement commenced, and before any serious injury was done to lay it. No sooner than the Major got the news, he leaves his wagons at Fort Bridger, mounts a horse and with the guard, he brought with him, goes to the Indian camp, has a talk with them, finds that they were for peace, or in other words, they said they did not want to fight, that there had been some misunderstanding with them and the "Mormons" at Fort Supply. He brought them along with him to Fort Supply that the parties might be together, so he could hear both sides, and then he could tell who was to blame. As I said before, he disarmed them before he would let them come inside of the picketing. He then held a council with them. The thing was all talked over and they, the Indians, agreed to throw away all of their mad feelings. I must say the course that Major Armstrong took was truly commendable. He manifested a deep feeling of interest to establish peace between the red men and

XXXIV

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to William A. Hickman, dated G. S. L. City, Aug. 11, 1856[97]

Sir,

Inasmuch as Agent Garland Hurt is still on a visit to the Indians in the neighborhood of Carson Valley, and as Agent G. W. Arm-

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whites in this region. He showed a willingness to render us all the assistance to settle the difficulty that had occurred.

Oct. 13, Tababooindowetsy and band met the agent again at Fort Supply. He had a long talk with them. They appeared to put all confidence in him, as they called him their father or their great Father's Papoose. He told them to look at the Sioux nation and see how they done. They commenced to kill the whites and their Great Father was mad and sent men to fight them; and it would be so with them, if they should commence to fight the whites.

Brother Smith, pray pardon me for being so lengthy, but to make an apology would be to add more, so I will close at present by subscribing myself,

Your Brother in the Gospel of peace,
Isaac Bullock

(P. S.)

Nov. 6, 1855. As I had no chance to send this until today, I will add a little more. Major R. T. Burton with a company of 25 minute men, arrived at our fort Oct. 18th; they came to see how things were getting along, but had not much to do with the Indian difficulty, for they had most all gone. After their talk with the agent, they promised the agent to go away to the buffalo and they promptly fulfilled thus far. Major Burton's stay was short. He left on the 21st Oct. Everything seemed settled, and so it appears up to the present date. Brother Joshua Terry and Brothers Walley and Benjamin Roberts went out to Tababooindowetsy's camp which was beyond Green River the last day of October. Returned and brought word very favorable, that the chief was on his way to meet Washakee (Indian Chief) over toward the Platte in the buffalo country. The chief said he was a very big friend now to the "Mormons" and all white people.

I think that they will keep their covenant made with the agent this winter at least. The brethren here feel very anxious to learn the language of the natives, so they can preach to them. Four men are calculating to start in a few days to Washakee's camp and winter with them. There seems to be peace here now, both with the mountaineers and Indians. We have gathered everything which we raised into our fort and feel that we can protect ourselves this winter by the grace of our God.

I calculated to give you a description of our fort before now, as I promised you, but owing to the press of business and Indian troubles, I have put it off. I think now soon I can attend to it, as we are getting over with our hay.

So no more at present. My love to yourself, Brother Thos. Bullock and clerk,

I remain as ever your brother in the Gospel of Peace.
Isaac Bullock

97. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1856, U/13-1856. See Document XXXVII.

strong has but recently returned from an official tour among the Indians south, hence is unable to start at once for Green river, and as the Shoshones on and about that stream will soon be obliged to leave on their hunt, you are hereby appointed to take an outfit of two wagons, 8 men, yourself, interpreter and teamster included, and proceed to Fort Bridger in Green river County to meet the Shoshone Indians who are on a visit to that post with their chief, Wash-i-kik.[98] You will provide yourself with some

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98. J. Robert Brown, *Journal of a trip across the plains of the U. S., from Missouri to California, in the year 1856. . .*, Columbus, O., 1860, provides some interesting background on Shoshoni affairs at this time. Brown traveled west with a trader, E. R. Yates, who had wintered on Green River in 1853-54, and reached Green River on July 23, moving on the 24th to a point not far from the Mormon Ferry. His journal continues:

> . . . After we had eaten, old Baptiste Louisant (pro Bat-eest Looee-zong) and the French gentleman [H. Duponey] whom I saw with Mr. Masure on the Platte, came to our camp. Uncle Batt, as he is called, lives opposite here, and owns the ferry; he is an old hunter and mountaineer. . . [Some of the party went off] to Jack Robinson's, a very noted character in these parts; he is a brother of Geo. Robinson of Bridgton, Mo. . . . Uncle Batt came over and spent the evening; we sang several songs for him, which pleased him much.
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> [July 26] . . . I find these mountaineers generally, to be a very interesting set of men, sociable, generous, free, frank, frolicsome, and fond of fun and whisky. About 10 o'clock, Jack Robinson and Yates came in. Jack Robinson is about fifty or fifty-five years of age, is much broken in countenance, but has a strong, muscular frame. For the last year or two he has hurt himself by drinking. He is never drunk, but goes upon the rule of "little and often," which he has kept up today. He is a kind of arbiter or judge among these rough men, and appears to be respected and loved by them all. He was chief of the Shoshones or Snake tribe for a long time, until, through his advice, the tribe elected Wassahu chief. From all that I can gather from these men, and others that I have seen, I think Wassahu is as great a man as Tecumseh, Blackhawk or Phillip —he is, no doubt, a much better man. I have heard the mountain men tell many pleasing anecdotes of him. I should like very much to see him. We were visited by at least twenty men to-day. Uncle Jack and I soon got into a conversation. . . . he is very interesting. . . . Robinson and Yates left before sundown, to go up to Robinson's camp, about five or six miles from here.
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> [Sunday, July 27. Forded the river without any great trouble.] Several more mountain men hearing that Yates had arrived, came to our camp. Yates lived here on this river all winter in 1853 and 1854, and this is the reason he is so well known; he owes Jack Robinson over $1500 from that time. . . .
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> [Aug. 2. The company now was camped within a mile and a half of Fort Bridger, and Yates went to the fort to see if he could get some meat.] Yates came, without meat, in company with Barney Ward and another mountaineer. This Barney Ward is an old mountaineer, and the *only* one the Mormons have proselyted. . . We were soon off on the road again, and came to Fort Bridger. This was built and owned by Col. Bridger. The Mormons bought him

goods, as per bill shewn me by Levi Stewart, merchant in this place, ammunition and provisions as presents for them and hold a council with Wash-i-kik and his principal men, during which you will endeavor to inculcate friendly feelings, and give such instruction as shall have a tendency to induce the Indians to abandon their wandering and predatory mode of life, and induce them to cultivate the earth, and raise stock for a subsistence. You will also seek to impress upon their minds the benefits of civilized existence, and of their locating themselves so that schools may be established among them. You will seek to conciliate them towards

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out [in 1854], and now keep a store and post here. They persecuted him, and tried to cheat him out of his pay. They bought the fort and section of land for $3,000 [$4,000], and owe $4,000 of it yet [which was paid in 1858]. Col Bridger is now acting as guide for Lord Gore, at $30 per day and found. This is what a man gets by knowing these mountains. . . .

[Aug. 5, encamped at the head of Echo Canyon, west of Bear River] . . . While preparing breakfast, an Indian came into camp. He could only say Shoshone, and strike his breast in token of friendship. Soon there came another, and from their signs we understood that Wassakee was coming. I was all interest now. We, however, divided our little portion of bread with these sons of the wilderness. While we were eating Yates treated them to whisky, which is against U. S. law; I told him so. He was making some remark, when I interrupted him by saying that I heard horses' feet coming. We all now listened, and these Indians said Wassakee, Wassakee, in a low voice. Very soon 7 or 8 Indians came around the point of the hill and partially held up, and came slowly up to camp. When they came up Yates recognized one of them as being Brazil [Bazil], whom he had seen often two years ago. He shook hands and all dismounted and came to the fire, and Brazil and Wassakee shook hands all round. I soon picked out Wassakee by his appearance. We found out through Brazil which was Wassakee for certain; an Indian will not tell his own name. I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of this chief; I thought he was an old Indian, very large, and possessing great dignity. On the contrary, Wassakee is a medium sized man, aged about 35 or 40 years, but of a perfect form, straight, muscular and firm, and possesses the most beautiful set of teeth I ever saw. He was out on a hunt, and was dressed in a kind of coat and pants made of an old white blanket. Yates made the whisky flow freely now, and Wassakee drank much, but he would pour some into a tin cup and then fill it up with water, and then portion out a little to each Indian except Brazil, whom he allowed to take the raw material. I could not see that it affected Wassakee any; but Brazil's eye began to brighten. After the Indians had drank he would wave his hand, and the Indians would mount and away. About 35 visited us during the morning. Wassakee could speak but a few words of American, but promised us "antelope, heap," after Yates told him about where we would camp. I told Yates I was afraid he would get these Indians drunk. Soon after this we started and traveled down a valley until we nooned. . . .

I forgot to mention that we had not left our camp far this morning, before Wassakee and Brazil, and another Indian, followed us.

each other and with other tribes as well as towards the whites, with whom however it is believed thay have ever been at peace and friendly.

Upon your return you will make report to this office of your expenses, and of all occurrences of interest transpiring during your visit & interview with the Indians, persons employed in your service &c. You will particularly consider economy and promptness in the performance of these duties, and seek to make as favorable an impression as possible upon them.

In the distribution of the presents you will collect as many of the Indians together at Fort Bridger as you can, and call to your aid M[r] Lewis Robison of that place and M[r]. Isaac Bullock of Fort Supply. I also suggest the name of M[r]. Joshua Terry as Interpreter. . . .

They had started up the road, but I suppose they had not yet had enough whisky, so Yates rode back and met them. When they came up he stopped the wagons and filled a sardine box with whisky and gave it to W., who then called for a pipe and some tobacco, which was found and given to him, when they took their gifts and sat down beside the road. Wassakee, before he left us, shook hands with me only, and spoke the word "che-bungo," which Yates says means "good." We had not gone more than a mile before here come Brazil in a gallop. Yates now tried to hide himself in the wagons. Brazil came up and asked me, in American, "where's Yates? Mr. Yates." Says I he's gone on. "No," says he. Just then the wind raised the wagon cover and he saw Yates in the wagon. He made him get out and give him just one more "leetle dram, Mr. Yates." Then he gave back the pipe and left us. He was getting very tight, and his tongue was thick; he promised us "antelope *heap, much, me.*"

[Aug. 7] . . . We have seen no more of the Snake Indians since yesterday; we suppose they could find no game for us. Wassakee wanted us to tell Brigham Young and the Mormons that he was *mad* at them. When a chief says that he means no child's play, for it is their declaration of war. (I have since learned that the Mormons had to make him many presents to keep him from fighting.) Yates says Wassakee is rich, and can dress as fine as any chieftain in the mountains. . . .

[Aug. 12, on Mountain Dell Creek, having the previous day crossed Big Mountain] . . . I neglected to mention yesterday of having met "Bill Hickman," in charge of the presents for Wassahu, two wagon loads sent by Brigham, to pacify the chief. This Bill Hickman is a most foul and bloody murderer, but one would not suspect it from his appearance. . . .

XXXV

William A. Hickman, Isaac Bullock, and Lewis Robison to Gov. Brigham Young, dated Fort Bridger, Green River County, Utah Territory, Aug. 19, 1856[99]

Sir,

We address you a few lines to inform you of the intercourse we have had with Wash-i-kik and his tribe. There were present 40 lodges, 300 persons. On the arrival of the Indian goods at Fort Bridger, pr. William A. Hickman, Isaac Bullock of Fort Supply sent Joshua Terry in Search of Washikik and his band, found them high up on Bear River on the eve of Starting to this place. Terry informed them that W^m^. A. Hickman was at Bridger with presents for them. On the 16^th^ Wash-i-kik & his band arrived here. We Smoked, had dinner and & gave them a beef, after which we had a treaty or Council with Wash-i-kik and Some 15 of his braves, explained the nature of Hickman's Coming and by whom Sent. A good Spirit Seemed to prevail and after much conversation adjourned till next day at which time Wash i kik was notified that he Should have another beef, and also his presents as sent by Gov^r^. Young per W^m^. A. Hickman, and that Isaac Bullock & Lewis Robinson were his assistants in the matter, which Seemed to render good Satisfaction to all the Indians present.

The following morning according to promise the presents were Spread upon the green adjacent to Fort Bridger Wash i kik and his band amounting to over 300 came. We again explained the nature of the presents, that it was because they had been good they had been Sent, after which Wash i kik gave a long and good address to his band who paid great attention to what he Said. We then with the assistance of Wash i kik and 3 of his men made a distribution, all were well pleased.

We find him friendly to the whites, and willing for them to occupy as much of his land as they want or any other favor his country affords.

While distributing Said presents the best of order was preserved by Washikik and his people they Seemed to observe with great reverence all that he Said to them, not a violation of any order he gave by any of his band. While writing this letter Wash-i-kik came in, Said his heart was good and wanted to talk, and hear us

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99. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1856, U/13-1856. Hickman's book does not refer to this particular mission, though he does tell of an earlier unavailing effort, in company with Elisha Ryan, to "hunt up and invite in Washakie, a Shoshone chief, and his band of Indians," for a council with Brigham Young. That mission was evidently in the winter of 1854-55; the unsuccessful search for Washakie was pursued in the northern part of the Green River Valley. Hickman, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-106.

talk. Mr. Bullock expressed to him our mind and feelings concerning all good Indians, which made him rejoice much, also to have peace & good feelings towards all Indians & whites. Washikik replied that he had been to the Sioux and all the tribes near, and had wished much that they all might be friends, that they would promise, but would Soon break it, which made him feel bad that he did not know what to do, had thought he would Stay on his own land and not go about any more of them, but he felt very good over what he had heard today. The Indians were well pleased with their presents, and departed upon their hunt expressing the most friendly feelings towards the whites. . . .

XXXVI

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 30, 1856[100]

Sir,

[Encloses two drafts, one for $840 in favor of Joseph F. Mason of Weston, Mo., and one for $3,756.50 in favor of Levi Stewart & Co. of Great Salt Lake City.]

The above amounts have arisen through the necessity of making purchases of certain presents for the Shoshonee Indians, and have the fullest Sanction of my judgment as to the most judicious management of the affairs of this Superintendency as far as that tribe is at present concerned.

I deemed this disbursement, and the requisite steps for the early distribution of the presents purchased therewith, the more imperative from the fact that those numerous Indians, located immediately upon the Emigrant Road have been invariably friendly to the whites: also because thay received no presents of consequence while at the treaty held at Laramie in 1851, wheere and when nine tribes were presented, all of whom except the Shoshonees received presents, and still they nearly if not entirely alone of all those tribes have stood fast by the agreement there made to be at peace; and also because they visited the upper crossing of the North Fork of the Platte by the request of the U. S. Troops, as they allege, and again had no presents given them. These circumstances, together with the invariably peaceful course, and pacific disposition of the Shoshonees, will, I trust, most amply justify in your estimation, the small outlay now made in their behalf, not only as a matter of justice in past but as another step in that conciliatory policy you so correctly and ably endeavor to have carried out. . . .

100. U/10-1856.

XXXVII

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to George W. Manypenny, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 30, 1856[101]

Sir.

Accompanying herewith you will find my abstract, account current and vouchers from one to thirty inclusive amounting to $6813 25/100. As advised by last mail a draft was given to Levi Stewart & Co for $3756 50/100 and one in favor of Joseph P. Mason Weston M° for $840 00/100 which amount was entirely expended in Sending out presents to the Shoshones or Snake Indians at Fort Bridger, and distributing the Same to them.

The occasion which demanded this expenditure is Simply this, 1st The Shoshones have never had any presents of consequence, while almost every Surrounding tribe have had more or less given to them. 2nd They have always been friendly to travellers, and have long felt that while other Indians who have been more or less troublesome and unfriendly have received considerable quantities of presents, they have received nothing.

In the Shoshones country which lies in this Territory and through which the trading routes to Oregon and California pass, no traveler or whites have ever been molested. those acquainted with this feel perfectly Safe when they arrive in their country, and can rest in quiet and peace.

For over two years these Indians have been expecting presents from the appropriation of $45,000, which from Some cause has been retained as yet—by the department. For these reasons, and believing that it would meet with the views of the department, determined me, when informed that the main body was encamped at Fort Bridger waiting for an Agent to visit them and make them Some presents to forthwith respond to their wishes. Dr Hurt, being absent on his Carson County expedition, and Major Armstrong, who having just returned from his Southern trip, not being able to go in time to meet them, I appointed Mr William Hickman to take charge of the expedition and to call to his assistance Mr Lewis Robinson [Robison] of Fort Bridger, and Isaac Bullock both residents of Green River County, to aid and assist him in

101. U/13-1856. Nothing is said of it in this or other official reports, but some 30 bushels of wheat and some vegetables were raised this year at Fort Supply by Bazil, marking the first effort at agriculture by the Wyoming Shoshoni. Isaac Bullock, in a letter to the *Deseret News* of Oct. 1, 1856, said that Bazil and his squaws had harvested the wheat "clean and neat, and appear to feel well satisfied with their prospects for grain this winter."

the distribution of the presents to the Indians. A copy of instructions to them, as well as their report to me upon their return is herewith forwarded.

I am happy to be able to Say that the Indians throughout the territory are generally friendly, although I have heard of Some difficulty being experienced by travelers on Marys River the particulars of which I expect will be found in Agent Hurt's report, which with major Armstrong's I yet hope will be in time for this mail.

The report of this quarter Should Show the employees of this Superintendency, and these failures of Agents reports not coming in in time, I fear will disenable me from giving it in full.
Agent Hurt has visited the Indians in Carson County, and the Indians on the route usually travelled by the emigrants to California.

He has also continued his farming operations, which I consider have been quite Successful. Major Armstrong has also been quite active in visiting among the Indians, having visited Since his return from South the Ivanpah Indians about 140 miles west, bordering upon the Desert, and among whom Tintick harbored with his hostile band last winter and Spring. The operations altogether involve considerable expense but I assure you it is needful and just.

The Indians in the vicinity of the Settlements have long depended upon the liberality of the people for a great Share of their Support. Hence whenever Scarcity prevailed, So that provisions could not be Supplied to them, it often caused much ill feeling and was calculated to incur hostilities. They moreover frequently become unreasonable in their requisitions and get angry if they are not immediately complied with. These considerations are Sufficient in themselves to justify opening up a few farms for their temporal benefit, to Say nothing of the Salutary influence which it is calculated to exercise over them in leading them back to the arts of civilized existence.

I need hardly Suggest to one So well acquainted with the difficulties with the natives in other territories, that it is by pursuing this conciliatory course towards them that in this territory we enjoy that degree of peace and quiet So happily existing

They are now [page frayed: five or six words lost] Somewhat appreciate the efforts making for their relief and benefit

For amount of balance for this quarter to wit, $2216 75/100. I have drawn as usual in favor of our Delegate in Congress, Hon. John M. Bernhisel.

Trusting that my course, and those associated with me, may prove Satisfactory to the department. . . .

P. S. Oct. 1st Agent Hurts report and accompanying accounts, came to hand last evening and owing to the detention of the mail one day has given us an opportunity to forward them herewith,

though not Sufficient time to So thoroughly examine them as I should have done. His report is interesting and true and his expenditures reasonable and just, and should be promptly met, and I take great pleasure in recommending their favorable consideration to the department

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

FRANK L. BOWRON

A report on the current status of the Wyoming Historical Society after its first six months of existence must necessarily deal primarily with finances.

In our first six months, we have six of our 23 counties already organized and chartered. We have a membership in excess of 400 throughout the State and in other states. Our expenditures, while large, have generally been less than were anticipated in getting a new organization going. The major expenses have been for printing charters, membership cards, and stationery. Our payment to the *Annals of Wyoming* is routine and money from your dues is automatically set aside for that purpose.

At its initial meeting last January, the Executive Committee decided to set up a permanent fund to be composed of life memberships, contributions and such monies as from time to time might be transferred from the general fund. This fund is to be invested and only the interest and dividends derived from such investment will be expended. In short, this permanent fund will comprise the capital of our Society. This fund is already in excess of $1,000.00. Adoption of this policy on the one hand means that your state society is going to be unable to undertake any large scale expenditures for a number of years. On the other hand, it is our opinion that by using this conservative money policy from the very beginning, we can insure a sound and solid future for our organization.

The more rapidly this permanent fund is increased, the more rapidly we will be able to move aggressively into the fields of collecting and preserving our state's historical data and materials. At our state executive meeting in Lander last May, it was decided to investigate the possibilities of incorporating the Society and setting up a board to administer our permanent fund. Incorporation would also make more feasible the holding of land and other property by the Society. Further action on this matter will be taken at the next board meeting.

I doubt if the State Society will actively solicit contributions for this fund. It is hoped, however, that persons financially able to contribute who are interested in the future of the Society and

in the furtherance of the study of Wyoming history and other aims of our Society will make contributions so that we can actively undertake the placing of markers, the purchase of data and source materials, and eventually perhaps assist our counties in the construction of local museums.

Until such time as our Society can afford to make large expenditures to forward our objectives, your state officers are endeavoring to put the following program into effect:

First, by the organization of local societies throughout Wyoming and the increase in membership, we expect to be able to influence legislation which will assist our county chapters and the state in carrying out our aims.

The 1955 Wyoming Legislature can expect to receive Society-sponsored legislation which will enable county boards of commissioners to levy taxes for the construction and support of county museums. May I suggest to our membership that during the coming campaign you contact candidates of both parties regarding such legislation and get them committed to the support of such a bill.

We also expect to give support to larger appropriations for the existing state historical activities.

Our Society has also shown interest in the possibility of securing passage of legislation so that Wyoming will have a statue in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C.

The above three objectives are generally our legislative program for next year; additions and changes may be made by our annual meeting next fall. We should, however, have representatives present in Cheyenne during the next legislative session to work with the Legislators on historical enactments and explain our position to the Legislature. Each member of our Society can help bring a victory in the legislature for our measures by contacting his local representatives and explaining our program to them.

Until such time as our financial reserves are large enough to allow us to undertake more expensive projects, it is the concensus of your state executive committee that we can best serve our aims by encouraging other associations and individuals to undertake projects for the preservations and collections of historical matter. I have appointed Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander to act as chairman of a committee to arrange that recognition be given to outstanding efforts in promoting Wyoming history.

Two such enterprises come to mind as perhaps deserving awards from our state society. One is the Oregon Trail trek series sponsored by State Engineer L. C. Bishop. Mr. Bishop's fine work has done a great deal to bring our state's citizens a deeper interest in the Oregon Trail and the history surrounding the Trail.

Another enterprise which certainly merits our praise is the work

being done on Old Fort Caspar by the Sertoma Club of Casper. Faced with the fact that the reconstructed fort was fast going the way of the original landmark through vandalism and wear of the weather, the Sertoma Club has taken over the care and maintenance of the buildings at the Fort. Members are working on week-ends to construct a fence around the property to keep out vandals. Several members have borrowed money on their personal note to finance the project of repairing the fort itself.

These two examples are being repeated every day throughout Wyoming as our citizens become more alert to the dangers of losing great portions of our historical heritage through neglect. I hope that our state and county societies, limited though we may be financially, will do everything possible to encourage and recognize the wonderful efforts that other groups are making.

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

THE ARROW MAKER

He knelt beside his wigwam chipping flint
Bowed low with many years—an ancient man;
Into his faded eyes there came a glint,
For he was proud to labor for his clan.
Deep shadows lengthened with the setting sun
Grim warriors rode again upon a raid;
Their deerskin quivers dangled at their sides,
Filled with the deadly arrows he had made.

That night his spirit rose to face the gods
And stood before their chief, the Manitou.
Greeted with acclaim and kindly nods,
They honored him in every way they knew.
Old trails have gone, the warriors are dust,
Swift traffic rolls across the broad highway;
The plowshare, cutting through the earth's dark crust,
Reveals strange relics of an earlier day.

Author unknown.

CHIPPED STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. Steege

Implement making is a definite human characteristic. Since the beginning, primitive man made and used artifacts. Some were fashioned for tools; others for weapons; still others were made for ornamental and ceremonial purposes. One of the major tasks of an archaeologist is the collection and classification of these artifacts.

Probably one of the first materials used by primitive man was wood. A club in his hands would be an effective weapon against most enemies. A sharp-pointed stick handled with force would also be respected. Since wood is a perishable substance, any artifact made of it, that is found today, would undoubtedly be of more recent origin.

Bone was also utilized. The earliest known phase of bone industry dates back to the middle Palaeolithic period during the final Mousterian Culture. From this period until the end of the stone age, we find rapidly increasing development of bone artifacts. Many bone artifacts have been found in Wyoming, but

unless they are found associated with the "Folsom" or "Yuma" complex, or some culture of a similar age, it is quite possible that they too are of a more recent origin.

Stone is a material found on every continent. Stone is practically indestructible, therefore, artifacts made from it have survived through countless centuries.

The aborigines in Wyoming used a wide variety of stone in their work. Quartzite, chert, jasper, agate, chalcedony, petrified wood, and obsidian were the most extensively used. The beauty of both material and workmanship of some of the weapon points found in this state are surpassed by none.

In our study of various stone artifacts found in Wyoming, arrowheads are probably one of the most interesting and most easily recognized by the average person.

Many persons, after finding the arrowheads or other artifacts, promptly "cache" them away with other keepsakes and heirlooms without a single thought as to the historical significance attached to them. To the historian, that point is absolutely worthless. It doesn't take long to record all the facts when an artifact is found. Was it a surface find? Was it associated with bones? If so, what specie of animal was this? If you cannot positively identify those bones, why not notify some trained archaeologist of your find, and let him do the necessary identification work? If this point was partially eroded out of a bank, record the depth from the surface where it was found. Any bit of information about the find should be written down. Don't trust your memory as most times our memories play tricks on us after a few years of lapsed time.

Perhaps you are a person who has never found an arrowhead. I have found hundreds of arrowheads and each one has its own special significance and personal meaning. One cannot help but thrill to the romance of the past as you wonder who left it where you found it and when.

No doubt many centuries have passed since strong bronze hands fitted that point on the tip of a feathered shaft and then released this arrow from a bow in a soaring flight. Where it fell to earth, the sun, wind and rains had ample time to turn the shaft to dust long before you came along. Only the stone point remained to span the ages between its parting from that hand of long ago, until you found it. Did this arrow strike its objective and get carried away before the victim died? Did it miss and never get retrieved? This tiny bit of flinty craftsmanship will answer many of these questions when you find it, if you will only listen to it.

How was this point made? Many persons ask this question.

In every locality the arrowmaker has shown, first of all, a wonderful acquaintance with materials at hand as though he had searched all the resources of the mineral, vegetable and animal

world, and after studying all there was, had selected the best. We have now discovered that the savage could not have found any better material within his own environment. In manufacturing the arrowhead, the savage was a mineralogist. He not only knew the qualities of rocks but also their best methods of working as well as the best conditions in which they existed in nature for his purposes. In each locality, the material employed is in every case, the best from that region. In working these materials, this primitive inventor soon found that the physical properties and availability of the material changed by natural surroundings. He knew by experimentation that a stone lying in a brook yielded better results to him than one exposed to the sun and the weather on the open prairies, and that a boulder buried in the damp earth, where it had lain for many centuries, gave him safer results with far less work than the brook pebble. He not only became a critical expert in the qualities of materials but also was led to become a quarry man in order to exploit the proper materials for his use. The "Spanish Diggings" in the east central part of our state are a good example of this quarry—man's industry.

As soon as the arrowmaker had secured his stock, he began to work it up into shape. At first he knocked off a flake or spall of the proper size and shape by a blow from another stone or percussor. This flake was then shaped, either by the percussion method or the pressure method of chipping.

Percussion chipping was the oldest and most general method used. It consisted simply of striking the flake with another stone used as a hammer or percussor. By well directed blows, the flake could be progressively shaped by removal of chips from the edges wherever the necessity developed.

The pressure method of chipping was invented much later and appeared towards the end of the Middle Palaeolithic period. It was used extensively towards the end of the Old Stone Age and continued in practice during the New Stone Age. This method of chipping was well known and practiced by the early inhabitants of Wyoming. Many beautifully chipped artifacts have been found which were made by the pressure method. "Fulsom" and "Yuma" points are the masterpieces of this ancient art. This type of chipping was accomplished by the use of a flaking tool. This flaking tool was made from the point of a deer antler or a fragment of bone. In some cases other stones may have been used. The main qualifications of the flaking tool were to be able to withstand a great amount of pressure applied by the worker and to "take hold" or "bite" the edge of the flake which was being chipped. The flaking tool was grasped in one hand and the flake in the other. Small ribbon-like chips and small scales could then be removed by pressure on the flaker against the edge of the artifact. Pressure could be applied either upward or downward,

whichever suited the individual's taste. This flake, having been previously "roughed out" by the percussion method, was now perfected by pressure chipping by giving it a more symmetrical form, a sharper edge and a thinner body.

Many of these flaking tools have been found in Wyoming. These tools still display the scars grouped around the point where the pressure had been applied on the edge of an artifact in the process of being manufactured.

Anyone interested in the further study of this science of stone artifact manufacture, Bulletin 60, "Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquity" by W. H. Holmes, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C. is an excellent manual. This book gives much information about the working of prehistoric stone quarries and the methods of producing artifacts by American Indians. It also furnishes many illustrations covering the explanations in the book.

The descriptions and classifications of Chipped Stone Artifacts will be given in the next issue of the *Annals*.

HISTORY OF WYOMING ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

By

FRED HILMAN

In attempting to write up the history of the Wyoming Archaeological Society, I shall give the doings and findings of the group as viewed by me, the Society's first President, as best I can for the year 1953.

Before going further I want to express my gratitude, as well as that of my entire Society, to Miss Lola M. Homsher, of Cheyenne, for her invitation to share some of the pages of the *Annals of Wyoming* through that most worthy Society, the Wyoming State Historical Society, of which I am also a member. I feel further indebted to her for her invitation to join this last mentioned group as I have always felt that archaeology is in no way complete without a comprehensive chronology or history of any archaeological item no matter how small or insignificant. In other words, when an archaeological find is made and the data is scientifically recorded and the item placed in a museum, the archaeologist's work is done and the whole thing passes into history. It is my belief, therefore, that the two Wyoming Societies should go hand in hand towards the betterment of a greater and more enlightened Wyoming. As a collector of Indian artifacts for years, I have dreamed of forming an Archaeological Society here in my own home state, that, through concerted efforts, we could secure legislation that would save, to the State of Wyoming, her precious store of stone-age artifacts.

On Feb. 4, 1953, my dreams began to be a reality when a few of my friends gathered here at my home, and we planned the first steps in what has become the Wyoming Archaeological Society. I was elected the Society's first President while John McClintock was elected Vice-President and Pauline McIntosh, Secretary-Treasurer, the latter two of Sheridan. There were six members present at this meeting and their names are as follows: Pauline McIntosh; Dr. Raymond Bentzen; John McClintock; Margaret Powers; my wife, Alice Hilman, and myself.

While on a trip to Colorado, previously, I had contacted a member of the Colorado chapter of Archaeology, Mr. H. N. McConnell of Boulder, and he was kind enough to forward me later a copy of their by-laws which we, in part, used as a basis for our own Society. Since that date we have changed our by-laws as seen best to fit our own needs.

During the year 1953 our Society grew from its six original members to forty paid memberships and four honorary members. The annual dues and membership fee in the Wyoming Archaeological Society is $2.50. The eligibility?—to have previously been bitten by that most elusive of all bugs, the "artifactis" bug, and a desire to work to achieve, in a scientific manner, the preservation of our so-called Indian artifacts.

I herewith enclose a copy of our by-laws which, at the present writing, we are using as complete except for the fact that we are in the process of incorporation.

Many of our members have fine and extensive collections, some that would rival any private collection I have ever seen anywhere. None that I know of are for sale, and to offer to buy an artifact from one of our members is almost taken as an insult.

To give a summary of the various types and kinds of artifacts found here in northern Wyoming would consume considerable space, but suffice it to say that the usual western plains types predominate with here and there an object of foreign vintage in evidence. Now and then some members of our group find an artifact that was manufactured many hundreds of miles away from Wyoming. For instance, arrows and spear points made of Mississippi Valley chert are occasionally found here, and I have in my collection two or three points that, through some unknown channel, found their way here from the much famed Cahokia mounds in Illinois. I have found points here that were made in Mexico, or as far away as the Rio Grande. There are occasional finds made here which include the much discussed Yuma and the Folsom and Yuma half-breed; also the willow-leaf, which is typical of the Arkansas valleys; and now and then the beautiful black obsidian points from the shores of Oregon. Very little pottery is found here in northern Wyoming. Few effigies and ceremonials

have made their appearance here, but the famed corner tang and back tang are found to exist in many collections.

To get back to the history of the Wyoming Archaeological Society, we meet the first Monday of each month at eight o'clock P.M. at each member's home previously arranged. We arrange our programs for a full year ahead, giving us ample time to arrange for lecture course and details. Throughout the summer season, and weather permitting, we intend to hold field meets on Sundays and holidays, this in addition to our regular monthly meetings. One of our most interesting meetings last year was a field trip to our famed Medicine Wheel which lies atop the Big Horn Mountains and is considered by many authorities to be an ancient shrine. Another interesting field day was a trip into one of our large caves where we dug test holes to find if primitive man had one day lived within.

We are holding all-American Indian Days here again in Sheridan, Wyoming, and our Archaeological group had several fine artifact collections on display in business windows; and, again this year we intend to have a much finer display than ever before.

During the 1953 season our Archaeological members found many fine artifacts. Most predominant in numbers, of course, were the scrapers, then arrows and spear points, drills, reamers, piercers, hammers, manos, metates, smoothing stones, etc., and even a few corner tangs and lances.

I would like to stress one very important point and that is the absolute necessity of proper handling of skeletal finds and any and all other finds that are of any importance because, once an object is removed from its original resting place, its value to science may be lost entirely without having first been properly photographed, its position as related to its surrounding objects carefully noted, and all other possible data carefully saved. Much has been lost on account of indiscriminate digging, and I would strongly recommend that a capable party be called in before a find of this nature is disturbed.

At the Society's last meeting it was decided that members of our group will take an Archaeological course here at Sheridan through our local Northwest College as soon as a suitable teacher is secured. The Wyoming Archaeological Society finished its first year's existence on Feb. 4, 1953, and at that time opinion was expressed that we, as a Society, had at least made a start in the right direction and had accomplished considerable, at least for a bunch of amateurs. The following officers were chosen to head the Society for the second year: Fred Hilman as President; Mrs. Margaret Powers of Big Horn, Wyoming, Secretary-Treasurer; and Claude Gettys, of Story, Wyoming, Vice-President.

WYOMING ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY CONSTITUTION

Article I—Name

The name of this organization shall be *Wyoming Archaeological Society*.

Article II—Purpose

The purpose of the organization shall be to promote the study of the archaeology of Wyoming and other States among its members in the community, to take part in further investigation in that field, to assist in the protection of the antiquities of the State.

Article III—Membership

Section 1. Any person interested in archaeology may become an active member of the Society by making application and paying the annual dues.

Section 2. All persons who made application previous to the adoption of the constitution shall be charter members.

Section 3. Active memberships shall lapse in case of non-payment of the annual dues, within a reasonable period after notice has been given by the secretary.

Section 4. Associate members and honorary members may be elected in accordance with the rules of the Society.

Article IV—Dues

The annual dues shall be two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50).

Article V—Officers

Section 1. The officers of the organization shall be President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and such others as the Society may provide for.

Section 2. The duties of the officers shall be those usual to the offices named, with additional duties as the Society may impose upon them.

Section 3. The officers shall constitute an Executive Committee, with power to arrange for programs and to attend to other business and interests of the Society, subject to the Society's approval.

Section 4. Officers shall be elected for a term of one year, the election to be held, ordinarily, at the last regular meeting of the academic year.

Article VI—Meetings

Section 1. Regular meetings of the Society shall be held each month during the fiscal year.

Section 2. Special meetings may be called at any time by the officers, or by any five members. Members must be duly notified of such meetings in advance.

Article VII—Quorum

At regular meetings the members present shall constitute a quorum. At all other meetings a quorum shall consist of one half the active membership.

Article VIII—Amendments

This constitution may be amended by a majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting of the Society, provided that notice of the proposed change was given at a previous regular meeting, and that all members have been notified of the proposed amendment.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Wyoming State Historical Society

Should anyone have the temerity to state that Wyomingites are not interested in their history, he could quickly be proven wrong. The response to the organization of the Wyoming State Historical Society has certainly been almost more than could be anticipated at the meeting in Casper last October when seventy-five people met to start the Society.

During the first eight and one half months of its existence the charter membership has reached a total of 650, and eight county chapters have affiliated with the State Society, including Fremont, Campbell, Goshen, Laramie, Albany, Natrona, Carbon, and Washakie.

While the State Society will promote the recognition of outstanding work in the historical field in Wyoming and will initiate state-wide projects, the local societies will bring to the people of the localty a realization of what local history means to a community and will do the very important work of collecting and conserving local history, one of our rapidly disappearing natural resources.

Charter membership to the State Historical Society closed on July 1, 1954.

CHARTER MEMBERS

LIFE MEMBERS

Berry, Miss Henryetta, Cheyenne
Big Horn County Library, Basin
Boodry, David E., Lyman, Nebraska
Brimmer, George E., Cheyenne
Brimmer, William N., Rawlins
Coe, W. R., New York City
Condit, Mrs. Thelma S., Kaycee
DeWitt, Mrs. Helen Holliday, Los Angeles, California
Helvey, R. T., Sheridan
Hines, Mrs. Mary D., Denver, Colorado
Homsher, Miss Lola M., Cheyenne
Larson, Dr. T. A., Laramie
McCullough, A. Stafford, Clifton, Ohio
Metz, Mrs. Percy W., Basin
Salisbury, Herbert J., Cheyenne
Sackett, Carl L., Cheyenne
Smith, Mack, Yoder
Spencer, P. C., New York City

ANNUAL MEMBERS

Albright, Mrs. S. Paul, Cheyenne
Alexander, Dr. A. F., Dugway, Utah
Alleman, Mrs. Effie, Kemmerer
Allen, Bess Opal, Casper
Allen, Chester A., Sr., Laramie
Allen, Miss Cody, Cody
Allen, Mrs. Mary Jester, Cody
Allison, J. A., Gillette
Allison, Mrs. Ruby, Gillette
Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne

Amoretti, Mrs. Eloise A., Dubois
Andersen, Mrs. Marion R., Bethesda, Maryland
Anderson, Elwood, Gillette
Anderson, Mrs. G. D., Torrington
Andrus, Herbert, Kaycee
Angwin, Miss Lucia E., Evanston
Arthur, Bill, British Columbia, Canada
Baker, Ranson, Rawlins
Ballard, Thomas W., Torrington
Barber, Mrs. Raymond, Rawlins
Barclay, Rex L., Lance Creek
Bardo, Gerald, Lusk
Barker, Kenneth, Chugwater
Barlow, L. H., Gillette
Barnes, Mrs. Lottie, Torrington
Barquin, Mrs. James, Sr., Riverton
Bartek, Clarence, Rock Springs
Bartholomew, Mrs. Evelyn, Worland
Bass, Charles, Jay Em
Beach, Mrs. Mary A., Mountainview
Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel, California
Beck, George T., Cody
Bell, William J., Cheyenne
Bellamy, Mrs. Mary G., Laramie
Bender, Miss Dorothy, Thermopolis
Bender, Mrs. Walter, Encampment
Bennett, Mrs. Ed. F., Rawlins
Bennett, Ed. F., Rawlins
Bennett, Mrs. W. E., Buffalo
Benninghoven, Walter, Lyman, Nebraska
Bentley, Mrs. Helen M., Casper
Berlet, Walter H., Casper
Bernfeld, Seymour S., San Francisco, California
Berry, G. W., Denver, Colorado
Bible, Mrs. George A., Rawlins
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne
Bishop, Marvin L., Casper
Blakeslee, Claude L., Casper
Blakeslee, Mrs. Claude L., Casper
Bocott, C. H., Riverton
Bocott, Mrs. C. H., Riverton
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Fred D., Jr., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Margaret McIntosh, Cheyenne
Bolten, Mrs. Ethel E., Rawlins
Bon, Miss Lorraine, Cheyenne
Bowen, Chester H., Gillette
Bower, Mrs. Earl T., Worland
Bower, Senator Earl T., Worland
Bower, Mrs. Ray F., Worland
Bower, Ray F., Worland
Bowron, Frank L., Casper
Bragg, Mrs. Laura I., Worland
Bragg, Mrs. William F., Sr., Worland
Bragg, William F., Sr., Worland
Bragg, William F., Jr., Torrington
Breitweiser, Wayne R., Powell
Breitweiser, Mrs. Betty J., Powell
Bremers, Ralph R., Omaha, Nebraska
Bresnahen, Miss Winfred, Cheyenne
Brice, Mrs. David W., Wheatland
Brimmer, C. A., Rawlins
Brimmer, Mrs. Geraldine Z., Rawlins
Brock, J. Elmer, Kaycee
Britton, Mrs. Roxie E., Basin
Brokaw, Mrs. Ralph H., McFadden
Brown, J. H., Cheyenne
Brown, Mrs. Sholie Richards, Monterey, California
Brownlee, Miss Beryl, Cheyenne
Burdette, Mrs. Julius V., Cheyenne
Burleson, Mrs. Ira, Riverton
Burns, Miss Dorothy M., Sheridan
Burns, Dr. Robert H., Laramie
Burnside, Dr. Raymond A., Des Moines, Iowa
Burt, Struthers, Moran
Butler, Helen, Bartlesville, Oklahoma
Bylund, Mrs. Ruth Kimball, Laramie
Byron, Mrs. Elsa Spear, Sheridan
Cahill, T. Joe, Cheyenne
Campbell, Mrs. Joe, Walcott
Canoso, Michael, Cambridge, Massachusetts
Carbon County Public Library, Rawlins
Carley, Miss Maurine, Cheyenne
Carnegie Public Library, Lusk
Carnegie Public Library, Sheridan
Carpenter, Miss Ellen M., Atlantic City
Carpenter, Miss Mary J., Cheyenne
Carter, E. B., Orr, Minnesota
Carter, Edgar N., South Pasadena, California
Carter, Miss Gladys, Laramie
Cashman, Harry J., Rawlins
Cashman, Mrs. Gertrude A., Rawlins
Casper Junior High School, Casper
Cassinat, Louis, Rawlins
Cathers, Mrs. William E., Cheyenne
Catron, Peter H., Sheridan
Cavanaugh, Mrs. Frank, Worland
Chadey, Henry, Rock Springs
Champ, Mrs. Myrtle M., Gillette
Champion, Mervin, Sheridan

Chapman, Mrs. Mark A., Cheyenne
Chassell, Norval W., Waterloo, Iowa
Cheesbrough, John, Elk Mountain
Cheesbrough, Mrs. Nellie, Elk Mountain
Christensen, J. Marius, Laramie
Christensen, Mrs. Reiva Niles, Laramie
Clairmont, Mrs. Maude, Fort Washakie
Clausen, Miss Esther M., Laramie
Claycomb, Mrs. Geneva W., Cody
Clemens, Miss Mary K., Torrington
Cody Public Schools, Cody
Colket, T. C., 2nd, Sheridan
Colket, Mrs. T. C., 2nd, Sheridan
Collins, Dabney Otis, Denver, Colorado
Colyer, Oliver J., Torrington
Conant, Mrs. E. M., Worland
Conant, E. M., Worland
Condit, Mrs. Lillian B., Laramie
Conklin, Robert F., Cheyenne
Cook, Malcolm L., Denver, Colorado
Cooney, Thomas F., Grand Island, Nebraska
Cooper, Ralph, Kansas City, Missouri
Cope, Everton B., Torrington
Cordiner, A. H., Laramie
Corthell, Irving E., Laramie
Coulter, Mrs. F. S., Worland
Coulter, F. S., Worland
Cowley High School, Cowley
Crisler, Miss Marie M., Cheyenne
Crisman, Rev. H. C., Torrington
Dahlquist, John E., Fort Bridger
Dahlquist, Mrs. Laura, Fort Bridger
Daley, P. E., Rawlins
David, Robert B., Casper
Davis, Mrs. Lillie G., Cheyenne
Day, Hugh S., Riverton
Day, Mrs. Kenneth P., Saratoga
Day, Richard C., Rock Springs
Dayton, S. Reed, Cokeville
Dechert, G. F., Riverton
Deering, Mrs. Jean Miller, Boone, Iowa
Deimer, Henry, Lander
Delaplaine, Mrs. John H., Cheyenne
DeVore, Harold, Laramie
Dickey, Hubert F., Gillette
Dickinson, Norman R., Riverton
Dillinger, Mrs. Della C., Gillette
Dilts, Fred, Douglas
Dinsmore, I. W., Rawlins
Diver, Mrs. Jessie S., Long Beach, California
Dobbin, Miss Anna M., Cheyenne
Dobler, Miss Lavinia G., New York City
Dodge, Mrs. Beulah I., Rock River
Dodge, George W., Rock River
Dominick, Dr. DeWitt, Cody
Draper, Mrs. Mary, Rawlins
Duggins, Miss Nellie R., Casper
Duis, Miss Emma, Casper
Dunn, Mrs. R. L., Cheyenne
Eberstadt, Edward & Sons, New York City
Ehernberger, Jim, Cheyenne
Ekstrom, Mrs. Laura Allyn, Denver, Colorado
Elder, T. H., Torrington
Ellis, Erl H., Idaho Springs, Colorado
Elmore, Mike, Gillette
Emerson, Paul W., Cheyenne
Erickson, Mrs. Katie Kinnear, Kinnear
Espy, Mrs. Day, Rawlins
Fabian, Mrs. Harold P., Jenny Lake
Farlein, Mrs. J. A., Worland
Farlein, Dr. J. A., Worland
Farlow, Mrs. A. J. (Stub), Lander
Farlow, Jules E., Lander
Faville, Mrs. A. D., Laramie
Feltner, C. C., Pinedale
Ferguson, Mrs. R. A., Wheatland
Feser, Mrs. Donald, Los Angeles, California
Feuz, Mrs. Margaret C., Jackson
Fish, Mrs. Edna, Cheyenne
Flannery, L. G., Fort Laramie
Forest, Alvin M., Laramie
Fosnight, Mrs. Verryl V., Cheyenne
Foster, Biford, Lander
France, Walton E., Rawlins
France, Mrs. Walton E., Rawlins
Fremont County Public Library, Lander
Frink, Maurice, Denver, Colorado
Frison, Paul, Worland
Frison, Mrs. Paul, Worland
Frison, Robert E., Buffalo
Froyd, Colonel Erwin A., Torrington
Fryberger, Mrs. Harvey D., Sheridan
Fryxell, F. M., Rock Island, Illinois
Fuller, Mrs. Caroline, Thermopolis
Fuller, E. O., Laramie
Fullerton, Mrs. Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, California
Gaber, Miss Mary A., Casper
Gaddy, Mrs. Albert M., Cheyenne
Gaensslen, Emil A., Green River

Gage, Jack R., Sheridan
Gallaher, Walter, Cheyenne
Gallaher, Mrs. Marguerite, Cheyenne
Gantt, Paul H., Washington, D. C.
Garner, Miss May, Casper
Garst, Mrs. Doris Shannon, Douglas
Garton, Mrs. Maude, Casper
Gaumer, W. B., Derby, Colorado
Geddes, Mrs. R. W., Rawlins
Gehman, Lester, Denver, Colorado
Geier, D. O., Banner
Gettys, Claude L., Story
Gibbs, Mrs. Charles, Sheridan
Gibson, Mrs. Elaine L., Pine Bluffs
Gillespie, A. S., Laramie
Gillespie, David, Dixon
Gillies, Miss Catherine, Thermopolis
Gillies, Miss May, Cheyenne
Gleason, Mrs. Eleanor, Gillette
Good, Mrs. Dorothea L., Wheatland
Goodrich, Mrs. Ralph D., Grand Junction, Colorado
Goppert, Ernest J., Cody
Gordon, Alex, Rawlins
Gordon, Mrs. Alex, Rawlins
Gose, Mrs. Etta M., Upton
Gose, Vernie O., Upton
Goshen County Library, Torrington
Graf, Mrs. Louise Spinner, Green River
Graff, Everett D., Winnetka, Illinois
Gratz, Miss Margaret, Gillette
Gray, Mrs. W. O., Worland
Greet, Fred, Worland
Greet, Mrs. Fred, Worland
Gress, Mrs. Kathryn, Cheyenne
Grey, Donald C., Sheridan
Griffith, James B., Sr., Lusk
Griffith, Mrs. Vernon S., Sheridan
Grigg, Mrs. Helen M., Riverton
Groesbeck, Mrs. Betty, Cheyenne
Guild, Lorin, Wheatland
Haddox, Richard, Fort Francis E. Warren
Hahn, Mrs. Ethel, Daly City, California
Haldeman, Miss Ada M., Torrington
Halsted, Miss Jessie Mae, Laramie
Hanson, Dan, Hat Creek
Hardy, Mrs. Marrabel, Gillette
Harkins, Mrs. Charles H., Worland
Harkins, Mrs. Donald J., Worland
Harkins, Judge Donald J., Worland
Harrington, Clarence L., Denver, Colorado
Harris, Burton, Hackensack, New Jersey
Harris, John, Pacific Palisades, California
Harris, Mrs. Leland, Lovell
Harrower, James K., Pinedale
Hart, Mrs. Shelia, Lander
Hartsell, John R., Cheyenne
Hartsell, Mrs. John R., Cheyenne
Hatcher, Mr. Gunhild, Cheyenne
Hayen, Charles, Lingle
Hayden, Mrs. Dudley, Jackson
Hayden, Francis T., Cody
Haynes, Jack E., Bozeman, Montana
Hays, Mrs. Alice C., Lander
Hays, Irving C., Rawlins
Hays, Mrs. Irving C., Rawlins
Healey, Fred, Saratoga
Healy, Mrs. Alex, Sr., Worland
Healy, Alex, Sr., Worland
Heath, Mrs. Evelyn E., Cheyenne
Heath, Dr. Lillian, M. D., Rawlins
Heidenreich, Mrs. Homer, Sheridan
Henderson, Mrs. Paul C., Bridgeport, Nebraska
Henry, Mrs. Joe, Denver, Colorado
Heron, Lloyd, Worland
Herring, Mora, Benkelman, Nebraska
Hesse, Miss Vivienne, Buffalo
Hewlett, Mrs. George Wilson, Cheyenne
Hieb, David L., Fort Laramie
Hilman, Fred W., Big Horn
Himebaugh, Mrs. Duke, Casper
Hodgson, Mrs. Colin, Hanna
Hodgson, Mrs. Nellie G., Thermopolis
Holden, Miss Minnie, Riverside, California
Holliday, Mrs. F. A., Laramie
Holmes, Mrs. Alice C., Saratoga
Hook, James W., New Haven, Connecticut
Hoover, H. H., Kansas City, Missouri
Hord, Mrs. Violet M., Casper
Houser, George O., Jr., Cheyenne
Houser, Mrs. Laura M., Cheyenne
Houston, Miss Jane Hunt, Cheyenne
Howell, Mrs. Helen C., Worland
Huey, Goldie R., Casper
Hughes, Frank T., Yoder
Hull, Mrs. Irene David, Encampment
Hunt, Lester C., Washington, D. C.
Hunter, Allen, Gillette
Hunton, Thos. S., Los Angeles, California
Hurd, Mrs. Emilie, Denver, Colorado

Hurd, V., Green River
Huston, Mrs. A. T., Gillette
Hutton, Miss Eunice, Green River
Hutton, Mrs. Laura M., Cheyenne
Hutton, William, Green River
Ilsley, John P., Gillette
Inghram, Harry C., Worland
Inghram, Mrs. Harry C., Worland
Ingraham, Mrs. S. Darlene Newton, Cody
Irving, Helen A., Rawlins
Jack, Wm. "Scotty", Casper
Jackson, Mrs. Stella R., Douglas
Japp, John, Gillette
Jayne, Dr. Clarence D., Laramie
Jensen, A. W., Cheyenne
Jepson, Carl E., Moose
Jewett, Mrs. Lora Neal, Pinedale
Jewett, Mrs. James J., Jr., Riverton
Joelner, Mrs. Fred, Casper
Johnson, Agnes S., Torrington
Johnson, Carl D., Cheyenne
Johnson, Fred J., Medicine Bow
Johnson, Helen Childs, Rawlins
Johnston, J. Pelham, Casper
Jones, Mrs. J. H., Sheridan
Kafka, Mrs. Olive Garrett, Rock River
Keeline, H. W., Gillette
Kelley, Verona B., Torrington
Kendall, Mrs. W. H., Sheridan
Kennedy, Donald M., Sheridan
Kent, Raymond D., Kelly
Kerr, Ewing T., Cheyenne
Kimball, Judge Ralph, Lander
King, Norman D., San Francisco, California
Kintz, Ralph G., Gillette
Kirby, Kenneth M., Cheyenne
Kukura, Edna, Casper
La Grange School Library, La Grange
Landers, Mrs. Gladys, Gillette
Landers, Leland, Gillette
Larmer, John, Bondurant
Lane, Charles Elmer, Cheyenne
Larson, Gordon, Torrington
Larson, Irving A., Torrington
Larson, Magnus, Hawk Springs
Larson, Robert R., Laramie
Latham, Wm. "Bill", Chugwater
Latham, Mrs. Fairy, Chugwater
Lawrence, W. C., Moran
Leek, Holly W., Jackson
Leermakers, J. A., Rochester, New York
Lindsley, Miss Alice Louise, Sheridan
Linford, Miss Velma, Laramie
Linn, Ralph S., Moneta
Littleton, Ernest A., Gillette
Littleton, Mrs. Claire, Gillette
Logan, Miss Clara, Torrington
Logan, Edward O., Cheyenne
Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colorado
Lott, Warren B., Buffalo
Love, Mrs. Louise, Cheyenne
Lovell Public Library, Lovell
Lucas, Mrs. Cecil, Gillette
Lusk High School, Lusk
Lyall, Scott T., Billings, Montana
Lynch, Mrs. H. B., Sunrise
Lynch, Mrs. Michael, Lamont
Lynch, Michael, Lamont
McCormick, John S., Elk Mountain
McCraken, Harry, Casper
McCreery, John, Torrington
McCullough, Joe J., Santa Maria, California
McFarling, Lloyd, Palmer Lake, Colorado
McIntosh, Marguerite G., Rawlins
McMahon, Thomas B., Jr., Gillette
McWilliams, Mrs. Harold, Hillsdale
MacDougall, A. H., Rawlins
MacLeod, Dr. D. G., Jackson
Mahoney, J. Frank, Rawlins
Mahoney, Mrs. J. Frank, Rawlins
Malone, Miss Rose Mary, Casper
Mankin, Mrs. Ora, Gillette
Manley, Mrs. Frank A., Spur, Texas
Marble, Fred W., Cheyenne
Marion, W. L., Lander
Marquiss, R. B., Gillette
Martin, Miss Marguerite, Cheyenne
Mason, Ellsworth, Bozeman, Montana
Mazzulla, Fred M., Denver, Colorado
Meade, Mrs. Irene I., Kinnear
Meade, Mrs. Virginia Haldeman, Tucson, Arizona
Metz, P. W., Basin
Mickelson, James F., Big Piney
Mickelson, Mrs. Mae E., Big Piney
Mihan, S. D., Lyman, Nebraska
Millard, Mrs. Allie Hall, Riverton
Millard, Lysle A., Riverton
Miller, Mrs. Bert F., Laramie
Miller, Mrs. Bertha A., Riverton
Miller, Lael, Rawlins
Miller, Neal E., Rawlins
Miller, Mrs. Mildred M., Big Piney
Miller, Thomas O., Lusk
Mills, Luther C., Wheatland
Mills, S. R., Wheatland
Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie A., Cheyenne

Mockler, Frank C., Dubois
Mockler, Mrs. Frank C., Dubois
Mokler, Miss Edness, Casper
Monnett, Walt J., Sheridan
Monnett, Mrs. Walt, Sheridan
Moor, Mrs. Ross W., Lamar, Colorado
Moore, Charles C., Dubois
Moore, James K., Jr., Lander
Morgan, Mrs. Noel, Worland
Morgan, Noel, Worland
Moudy, Mrs. Mable Cheney, Laramie
Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver, Colorado
Murphy, C. Clyde, Thermopolis
Murphy, Mrs. C. Clyde, Thermopolis
Murray, Mrs. Maud I., Cody
Nagle, George Henry, Cheyenne
Natrona County High School, Casper
Nelson, Lou J., Rawlins
Newell, Most Rev. Hubert M., Cheyenne
Nichol, Mrs. Virginia B., Torrington
Nicholson, Oscar W., Riverton
Nicholson, Mrs. Oscar W., Riverton
Nicklos, Charles F., Albuquerque, New Mexico
Nisselius, Jack, Gillette
Nicholas, Tom, Casper
Noble, Mrs. Lin I., Thermopolis
O'Callaghan, J. G., Casper
Oedekoven, Mrs. Ryllis Rae, Gillette
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne
Oldman, Mrs. Bert, Encampment
Oliver, Glenn W., Cheyenne
Oliver, Mrs. Glenn W., Cheyenne
O'Mahoney, Joseph C., Washington, D. C.
Orr, Dr. Harriet K., Berkeley, California
Orr, Raymond S., Cheyenne
Orr, Mrs. Raymond S., Cheyenne
Ostlund, Axel W., Gillete
Ostlund, Mrs. Polly, Gillette
Owens, Earl, Cheyenne
Paddock, A. A., Boulder, Colorado
Parks, William P., Sr., Gillette
Patterson, Richard A., Rock Springs
Payne, Mrs. Janet Smith, Riverton
Pearson, W. E., Lovell
Pearson, Mrs. Louise, Rawlins
Pence, Mrs. A. M., Laramie
Peryam, Mrs. Mable Large, Encampment
Peter, W. D., Rawlins
Peter, Mrs. W. D., Rawlins
Peters, Mrs. Leora, Wheatland
Peterson, Dr. Henry J., Denver, Colorado
Peterson, Mrs. Ida Elizabeth, Cheyenne
Peterson, Robert A., Cheyenne
Peyton, Mrs. Pauline E., Douglas
Peyton, Miss Pauline M., Douglas
Phelan, Catherine E., Washington, D. C.
Pool, Mrs. Guy E., Torrington
Powers, Mrs. Margaret, Big Horn
Prevo, Mrs. Jane, Worland
Pryde, George B., Rock Springs
Purdy, Jennie M., Cheyenne
Raben, Roy C., Huntley
Radford, Ben H., Torrington
Raisty, L. B., Decatur, Georgia
Rasmussen, Mrs. S., Rawlins
Rasmusson, Arthur, Rawlins
Rasmusson, Mrs. Edna Tierney, Rawlins
Rauchfuss, Mrs. H. D., Worland
Rauchfuss, H. D., Worland
Rawlings, C. C., Ranchester
Reed, Lloyd R., Lincoln, Nebraska
Rendle, Mrs. Irvine J., Rawlins
Repsold, George J., LaGrange, Illinois
Rettstatt, Lucien D., Rawlins
Reynolds, Mrs. James C., Sheridan
Reynolds, James C., Sheridan
Rhoades, R. S., Dubois
Ridings, Miss Reta, Laramie
Riley, Mrs. Gladys F., Cheyenne
Riter, Mrs. Franklin, Salt Lake City, Utah
Ritter, Mrs. Alta, Gillette
Ritter, Charles, Cheyenne
Ritter, Raymond R., Gillette
Riverton High School Library, Riverton
Riverton Public Library, Riverton
Robertson, A. E., Rawlins
Robertson, Mrs. C. F., Worland
Robertson, Miss Edith E., Green River
Robinson, H. A., Thermopolis
Robinson, Mrs. Arlene, Thermopolis
Rogers, Mrs. Mary, Cheyenne
Romick, Charlotte, Rawlins
Rosenstock, Fred, Denver, Colorado
Rundquist, Albert N., Lusk
Rusk, D. L., Rawlins
Russell, Jean Beeler, Dixon
Russell, Mrs. Elizabeth E., Thermopolis
Russell, Mrs. J. S., Worland
Russell, J. S., Worland

Ryan, Mrs. Maude, Douglas
Ryder, Mrs. Esther, Glenrock
Rymill, Walter L., Boulder, Colorado
Sander, Miss Dorris L., Cheyenne
Schaedel, Mrs. John, Cheyenne
School District No. 6, Medicine Bow
Schroer, Mrs. Blanche, Lander
Scifers, Mrs. Barbara, Casper
Scott, Mrs. Mary Hurlburt, Riverton
Seipt, Mrs. Henry M., Riverton
Sheldon, Burton W., Cheyenne
Sherard, Agatha, Gillette
Shiek, Mrs. Frank N., Long Beach, California
Shields, Mrs. John T., Cheyenne
Shirk, Mrs. H. C., Worland
Shirk, H. C., Worland
Sims, Albert G., Douglas
Sinclair, F. H., Sheridan
Sinclair, Mrs. Jack, Gillette
Slack, Mrs. John, Sheridan
Slack, Mrs. Mary, Cheyenne
Slatt, Rebecca, Cheyenne
Sloss, Mrs. C. C., Rawlins
Smith, Mrs. Dwyer F., Cheyenne
Smith, Mrs. Edith Carpenter, Helena, Montana
Smith, Joe A., Wood River, Illinois
Smith, Miss Louise S., Cheyenne
Smith, William, Gillette
Smith, Mrs. William, Gillette
Snell, Miss Bernice, Lander
Snoddy, Mrs. Joe, Gillette
Snodgrass, George H., Casper
Snodgrass, Mrs. George H., Casper
Snyder, Mrs. Charles, Crowheart
Snyder, Mrs. Elizabeth Rydahl, Cheyenne
Spencer, Mrs. Pearl, Big Piney
Spielman, Jesse E., Gillette
Spielman, Mrs. Jess, Gillette
Springs, Mrs. Agnes Wright, Denver, Colorado
Stan, Charles S., Casper
St. Clair, Mrs. Rosa, Worland
Steckel, Prof. Wm. R., Laramie
Steckley, Mrs. Velma, Douglas
Steege, Louis C., Cheyenne
Stephenson, W. R., Casper
Stimson, Dallas, Gillette
Stoddard, Mrs. Fama Hess, Manville
Stoddard, Lee C., Manville
Stolt, Miss Edna B., Cheyenne
Storm, Archie, Sheridan
Stratton, Fred D., Jr., South Pass City
Stratton, F. D., Riverton
Stratton, Mrs. Nelle N., Riverton
Streeter, Bessie, Gillette
Stump, Mary Barbara, Cheyenne
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colorado
Swartz, Mrs. Kate, Gillette
Sun, Mrs. Tom, Rawlins
Sundin, Mrs. Clifford, Rawlins
Swartzenbruber, Joe, Torrington
Talmage, Mrs. F. D., Thermopolis
Taylor, Mrs. Bertha B., Mountainview
Taylor, Harry A., Worland
Taylor, Mrs. Harry A., Worland
Taylor, Mrs. James W., Jr., Casper
Taylor, Livingston L., Columbus, Ohio
Teton County Library, Jackson
Templin, Curtis, Chugwater
Thom, John C., Buffalo
Thompson, Mrs. Jessie C., Thermopolis
Thomson, Mrs. E. Keith, Cheyenne
Thompson, Melvin F., Big Piney
Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne
Tierney, Mrs. Margaret S., Rawlins
Tillett, Mrs. Bessie F., Kane
Tonkin, T. C., Casper
Toppan, Fred W., Jackson
Topping, Mrs. Fred J., Elk
Towns, H. C., Cheyenne
Travis, Maury M., Casper
Trenholm, Mrs. Virginia, Glendo
Trew, Charlotte, Rawlins
Turk, B. E., Sussex
Turnbull, Roy, Lusk
Tyrrel, Mrs. Jane P., Lusk
University of Kentucky Margaret I. King Library, Lexington, Kentucky
Upton, William B., Jr., Denver, Colorado
Van Burgh, Dana P., Jr., Casper
Van Burgh, Mrs. Lucile, Casper
van Hatten, C. J., Powell
Vivion, Charles, Rawlins
Wakeman, E. E., Newcastle
Waldo, Mrs. W. A., Worland
Wales, Mrs. Nellie L., Hamilton Dome
Walker, Mrs. Meda Caley, Cheyenne
Wall, Max M., Torrington
Wallace, Taylor, Casper
Wallis, Mrs. Alma A., Laramie
Wallis, Bert, Laramie
Wallis, Miss Martha, Laramie
Wallis, Mrs. Oliver, Laramie
Ward, Mrs. Orland W., Laramie
Warlow, Eugene A., Gillette
Warlow, Mrs. Viola, Gillette
Washakie County Library, Worland

Watson, Judson P., Lusk
Webb, J. Early, Kaycee
Wentworth, Col. Edward N., Chicago, Illinois
Werner, George, Sr., Gillette
West, C. F., Longmont, Colorado
Weston, Mrs. Perry D., Cheyenne
Wheatland High School, Wheatland
Whittenburg, Miss Clarice, Laramie
Wickersham, Miss Orpha, Cheyenne
Wiley, Mrs. Lucille B., Cody
Wilkins, Mrs. Edness Kimball, Casper
Willford, Carl, Saratoga
Willford, Mrs. Maude Jones, Saratoga
Williams, Alfred R., Fort Collins, Colorado
Williams, R. Roy, Sheridan
Williams, William B., Banner
Williamson, A. P., Lake Andes, South Dakota
Williamson, C. D., Hanna
Wingett, Charles W., Cheyenne
Winter, Mrs. Zita, Green River
Woodard, Mrs. Jocelyn Charde, Casper
Woodhouse, Mina T., Rawlins
Wyoming Typewriter & Equipment Co., Cheyenne
Wyoming Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Basin
Zollinger, Mrs. W. J., Tulsa, Oklahoma
Yoder, Dr. Franklin D., Cheyenne
Yoder, Oscar, LaGrange
Young, Harry C., Glenrock
Zid, Major Frank A., San Francisco, California

Museums in Wyoming

Tourists are interested in the history of Wyoming, and at the State Museum inquiries are often made as to where other museums are located in the State. As a result of such inquiries a survey was made last year and the following information was compiled. If this information should prove to be inadequate or erroneous, corrections will be appreciated.

BUFFALO: Gatchell Drug Store. Highlights: Guns and relics picked up on battlegrounds of Wagon Box, Custer and Dull Knife fights; Indian artifacts.

CASPER: Ft. Caspar, located at end of West 13th St. Replica of old Fort Caspar built by WPA during 1930's. Highlights: Relics of the early fort and the Oregon Trail.

CHEYENNE: State Museum, State Office Building, 23rd and Capitol. Regular hours: 9:00-4:30 Monday-Friday, 12:00-5:00 Sunday. Summer hours also include Saturday from 9:00-5:00. Highlights: Indian Collection, Wyoming Stock Growers Collection of saddles, brands, etc., geology collection, pioneer relics, original State Constitution, pictures, Deadwood Stage Coach relics. Lola M. Homsher, Director.

U. P. Depot: Stagecoach used on Overland Trail out of Julesburg, Colorado.

Frontier Park: Jim Baker Cabin, formerly located in Little Snake River country.

CODY: Buffalo Bill Museum in west Cody on Yellowstone Highway. Open June-October 15. Highlights: Buffalo Bill's mementos, Indian relics, artist's exhibit. Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, curator. Entrance Fee.

COMO: Como, Wyoming. Open daily during regular business hours in connection with service station. Highlights: Museum is built of dinosaur bones and exhibit relates to the nearby Como Bluffs area from which many prehistoric bones have been removed. Mrs. Tom Boylan, owner.

DOUGLAS: Wyoming Pioneer Association Museum on State Fair Grounds. Open only during the State Fair at the end of August. Highlights: Pioneer and Indian relics.

FORT BRIDGER: On Highway 30 across the parade ground in town of Ft. Bridger. Hours 8:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. daily. Features relics of the old fort. Mormon Wall, Pony Express barn and other buildings are still standing. Custodian, D. R. Hicks, under the Wyoming Historical Landmarks Commission.

FORT LARAMIE: Three miles from Highway 26 at town of Ft. Laramie. Hours 8:00-4:30 Monday-Saturday, 8:30-5:00 Sunday. Museum has pictures, maps, relics, illustrative of period 1834-1890. The fort itself features the surviving buildings and ruins of Ft. Laramie which recall its distinguished role in the conquest of the West. Fort Laramie National Monument, administered by National Park Service.

GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK at Jenny Lake: Museum relating to the Teton mountains, wild flowers of the area. Equipment used by climbers on exhibit. Administered by National Park Service.

GREEN RIVER: William Hutton's Private Museum, 185 E. 2nd N. St. Hours 5:00-10:00 p.m. Highlights: Petrified wood fireplace, relics. Admission fee, 25¢.

GUERNSEY: Mr. Henry Frederick's Private Museum, three miles west of town on U. S. 26. Highlights: Pioneer relics picked up along Oregon Trail, Indian items.

KEMMERER: Triangle Park in center of business district. Open June 1-Sept. 15. Hours 12 noon-9 p.m. except Sundays and holidays. Highlights: Pioneer relics, fossils, early western items.

LANDER: Located in Pioneer Park. Opened by appointment. Highlights: Harvey Morgan skull with king bolt still imbedded (1870), Esther Hobart Morris chair (1868), first monument stone to Esther Morris, pioneer items from early homes, guns, numerous excellent pictures and photographs. Fremont County Pioneer Association, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hoffer, caretakers.

LARAMIE: Basement of Court House. Opened during Red Cross hours, 2:00-4:00 p.m. Monday-Friday. Pioneer relics, pictures, Bill Nye items. Under sponsorship of Albany County Historical Society, R. H. Burns, President.

LUSK: Located at 4th and Main. Hours, 8:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. during summer, other times by request. Highlights: Cheyenne-Deadwood stagecoach, Indian artifacts, ranch and livestock historical information. Hans Gautschi, Curator.

MOORCROFT: Basement of Library building. Opened upon request. Highlights: Rock specimens, arrowheads, old guns, confederate money.

NEWCASTLE: Jenny's Stockade building on Court House grounds. Now Chamber of Commerce tourist information headquarters.

PINE BLUFFS: Mr. Dewey Edmunds Private Museum. Hours, open Sunday. Highlights: Indian relics, fossils, antique articles, freak animals.

RAWLINS: Carbon County Court House. Hours, 1:00-4:00 Fridays. Highlights: Pioneer relics, pictures. Mrs. Ed Bennett and Mrs. Cliff Sundin, Curators.

SUN RANCH: Located on U. S. Highway 220 at Devil's Gate on Oregon Trail. Hours 10:00-11:00 a.m., 1:00-5:00 p.m. Highlights: Dishes, guns, articles picked up along Oregon Trail. Mrs. Tom Sun, owner.

SUNDANCE: Basement of Public Library. Opened upon request. Highlights: Dinosaur specimens, guns, rocks, ox yokes, artifacts, pioneer relics.

THERMOPOLIS: Located in City Park facing west, near Carnegie Library. Open June 15 for remainder of summer. Hours, 1:00-5:00 p.m. Highlights: Relics of the 90's, ranch items, stage coach, guns, household articles, memorial fireplace. Under jurisdiction of Hot Springs County Pioneer Association.

Pioneer Monument

The story of the erection of the Pioneer Memorial to the Fremont County Pioneers was told in the January issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*. Mr. Jules Farlow and Mr. J. K. Moore of Lander have continued to work on this project during the past year, and approximately 170 names of pioneer families who settled in Fremont County prior to 1906 will be added to the stone before the annual reunion meeting on Sunday, August 29.

Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander, who has for a number of years authored the column "Peek at the Past" in the *Lander State Journal* paid high tribute to the pioneers who settled the Lander Valley and reviewed briefly a few of the highlights of the history of that area. He commented as follows:

WHAT PRICE PIONEERING

Mr. Master of Ceremonies, officers and friends of the Fremont County Pioneer Association: Just why your committee settled on me to make this dedicatory address is something more than I can understand when there are so many more capable ones who could do a much better job. However, guess you will have to bear with me—I will try to make it short. Here in everlasting granite from

our native hills are carved the names of 152 pioneers who settled Fremont County and who organized this Association.

It is a fitting tribute to these old timers and should have been done long ago when the monument was first set up. A monument to a group of people without the names of those people means very little. Now we will have the names preserved. Books and records have a penchant for getting lost; these names will not be lost.

Time does not permit giving the deeds that each pioneer played; each deserves credit, all deserve equal credit.

We often wonder just what induced these men and women to leave the security of well-settled and safe communities and undertake the hazardous journey over the Overland Trail. Was it the lust of gold? Yes, the California gold rush and the rush to the Atlantic and South Pass regions testify to that. Men have always gone the limits of human endurance in search of the yellow metal —the metal miners dig out of the ground today and Uncle Sam puts right back in tomorrow. Was it the love of adventure? Yes, there were always those who wanted to see what lay beyond the horizon. But we think there was a greater underlying urge, the burning desire in every man's breast to own a small piece of God's Foot Stool, thereon to build their home, to raise their family and to work out the destiny the Creator destined for them.

It is hard to realize today, as we whiz along the old trail, the hardships and dangers that beset the early pioneers. Their speed was not 50 to 100 miles per hour—the old ox teams and the not much faster horse could only make about two miles per hour, plodding along, never stopping except for a night's rest, to give birth or bury the dead. The trip we make in a few hours took a month from the time they crossed the Big Blue River in Kansas until they reached the summit of the Continental Divide. They were in constant danger, danger from Indian attacks, from drowning while crossing swollen rivers, from disease; five thousand died in one season in the 1850's along the Platte. How many died from other causes, God only knows. The lonely graves along the old trail are mute testimony of the tragedies: a mother stricken from a bereaved family; a beloved son or daughter; or the head of the family stricken down by the relentless bullet or arrow of the red skins; the hastily dug grave, the rudely constructed coffin, more often a blanket served for both a shroud and a coffin. Think of the heartbreak, the anguish, when the caravan had to move on and leave the lonely grave to the solitude of the desert. Oh you, who came here within the last fifty years, think again; did you pay that price that was their price for pioneering? It is claimed there is not a mile of the old trail from the Platte to the crest of the Continental Divide but what claimed a human life; and then when they reached their destination, their danger was still with them

if on this side of the Divide—the same tribulations that beset them on the trail.

The miners worked two by two, one working while the other stood guard. Those that settled on the streams and valleys never knew when the dread warwhoop would resound. The rifle was always carried across the plow handle. Young Irwin was struck down by Indians who had made the peace sign within the town limits of Atlantic City, then a town of two thousand people; Mike Heenan was killed on the divide between Beaver and Twin Creek while hauling hay; Doc Barr, Jerome Mason, and Harvey Morgan were killed while returning from the mines on a trip to this valley; Harvey Morgan's skull with the wagon hammer through it tells of the savagery of the Indians.

Ed Young had a narrow escape from the same Indians that butchered the miners. The miners had put up such a stern fight that when E. F. Cheney, Charley Oldham, and Anthony came upon the scene of the battle, they found nine dead Indian ponies which testified to the courageous fight the miners had put up. The Indians that had lost their mounts in the fight were looking for remounts and came across Ed Young's location at the mouth of the Little Popo Agie Canyon. Young got up one morning and started for the well, a short distance from his back door, for water for breakfast. His old saddle horse, Button, let out a snort and cocked his ears up towards a ridge that ran north east and south west about 150 yards from the house. Young knew that horse had seen something that boded him no good and ducked back into the cabin and barred the door. He went to the west side of the cabin and studied that ridge by knocking a hole in the chinking. The first thing that caught his eye was a small shining disk reflecting the rays of the rising sun. He had never seen that object before and decided to see what made it tick. He reached over to the corner for his rifle and drew a fine bead on that shining disk, and at the crack of the rifle two Indians jumped up and started to run up the ridge. Young with two quick shots knocked one over. The other got away. In the afternoon, Cheney, Oldham, and Anthony, returning to the mines, decided to go by Ed's cabin and see if he was still alive. Young came out to meet them and told them about the brush he had had with the Indians that morning. They went up on the ridge where Young had seen the shining object, and there lay a dead Indian. Young had made a bull's eye on that disk. It was a little mirror with feathers radiating out from it such as you see Indians wearing now on their breast. It was a narrow escape for Young, or he would have paid the price for pioneering.

Oliver Lamoreaux, William Hays, Frank Moorehouse, Bill Rhodes, Dutch Henry on Cottonwood, a man by the name of Camp, Mrs. Hall and her niece, Mrs. Richardson, were killed back

of where Baldwin's Store now stands—and so many more. Read Captain H. G. Nickerson's history of the County, the price of pioneering. It is a strange thing, but the price of every precious thing has been purchased by the price of blood, man's salvation; the blood shed on Calvary, our nation, our constitution, our freedom purchased by the blood of our patriot dead; and we enjoy the homes we have today at the price of the blood of our pioneers. I have never seen the Taj Mahal; they claim it is the most beautiful building in the world. Maybe so, but the Federal Building on 3rd and Lincoln looks far more beautiful to me. I have never seen the River Shannon, so dear to the Irishman's heart; nor have I seen the Beautiful Blue Danube, so famed in song and story; but if I had, when I got home the crystal clear Popo Agie would have been far more beautiful to me. I have never seen Switzerland and its Alps, but the snow-capped and timber-crowned Wind River Mountains hold all the mountain grandeur and sylvan beauty I ever want to see. Why is this? because it is home—Home, that most beautiful word in the English vocabulary. What a world of meaning in that word. The most beautiful song ever written is John Howard Payne's "Home Sweet Home." I never come over the hills into this valley that I don't see how beautiful it is, beautiful because our pioneers by the help of the Almighty made it so. It was not always the beautiful spot it is now. It had to be reclaimed from a reluctant nature and the hand of the red man by the price of the blood of our pioneers; and while we have preserved the names of these old timers in ageless granite, let us keep them ever verdant in our memories. They paid a high price for the things we enjoy today. Thank God for our pioneers.

Errata

On page 6 of the January 1954 *Annals of Wyoming,* the date on which the railroad reached Cody, Wyoming, should have read 1901 rather than 1899. On page 96 under the gift of Mrs. Cyrus Beard, the date of the funeral of Judge Cyrus Beard should have read 1920 rather than 1921.

Recent Acquisitions

MUSEUM

Carson, Iris, Wheatland	100 year-old doll with original clothes; horn spoon with whistle handle found in cave on Hunter Ranch.
Clausen, E. C., Cheyenne	Meerschaum cigar holder and case.
Davis, Courtney C., Horse Creek	Tubular kerosene lantern used on Van Tassel Ranch, Islay, Wyo.
Emerson, Paul W., Cheyenne	Bullet, 2 organ stops, 15 hat pins, pen, 1894 wooden knife, and ruler.

Gooldy, John F., Savery	Hand made trap from Jim Bridger estate.
Henry, William M., Douglas	Telegraph pole insulator off Bozeman Trail at Brown Springs, also hand-made ox shoes.
Hones, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, Cheyenne	Civil War army coat which belonged to Louis Duval, dated 1887.
Leckemby, P. L., Baggs	Two metal insulators dug from 4 ft. depth at Barrel Springs stage station.
Lion's Club of Wyoming, Cheyenne	Statuette given by people of Italy to Lion's Club of Wyoming for their help on the Friendship Train.
Long, G. C., Lingle	Three iron railroad parts from Buffalo & Clearmont Railroad: rail section, rail plate, and 2 spikes.
McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards, Los Angeles, Calif.	Spurs made for Edna Richards; metal ring found in Big Horn Country about 1889-1890 by W. A. Richards; Frontier Day ribbon from first show, Sep. 23, 1897; medal for trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha, 1898, (portrait used on it was composite picture of Miss Alice Richards); Army dog tag.
Meng, Hans, Hot Springs, S. Dak.	Petrified tree section found 4 miles southeast of Hot Springs.
Moore, Jr., J. K., Lander	Twenty post trader tokens: 10 tokens from Camp Brown, Wyo. Terr., 4 tokens from Fort Washakie, Wyo., 6 tokens from Fort Bridger, Wyo. Terr.
Noyes, H. L. Cheyenne	Seventy-five year old shaving kit in leather covered case: 1 strop and 5 razors.
Peterson, Robert A., Cheyenne	Two bottles from site of old Chugwater stage station found Oct. 9, 1953, by L. C. Bishop and donor.
Sargent, L. W., Pinedale	Three cartridges for 32 calibre National revolver; bison tooth dug up at Finley Site in Eden Valley.
Sharp, Howard Cheyenne	Indian drum from Crow Indian Reservation.
Stratton, Jr., Fred, South Pass City	Bricks and glass from Fort Stambaugh; brick from the brick kiln at South Pass City, Wyo., 1870.
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colo.	Dinner napkin of 1880's owned and used by Mrs. Thomas Swan.
Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne	Colt six-shooter carried by Mike Shonsey during the Johnson County invasion; woman's slippers of the 1860's; woman's high-top shoes worn b yEstelle Brooks Vosberg about 1870; Navajo saddle blanket used by George Voorhees.

Whitney, Jr., Fred Cheyenne	Saddle 70 years old made in Oregon for the late Fred Whitney, Sr., of 21 Ranch, Meeteetse, Wyo.
Wilhelm, Fulton, Cheyenne	Square iron railroad tie spike and part of an old wagon wheel rim found at the edge of the city park, Cheyenne.
Williams, L. O., Cheyenne	World War II foxhole cigarette lighter.
Yoder, Dr. Franklin, Cheyenne	Pieces of different kinds of glass telegraph insulators and 3 iron rail spikes picked up on old railroad bed near Ames Monument.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PAPERS

Adams, James H., and Senior Class of Campbell County High School, Gillette	Manuscript, mimeographed, "History of Campbell County" by 1954 Senior English Class under direction of donor.
Bane, J. R., Lander	Manuscript, "Report on the Ellen Mc-Group of Lode Mining Claims which Covers the Mine, Methods, Costs, and Suggestions as to Future Prospects.
Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel, Calif.	Bulletin, *The Hugenot,* Vol. 2, No. 1, Feb. 1932; manuscript, "The Frewens of Powder River," by donor.
Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Booklet, "The Women's Club of Cheyenne, 1907-08"; manuscript, "The Life of Max Idelman, Pioneer Citizen of Wyoming. And of His Relatives and Descendents" by donor.
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne	Map of U. S. showing early routes, roads, and highways, 1926 edition, General Land Office, Dept. of Interior.
Bragg, Jr., W. F., Torrington	Pamphlets on the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark Exposition.
Brokaw, Mrs. Ralph H., McFadden	Manuscript, "A Brief History of Carbon County."
Burden, Grant Omaha, Nebr.	Manuscript, "Plat of Iron Mountain Area"; U. P. news release on Iron Mountain deposits.
Connor, Rock H., Chicago, Illinois	Eight "clearing house certificates" used as substitute currency during 1907 panic.

Cooper, Clara Chassell, Berea, Ky.	Booklet, "Christian Advocate," Oct. 15, 1953; bulletin, "Account of Commemorative Exercises Honoring Inyan Kara Methodist Episcopal Church"; newspapers, The Rapid City *Daily Journal,* Oct. 14, 1953, p. 4, "Commemorative Exercises Honors Wyoming Church" and The Sundance *Times,* Oct. 10, 1953, p. 4, "Commemorative Service for First Wyoming Country Church"; reprint from the Belle Fourche *Bee,* Oct. 10, 1953, "Inyan Kara Church Given Distinguished Place in Wyoming Religious History"; two brochures, "Epworth League Prayer Meeting Topics, Jan. 7 to June 24, 1894" and "Our Church Papers" by O. B. Chassell.
David, Robert B., Casper	Manuscript, "A Story of Early Days in Buffalo and Johnson County."
Davis, Courtney C., Horse Creek	W. C. Wilson and W. O. Owen Map of Albany County, 1886.
Emerson, Dr. Paul W., Cheyenne	Manuscript, "Freighters! Oh, freighters!"
Farlow, Jules, Lander	Manuscript, "Memoirs of E. J. Farlow." (on microfilm)
First Baptist Church Cheyenne	Booklet, "Let Us Arise and Build for the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls."
Friend, Clarence L., Escondido, Calif.	Manuscript, "This is the History of Northern Albany County by Clarence L. Friend and Starting in the Summer of 1886."
Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. Arlo, Wheatland	Wheatland *World,* Vol. 1, No. 20, March 8, 1895.
Horesky, C. J., Cheyenne	Letter press copy of an original message sent by UPRR regarding Wilcox Train Robbery on June 1, 1899.
Hunt, U. S. Sen. Lester C., Washington, D. C.	Seven sections of topographical map of the road from Missouri to Oregon with field notes and journal of Capt. J. C. Fremont compiled by Fremont's assistant, Charles Preuss, 1846.
Jenkins, Perry W., Salt Lake City, Utah	Souvenir program of "The Green River Rendezvous 1933-1944."
Lynch, Frank H., Linville, Ohio	Manuscript, "The Year 1919. Beginning of Oil Boom at Osage, Wyoming."

Marion, W. L., Lander	Manuscript, "A History of South Pass" by Frank E. Hayes; copy of speech on history of Lander Valley and Fremont County in particular; short data on Fort Washakie; manuscript, "What Price Pioneering?" dedicatory address given at Fremont County Pioneer's meeting, Sept. 1953.
Mason, Tom, Cheyenne	Earliest type of money order: sample postal note in amount of 1¢ by assistant postmaster, Cheyenne to Hartford, dated July 24, 1884.
McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards, Los Angeles, Calif.	Four *Annals of Wyoming;* W. A. Richards' correspondence relating to U. S. Land Office, public lands, forest reserves; administrative papers relating to Wyoming Batt. in Spanish-American War, officers at Ft. Russell, 1898, Buffalo Bill; U. P. Railroad pass; notebook notes on interviews between President Theodore Roosevelt and W. A. Richards, 1902-06; manuscripts about the ranch life and experiences of the W. A. Richards, settlers, Ft. Russell, and Cheyenne.
Merritt, Ernie O., Cheyenne	Thirteen letters written during Civil War by his second cousin.
Metz, Mrs. P. W., Basin	Two mimeographed pamphlets, "Greetings from Wyoming," and "Directory of Business and Service Agencies of the Big Horn Basin Area," Jan. 1951, by Northwest Junior College and University of Wyoming.
Miller, Neal E., Rawlins	Typescript, "The History of 111 West Lincolnway, Rawlins, Wyo.," as Dr. Lillian Heath Nelson told it to Mr. Miller, April 1954.
Moberly, W. E., Cheyenne	Petrified baculite fossil found on ranch 25 miles west of Cheyenne. (Loan)
Moore, Jr., J. K., Lander	Manuscript of two Lander broadcasts during Feb. and Mar., 1953, by donor entitled "Early Transportation"; microfilm, "Ft. Washakie, Medical History of the Post, April 1873-June 1887"; six photostats, Treaty with Sho-Sho-Nee Indians, July 2, 1863, at Ft. Bridger in Utah Terr., letter of recommendation for father dated 1864, LeClair scouting statement, Yoder letter, clipping on passing of Jos. Rainey, copy of Wyo. Mail and Transportation Waybill (stage) from Ft. Washakie to Rawlins, 1900.

Morrison, W. W., Cheyenne	Manuscripts, "The Expedition of the Donnor Party and Its Tragic Fate" by Eliza P. Donnor Houghton; "Donnor Miscellany," typed by donor; typescript, "The Story as Told at the Grave of Mary Kelly near Little Box Elder Crossing; Sunday May 30, 1954."
Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebr.	Twelve volumes Deseret *Semi-Weekly News,* Salt Lake City, Utah: 1909 July-Dec., 1910, 1911, 1912-1913; 1914, Jan.-June; 1914 July-Dec.; 1915 Jan.-June; 1915 July-Dec., 1916, 1917; 1917-18 (Dec. 1917-Aug. 1918).
Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath, Rawlins	Manuscript of poem, "Senator Beckwith."
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne	Envelope addressed by her father, H. A. Parshall, to her mother, Annie Kilbourne, Lexington, Michigan, return address stamped "Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage Co's Express. G.S. & P," postmarked Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 18. Envelope franked with stage postage imprint "1776-1876, U.S. Postage Three cents."
Shad, Harry, Cheyenne	Letters and newspaper clippings about Dr. Jewell, Isabelle Jewell, and the Oregon Trail.
Smith, Clarence "Bud", Pinedale	Justice of the Peace docket kept by his father, C. F. Smith, at Shoshoni, 1906-1910.
Thomson, Frank, Spearfish, S. Dak.	Typescript, "An Extract from the Life and Adventure of Bill Gay" by William (Bill) Gay.
Wyoming Cow-Belles Association Laramie	Typescript, History of the Wyoming Cow-Belles for the year June 1, 1953 to June 1, 1954.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel, Calif.	Presbyterian Aid Society, *The Evanston Cookbook of Tested Recipes.*
Chamblin, Thos. S., Cheyenne	Two volumes of *The Historical Encyclopedia of Wyoming,* edited by donor.
Christie, Cameron, Aurora, Ill.	Bartlett, I. S., *History of Wyoming,* Vols. I, II, III.

Coe, W. R., New York City	Adams, Ramon, F., *Six-Guns and Saddle Leather.* Brooks, Juanita, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre.* Graham, Col. W. A., *The Custer Myth.* Jackson, Alonzo C., *The Conquest of California.* Mercer, A. S., *The Banditti of the Plains.* Sachererell Sitwell-Handasyde Buchanan & James Fisher, *Fine Bird Books 1700-1900.* Stewart, George R., *The Opening of the California Trail.*
Cooper, Clara Chassell, Berea, Ky.	Fifteen pamphlets: four journals of the Wyoming Mission of M. E. Church, 1889-92; 11 Minutes of the Black Hills Mission Conference of M. E. Church, 1892 to 1904.
Dunn, Mrs. Nora, Cheyenne	Stone, Elizabeth Arnold, *Uinta County Its Place in History.* Strahorn, Robert E., *The Handbook of Wyoming.* Cook, James H., *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier.*
Hook, James W., New Haven, Conn.	Hook, James W., *Lt. Samuel Smith His Children and One Line of Descendents and Related Families.*
Lloyd, S. A., Caldwell, Idaho	Clay, John, *My Life on the Range.*
Morton, Mrs. R. A., Cheyenne	Pamphlet: *Seventy-five Years of History, 1869-1944*, history of the First Presbyterian Church, Cheyenne.
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne	Allyne, E. E., *First Round Trip Transcontinental Passenger Flight.*
Rocky Mountain Directory Co.	*Wyoming State Directory, 1953-54.*
Steege, Louis, Cheyenne	Pamphlet, *Fort Laramie National Monument, Wyo.*, U. S. Dept. of Interior, National Park Service.
Wells, Dr. N. E., Newcastle	Wells, Nathan E., M.D., *Just Another Country Doctor.*

PICTURES

Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Photograph of Idelman Residence, now Schrader Funeral Home; 23 photographs including the members of the Idelman family, P. Jacob Gauff, and other Cheyenne residents.
Bond, Wallace, Cheyenne	Picture of first Wool Growers meeting.

Chadey, Henry, Rock Springs	Four photographs of Indian petroglyphs near Rock Springs and Boer's Tusk.
Dunn, Mrs. R. L., Cheyenne	Four photographs including Ollie Arnold, 1895; Mr. and Mrs. Floye, and members of their family.
Frink, Maurice, Boulder, Colo.	Two photographs of frozen cattle and snow drift after blizzard of 1949, photos taken by J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee.
Gillespie, A. S., Laramie	Five post card photographs of roping, riding, and catching wild horses.
Ledbetter, Jack, Saratoga	Thirteen photographs including early mining days around Battle, Wyo.; Edith Crow Haggarty and Mr. Haggarty; Roman Tunnel, Breckenridge, Colo.; and memorial to Maj. T. T. Thornburgh, 1879.
Love, Mrs. John, Laramie	Photograph of St. Mathews Church, Laramie, with Rev. Cornell, Capt. Cratz (?), Mrs. Ferris, and young organist.
McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards, Los Angeles, Calif.	Nineteen tintypes of early Cheyenne residents, 1892; three photographs including the Dobbins house, Warren residence, Engrossing Committee of 1895 or 1897 Legislature.
Metz, Mrs. P. W., Basin	Two picture post cards of Plaza Apts., Thermopolis.
Moore, Jr., J. K. Lander	Photograph of Edmo LeClair.
Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath, Rawlins	Photograph of the Heath House, 1882.
Schafer, Edwin C., Omaha, Nebr.	Fourteen photographs of early U.P.R.R. construction crews and locomotives of Wyoming and Utah.
Shiek, Mrs. Frank N., Long Beach, Calif.	Two post card photographs, one of Ft. Russell about 1904, one of State Capitol Bldg. before the wings were added.
Wagner, Howard, Cheyenne	Sixty-nine picture glass negatives, including 12 pictures of Cheyenne scenes and buildings, 15 pictures of Fort Francis E. Warren, and 4 pictures of Tom Horn.
Zullig, H. C., Sheridan	Photograph of officers of the 1st Batt., Wyo. Volunteer Inf., Spanish-American War.

STATE ARCHIVES

Bolln, Henry, Douglas	Two volumes of Postmaster Account and Record Book and 8 books of records and registers of the U. S. Post Office at Douglas.
Employment Security Commission of Wyoming	*Seventeenth Annual Report, 1953.*
Highway Department, Cheyenne	Three issues of "The Highwayman," Dec. through Mar., 1954.
Livestock and Sanitary Board, Cheyenne	Two reels of microfilm including Minutes, Attorney General's correspondence and opinions, and Brand Division correspondence through the "F's"; 8 publications for microfilming on quarantine proclamations and disease regulations.
Nicholas, Thomas A., Casper	Eight photostats of the court records of Capt. C. G. Nickerson, U. S. Court Commissioner for the 3rd Judicial District, Wyoming Territory, 1869.
State Board of Health, Cheyenne	"Studies of Tick and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever," 1921-22.
State Engineer, Cheyenne	Received from the State Library, Document Section: *Annual Report, Second, of the Territorial Engineer, 1889; Biennial Reports, 1889-1906,* Nos. 1-8.
State Highway Commission, Cheyenne	*State Highway Department of Wyoming,* by John R. Shanahan, a thesis for the Univ. of Wyo.; *Wyoming Highway Laws and Related Statutes,* 1953.
State Library, Cheyenne	*Biennial Reports of the State Librarian,* 1892, 1894, 1896, and 1898; 3 lists of documents sent to states and territories, 1900.
Unemployment Compensation Commission Casper	Early Claimant Card, Jan. 3, 1939, from Worland Office; Unemployment Fund form of the Carya Mining and Development Co., Atlantic City, Wyo., June 1937.
U. S. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Reclamation, Missouri Basin Field Committee, Billings, Mont.	Sixty-two issues of the *Department of the Interior in the Missouri River Basin Progress Report Quarterly* from July, 1948 to July 1954; *Power Requirements and Supply Missouri River Region,* May 1953, prepared by Subcommittee on Electric Power, Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Committee. *souri River Region,* May 1953, prepared by Sub-committee on Electric Power, Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Committee.

University of Wyoming, Agricultural Experimental Station, Laramie	"Cattle Rate-of-Grazing Study on the Bighorn Mountains," circular No. 36, Jan. 1954.
University of Wyoming, Office of Registrar, Laramie	*Statistical Summary, 1952-1953*, 32nd Annual Edition.
Wyoming Emergency Relief Board, Cheyenne	*Report of Wyoming's "Operation Snowbound, 1949."*
Wyoming Game and Fish Commission, Cheyenne	"Fishing Orders," 1954; "Wyoming Fur Bearers, Their Life Histories and Importance," by Earl M. Thomas.
Wyoming Liquor Commission, Cheyenne	Plates from which Wyoming Liquor Tax stamps in the denominations of 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15½, 20, 24, and 31 cents were printed. Includes samples of printed regular sized, non-colored stamps of 4, 4½, 10, and 20 cent denominations.

Book Reviews

Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West. By Dale L. Morgan. (New York and Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., 1953. 458 pp. Preface, illustrations, appendix, notes and index. $4.50.)

With the latest biography of Jed Smith comes proof that interest in the fabulous mountain men and their dramatic exploits has not slackened. In its various phases, the opening of the West saw a number of action-packed sequences which overshadowed the more plodding events of settlement. It was the most colorful frontier of all, and its many props—cowboys, stagecoaches, rough miners, steamboats, railroads, horse Indians, all spread over a panorama of magnificent distances—lent both movement and excitement to the development. Of all those who combed the farthest reaches of empire, in search of gain, the mountain men, first in sequence of time, have appealed to the American imagination ever since the time of Leatherstocking. Like later frontiersmen—from cowboys to cavalrymen—these highly individualistic, enterprising souls have had top billing in the literature of the West.

Mr. Morgan's book is well titled. If any improvement could be made upon it, that might be to call it "The Opening of the West, and Jedediah Smith," for the author (quite properly) has woven one individual's story into the larger mosaic of early exploration and fur trapping. In this, he has improved upon the work of Maurice Sullivan (*Jedediah Smith, Trader and Trail Breaker,* New York, 1936), who narrowed his sights somewhat, pin-pointing the Smith story perhaps a little too closely. He has also had the advantage of some additional materials, not available to Sullivan.

In this latest work on the mountain men, the reader will be able to renew old acquaintances. Jim Bridger, William Ashley, Hugh Glass, Andrew Henry, Thomas "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, Jean Gervais, Henry Fraeb—to mention only a few—will all come to life again through the graphic and spritely portraits painted by the author. Their relationships, friendly and otherwise, are set in proper perspective and the reader will almost wonder if it might not have been better for Mr. Morgan to have attempted their whole story, for at times Jed Smith gets lost in the crowd. This is partly because of the attempted balance in the account, but also because of the fragmentary nature of the documents Smith left behind. As always, the biographer is confronted with gaps which have to be filled, and in this case the problem is skillfully solved. He did, however, have the advantage of using a subject who was able to write and had the inclination, from time to time,

to do so. The story of many of Jed Smith's companions, whose exploits were doubtless as exciting, will never be told, for some of them could not even sign their own names.

The search for materials took the author on explorations which almost rival those of Jed Smith. He not only used materials available in the United States, but also in Mexico and England. Particularly welcome are his descriptions of the English aspect of fur trading and its relationship to that of the Americans. Smith's dealings with Dr. John McLoughlin and others of the Northwest reveal the international nature of beaver trapping at that time and throw a good deal of light upon the coming conflict between world powers over the Oregon country. Here, as in other places in his study, Mr. Morgan has done an excellent job, portraying the larger picture; it has lent added significance to his work. Writers and teachers of western history will find the information quite useful.

The very brevity of Jed Smith's active life on the frontier is characteristic not only of the trade in which he engaged, but in so many developmental phases of western settlement. It was short —only nine years—and dramatic. In those few years his travels took him into many hitherto unknown parts of the country. His crossing of South Pass, although possibly not the first westward one, was, as the author says, "a high moment in American history" for it meant "the linking of the pass in the lines of force along which the American people were sweeping to the Pacific." That single incident had many counterparts, and by the time the "pathfinders" made their way west much of the region was already mapped out, if only in the heads of the mountain men who made it their place of business.

So, too, when the pioneers commenced dragging their way westwardly, the principal routes of travel, used still today, were pretty well known—thanks to the Jed Smiths. And because of the pathfinding done among the documents, we know a good deal more today about these early trailbreakers—thanks to the Dale Morgans.

University of Colorado ROBERT G. ATHEARN

The Journals of Lewis and Clark, Edited by Bernard DeVoto. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953. lii+494 pp., 6 maps. $6.50.)

In its infancy, the United States was blessed with an aggregation of great men rare in the history of this nation, and among them Lewis and Clark must certainly be counted. Together, they planned and executed, almost flawlessly, the most brilliant exploration this continent has ever seen, one of greatest significance to our history. Yet, at their centennial exposition, their glory was

stolen and given to Sacajawea; and with the loss of an historical sense that the West has experienced along with the rest of the country, the significance of their achievement has largely faded from view.

In making generally available in a very readable edition the original *Journals,* DeVoto has done much to counteract their slump into oblivion. By eliminating the technical materials of value to specialists but not to the general reader, and by omitting unimportant entries and abbreviating others, DeVoto has shortened the *Journals* to about one-third their length in the Thwaites edition. Yet the impression of the full journals is preserved and even somewhat intensified in the condensation.

There are a few interpolations from the journals of Whitehouse, Ordway, Floyd, and Gass, a few from Biddle's *History,* and the whole of Clark's return trip up the Yellowstone is taken from DeVoto's narration in *The Course of Empire.* Otherwise, the journal entries are preserved as written, with their delightfully fluid spelling. On the whole, DeVoto lets the journals speak for themselves, confining himself to short summaries at the beginning of each phase of the journey; but his footnotes, used sparingly, are extremely valuable. He is especially helpful in explaining the significance of Indian tribes; and his comments on unusual geographical details, of which he is absolute master, do much to translate the journals from mere narration into a realized experience of men engaged in dangerous, painful, backbreaking labor, as they towed their pirogues up the length of one of the most ornery rivers in America.

The reader's participation is necessary to realize the extreme difficulties under which the party labored. The Captains barely had time to jot down essential details and descriptions urgently desired by Jefferson; and, as Clark remarks, "to state the fatigues of this party would take up more of the journal than other notes." Their difficulties appear in pithy remarks which spring to vivid life with a little reflection. For instance: "The men are much afflicted with boils." Boils from rowing a 55-foot keelboat, but for three more months they row on the boils. Shoed in moccasins, they transplant twenty tons of equipment eighteen miles over ground thick with prickly pear, in storms so violent that hailstones knock the men down. They tow pirogues all day, three-fourths submerged in icy mountain streams. But they hardly ever complained, and the party's morale was high, except for a moment when they had to double back from the Bitterroots to pick up guides.

This fact is largely due to the brilliant leadership of Lewis and Clark, who picked their men wisely, trained and disciplined them expertly, and commanded their trust and admiration. They inspired respect for Indians and enthusiasm for the expedition—two vital factors in its success. Their remarkable intelligence and

brilliant geographical sense, their superlative woodsmanship, their brilliant handling of Indians mastered a frontier environment vastly different from any previously known to Americans. In a group of outstanding men, they loomed head and shoulders; and DeVoto's subtle editing, which shifts the focus from Lewis' to Clark's entries, shows the particular skills that made them together one of the greatest of all teams.

Of the rest of the party, Drewyer was the most useful, Charbonneau the least, and Sacajawea somewhere between. She did more than could be expected even of a squaw; but in an undertaking that depended so heavily on brute labor, the skills and ingenuity of frontiersmen, and the judgment and planning of the Captains, her best seems little. Clearly not a guide nor leader, she appears to have been more a member of her family group than of the party.

DeVoto's long introduction relates the expedition to world forces of which it was a part in a way rare in the writing of Western history.

University of Wyoming ELLSWORTH MASON

Cheyenne Autumn. By Mari Sandoz. (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1953. xviii + 282 pp., index. $4.50.)

Almost any recent American history text book mentions the nauseating corruption which disgraced the administration of the Indian Bureau for a quarter of a century directly following the Civil War. The effect of Bureau policy upon the Northern Cheyenne Indians in 1878-1879 is the main theme of *Cheyenne Autumn* by Mari Sandoz.

A roaming, hunting society, the Northern Cheyenne pursued the rapidly disappearing buffalo in the approximate region that lies between the South Platte and Yellowstone Rivers. As white men began to crowd into this region the demand to clear the Indians out became loud and distinct. One by one, the Army rounded up the various Indian tribes and herded them off to live a restricted reservation life.

"They [the Northern Cheyennes] surrendered to the promise of food and shelter and an agency in their hunting region." If they had to move to a reservation, the Northern Cheyenne wanted to live like the Sioux who were able to maintain some semblance of former freedom and dignity on the Red Cloud Agency. "But almost before the children were warmed on both sides, they were told they must go to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), the far south country many already knew and hated . . . Now they were thrust upon the most shaming dependence of all—upon the hospitality of their relations, the Southern Cheyennes, with a cut below the appropriations that those people had last year just for

themselves." According to *Cheyenne Autumn* this was the first Bureau betrayal of a promise made and lightly broken to the Northern Cheyennes. The rest of the book is a virtual river of betrayals, tragedy, despair, and more broken promises.

Living with their near-starving relatives in Indian Territory, the Northern Cheyennes found agency life unbearable. Early in the autumn of 1878 a desperate group of about 300 men, women, and children made their bid for freedom. Led by Chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf, this little group cut a 1,500 mile trail through some 13,000 scattered soldiers, ranchers, and homesteaders who were ordered out to capture the Indians and return them to Indian Territory.

After seven long months of eluding the Army, fighting and fleeing, the starving remnants of the Northern Cheyenne surrendered in March, 1879. Their surrender took place in the Rosebud Valley of Montana near thear beloved hunting grounds, the Yellowstone River Valley. Out of some 200 warriors and boys old enough to ride and fight, only thirty-one ragged "fighting men" were left along with their mothers, wives, and children. Eventually they settled down in the region in which they surrendered which later became part of the Tongue River Reservation set up for the Northern Cheyennes. Their epic flight north now over, they became "agency Indians." Yet, they did achieve the goal they set out to achieve in the autumn of 1878, but at a terrific cost to their tribe.

Cheyenne Autumn is definitely sympathetic toward the Northern Cheyennes. As such, Miss Sandoz did a great deal of research in trying to impart to the reader some idea of what the Indian thought and how he lived during this era in American history. She says, "To convey something of these deep, complex, and patterned interrelationships which I myself sense only imperfectly, I have tried to keep to the simplest vocabulary, to something of the rhythm, the idiom, and the figures of Cheyenne life, to phrases and sentences that have flow and continuality."

Miss Sandoz, in *Cheyenne Autumn,* makes a serious attempt to capture what no Indian has written—his own history. At times the attempt to describe what was actually going on in the minds of this particular tribe of Indians tends to make the first part of the book slow reading. It is only after the actual flight from Indian Territory that the tempo of the book picks up and the reader begins to enjoy *Cheyenne Autumn.* As a whole, the book should prove of great interest to those who find as a source of reading pleasure the history of the western frontier and Indian life.

Southeast University Center
Torrington, Wyoming

WM. F. BRAGG, JR.

Cow Country Cavalcade. By Maurice Frink. (Denver: Old West Publishing Co., 1954. 243 pp., illus. $4.50.)

As the sub-title of this book, Eighty Years of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, would indicate, this is a history of one of the most influential groups in Wyoming; and as a story of that Association it is an important part of the history of Wyoming.

Mr. Frink has given us a book which has long been overdue—a well written, readable, interesting story of the stockman and his problems, and an accurate and factual history of the Association.

In the history of the West the stockman has been assigned an almost mythical status; he has often been much maligned; his aims and policies are frequently misinterpreted; and his position is too often misunderstood.

Cow Country Cavalcade gives the reader an insight to the many and ever-changing problems the stockman must face, and shows the cowman as he really is, without the aura of the mythical Western cowboy or the cattle baron surrounding him. Because of his natural reticence, the stockman is ordinarily a poor salesman for himself. One must know him to understand his courage, resourcefulness, independence and individualism, qualities upon which a strong America was built, and qualities which must be preserved if America is to remain strong.

Mr. Frink has covered the entire history of the range industry in Wyoming from its earliest days to the present. He has given free access to all records of the Association, and no restrictions were placed upon him in regard to his interpretation of those records. It is his own story, based upon the facts as he saw them.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

The Government and Administration of Wyoming. By Herman H. Trachsel and Ralph M. Wade. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1953. xiv+381 pp.)

An American Commonwealth Series has been initiated with the publication of *The Government and Administration of Wyoming,* a most worthy contribution for students of government, by Herman H. Trachsel and Ralph M. Wade. This Series attempts to meet a dire need for a concise yet comprehensive explanation of the organization and administration of state governments as well as to provide interesting comparisons and contrasts so characteristic in these United States.

Though Wyoming was the forty-fourth state to be admitted to the Union, its government has become as complexed as many older states. Departments not covered in our state constitution have been formed as the need arose, in a "piecemeal fashion". This has resulted in a rather disorganized system of administra-

tion. Pointing out this fact as well as many other situations in their analysis of the government of Wyoming, the authors suggest recommendations for the improvement of the present system of governmental administration.

Recently the reviewer had an occasion to catalog some forty boxes of official state publications, including annual and biennial reports, bulletins, circulars, etc., and noted that some fifty-six different state departments, boards and commissions were represented among these publications. At present the Governor is a member of at least twenty-one of these boards and commissions. With so many separate boards and commissions within the state government it is impossible for the Governor to adequately supervise them as the executive officer of the state. In pointing out this particular situation, Dr. Trachsel and Dr. Wade suggest that the number of boards and commissions "should be small enough so the 'span of control' of the chief executive can be effective, perhaps somewhere between ten and fifteen for Wyoming. At the same time the departments should be unifunctional."

Careful study and detailed explanation is given for most of the larger state departments, such as, to name a few, Public Health, Public Welfare, Public Education, Labor, and Agriculture, as well as the Legislature. A chapter is also devoted to municipal government and a chapter devoted to county government. On the other hand little or no mention is made of the smaller departments except for a mere listing, in name only, of their respective boards or commissions.

The Constitution of Wyoming, the Compiled Statutes, the Session Laws, and reports of individual state departments are the main reference sources used in the preparation of this American Commonwealth Series volume. Theses of University of Wyoming students, daily newspapers, personal interviews and Journals of the House and Senate are among other sources used.

It can readily be realized that any book dealing with a subject of this nature could quickly become out-dated depending upon action of the legislature and the constant changing of state laws. This fact was brought to mind when it was noted, for example, that the status of the State Library and the Historical Department was changed by the 1951 and the 1953 Legislatures. The authors overlooked this change entirely.

This book, easy to read and to comprehend, was written with the intent that it be used as an undergraduate college textbook. However, administrative officials of government and private citizens as well should find the factual material contained in *The Government and Administration of Wyoming* of great value in acquiring a better understanding of how their state, county and city governments operate.

Cheyenne, Wyoming HERBERT J. SALISBURY

The Doctor's Wyoming Children. By Woods Hocker Manley. (New York: Exposition Press, 1953. 266 pp. $3.50.)

This family memoir is an interesting account of the impression left by Dr. William Arthur Hocker on his adopted state from 1873 to 1919. As a physician Dr. Hocker's influence was felt in the early days of Evanston and Kemmerer, and in addition to those duties he found time to serve his state as a legislator. He helped obtain the appropriations for the state university at Laramie and the hospital for the mentally ill at Evanston.

The members of the Hocker family were individualists as seen through the eyes of Woodie. Papa was tall and handsome and a safe repository of secrets. Mama was a tiny southern aristocrat, capable and understanding. Rob, the adored elder brother, was the only child not born in Wyoming. Woodie, the first daughter, considered her sisters, Edith, Effie, Virginia and Florence, much more beautiful than any of the babies Papa brought to the neighbors. William, or Bud, the youngest of the children, was an ardent dog lover and frequently referred to his five officious sisters as "The Hounds of the Baskervilles."

There is a strong current of friendliness running through the story, and it touches the lives of many people living in that part of the state. Some of them are Emma, whose illness was the reason for Dr. Hocker choosing Evanston as the family home and who was definitely not the "hired girl" but the "best friend"; the milkman who taught Mama how to make bread; the dentist who gave Virginia's doll a gold tooth; the jeweler who helped Rob and Woodie with their Christmas shopping; Grandma Ruffley who played games with the children, and Chief Washakie, a dinner guest who appropriated the ice-cream freezer.

Mrs. Manley tells an interesting story of family life in early-day Wyoming, amusing anecdotes of many of the State's notables, informal items of history as she saw it unfold, and gives us a vivid picture of many of the pioneer families who helped develop Wyoming Territory into a strong and growing state.

Wheatland, Wyoming LEORA PETERS

Mercer, A. S., *The Banditti of the Plains* (Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1954, 195 pp. $2.00.)

No acquaintance with the epic history of Wyoming—or, for that matter, with the history of civilization in the trans-Missouri River country—will be nearly complete without a careful study and analysis of what this little volume contains. Asa Shinn Mercer, an angry "cow-country Zola," pleads passionately for a cause, now six decades old but still fresh in many northern Wyoming memories, in which he firmly believed. For Mercer, the cattlemen's invasion of Wyoming in 1892 was "the crowning infamy

of the ages." Modern, non-partisan readers will find his *Banditti of the Plains,* at the very least, a factual tribute to the Western tradition and a welcome account of one war that Texans did *not* win.

The Johnson County war—the nesters versus the big cowmen —has, however, remained a *cause celebre* that echoes along the Powder River till this day. Mercer's book recounts compellingly the point of view of the settlers; the other side of the story must, in all justice, be sought after in other works—the Malcolm Campbell story as told by Robert B. David, for example. It is a wonder that Mercer's vehement and eloquent revelations, prejudiced as they may be, are available for a considerate judgment at all. The first printing of the book in 1894 was suppressed as far as possible by the cattlemen who obtained possession of a large number of the books and burned them. "It is hard to avoid the conclusion," writes William H. Kittrell in his valuable foreword to this reprint, "that, had the cattlemen been possessed of clean consciences, they would, with the power they exercised, have been able to convict him . . . for slander and criminal libel. They chose, however, to suppress the book and hound its publisher and author." It is not hard to imagine present-day readers whose smoldering indignation will be rekindled by such an implication.

Mercer's own conclusions about the range war and Mr. Kittrell's implications notwithstanding, this volume provides a significant addition to any collection of Western Americana, and it is considerably more provocative than most of the great body of fiction it inspired.

Laramie TOM E. FRANCIS

Arrow in the Moon. By Margaret and John Harris. (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1954. 312 pp. $3.50.)

Arrow in the Moon has all the elements of the usual western novel, but with one difference, it is an historical novel of the West and the setting is an authentic one. The authors did a good deal of research in the Wyoming State Historical Department so that the picture they presented of Cheyenne would be accurate; and it is accurate down to the fine details of early street names and places such as the famous Inter Ocean Hotel.

The setting is the period of the Dull Knife Indian difficulties of the late 1870's, and the story of the Indians is written with sympathy and understanding.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

Contributors

CLARICE WHITTENBURG was born at Marshfield, Missouri, and came to Wyoming in 1930, at which time she became a member of the faculty at the University of Wyoming where she now holds the position of Professor of Elementary Education in the College of Education. She holds a degree of B. S. in Education from Central Missouri State College and an M. A. from the University of Chicago.

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM is a native Missourian, with B. J. and M. A. degrees from the School of Journalism, University of Missouri. She began her teaching career as Instructor in English and Journalism and Director of Publicity at Stephens College. She also served as a member of the English Department at Park College before coming to Wyoming to make her home.

Now the wife of Robert S. Trenholm, a native son, she does free lance writing as a hobby. She is the author of *Footprints on the Frontier* and co-author, with Maurine Carley, of *Wyoming Pageant*. Mr. and Mrs. Trenholm, who reside on a ranch near Glendo, are the parents of two children, James R., now serving in the armed forces, and Mrs. Virginia Phillippi, of Bordeaux.

JEAN HAMPTON GADDY was born in Michigan and received her high school education in Dayton, Ohio. She enlisted in the W.A.C., A.A.F. during the war and served in the C.B.I. Theater. In 1948 she married Albert M. Gaddy in Missouri and came to Wyoming where she studied at the University of Wyoming, graduating from there in 1950.

OLIVE GARRETT KAFKA was born at Rock Creek, Wyoming. She received her education in the rural schools of Albany County and at the University of Wyoming, and she has taught thirty terms in the rural schools of the State. Her hobby for many years has been the collecting of the pioneer history of the state. She was married at her ranch home at Garrett, Wyoming, to Joseph Kafka and they have four children, Mary Barrett and John Kafka of Garrett, Thomas Kafka of Saratoga, Wyoming, and Joseph Kafka of Windsor, Colorado.

Lee Crownover Stoddard born in eastern Nebraska, came to Wyoming as an infant and has spent his life in this state. He received his education in the schools of Douglas and Manville and took two years of law at Washington State in Seattle. He has been a rancher and businessman, having served as town clerk and treasurer of Manville for over thirty years and for eleven years as a member of the school board. One of his fond memories is of seeing some of the trail herds that passed near Douglas on their way from Orin Junction to northern points. He married Fama Hess, a member of the Jireh College group, and they have two children, Ray L., an aeronautical engineer now living in Cincinnati, and Miriam L. Eby (Mrs. D. L.) whose husband is a chemical engineer in St. Louis.

Loujincy Polk (Lula Cobb Jones) of Billings, Montana, had her first poem published in the Forsyth *Times,* Montana, in 1907 when a small girl. Born in Colorado, she lived for a short time in Texas and Oklahoma and arrived in Montana in 1905, receiving her education in the Forsyth schools. She worked in the office of the Yellowstone newspaper in Billings and was historian for the National Cowboys' Association for two years. She is a member of the Montana Press Women, helped organize the first Little Theatre group in Billings, and is the author of a booklet *The Plains Absarokee.* She will shortly have a book of poems *Breath of the Big Horns* ready for publication.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

A change in publication date of the *Annals of Wyoming* is being made with this issue. Publication date will henceforth be April and October rather than January and July.

THE LUSK HERALD



Fort Caspar Restoration, general view taken in 1947

Platte Bridge Station and Fort Caspar

By

Olaf T. Hagen*

Platte Bridge Station, enlarged and briefly known as Fort Caspar,[1] occupied an important place on the South Pass route to the Pacific Coast. Situated at the last or "upper crossing" of the North Platte, the historic cavalcade which passed it was a long one, traceable at least to 1812. Fur traders, missionaries, explorers, and emigrants were followed by communication and transportation services which enhanced the history of points on this route. When the Civil War broke out the speedier communications provided over this most direct overland route heightened its importance. On April 12, 1861, when the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter opened, the Pony Express, which had demonstrated the feasibility of the route, was still in operation; that year the daily overland mail was transferred to this northern route; that fall the Pacific telegraph was completed. All passed Platte Bridge.

A small cantonment or "block station" was constructed for the shelter of garrisons who guarded the bridge and patrolled the travel routes. Its brief history was climaxed by an Indian fight on July 26, 1865, when a small force under Lt. Caspar Collins escaped the surrounding Indians only after the loss of their leader and several comrades. Although not among the decisive battles of Plains Indian warfare, this dramatic affair looms large among the heroic traditions of the Wyoming frontier. A restored stock-

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*Olaf T. Hagen, who died in August 1949, wrote this paper in connection with studies relating to the historical program of the Region Two Office, National Park Service. The paper has been edited for publication by Westerner Merrill J. Mattes, the present Regional Historian, National Park Service.

1. The fort was so called in honor of Lt. Caspar Collins, but it appears that the order naming the post incorrectly spelled his name (Agnes Wright Spring, *Caspar Collins,* New York, 1927, p. 96). Although the misspelled name is given in Heitman's *Historical Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army, 1789-1903* (Vol. 2, p. 466), writers familiar with the history of the post, Coutant, Hebard, and Hafen, in works to be referred to hereafter, all spell it "Fort Caspar," thus correcting the War Department's error whether official or not. Since the confusion has been created, there appears sufficient reason to accept the correct spelling even though it may be argued that the incorrect spelling is official.

ade, with crude log buildings adjoining, on the western edge of the modern city of Casper, Wyoming, is a reminder of this frontier episode.

Among the first, if not the first, to use the remarkable South Pass and North Platte River routes were the Astorians returning under Robert Stuart. Their abortive winter camp in 1812, described by Washington Irving, was not many miles west of the big bend of the river, where the later historic route continued westward toward the Sweetwater and South Pass.[2] These early fur traders found here a wilderness abounding in game. Bison, elk, bighorn sheep, and grizzly bear continued to be plentiful in the region even after heavy emigration had depleted vegetation and had driven the wildlife away from the immediate vicinity of the traveled route.[3]

A decade after the Astorians found it, the renowned South Pass had been rediscovered by other fur traders, and some of their traffic used this gradual ascent to the western mountains and valleys and others used it to push on to the Pacific shores. Missionaries with Nathaniel J. Wyeth, in 1834, after a fortnight or so along the Platte, bid adieu to the river with some regret, as did later travelers who found its valley not inhospitable. In 1836, "the first white women overland to the Pacific," the wives of the Oregon-bound missionaries, the Reverend H. H. Spalding and Dr. Marcus Whitman, reached the Platte River which, like other swollen streams to be crossed, was a barrier. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding camped on the south bank one Sunday, but their Sabbath quiet was disturbed by the men of the fur company building boats for the crossing.[4] Contrary to some assertions, the river was not generally fordable to wagons carrying spoilable goods, except at certain seasons, although, like other streams—even the Missouri—it was commonly forded with herds of cattle.

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2. The location of the Astorians' camp near the Platte Crossing is given as Bessemer, Wyoming (C. G. Coutant, *The History of Wyoming,* Laramie Wyo., 1899, Vol. 1, p. 112), and at the mouth of Poison Spider Creek, 18 miles west of Casper (Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail,* 2 vols., Cleveland, 1922, Vol. 1, p. 33).

3. W. J. Ghent, *The Road to Oregon* (New York, 1929). A synopsis of the early background is also found in Hebard and Brininstool, pp. 25-58. The wildlife is given some attention in *Astoria* by Washington Irving (New York, 1861, pp. 412-420). Other detailed observations are found in the original Collins papers appearing in the life of Caspar Collins, edited by Spring.

4. D. Lee and J. H. Frost, *Ten Years in Oregon* (New York, 1844, p. 117). W. H. Gray, *History of Oregon* (Portland, 1870, p. 117). Mention is made of the crossing of the Platte below Red Buttes in 1836, where buffalo were killed and the sewed hides were stretched over willow frames to make boats. Mrs. Spalding's diary for July 26, 1836, is quoted, page 15 of *The Coming of the White Women,* 1836, by T. C. Elliott, reprinted from the *Oregon Historical Quarterly.*

Rushing out of narrow gorges of the Black Hills, as the mountains west of Fort Laramie were long known, the Platte here was a swift, deep, and cold stream during June and July when most of the emigrants reached this point. Late rains and early snows at times made it difficult to ford at other seasons.[5]

In 1839, men of the stamp of Sutter and Lassen were among the few who forged their way overland to California by way of Oregon. Soon they were followed by Bidwell, Applegate, Fremont, Burnett, and others prominent in early emigrations to the West Coast. From the diaries and accounts written by them and their fellow travelers can be reconstructed the story of the traffic over the trail as a whole or at some particular place as this crossing of the north fork of the Platte.[6]

In 1847, four years after the "great emigration" to Oregon, the Mormons were confronted with this obstacle on the route which they also took from "Winter Quarters" on the Missouri in seeking homes in the wilderness. To ease the difficulties of their following brethern, the enterprising "Saints" established a ferry in the vicinity of the upper crossing. A "leather skiff" was used by them.

Indians had known how to make bull boats which the fur traders also employed as well as rafts. Some of the emigrants developed their own version of the bull boat by nailing green buffalo hides flesh side out to wagon boxes used to ferry goods across the river. The variety of craft was considerable. Most were basically rafts. Early ferries were little more. Their buoyancy was increased when poles were fastened transversely across canoes shaped by hollowing out cottonwood logs. Some of these rafts or ferries, with ropes fastened to each end, were drawn to and fro by men standing on shore. Later they became "current

5. Earlier observers varied in their estimate of the width of the river. The differences may in part be attributed to different points at which the river was seen and the different seasons at which it was seen. Traveling with the Mounted Riflemen in 1849, Colonel Loring estimated the width at 150 yards and Major Osborne Cross with the same expedition estimated it at not over 400 yards. *The March of the Mounted Riflemen . . . ,* Raymond E. Settle, ed. (Glendale, 1940, pp. 116, 333).

6. No attempt is made here to reconstruct the story from the original journals. In *The Wake of the Prairie Schooner,* Irene D. Paden (New York, 1945) has written in popular style a comprehensive story of the trail, based on a knowledge of the great number of the eyewitness accounts and the physical character of the country they described as seen today. Her 25-page bibliography, pages 479-504, is the most nearly exhaustive one available. While the bulk of the titles listed may be generally known, the list includes many manuscript accounts which have seldom been, if ever, used in published accounts. One chapter, "The Ferries of the North Platte," pages 192-201, deals particularly with the crossing concerned here. It is regrettable that Francis Parkman in his classic *Oregon Trail* gives no particular space to the crossing although he describes scenes in the nearby mountains and at La Bonte's.

ferries," guided by a pulley or pulleys on a rope or other cable stretched across the river.[7] Some employed oars.

The Mormons found the ferrying of "gentiles" lucrative in a vital way. Here their service had the miraculous power of gaining provisions, more prized than gold in the distant wilderness. They continued in the business and "Mormon Ferry," located near the Upper Platte ford, was perhaps the best known of the ferries. There were, however, several ferries between the mouth of Deer Creek and the Red Buttes, some distanc below which was the upper ford or last crossing. Some were transitory affairs, established by emigrants seeking to replenish their funds or supplies. As the route north of the river was developed, a portion of the traffic did not have to cross the North Platte at this point. But with the great swell in travel caused by the gold rush, there was no lack of patronage.[8]

Overland mail service to the settlements established by the Argonauts, Oregonians, and Mormons developed slowly during the fifties. A monthly mail service to Salt Lake City did not

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7. Mormon Ferry became the designation of the crossing known as the "Upper Platte Ferry or Ford." See W. Clayton, *The Latter-Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide of 1848* (reproduced in *A Journal of the Birmingham Emigrating Company,* pages 137-176, by Leander V. Loomis, edited by Edgar M. Ledyard, Salt Lake City, 1928, p. 158). An 1850 guide indicates at least three ferries between Deer Creek and Red Buttes, there being some 28 or more miles between the "Upper" and "Lower" ferries (Hosea B. Horn, *Horn's Overland Guide,* New York, 1853, pp. 20-21). This guide locates this "third ferry" at 41° 50' 40" (Clayton, 158). Some of the incidents, including quotations from original accounts, related to the origin and location of Mormon Ferry are told by Coutant, I, 344, 364-365; *The Oregon Trail,* by the Federal Writers' Project (New York, 1939, pp. 180-182), quotes extensively from the journal of Appelton Harmon, which is not listed alphabetically in the bibliography of that work (*Ibid.,* 228-230).

The craft used for crossing are described in several original accounts as suggested by Mrs. Paden. One of the most interesting descriptions is found in *Across the Plains and Among the Diggings* by Alonzo Delano (New York, 1936, pp. 34-37). Descriptions by Appleton Harmon, quoted in the *Oregon Trail Guide* (p. 180) are also very good.

Much is said about the ferrying charges. They fluctuated a great deal, but, although the rate was lower at first, in 1849 and after a charge of $4 to $5 per wagon and from 50¢ to $1 per head of stock appears general. Payment was often made in goods. The later toll bridge charges were not less. Consequently many tried to find a satisfactory ford before paying the price asked. When unsuccessful they were permitted to pay the toll in goods—even "baby wagons," which, though cherished, seemed unnecessary if they met the price exacted. Even the military, at times, decided that crossing on rafts of their own construction seemed unwise when at the Mormon Ferry wagons would be crossed for $4 each and same guaranteed delivered on the other side without damage. Even using this precaution they were "so unfortunate as to have two men drown." Quoted by Settle (*op. cit.,* 112).

8. Delano (*op. cit.,* 36) is among those who mention transient ferry keepers.

meet its schedule with regularity. Military operations in Utah, however, caused increased governmental interest in improved service, and by 1858 the service to Salt Lake City was weekly. Like the earlier mail, which went westward from Council Bluffs or Omaha, the 1858 mail from Independence, Missouri, followed the route which crossed the Platte in the vicinity of the present Casper, Wyoming. The Utah Expedition, 1857-58, appears also to have led to the establishment in 1858 of a small temporary military station at the bridge which spanned the Platte at the upper crossing.

On June 13, 1858, Companies D and E of the 4th Artillery marched from Fort Kearny, Nebraska Territory, with instructions to occupy the bridge over the North Platte, and arrived and took post at the Platte Bridge on July 29, 1858. By General Orders No. 7, District of the Platte, dated April 13, 1859, the post was ordered abandoned as soon as possible. On May 1, 1859, Companies D and E, 4th Artillery, departed thence for Fort Laramie.[9]

In May 1859 the mail contract was assigned to Jones, Russell and Company, the operators of the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express. Backed by the freighting firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell, the company, reorganized as the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, to provide speedier service and to demonstrate the practicability of the central route, launched the Pony Express. In 1861, when seccession of the Southern States was imminent, the daily overland mail was transferred from the longer Butterfield route to this central line.[10]

To facilitate the mail services and the freighting of supplies for the Utah Expedition, the crossing had been bridged. As early as 1853 emigrants found a structure some six or seven miles below Mormon Ferry. Near the latter place a second bridge was constructed late in the fifties. The existence of two rather costly bridges, so near each other in country so distant from the settlements, seems an incongruity but attests to the importance of the route.[11]

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9. National Archives letter of September 4, 1947, by Elizabeth B. Drewry for Director War Records Office.

10. Le Roy Hafen, *The Overland Mail* (Cleveland, 1926), 53, 165, *et seq.*

11. The basic secondary source on the Platte Bridge appears to be Coutant (I, 364-367). He points out that the history of bridges in Wyoming is not too clear. Stating that the bridge at Mormon Ferry, above Casper, had been built in 1859 by Louis Ganard, he mentions also the one seven miles below it, constructed earlier by John Reshaw or Richaud. An 1865 participant in the military operations in the vicinity spoke of the "upper bridge" and the "lower bridge." He also located the fight of July 2 with the Indians as on "Reshaw (Richard) Creek, 4 miles from lower bridge." (Quoted in Hebard and Brininstool, I, 162-164.)

The publications of the Wyoming Landmarks Commission do not treat Mormon Ferry as a separate site. Their map, unlike some others, shows

Indian troubles along the central overland route, even with its great use, had been sporadic in the fifties. The Grattan massacre in 1854, Harney's Ash Hollow attack in 1855, and the Cheyenne Expedition in 1857 recall outstanding clashes. There were other conflicts but of no major consequence. Simultaneously with the outbreak of the Civil War there was a rash of depredations along this central route. Ostensibly, for this reason the daily overland mail soon was transferred to the more southern Cherokee Trail in the summer of 1862. That was the year of the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota. There is little proof, however, that any of these Indian troubles were of Confederate inspiration.[12]

The loot to be gained from plundering the relatively unprotected communication lines was sufficient incentive for some depredation along travel routes, and growing discontent, as a result of dealings with white men, was not such as to deter even peacefully inclined tribes from making violent demonstrations of their resentment. Until the Civil War was virtually over, however, the Government's policy toward Indians along the Platte route was sporadic and less punitive than it was after the War Department was less busy on other fronts. General Connor's "Battle of Bear River" (Utah, January 29, 1863), in which over 200 Indians were killed, and the notorious Sand Creek massacre (Colorado, November 24, 1864), under Col. J. M. Chivington, were exceptions; but they showed the Indians that the temper of some of the military leaders on the frontier could be unmerciful.[13]

The guarding of the overland routes west from Fort Laramie to South Pass was entrusted largely to the 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry until 1865 when considerable reenforcements arrived to operate under General Connor in the Powder River Indian Expedition.[14] It was apparently with some disappointment that members of the Ohio regiment found themselves diverted from other battle fronts to Indian country. Serving almost continuously from 1862 to 1866, some of the regiment found pleasures as well as risks in this frontier assignment where they certainly were spread thin over a large area.[15]

Platte Bridge somewhat nearer Casper than the Mormon Ferry. *First Biennial Report of the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, 1927-1928* (Casper, 1929, map following p. 34).

Although it is probable that the bridge and ferry were not on identical land, it seems they were in proximity.

12. Frederic L. Paxson, *The Last American Frontier* (New York, 1928, pp. 227, 235, 243 *et seq.*); Hafen, 230.

13. *Ibid.*, 241-249; Spring, *Caspar Collins,* 45.

14. In 1862 Caspar Collins mentioned two companies of regular cavalry and a Mormon company. Letter of June 16, 1862, reproduced by Spring, *op. cit.*, 118.

15. *Ibid.*, 86.

The removal of the daily mail to the southern Cherokee Trail in 1862 nearly doubled the mileage to be protected by troops between Fort Kearny and Bridger's Pass. The telegraph line on the North Platte route still had to be maintained and required military protection. While small details of troops were distributed to smaller stations, on the southern route Fort Halleck and Camp Collins became important military points. Escorts, of course, could aid the mail coaches in getting through, but, as depredations increased, the operators withdrew their stock from dangerous parts of the route and discontinued operations, demanding garrisons of at least 30 men at each station.[16]

Fort Laramie, on the North Platte route, continued to be the hub of military operations for both routes.[17] Besides posts, as Camp Mitchell near Scottsbluff to the eastward, at least eight stations were maintained between Fort Laramie and South Pass in the following order: Horseshoe Creek, La Bonte or Marshall, Dear Creek, Platte Bridge,[18] Sweetwater, Three Crossings, Saint Mary's or Rocky Ridge, and South Pass, near Pacific Springs. For a time at least these were constituted into two divisions of four stations each, with the eastern group's headquarters at La Bonte and the western one at Three Crossings or the Sweetwater.[19]

The details assigned to these "block stations" varied in size, but they were small, consisting at times of only half a dozen or less men. One company had to garrison several posts and escort emigrants or mails or Government wagon trains.[20]

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16. *Ibid.*, 42-49.

17. Le Roy R. Hafen and Francis Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890* (Glendale, 1938, pp. 303-330).

18. National Archives data, apparently not complete, Miss Drewry's letter of September 4, 1947, states the muster rolls of Co. G, 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, show it was stationed at Platte Bridge from October 1864 until July 22, 1865. According to the rolls the detachment at Platte Bridge commenced building the fort on February 2, 1865, and finished all but the corral and stables on February 20.

19. For descriptions of these posts, see Spring, *op. cit.*, 70 n2; 71 n1, 2, 3, & 4; 74 n1; 75 n1; 77 n1; also 61 n1, 2, 80.

Several contemporary illustrations of those posts have survived. A few of them are by Caspar Collins, Co. G, 11th Ohio, and some by C. Moellman, a bugler in the same company. A partial list of references to these follows: Horseshoe Creek, by Moellman (Hebard, I, 83); La Bonte or Camp Marshall (Coutant, 368; Hebard, I, 103); Deer Creek, by Collins (Spring, frontispiece; Coutant, 361; Hebard, I, 103); Platte Bridge, by Collins (Spring, 66; Hebard, I, 173; also opposite p. 352, "The Eleventh Kansas Regiment at Platte Bridge," by S. H. Fairfield, pp. 352-362, *Transactions* of the Kansas Historical Society, Vol VIII, 1903-1904); Sweetwater, by Collins (Spring, 34; Hebard, I, 83); Three Crossings (Hebard, I, 83); St. Mary's or Rocky Ridge (Hebard, I, 87); Bridger Pass (Hebard, I, 121; Hafen, *Overland Mail*, 343).

Collins, when in charge of the western division made his headquarters at the Sweetwater Station (Spring, 74, 158).

20. *Ibid.*, 74, 76.

The appearance of the posts was as varied as their numbers for, except possibly for the sod roofs, there is little that can be classed as typical. While often described as stockaded, they had a less formidable appearance than did their prototype of the fur-trading era east of the Rockies or the "block house era" in the Pacific Northwest. Primarily these places were small "cantonments." Besides sheltering troops, however, they also housed the telegraph station and operator and at some, as in the case of the Platte Bridge Station, there was a trading post and the dwelling of the toll bridge owner. Some of the posts showed the influence of earlier developed telegraph and stage stations from which they evolved.[21]

The life of the troops assigned to garrison these posts can be glimpsed in the work on Caspar Collins by Agnes Wright Spring. This publication contains detailed descriptions of several of the posts and reproduces many of the letters by Lt. Caspar Collins and his father, Col. William O. Collins, who commanded the 11th Ohio until 1865. Either from a desire for refraining from alarming relatives at home or because of a natural inclination, young Collins appeared to have been more preoccupied with his observations on ethnology, the flora and fauna, and hunting and sketching familiar scenes on his route than with fighting Indians. By 1865 he is said to have succeeded to the command of his company, having charge of the four stations in the western division, that is, from the Sweetwater to South Pass.[22] Every fortnight or so he made the rounds of these posts, covering 104 miles. The bitter cold of December 1864 did not stop him from riding 220 miles, mostly alone, to Fort Laramie.[23] Still, he had scarcely arrived on the plains in 1862 when he prophetically and wisely observed: "I never saw so many men so anxious in my life to have a fight with the Indians. But ponies are faster than American horses, and I think they will be disappointed."[24]

The Indians periodically took up their annoying forays, stealing horses and other stock and now and then killing a man, and occasionally taking a woman or child captive. They cut the telegraph lines, attacked and destroyed mail coaches, and burned stations, interrupting communication and transportation services. Generally, the depredations were committed by small bands which

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21. Hebard and Brininstool, I, 135. National Archives letter by Miss Drewry, September 4, 1947, states that muster rolls of Co. G, 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, show post built February 2-20, 1865, except for corral and stables. This times very closely with the Mud Spring's fight.

22. Miss Drewry, September 4, 1947, states that Lt. H. C. Bretney commanded the company.

23. Spring, 71-2, 74, 158, 171-73.

24. Collins' letters, April 15, 1865, December 13, 1864, June 30, 1862. *Ibid.*, 121-122, 158-159, 168-170.

swooped down on isolated posts, running off stock and even cutting telegraph wires within a few yards of the stations, but seldom stopping for a standing fight as some military men hoped they would do. Pursuing troops had difficulty in making contact with them. After the attack on the Mud Springs Station, some 100 miles east of Fort Laramie, Colonel Collins, early in February 1865, did succeed in overtaking an unusual concentration, estimated as high as 2,000 warriors, and in July the number in the fight at Platte Bridge was estimated at 1,000 or more warriors.[25]

This gathering along the route has been interpreted by some as evidence of a planned general Indian uprising[26] Others have asserted that the concentrations were in part the results of Sully's expeditions against the Sioux in Dakota and the treatment of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Sand Creek.[27] On the whole, the Indians appear to have made no real concerted effort at particular points on the route, but rather it was small parties that plundered the route where they could. These attacks well may have been the normal reactions of different Indians to similar provocations in different areas.[28] The festering of cumulative causes of Indian discontent arising out of the encroachments of the aggressor nation was not helped by the aggressive attitude of some military leaders. When two Sioux chiefs, Two Face and Black Foot, were brought into Fort Laramie, in May 1865, with the captive Mrs. Eubank and daughter, victims of a raid, Colonel Moonlight, of the 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, Commanding, meted out arbitrary punishment. He derisively reported his action: "I concluded to

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25. Because of the nature of the work the significance of the engagements may appear to be somewhat overemphasized by Mrs. Spring, especially if compared with the more casual treatment given these same events in more general studies by Hafen or Paxson.

In a list of 19 engagements of the 11th Ohio (Spring, 97) for the period from November 1862 to August 1865, 15 were fought between February 6 and July 26, 1865. See report by Col. Wm. O. Collins, March 2, 1865, and mention by Lt. Collins' letter of April 15, 1865 (Spring, 170).

26. "Gathering of the Tribes" is the title of one chapter by Mrs. Spring which speaks of the concentration of the Indians in the Powder River country. George B. Grinnell, *Fighting Cheyennes* (New York, 1915), 185-194.

27. Hebard and Brininstool (*op. cit.,* 125, 129, 138) give a rather alarming picture of the situation which reflects the tone of reports of some of the military leaders. The feeling is suggested that the Indians were in complete control of the district. Colonel Moonlight, of the 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, commanding at Fort Laramie, is quoted as confirming the opinion of other officers when he stated: "The Indians are now determined to make it a war of extermination and nothing short of five thousand men can make it extermination for them."

28. Paxson, *op. cit.,* 244.

tie them up by the neck with a trace-chain, suspended from a beam of wood, and leave them without any foothold."[29]

Moonlight was soon mustered out of service. He was discredited when shortly after this hanging incident the Indians made away with his command's horses while he was on an expedition against them after one of their bands had turned on their soldier escort and escaped to join the hostiles.[30]

Friends of the Indians asserted that reenforcement of the hostiles' forces was due in part to rumors of harsh measures with which they were threatened by the military.[31] Unfortunately, these rumors were too well founded in fact. General Connor announced that bands of Arapahoe and Sioux who had been fed near Fort Halleck and Camp Collins, suspecting that their part in the depredations along the mail route had been discovered, left for the warpath. He declared that "none of them are to be trusted. They must be hunted like wolves. The severest punishment is necessary before we can have any peace with them." He ordered that all Indians along the mail route be treated as hostiles and that no quarter be shown males over 12 years of age.[32]

The depredations of the Indians were actually of such report that the Department of the Interior had turned the troubles over to the War Department. "We have got these Indian matters now in our hands and we must settle them" wrote General Dodge to Connor on July 21, 1865.[33] Although a scout on the Little Arkansas had been ordered by General Sanborn to be careful to observe instructions requiring that no acts of hostilities be committed by the troops unless attacked,[34] General Dodge informed him "When you get there [Indian country] you can determine whether you can make peace safely before whipping them. If not fight them, and then make the agreement. I want it settled

29. Hebard and Brininstool, I, 149-150.

30. Hafen, *Fort Laramie,* 334.

31. Vital Jarrot, U. S. Indian Agent for the Upper Platte Agency, blamed the threats of army officials for driving friendly Indians to join the hostiles. (Letter of August 8, 1865, in *House Ex. Doc.,* 39th Cong. 1 Sess., Ser. No. 1248, p. 617.) He also mentioned misdeeds of Indian Agents which alienated some of the tribes (July 15, 1865, *Ibid.,* 616-617). His observation may reasonably be assumed to have been directed at Connor's orders.

32. See P. Edw. Connor, Brig. Gen., Commanding, District of the Plains, Fort Laramie, July 3, 1865, to Maj. Gen. G. M. Dodge, Department of the Missouri, in *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion,* Vol. 48, pt. 2 (102), p. 1045. (*War of the Rebellions Compilation of official records of Union and Confederate Armies,* Washington, 1880-1901, 70 vols. in 130.)

33. Dodge to Connor, July 21, 1865. *Ibid.,* 48, pt. 2 (102), pp. 1112, 1115.

34. Maj. John H. Sanborn, Fort Riley, Headquarters Upper Arkansas District, July 13, 1865. *Ibid.,* 48, pt. 2 (102), p. 1077.

while you are in the country, and they can see our power and you understand in making any agreement we can only make it for a cessation of hostilities, keeping away from our lines of travel, and we desisting from molesting them."[35]

General Pope, superior to both Dodge and Connor, had heard "from several sources unpleasant news about General Connor's doings."[36] Loathe to believe anything to his discredit, he asked Dodge to look into it. When he received copies of the orders issued the commanders of the assembling Powder River Indian Expedition, reading "You will not receive overtures of peace or submission from Indians, but will attack and kill every male Indian," Pope officially denounced them as "atrocious" and "in direct violation of my repeated orders." He commanded that these infamous orders be rectified without delay on threatened penalty of the officer's commission, if not worse.[37]

Still, Pope wrote to Dodge stating that he did not wish to interfere "with your expeditions until they are over,"[38] and preparations for the Powder River Expedition, under General Connor, were allowed to go ahead.

Fate may have sided with the Indians for the punitive expedition did not get under way without difficulties. Although the meeting of Generals Grant and Lee at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9 had freed the War Department to give more attention to Indian warfare, retrenchment made it necessary to hurry the reduction of the military forces to the essential minimum. In addition, many of the reenforcements arriving in the Indian country consisted of volunteer regiments having many members who felt that since the war was over their term of service was up. Their defiance of orders was termed mutinous by officers who had no less harsh medicine to bring about their subordination than for the Indians.[39]

The seriousness of the threat to Platte Bridge in 1865 is not altogether evident. The success of the Indians in stopping mail service and in breaking telegraphic service was considerable. Some weeks after the Mud Springs attack, the Indians resumed their forays against the southern route. The mail service was again interrupted. Several stations were abandoned. On June 8

35. Dodge to Sanborn, July 24, 1865. *Ibid.*, 48, pt. 2, pp. 192, 1117.
36. *Ibid.*, 48, pt. 1, 352, Pope to Dodge, August 7, 1865.
37. *Ibid.*, 48, pt. 1, 356.
38. *Ibid.*, 48, pt. 1, 352, 356.
39. Hafen, *Fort Laramie,* 337. Many references to conduct of different volunteers termed mutinous are found in materials published in the *Official Records* cited. 48, pt. 2 (102), 1059, 1084, 1112, 1122-1123. Connor ordered one mutinous regiment suppressed "with grape and canister," and the leaders brought to trial; but others he felt he could not punish because they were scattered, and their services could not be dispensed with.

the Sage Creek Station was burned. The operators lost several head of stock and withdrew the balance from the exposed sections of the line. They did not want to resume service until larger military garrisons were provided.[40]

The telegraph service was also broken by the cutting of the wires and burning of poles. Toward the end of May, St. Mary's Station was burned and lines were cut for some distance, at times quite close to the stations. A scout in force developed no fights and found only a barren country.

On June 3, Indians appeared near the Platte Bridge. The sergeant commanding called for help from troops from nearby Camp Dodge and did what appears to have been the common practice, "ordered the men to fire on the Indians." Three shots from the 12-pound howitzer "drove the Indians over the bluffs." Soon Colonel Plumb was chasing them for five miles or so. In this fray the casualties were small as was usually the case in such fights.[41]

On July 25, the Indians appeared again near the Platte Bridge. This time they came in larger force. Again help was called for. A Cheyenne chief, Highbacked Wolk, was killed. Before his body was recovered by the Indians it is said to have been scalped and mutilated by some soldiers in retaliation for the mangling of their fallen comrades.[42]

During the night of July 25 or early in the morning of July 26, Lt. H. C. Bretney and a detail of men en route from the West to Fort Laramie arrived at the Platte Bridge Station. They reported passing a wagon train with a military escort also eastward bound. Therefore, on the morning of July 26 Lieutenant Collins, who had been on the plains since 1862 and who recently had arrived at the station on his way back to his posts to the westward, either volunteered or was ordered to lead what has been called a "forlorn hope" to relieve and bring in the wagon train.[43] With 25 men he set forth across the bridge. Soon the force was surrounded by Indians rising from ambush in the ravines. In a charging retreat, all but five of the force escaped the foe, but Collins and four enlisted men lost their lives. Mrs. Spring has reconstructed what happened as follows:

> The evidence is not exactly clear, but it appears that Collins ordered a retreat by his left, which movement faced his command towards the post and left him as rear guard. The Indians were by that time

40. Hafen, *Fort Laramie,* 329-337; *ORWOR,* 48, pt. 1, 255, 294, 295, 296, 815.

41. *ORWOR,* 48, pt. 1, 296; Spring 77. Two men are listed as killed in this affair. In proportion to the number engaged, such losses were high. Colonel Plumb was later U. S. Senator from Kansas (Coutant, I, 478).

42. Spring, 81-83. Sgt. Isaac B. Pennick and Lt. Wm. Y. Drew, Co. I, 11th Kansas Cavalry, in Hebard and Brininstool, I, 160, 182.

43. Spring, 82-85; Hebard and Brininstool, I, 166-172, 183-200.

massed so closely around the little band that they were afraid to shoot for fear of killing each other, and consequently the fighting was for the most part hand to hand.

One man who was riding beside Lieutenant Collins said that Caspar was shot in the hip as he rode down the hill, but that he said nothing about it, so that the soldier could not tell whether the wound was severe. When they reached the bottom of the hill, Caspar heard the cries of a wounded soldier who had fallen from his horse and went back to his rescue. Caspar reached the wounded man, whom he partially raised and tried to assist to a position in front of him, when his horse became unmanageable and whirled. Collins was last seen with both revolvers drawn as his horse dashed into the crowd of Indians. His horse, which was wounded and later captured by the Cheyennes, was known as hard-headed and was always running away.[44]

A day or two later the bodies of the slain were searched for. The horribly mangled remains of Caspar Collins were found some distance from the fight. Only one of the victims appears to have escaped these indignities.[45]

On the day of this Platte Bridge fight, the wagon train was approaching the vicinity of the Red Buttes, within a few miles of the bridge, when the Indians fell upon it. Of a force of about 25, only 3 escaped. The treatment of the victims was even more fiendish than that handed those who failed to escape to the bridge earlier that day. Officials of the Indian Service agreed that the atrocities were "very numerous and shockingly revolting" in their details.[46] Friendly agents, critical of the military, saw "the necessity of keeping the Indians from the main roads."

The casualties of the troops in the fights of July 26 at Platte Bridge and the Red Buttes numbered 26 or 27 killed and 9 wounded. Through the gloom cast by this loss there appeared to the troops one bright ray: Scouts reported that "the Indians threw away all scalps they had taken. . . a sure sign they had lost more than they had killed."[47] The number of Indians engaged is variously estimated. The official report given the day after the fighting by General Connor reads:

One thousand Indians attacked Platte Station on Tuesday; fighting two days. Lieutenant Collins, Eleventh Ohio Cavalry and 25 men, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, killed; 9 wounded. Bodies scalped and horribly mutilated. Note picked up on field to-day evidently written by a prisoner who stated that he was captured on the Platte, states the Indians say they do not want peace and expect an increase of

44. Spring, 86-87.
45. *Ibid.*, 94; Fairfield, 359-360.
46. *House Ex. Doc.*, 39 Cong, 1 Sess. (Ser. 1248), pp. 581-4, E. B. Taylor, Supt., Northern Superintendency, Omaha, Nebr., September 15, 1865.
47. *ORWOR*, 48, pt. 1, 358.

> 1,000 men to their force. They are now three miles west destroying the telegraph line. The left column is now en route there; the balance will leave in two days. I start for Platte Bridge myself on Saturday.[48]

Connor's Powder River Indian Expedition, which had been assembling for a final settlement of these Indian troubles by force, finally got under way with a considerable body of troops. It did mete out harsh punishment to all Indians it caught, but it failed in accomplishing its intended settlement of the Indian problem by whipping them in a "standing fight" or trapping large numbers and thus crushing them. There was no repetition of the battles or massacres at Ash Hollow, Bear River, or Sand Creek. As young Lieutenant Collins had foreseen, the alerted Indians used their greater mobility to advantage, and ran away. More moderate voices prevailed upon governmental officials to change their policy. Connor was soon relieved of the command in the district and peace emissaries were sent out to the Indians.[49]

The Platte Bridge Station escaped further troubles. During 1865 it was apparently made a permanent post and enlarged, and on November 21 it was renamed "Fort Casper" by an order reading:

> II. The Military Post situated at Platte Bridge, between Deer and Rock Creeks, on the Platte River, will be hereafter known as Fort Casper, in honor of Lt. Casper Collins, 11th Ohio Cavalry, who lost his life while gallantly attacking a superior force of Indians at that place.[50]

Unfortunately the order misspelled the name of the fallen hero whom it honored.

Negotiations with the Indians led to a treaty providing for the opening of the Powder River or Bozeman road, traversing choice Sioux hunting grounds. But when Forts Phil Kearny, C. F. Smith, and Reno were established on that route in 1866, the resentful Indians soon held them virtually in constant state of siege. On December 21, 1866, they annihilated Fetterman and his command of 80 men. In the Wagon Box Fight the next August, the Sioux were repulsed, but they did not accede to the

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48. *Ibid.*, 357, July 27, 1865, by E. P. Connor. The note picked up after the battle is published by Hebard and Brininstool, *op. cit.*, I, 192.

49. Hafen, *Fort Laramie*, 338; Hebard and Brininstool, I, 237-261; Coutant, I, 505-539; Grinnell, 203-4. When Connor returned to his base at Camp Connor he found orders recalling him and relieving him of the command, and peace negotiations were ordered in this district as they had been in the Arkansas District and in Dakota.

50. Hebard and Brininstool (I, 175), as did Coutant before them (I, 478), reproduce the order spelling the name "Fort Caspar." See Note 1 above.

The short life of Fort Caspar as such was no doubt due to the fact that while fairly close to the focal point where the Bozeman Trail crossed the route to the Pacific it was not at the junction where Fort Fetterman was established.

treaty of 1868 creating the Great Sioux Reservation until the objectionable forts were abandoned.[51]

One fort established in 1867 where the Bozeman Trail crossed the Oregon Trail and the North Platte near La Bonte or Marshall Station at the mouth of La Prele Creek was named for the leader of the Fetterman disaster. It continued until 1878. Even before its establishment, however, the importance of the post at the site of the Platte Bridge fight had waned and in 1867 the new Fort Caspar was abandoned.[52]

Plans and pictures of Fort Caspar suggest that it was of the general type of western Army post or fort as these military cantonments were called.[53] Incorporated in it were parts of the old block station, the enlargement of which is said to have been ordered during 1865.[54] It was the Platte Bridge Station known to young Collins and his comrades rather than Fort Caspar, however, which represented the climactic period of this site. The temporary crude block station, simply constructed out of peeled logs and with sod roofs, the inelegant dirt-floor quarters of the officers, and the small squad rooms and mess rooms pushed right up against the stable and corral are not things of beauty even in their present reconstructed state. But to the trooper and soldier guarding overland communications, they must have been a source of physical comfort after patrols through subzero winter weather and an ideal refuge when confronted by a foe numerically superior. Thus the station, like others of similar construction, served a real military purpose.

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51. Hafen, *Fort Laramie,* 339-361.

52. Coutant, I, 594; Drewry, *op. cit.*

53. *Ibid.,* op. p. 480. The illustration appears to be an idealized one. An undated plan (after 1865) obtained from the National Archives shows the arrangement of the post before the expansion had been completed. The new developments were further away from the river than was the station.

54. The above plan mentions some buildings as worthless. From it, it appears that the one wing of the Platte Bridge Station was returned completely to civilian use. Buildings numbered 18, 19, and 20 of the plan are described thereon as the "Bridge Proprietor's dwellings and store—W.U. Telegraph Office—Boarding House and Ranche," respectively. These appear to be part of the old station buildings. Copies of a sketch plan of the earlier station by Collins are also available. There was also a "Post Sutler's Store (Old Fort Block House)" and a "Mormon Supply Depot."



Oldtimers at Dedication of State Marker of Original Townsite of Worland August 27, 1954.

1st row, left to right: Myrtle Compton, Mrs. Frank S. Coulter, Mrs. C. F. Robertson, Alex Leiper, W. A. Woodrow, Ruth Palmer Kennedy, Mrs. A. A. Palmer, A. A. Palmer, H. Clyde Shirk, Albert Bosch, Charles Watkins, S. S. Halstead, Frank Farley, Mrs. W. F. Bragg, Sr., Wellington Rupp, J. D. McNutt.

2nd row: Herb Horel, Mrs. Horel, J. S. Russell, Mrs. J. S. Russell, Mrs. Emile Faure, Mrs. H. Clyde Shirk, Mrs. W. A. Woodrow, Dean Palmer, Loyd Wilson, Mrs. Loyd Wilson, Robert E. Stine, Roy Russell, Mrs. Roy Russell, Mary Bosch White, W. F. Bragg, Sr., Gaden Russell.

3rd row: Joe Salzman, Mrs. Salzman, Mrs. E. M. Conant, J. L. McClellan, Mrs. Elizabeth Bosch George (black hat), George Wortham, Mrs. Wortham, Amandus Erickson, Mrs. Erickson (Esther Claycomb), Mrs. R. H. Stine, C. H. Stark, Elmer Packer, Guy Woodrow, P. F. McClure.

Dedication of Worland Townsite Marker

By

MARY F. BRAGG*

A low hill west of the Big Horn River, surmounted by modern farm buildings now, but scarred by indentations where the first Worland settlers lived in dugouts and cabins, looms above a stone marker of enduring granite. At this spot adjacent to Highway 20 and not far distant from the river bridge, old timers and many of the younger generation, Washakie county and Worland city officials with Joseph S. Weppner, Cheyenne, secretary of the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming and scores of others met on Friday 2 P.M., August 27, 1954 to pay tribute to the pioneers whose dreams converted a raw sage and greasewood desert into a green and fertile valley.

The occasion was the dedication of the monument marker of the original town-site of Worland. The monument, installed on a site deeded to the Landmark Commission by the Holly Sugar Corporation, serves as a silent reminder to all who pass of perils overcome and prosperity assured for future generations. Sponsored by the Worland Woman's Club, organized in 1914, through a committee of the Past Presidents with Mrs. William F. Bragg, chairman, the project took shape last year when the commission agreed to furnish the marker.

On the face of the marker is a fine example of the stone carver's art. It is an engraving of the first postoffice and stage station erected and operated by C. H. "Dad" Worland, original homesteader on the site and for whom the settlement was named.

Records from "Historical Review and Development of the Worland Valley" by the late C. F. Robertson, first mayor of Worland, indicate that the log cabin was established as a postoffice with C. H. "Dad" Worland as the first postmaster in 1904, about the time of the incorporation of the Hanover Land and Irrigation Company on June 20, 1904.

The survey party for the company was headed by Mr. Robertson. Officers, now deceased, were W. L. Culbertson, Carroll, Ia., president; Rev. D. T. Pulliam, Loveland, Colo., vice president; R. E. Coburn, Carroll, Ia., treasurer; Mr. Robertson, Omaha, Neb., secretary and manager. The original sponsors included Dr. N. B. Rairden, Supt. of Baptist Missions for several western states.

Many avenues and streets of Worland, when incorporated on the east side of the river, were named in memory of the pioneers and town founders.

Mr. Robertson tells in his book of arriving in camp west of the river in 1903 with the group to survey future irrigation lines. Here he first met "Dad" Worland who had homesteaded near Fifteen Mile Creek and was then living in a dugout which he called "The Hole in the Wall". The genial pioneer had been all over the west trailing sheep from Oregon and Washington east and engaging in a myriad of other enterprises. He first came to the Big Horn Basin selling fruit trees for the Stark Nurseries of Missouri. A hundred miles from the nearest railroad he took up his land, dug in, and waited cheerfully for civilization to come his way. Which—eventually—happened.

Old timers were invited to meet near the original "dug-out" and select the site for the marker on Dec. 13, 1953 with the Worland Woman's Club committee. Early day residents present were E. M. Conant and the late Mrs. Conant, Messers and Mesdames Lloyd Wilson, Noel Morgan, Fritz Loudan, George C. Muirhead, A. G. Johnson, Herb Horel, Mrs. Henry Mammen, Mrs. Elsie Shryack, Frank S. Coulter and committee members Mesdames Bragg, St. Clair, Bartholomew and Waldo.

To obtain the deed from the Holly Sugar Corporation for the site selected Mrs. Bragg appointed E. M. Conant, George C. Muirhead, Noel Morgan, Lloyd Wilson and Frank S. Coulter to the committee. Mr. Glen Yeager, Worland Holly Sugar superintendent, was very helpful. The marker was placed on the site July 15, 1954.

Joseph L. McClellan of Billings, Mont., who was a clerk for "Dad" Worland in the early days sent the picture of the old log cabin which was selected to be used on the marker at an open meeting for all pioneers interested in choosing the most suitable picture. With the picture he wrote that his duties consisted mainly of collecting thirty-five cents per meal from each patron arriving on the stage from Garland to Thermopolis. He was a lad of sixteen and was proud that "Dad" said it was the first time his hotel ever made him any money.

Below the engraving on the marker is the inscription:

"To all pioneers and in memory of C. H. "Dad" Worland for whom the town is named. He erected the stage station on the old Bridger Trail about 100 yards north of here. That spot was the original townsite established in 1904. The town moved across the river in 1906. Erected by the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming."

Dedication ceremonies were in charge of Mr. Weppner. After selections by the Worland Junior High School band directed by

Basil Broadbent, the Rev. Arthur P. Schnatz, D.D., pastor of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran church gave the invocation in memory of the pioneers.

Frank R. Watson, mayor of Worland, gave the welcome address and introduced Mr. Weppner.

Giving a brief history of the Landmark Commission, Mr. Weppner thanked the Worland Woman's Club for their request for the marker saying that it is the first request from the Big Horn Basin. He said that over thirty markers have been placed since the 1927 state legislature established the Commission when the late Frank Emerson, former Worland resident, was governor. Warren Richardson, chairman; and Mr. Weppner, secretary; both of Cheyenne, are the only original members left and have served continuously since appointed.

Glen Yeager, Holly Sugar Corporation superintendent at Worland, and Mr. McClellan of Billings, Mont. were introduced by Mr. Weppner. He thanked Mr. Yeager on behalf of the state for the site and to Mr. McClellan he expressed appreciation for the photograph used on the marker. Both responded with short talks.

Wellington Rupp of Seattle, Wash. told some early day history. He said that his father the late A. G. Rupp had located a post-office called Welling west of the river from Rairden in 1900. The log store and postoffice building was the only one between Thermopolis and Basin City. Goods were brought from Montana and later from Garland, Wyoming by six horse teams and Studebaker tandem wagons. The Rupp family, consisting of father, mother, two sons and a daughter, also cared for travellers coming through by stage or their own buckboards. The father also operated a ferry across the river. Later Rupps moved to Worland in 1904.

Another speaker telling of early days was Wilbur A. Woodrow of Thermopolis, whose wife Gertrude is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, pioneer operators of the Hotel Elma which was later moved across the frozen river in January 1906 with many other buildings as the C. B. and Q. R. R. was laying the track on the east side of the river. There was no bridge spanning the river as today.

Mr. Woodrow pointed out locations of many buildings of the old town including the hospital, Hanover office managed by E. M. Conant, Bebb's Store in charge of the late Ashby Howell, Sam Black's Hardware Store, Big Horn Canal office, Hotel Elma, McIntyre's Barber Shop (McIntyre was also town marshal and justice of the peace), the late O. C. Morgan's livery barn (he brought many landseekers by rig from the nearest railroad point at Garland), Rupp's Store, part of which was used for a schoolroom (Miss Carrie Ley then Mrs. Alice Rhodes were the first teachers, assisted by Robert E. Stine), the Chinese Laundry, the

stage station and postoffice. Among some of the anecdotes he told were of Ashby Howell's ferry across the river also of a packrat incident at the cattle camp of Ray S. Hake. The camp was located on the site of the present Worland railroad depot.

Verification of the original townsite being on the old Bridger Trail first marked in 1866 by the famous Jim Bridger as a safe road to the Montana Gold Fields is contained in a photostatic copy of a U. S. War Department map of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers and their tributaries explored by Capt. W. F. Reynolds, US Top. Engs. and 1st Lieut. H. E. Maynadier, 10th US Infantry in 1859 through 1860 and revised up to the year of 1876 by Maj. G. L. Gillespie, US Engineers.

William F. Bragg, writer and native son of Lander, told of Jim Bridger opening the trail in 1866, as did John Bozeman whose route to the gold fields skirted the eastern flank of the Big Horns. Records of pioneers on the Bridger route are scant and will bear further research but the Bridger road was known to be safer than Bozeman's trail since it did not run through the domain of the fighting Sioux tribes. Fierce fights east of the Big Horns were attacks on Fort Phil Kearney, Fort C. F. Smith, the Fetterman Massacre and the Wagon Box fight.

This map was discovered by William F. Bragg, Jr., an instructor on the faculty of the Southeast Center of the University of Wyoming at Torrington. Serving as U. S. Ranger and Historian at the Fort Laramie National Monument this summer he presented the copy of the map to his father of Worland. It shows that while the Bozeman Trail swung northwards east of the Big Horns from Fort Fetterman on the North Platte, Bridger continued to Fort Caspar, crossed the river there then swung northwest and reached Badwater Creek. From the spot now occupied by Lysite, Wyo. he followed up Bridger Creek, crossed the Big Horns through Bridger Pass, came through the Kirby country then crossed the Big Horn to the west side a short distance north of the mouth of Nowater Creek. His road followed the river closely until opposite the present town of Manderson. His road then veered north through Pryor's Gap, across Clarks Fork River and eventually joined Bozeman's road east of the present town of Bozeman, Mont.

The old map shows two passes here—each named after one of the old scouts. In 1866, the entire Big Horn Basin was practically unexplored territory with but a few streams marked east of the river. Badwater, Nowater and Nowood appeared to have been known to these early explorers but few others. Streams west of the river were better known due to scouting by soldiers and Shoshoni scouts from military camps over in the South Pass area.

So "Dad" Worland's old log cabin marked a historical road which had almost faded from memory of the early pioneers whose settlement is now commemorated by the silent sentinel placed

there by the State of Wyoming just fifty years after a U. S. post-office was established in the log cabin stage station.

After the talk by Mr. Bragg there was a moment of silence in memory of the pioneers and those unable to be present.

Mrs. Bragg and the committee expressed appreciation to all who had assisted with the project. A group picture of the pioneers present was taken at the foot of the marker. They were registered by Charles R. Harkins. A pioneer picnic was held in the evening at the Sanders city park. Both events were well attended.

Registrations of the pioneers and the younger generation were:

Mr. and Mrs. Rico H. Stine, Vista, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. Lee S. Hake, Jr. and Frances Hake, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert F Gillespie, Ralph and Barbara, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Taylor and Edward, Phoenix, Ariz.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. McClellan, Billings, Mont.; Wellington Rupp, Seattle, Wash.; Tom Cotter, Dodson, Mont.; Mrs. William Dolphin, Butler, Wis.; Miss Helen Taylor, New York City; Joseph S. Weppner, Cheyenne; Robert E. Stine, Casper; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur A. Woodrow, Charles Watkins, all of Thermopolis; Mr. and Mrs. Amandus W. Erickson, Burlington; Mrs. Echo Sweet Pickett, Ten Sleep.

Mayor Frank R. Watson and Mrs. Watson, Messers and Mesdames J. S. Russell, E. M. Conant, H. C. Shirk, A. A. Palmer, A. G. Johnson, Earl T. Bower, Cecil D. Black, Ray F. Bower, Frank S. Coulter, their daughter Mrs. Tom Turnbull and granddaughter Mary Evelyn Turnbull, Ray S. Hake and daughter-in-law Ray Hake, Jr. and son Steven Ray Hake, Russell Laird, Roy Russell, C. H. Stark, A. H. Ellbogen, H. D. Rauchfuss, Bert Agee, Clair Barngrover, Fred Greet, W. J. Gorst, H. H. Horel, George C. Muirhead, Harry A. Taylor, Albert Girod, A. J. Knisely and daughter Mrs. Leonard Bonine and son, E. M. Paris, William F. Bragg, Don H. Babbitt, Lloyd Wilson, A. J. Klein, E. L. Evans, Joe Salzman, Gordon McGarvin all from Worland; Miss Anna F. Godfrey, Mesdames C. F. Robertson, Margaret McClellan Chastain, Ruth Millard McKeon, Minnie Taylor Francke, Lillian Leithead, Myrtle Compton and daughter Carleen, Wallace Shryack, Gayleen and Terry, Frank Dent, Emile Faure, Ruth Palmer Kennedy, Daisy McCann, Mary Bosch White, Anna Elizabeth Bosch George, Fred Bosch, A. E. Bartholomew, Rosa St Clair, W. A. Waldo, Marie Platt, O. C. Bonine all from Worland.

P. F. McClure, Charles R. Harkins, Guy Woodrow, Frank Farley, William Greet, Sam H. Black, Dean Palmer, Don H. Babbitt, Jr., William Faure, Elmer Packer, Ray Pendergraft, Albert Bosch, Roger Clymore, Henry Leikham, R. M. Showalter, Pete Scheuerman, Leo Scheuerman, S. S. Halstead, Gaden Russell,

J. D. McNutt, Bill Orr, Ken Monroe, Hugh Knoefel, Alex Leiper all of Worland.

Among visitors to view the marker before the dedication were "Dad" Worland's nephews Willis and John Worland and their wives from "Dad's" hometown, where they live at Montgomery City, Mo. It was their first visit to the town established by their pioneer uncle whom they visited at Denver, Colo. before his death some years ago. Mr. Robertson described him as a "diamond in the rough", genial but self-contained to a marked degree with dry wit and humor. They called on Mr. and Mrs. George C. Muirhead and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Yeager, both couples now living in homes built by "Dad" and his son Charlie Worland, also deceased.



Committee members, left to right: Mrs. A. E. Bartholomew, Mrs. Rosa St. Clair, Mrs. W. A. Waldo, Mrs. W. F. Bragg, Sr.; and Mr Joseph S. Weppner, secretary of the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming.

The Old Occidental

By

HOWARD B. LOTT*

The pioneers of the Old West were remarkably lacking in originality in the application of names. This accounts, in a way, for the existence of so many Occidental hotels in that new cattle land of the sixties and seventies which extended westward from the Missouri river to the Rockies. One in particular, however, the old Occidental of Buffalo, Wyoming, stood apart from all the others in many respects. It was the first to be erected in that part of the Indian country claimed by the Crows, Cheyennes, and Sioux known as the Powder River Country. During the sixties when Kansas was just becoming well known as a cattle country, there was located at Dodge City an Occidental hotel, undoubtedly the original from which the Old Occidental received its name.

Back in the days of 1879 when the name Johnson County first began to appear upon the pages of Wyoming history, there appeared upon the banks of Clear Creek at the eastern boundary limit of the Fort McKinney Military Reservation, a gathering of rugged pioneers engaged in the building of a new town. A number of tents had here been set up on the site of the future town of Buffalo.

Charles E. Buell, a pioneer of Johnson County, was living in one of the tents of this new tent-town. Born in Geneva, Wisconsin, he had come to northern Wyoming in 1878 with the Trabing Brothers and, remaining for a while in their employ, had assisted them with the transfer of their store in 1879 from its original location at the Bozeman Trail crossing on Crazy Woman, to a site on what is now the Cross H ranch, some four miles south of Buffalo. Before the word had been passed around that the post reservation had been reduced, the store was once more dismantled and moved to a new location on the banks of Clear Creek, some three miles nearer the fort.

The story of how the Occidental came to be was told to the writer by Miles Buell, a son of the builder. Charley Buell was preparing his meal one day at his tent not long after his arrival on Clear Creek, when a party of miners rode up with a large pack outfit. They inquired of Mr. Buell if they might remain with him

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NOTE.—This article was written by Mr. Lott in 1939.

for a few days and if he would board them during their stay in the new town. He readily assented to the proposition, and the miners prepared themselves for a few days of leisure among these pioneers, free from the cares of their own campfire and the preparation of their own meals. One of them inquired of Mr. Buell as to the best manner in which to cache some gold that they had just recently taken from the Big Horn Mountains to the west. In the way of a reply, Mr. Buell conducted them to the interior of the tent and pointed out to them a hole dug into the ground directly under his bed. He informed them that they might place the gold in this hole and rest assured that it would not be molested. This was done, and these miners thus received from Charley Buell the facilities of Johnson County's first hotel. For several days thereafter Charley Buell made coffee, fried bacon, and turned "flapjacks" for this party of miners and was liberally rewarded for his hospitality upon their departure. Thus did the Old Occidental take its beginning in a tent on the banks of Clear Creek.

Charley Buell then decided that the hotel business might be profitable in this new town and concluded to erect a building on the site of the tent-hotel and go into the business on a larger scale. Putting up a temporary frame shack, he then proceeded with the construction of the famous Old Occidental. While engaged in the removal of underbrush and trees from the site, Mr. Buell discovered a human skull in the crotch of one of the trees. Upon being removed and examined closely, it was found to be that of an Indian, buried probably, as was the early custom of several of the Indian tribes, upon a scaffold constructed among the branches of closely growing trees. The skull had become tightly held by the growing branches and remained in position when the scaffold supporting the body became dilapidated and fell away. It eventually came into the possession of one of the pioneer attorneys of Buffalo and still occupies a place upon the shelf in his office.

The new building consisted of a main structure approximately twenty-four by twenty-eight feet. The entrance was through a large door surmounted by a panel consisting of small panes of glass. One window on each side of this door, together with one directly above, were of native lumber covered by a hip roof of shingles. There were six bedrooms on the upper floor, three on each side, and each had a dormer window. The lower floor was occupied by the lobby, dining room, and kitchen. Along the north and south sides of the lower story there were constructed, in somewhat of a lean-to fashion, two more sets of rooms, which set off the whole building in a pleasing balance of uniform construction. The front room of each of these two sets or groups extended some five or six feet past the front of the main building and in the walls thus formed, and directly opposite each other, there were placed two additional doors, thus permitting entrance

to these side rooms without passing through the main building. The picture was completed by the usual hitchrack in the street before the main doorway, which served as a hotel de occidental to the many cowponies of the day whose apparent duty was to wait with patience on three legs the return of their riders from a session within of "bucking the tiger" or consuming straight whiskey at two bits a drink.

This building was completed some time during the fall of 1880, and from old notes and papers preserved by Mrs. Charles Buell, there is found an item which states that the first cook employed by Mr. Buell in the Old Occidental was a Jacob Schmerer, more familiarly known as Dutch Jake. Schmerer was somewhat of a character, in a way, and was well liked by Charley Buell. His disappearance from his squatter claim on Dry Creek in April 1885, was the cause of no little amount of talk in the country and anxiety among his friends. He had spent the winter on his claim in the poisoning of wolves, and when it became apparent that he, together with all his belongings, was really gone, suspicion was at once directed toward Bill Booth, a questionable character who had spent the winter with Schmerer at his claim. The story of Booth's capture in Miles City by Stock Inspector W. D. Smith, his return to Buffalo, and the incidents of his trial and hanging at the rear of the then new court house is too long to be related here, but in view of the fact that this was Johnson County's first legal hanging, would, in itself, make an interesting tale.

The Old Occidental was more than just a hotel in the early days of Johnson County. Not only serving as a hotel and a place of meeting for old friends, who had for weeks or perhaps months lost trace of one another, it also served as a town hall, a polling place, and, fortunately for the victims of disease and those who survived an encounter with the Colt or Winchester, it served as a hospital. Then, too, when Johnson County was being organized in 1881, the right or north wing served the purpose of a court house. It was here that John R. Smith and Charles A. Farwell, two of the commissioners appointed by the territorial governor for the purpose of organizing the county, met and proceeded with the steps necessary for the calling of an election of county officers to handle the affairs of the new County. This first meeting was held in the north wing of the Old Occidental, and the record is dated Clear Creek, March 29, 1881. It goes on to state that for Clear Creek precinct, Porter Kempton, John Erhart, and A. J. McCray were appointed judges of election and that the voting place was designated as A. J. McCray's Occidental Hotel on Clear Creek. (Just why the Occidental was inferred as belonging to McCray is not known, as construction was performed by Charley Buell, McCray having been taken in as a partner some time during this same spring 1881.) Also, it was through the effects of Mr. and Mrs.

Buell that the Old Occidental came to be so well known for its hospitality in the years to come.

During the year 1884 the people of Johnson County enjoyed a prosperity that was growing along with the cattle business. The new Canaan was booming and the stockmen had not as yet suffered the great losses in livestock which had to be sustained by them later on. Needless to say, the Old Occidental shared in this prosperity and expansion which resulted in the building of an annex to the old hotel. The annex was built south of and adjoining the main building, between it and the bank of Clear Creek. It was a two story frame building, and, because of the fact that it was of two stories, did not have the usual false front so much used in the construction of Western buildings in those days. A false front to the annex was unnecessary; it was two full stories high and Buffalo citizens, as well as the owners, were proud of it. After its completion the bar room of the old hotel was transferred to the annex and several pool and billiard tables were added. The lobby, dining room, and the kitchen remained in the original building for several years when they were moved into the annex. By this time the County had acquired property of its own through the purchase of Ed. O'Malley's "Lone Star Dance Hall" and this had been converted into a temporary court house and the County Commissioners met no more at the Old Occidental.

The Buells, as host of the Occidental, were known far and wide for their hospitality, and at some time during the winter of 1883 they became the cordial hosts to a large number of friends in giving a masquerade ball at the Old Occidental, the first of its kind to be held in the town. The place was one of gayety and splendor, and nothing was overlooked which might add to the charm or popularity of the affair, even to the furnishing of the music by the Fifth U. S. Cavalry band from Fort McKinney.

From the lobby of the Old Occidental, along about the nineties, many of Owen Wister's characters found their way into the pages of his "Virginian." It was here that many of the manners, customs, and expressions of the genuine cowboy were impressed upon the mind of the author of this widely known book, one of the few books upon the West that really portrays the life of the cowpuncher as he really lived it.

The lobby of the Old Occidental was a common meeting place for Johnson County people and it was here that old friends met and discussed the news of the day, transacted their personal business, or told of past experiences. A story that Bill Hayes used to tell on J. A. McDermott, a deputy sheriff under Frank Canton, is worthy of mention here as it originated in the lobby of the old hotel.

McDermott and Hayes were sitting in the Occidental lobby one day during the early eighties. Hayes, happening to look through

the window and across the street, became suddenly interested in something which was going on in front of the livery stable across the way, nudged Mac, and pointed out the window. Glancing toward the scene which had drawn the attention of Hayes, Mac discovered that a cowpuncher, aided by a six-shooter in an attempted robbery, had forced the liveryman to back up against the wall of the stable with his hands above his head.

"Guess I better be getting over there and find out what the trouble is," remarked the deputy; "Want to go along?"

"Oh, no, no, not me," was Hayes' reply. "I don't want to get mixed up in that."

"Well, I'll be going over myself," was Mac's reply.

"If you do, you'll find yourself lined up with that liveryman holding your hands in the air," was the parting shot of Hayes as Mac departed in the performance of his duty.

And surely enough, as Billy Hayes sat and watched, he soon observed Mac take a position beside the liveryman and slowly raise his hands into the air. At this critical moment, however, a kind providence intervened and sent relief in the person of Frank Canton, the sheriff, who happened to pass by and saw the predicament of his deputy and the liveryman. Quickly sensing the situation, he asked what the trouble was, at the same time slipping his hand into his pocket, a significant movement to those acquainted with it. He then demanded in a guff tone for the cowpuncher to "Hand over the gun" a request quickly complied with. The sheriff had save the day for Mac, but this was by no means the end of the affair, as later on Mac was more than once forced to blush deeply at the mention of it.

A story of the Old Occidental would not be complete without some mention of the hostilities that once in a while sent the peaceful bystanders hurrying for cover. During the nineties and while "Red" Angus was operating the hotel in the capacity of a lessee, a quarrel arose between Angus and "Arapahoe" Brown over a board bill which Angus contended Brown owed him. Scathing words were exchanged between the two and these becoming inadequate to express the emotion felt, Angus drew a gun and point-blank fired a shot into the body of Brown. The ball passed through Brown's clothing consisting of a heavy overcoat, an undercoat, a vest, two heavy shirts, and heavy underwear, with just enough force left behind it to carry it through the ribs of Brown's chest, where it dropped harmlessly in the chest cavity without any apparent injury to the organs therein. Brown then walked for a considerable distance to a doctor who dressed his wound, and in due time fully recovered. He carried the bullet in his body for several years and was later killed at the hand of another murderer.

Another shooting occurred in the kitchen of the Old Occidental some three years later. This was the killing of Hugh Smith at the hands of a man called Frenchy. It seems that the wives of these two men had been quarreling, and Smith had later taken up his wife's quarrel and had used profanity toward Frenchy's wife and had struck and kicked her. Mrs. Frenchy retaliated by hurling a dinner plate at the offender, and Frenchy had meanwhile been informed that someone was beating his wife. He quickly secured a gun, rushed into the kitchen, and shot Smith three or four times. After the first shot Smith drew his own gun and fired once at Frenchy, but after that could not see to shoot because of powder smoke. Smith was then removed to the laundry building at the rear of the hotel, where he died a few hours later.

After standing for over a quarter of a century on the bank of Clear Creek, the Old Occidental was doomed to travel the trail of its contemporary, the cowpuncher. Progress and a growing town demanded that a new structure replace the Old Occidental. From 1906 to 1910, a modern brick building gradually replaced the famous old hotel and in a short time the hewn logs and native lumber of the Old Occidental had been torn down and hauled away to serve another purpose in ranch house or barn.

To many there is a certain fascination in the landmarks of the Old West and although modern methods and modern business make a demand for things modern, still it is with a pang of regret that they stand silently by and watch this inevitable change. The Old Occidental and the old-time cowpuncher have passed the way of the buffalo and the Indian.

How Rock Springs Celebrated Christmas In '78 *

D. G. Thomas*

I shall always retain pleasant memories of those early, happy territorial days. A camp, that was all Rock Springs was then; and to attempt to dignify it as a town or a city would be a misnomer. A few small, red houses dotted here and there over the present town-site comprised the camp, so far as outward appearance went. On what is now known as B Street there were but three dwellings of a more pretentious type, and they were occupied by officials of the coal company. Further along on the street was a one-room building which served the dual purpose of a school-house and an amusement hall. In addition to these houses referred to was the American House, a prominent institution in those days. It was owned and managed by "Uncle" George Harris, a true sport in every respect. He would bet his money on anything, white or black, high or low, a horse-race, foot-race, target shooting, clay or live pigeons, or anything else. Too often he lost his bets; but he was a good loser and never whimpered. He died not many years ago, comparatively a poor man. In his day, George Harris made plenty of money with his different enterprises, but it sifted through his fingers like sand through a sieve.

Across the railroad track from the American House stood the Central Hotel, managed by John Jarvie, a man of varied attainments, but not a gambler. Kindness was one of the dominant traits of his character. I personally know this to be true. I admired him very much, and when in 1911 I learned that Jarvie had been murdered in a most brutal manner in Brown's Park, I took his passing as a personal loss. Mr. E. L. Kolb, in his fascinating book, "Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," speaks of the murder in the following words: "On emerging from Red Canyon we spied a ranch house, or log cabin, close to the river. The doors were open and there were many tracks in the sand, so we thought someone else must be about. On approaching the house, however, we found the place was deserted, but with furniture, books and pictures piled on the floor in the utmost confusion, as if the occupants had left in a hurry. This surmise

*This manuscript is from the collection of the W.P.A. manuscripts located in the Wyoming State Historical Department.

afterwards proved to be correct, for we learned that the rancher (John Jarvie) had been murdered for his money, his body having been found in a boat further down the river. Suspicion pointed to an old employe who had been seen lurking near the place. He was traced to the railroad, over a hundred miles to the north; but made his escape and was never caught."

But there was another camp, invisible to the casual passerby, wherein lived some families and the cavemen known as bachelors. These were the "dug-outs" planted along the banks of Bitter Creek. They were made by excavating an area large enough for one or more rooms, the sides roughly boarded and the roof made of poles laid side by side, and all being covered with dirt taken from the "hole in the ground." Those more fastidious in their tastes and desiring something in the way of luxury, employed many yards of cloth sheeting in lieu of plaster. The floor of the "dug-out" was in general the soil, packed firmly and smoothly and swept regularly. Chinatown was considerably larger than was Rock Springs, including the "dug-outs." At that time it was estimated that the Chinese numbered from ten hundred to twelve hundred souls. The number of white men working in the coal mines would not exceed thirty, divided about evenly between the two mines which were being operated by the company. This force of white men was retained by the company from motives of necessity and not from choice. Since the coming of the Chinese into the mines, the white miner was taboo, and only those known for their probity and general knowledge of coal mining were employed. Besides, there were many kinds of labor a white man only could perform, such as the sinking of the slopes, and, the narrow work must be sheared. The Chinese miners were not advanced enough to do it. Track-laying and mule driving must likewise be performed by white labor. Ten hours constituted a working day, and the majority of the white men were required to work every day, including Sundays.

Christmas eve in the year 1878 was in many respects a memorable one. The white inhabitants of the community gathered in the little one-room school-house, which stood about where the Junior High is now located. It was truly a loving, family gathering. The arrangements for a proper observance of the holiday festival were most complete. All met on a common level, each doing his or her share to see to it that the spirit of Christmas was exemplified and diffused, so that all should partake of it. Nothing was left undone, no one was overlooked or forgotten. The children provided the most of the literary and musical entertainment for the grown-ups. I look back now with unalloyed pleasure at the grouping of those beautiful children, dressed like fairies, their eyes sparkling with merriment and anticipation, and their voices ringing like silver bells as they sang the anthems and

choruses. When Santa Claus came down the chimney their happiness was complete; the little candles were lighted on the tree, and the gorgeousness and the splendor of the ornaments and the wonderful presents on display were simply dazzling and wonderful.

For days and days before the event willing hands had been busily engaged in stringing cranberries and popcorn for the purpose of decorating the tree; these and such tinsel as could be found formed the background of a veritable fairy-land. I have stated that in the distribution of presents none were overlooked. Occasionally some old hardened sinner crouching in a seat at the rear of the building would be startled and surprised when Santa Claus, calling him by name, announced, in ringing tones, a gift for that man. When the fairy child acting as Santa's messenger carried the prize to him, his old eyes would moisten and often tears trickled down his cheeks. Something just then operated to change that man's entire nature. The knowledge that someone cared for him enough to manifest it with a token of remembrance affected him. Perhaps, too, the recollections of his own happy childhood suddenly flashed upon the screen of memory and unfolded a picture of home and loved ones. Who knows? Often the hardened old sinner proved only a sinner in spots; press the proper button and the light of his better nature would cause those spots to disappear.

Barney McCabe was here and there and everywhere that night; he it was who cut and hauled the tree from the mountains; he acted as janitor by keeping the "home fires burning" and the building at the proper temperature. Besides these duties, he was the guardian angel of the peace, being the town constable. He loved the children and would go any lengths for them, and on this occasion he was anything but a cipher.

McCabe originally came from Ireland, and as a sturdy young man found himself in South Pass City, then one of the greatest gold-producing camps in the world. For a time he worked in those mines, but gave up his employment after a few months, to engage in freighting between Bryan Station, at that time the division point of the railroad, and South Pass City. His exploits while in that service would provide many interesting tales of daring, of hardships and narrow escapes from the Indians who infested the regions of the South Pass country. We slept in the same cabin and under the same buffalo robes for many months. The long winter nights we usually passed beside a roaring fire, and then it was that Barney would become reminiscent. He named scores of fine young men, miners, hunters and freighters, victims of the Indian's deadly arrow. He had often been called on to help bury those men, and in every instance he found that the bodies had been horribly mutilated. I never inquired as to

where in the country those murdered men were buried, but I do know that in the low bottom lands at Big Sandy crossing I counted at one time about twenty-eight graves, and I wondered if the majority of them did not contain the bodies of those poor fellows. McCabe was typically a western character, witty, and a keen lover of horses; should a cowboy be abusive to his animal, Barney never hesitated to interfere in behalf of the horse, and it mattered not who the man was, he had to either desist or fight. The outcome was, usually, that the cowboy desisted. Whenever McCabe saw a wheelbarrow he always related how, when a young man, he often wheeled his mother to church "in one of them things." Barney McCabe passed out into the Great Beyond long ago, and I hope he has found his proper reward.

In conclusion, let me say that after the Christmas tree and the entertainment came the dance. John Ludvigsen, with his music box, furnished the music on the accordion which he purchased in Norway, and it was truly a wonderful instrument. The quadrille was the principal dance, and the way the dancers whirled through the seemingly intricate figures was wonderful. I still believe that for sheer fun and enjoyment, the old-fashioned quadrille is far ahead of the modern dances. John Ludvigsen's relating a funny anecdote was one of the prize events of such occasions. In telling it he anticipated the end of the story and started to laugh at about the middle of it; as he proceeded his laughter increased until finally the tears rolled down his cheeks and he became convulsed and hysterical to such an extent that he could say no more. I never knew him to finish telling a funny story. As John continued to laugh it became contagious, and those around him caught it and laughed uproariously because of his convulsive explosions of mirth.

I believe that the spirit of Christmas was more truly emphasized in those days than at the present. Perhaps the reason for this will be found in the unanimous and hearty cooperation of the entire people of the community. The fewness in number probably would account for that cohesion of interests.

A Trip to The Black Hills in 1876

By

LLOYD MCFARLING

Leander P. Richardson traveled from Fort Laramie to Deadwood near the end of July, 1876; spent five days in Deadwood Gulch; and described his experiences in an article published in *Scribner's* Monthly Magazine for April, 1877.[1] Richardson's article has been almost entirely ignored by historians, yet it contains a vivid picture of conditions on the trail and in the mining camps when the stampede to Deadwood was at its climax.

I have no information about Richardson other than that incidentally revealed by the article. It is evident that he was a tenderfoot. Weather conditions during the first few days of his trip were abnormally unfavorable and he was perhaps unduly impressed by the hardships and dangers of frontier travel. Probably these hardships and dangers contributed to his pessimistic attitude toward mining, miners, and the Black Hills region. Subsequent history proved that many of his opinions were wrong, yet his reporting of facts was generally accurate. He began his article on a note of scepticism:

> That portion of country, away in the interior of Dakota, which has come to be known all over the world as the Black Hills mining region, has probably been the subject of more newspaper discussion than any other discovery in America, if we except the excitement of 1849 over California. And yet this newly found El Dorado is at the present time enshrouded so completely in vagueness, that the greater part of the conversation which it excites still takes the form of uncertain conjecture, perhaps not unblended with willful misrepresentation. A majority of those who have personally visited the region are men who went there, endured the privations, and took upon themselves the necessary risk of losing their lives, with the express purpose of making an immense fortune in an exceedingly short time. Many who discovered their error, returned as soon as circumstances would permit, and some of these, being deeply imbued with the species of lunacy which a miner's life is apt to impart, or else sacrificing their regard for veracity to their false sense of pride, have circulated reports of the vast resources and abounding beauty of the country, and excited exaggerated hopes of the brilliancy of its future.

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1. Leander P. Richardson, "A Trip to the Black Hills", *Scribner's Monthly,* Vol. 13, No. 6, April 1877, pp. 748-756.

Richardson's description of his trip began at Fort Laramie. He left that place on the morning of July 22, 1876, a member of a party of eight men, traveling in a "jerky" and a large freight wagon, each drawn by four horses. The name of the first vehicle, thought Richardson, was derived from the peculiar manner in which it switched the driver from the seat whenever any rough road was encountered. He chose a seat on the springless, but more dependable, freight wagon.

The route led up the Platte several miles, through deep sand. The sun poured down with greater fierceness than Richardson had ever experienced, and the travelers were surrounded all morning by innumerable sand-gnats "which darted into our eyes, crawled into our nostrils, buzzed in our ears, and wriggled down our necks in a most annoying fashion." They reached Government Farm, fifteen miles from Fort Laramie, about eleven o'clock and Richardson burned his fingers in his first attempt to cook a meal. The meal was not a success. Everything became covered with bacon grease, and there was more dust in the food than he was accustomed to eating. In the afternoon the party went on to Rawhide Buttes, where it overtook a larger train of canvas covered wagons, enroute to the Black Hills.

Richardson's party camped near the wagon trail and went through "the tedious and horrible mockery of supper", and the men wrapped themselves in their blankets and slept, some of them in the wagons and others on the ground. The next morning (July 23) was cold and damp with a drizzling rain setting in. The party of eight men had eight colds. Breakfast was a "swindle". They started at four o'clock, reached Running Water (the Niobrara River) about ten, and experienced the "one-act farce of dinner".

They continued to travel to the north and at four o'clock met six men in a huge freight wagon—gamblers going to Cheyenne to purchase new equipment for their business. The gamblers were reticent about the prospects of gold mining at Deadwood. They reported that a bull-train, heavily weighted with flour and merchandise, was waiting at Hat Creek.

Hat Creek was the army camp and ranch on Sage Creek which afterward became one of the main stations on the stage line to Deadwood.[2] Richardson's party reached the place late that afternoon, just as a rain storm, which had been threatening all day, broke over them.

> Just across the creek was a soldiers' camp garrisoned by six men. The regular number kept at the Hat Creek camp is from forty to forty-five, but the majority of the soldiers were now away on a scout-

2. There had been some stage service to Custer City before this time but regular service had not been maintained because of Indian depredations.

ing expedition with General Merritt.[3] Close beside the camp is a building ordinarily known as "Johnny Bowman's Ranch".[4] These ranches, which abound along the lines of all the stage and freight roads in this wilderness, form a peculiar phase of frontier life. They are hotels, bar-rooms and stores for general merchandise, all combined in one, and the whole business is usually transacted in a single room. In fact, but few of them can boast of more than one apartment. At any of these places a traveler can purchase almost anything, from a glass of whiskey to a four-horse team, but the former article is usually the staple of demand. The proprietor of the Hat Creek ranch is known and highly esteemed from Cheyenne to the remotest parts of the Black Hills district.

In the evening the party held a council around the fireplace in the cabin on the Bowman Ranch. They had reached what they considered the boundary between the "safe" country and that infested with Indians, and they were not in agreement as to the best time to enter the Indian country. The final vote was that the party would remain here overnight and perhaps start again next evening.

. . . at midnight the storm became extremely violent, and the rain which had soaked through the canvas dripped down upon us in great chilling drops. . . . That morning at breakfast the party was not a cheerful one, and the blind desperation which possessed all of us inspired the proposal to hitch up the horses and go ahead, Indians or no Indians. The proposition was sullenly assented to, and ten o'clock found us once more upon the road. The mud was thick and deep, and our progress was far from rapid. In about two hours, after passing through a number of deep and miry water-courses, our teams swung around under the shadow of a great overhanging bluff of yellow earth, and we found ourselves upon the banks of Indian Creek, which, our driver announced, was the most dangerous part of the whole journey. The bed of the creek is about two hundred yards in width, and the banks are steep and high. Sharply outlined mounds of earth rise at frequent intervals in the stream-bed, and form places of protection from which the murderous savages may fire upon their unsuspecting victims, without any risk of being killed or wounded themselves; moreover, the course of the creek is heavily timbered, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish forms a short distance away. The slight stream of water which passes down through the valley (I had almost said gorge) winds its sinuous way from one bank to another. The road follows its bed for two or three miles and the general course of the creek for about fifteen miles, gradually working toward higher ground. Through this valley the party marched, rifles

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3. Colonel (Brevet Major General) Wesley Merritt, commanding the 5th Cavalry, was in the Hat Creek region a few days before Richardson. On July 17 the 5th Cavalry fought a brief battle with a band of Cheyenne Indians on Warbonnet Creek, and drove them back to Red Cloud Agency. On the day Richardson reached Hat Creek Ranch Colonel Merritt was enroute from Red Cloud Agency to Fort Fetterman with his regiment. Charles King, *Campaigning With Crook and Stories of Army Life,* New York, 1890, Chapter IV.

4. John Bowman established the Hat Creek Stage Station in the "autumn" of 1876, and remained in charge until September 1879, according to Agnes Wright Spring, *The Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage and Express Routes,* Glendale, Calif., 1949, pp. 122-3.

in hand, and ready for an attack. The storm had settled into a regular driving rain from which no refuge could be found. The wind was very cold—more chilling than some of the bleakest of New England air currents, and the discomforts of our situation were greatly increased. But the bad weather no doubt added to the security of our position, for, as my companion on the lumber-wagon . . . found time to say, "Any Injun who would venture out on such a day was a sight bigger fool than most of his race."

We were then in the midst of this region covered by alkali. In many cases the ground was white with it, and the pools of water, which had gathered from the rain were thick and of sickening flavor. When the ground impregnated with alkali is damp or wet, it forms the most villainous clinging compound imaginable. The revolving wheels quickly become solid masses of heavy mire, the spaces between the spokes and between the wheel and the wagon-box being completely filled, so that every hundred yards or so, it became necessary to dismount and pry it away with a crow-bar. In order to relieve the jaded horses, the greater number of the passengers dismounted. But after half a dozen steps their boots would pick up great slabs of the earth, and they too were forced to resort to the crow-bar. By five o'clock in the afternoon we had gone about fourteen miles, and one of the horses had given out entirely. In another hour we came in sight of an old and deserted cabin away to the right of the road, on the edge of Indian Creek, now swollen to a rushing torrent. Toward this shanty our steps were directed, and by dark the horses were picketed out, and we ate another melancholy meal of raw ham and hard-tack. Some water which we brought from the creek was as thick as molasses, and so white with alkali as to resemble cream. A pailful of this delectable beverage was set inside the roofless hut, and seven or eight prickly pears, pounded to a pulp, were put in to "settle" it for our morning meal. The travelers were divided up into watches, and spent the night in a miserable and dreary way.

The travelers started early the next morning (July 25). Toward ten o'clock the mud began to dry and progress became more rapid. In the afternoon they saw, briefly, a group of thirty or forty Indians in the distance, but apparently were not seen by the Indians. Just before dark they reached the Cheyenne River. That morning the stream had been dry; it was now running fifty yards wide and from four to nine feet deep.

Our driver was warned by persons on the opposite shore that it would be impossible for us to cross, but in spite of that, he determined to make the trial. The result was that the horses got into a quicksand, the wagon became fast in the mud and some of the passengers were obliged to spend more than two hours in the water before the outfit was again on dry land. This was the second drenching for us, and we were not very amiable,—in fact we almost came to blows two or three times within an hour. "Van" and myself mounted horses and went over to the ranch on the other side. In the house we found three old frontiersmen to whom danger was as pleasant as safety is to ordinary mortals. We obtained some dry clothes, our own garments were hung up before the huge fire-place and a supply of fried venison, coffee, and bread was prepared.[5]

5. This ranch was, at times, the hangout of Persimmon Bill Chambers, supposed to be the leader of a gang of horsethieves. Spring, *op. cit.*, pp. 124 and 138.

They remained here until the afternoon of the third day (July 28), and about eight o'clock in the evening of that day reached the soldiers' camp[6] at the mouth of Red Canyon. As soon as their evening meal was over they started into the canyon, traveling by night to reduce the danger of Indian attacks. They encountered no Indians, got through the canyon with no misadventure other than an overturned wagon, and reached Custer City next day (July 29). Most of the miners had stampeded to Deadwood Gulch, leaving only about one hundred and fifty people in a town of perhaps a thousand cabins. Richardson thought that as a mining town Custer City was a "delusion" but predicted that if the Black Hills excitement continued it would become the leading point in the Hills for the distribution of supplies. This prediction was logical enough at the time Richardson was traveling, for the main road to Deadwood was then through Custer. A few months later, however, the main trail from Cheyenne to Deadwood entered the western side of the Black Hills via Camp Jenney; while the trail from Sidney, Nebraska, skirted the eastern base of the Hills. Important trails were also developed from Bismarck and Fort Pierre to the northern and eastern mining areas. Custer City became merely a branch-line supply point for the south-central area of the Hills.

At Custer City the travelers had a "square meal" in a "regular hotel". Late in the afternoon they started north and that night camped about twelve miles from Custer on Spring Creek. Next morning (July 30), they passed through Hill City—"a collection of about 200 partly built houses which were deserted at the time of the Deadwood excitement, not a single person remaining in the place." At noon they reached the "Rapid Creek District"[7] where mining was going on extensively.

> Twenty seven hours later, our teams, by this time utterly worn out, reached the brow of a steep hill, down the side of which the road wound its way into the lower end of Deadwood Gulch. The gulch is

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6. This infantry camp, like that at Hat Creek Ranch, was a subpost of Fort Laramie. Spring (*op. cit.*, p. 124) calls it "Red Canyon Station, or Camp Collier". Captain Stanton, who surveyed the routes to the Black Hills in 1877, after the camp was discontinued, called it the "old subpost", and gave the location as 3.64 miles north of Cheyenne River. Captain W. S. Stanton, *Annual Report Upon Explorations and Surveys in the Department of the Platte,* in the annual *Report of the Secretary of War,* 1878, 45th Congress, 3d Session, H. R. Ex. Doc. 1, Part 2, Vol. II, Part III (Serial 1846) p. 1731.

7. Richardson's article is not sufficiently specific to enable us to identify his route from Hill City to Deadwood. His mention of extensive mining in the Rapid Creek District suggests that he crossed Rapid Creek near Camp Crook which afterwards became Pactola. When Stanton surveyed the trails in 1877 the main road from Custer to Deadwood was farther west, crossing Castle and Little Rapid Creeks.

about ten miles long, and very winding in its course. Through its bottom stretches a long line of shanties and tents, forming, in all, four towns. At the lower end is Montana City, then come Elizabeth Town, Deadwood City, and Gayeville (or Gaye City). Our train finally halted in Deadwood City, and we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of miners, gamblers and other citizens, all anxious to hear from the outer world. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the miners in the surrounding neighborhood were spending the day in town. The long street was crowded with men in every conceivable garb. Taken as a whole, I never in my life saw so many hardened and brutal-looking men together, although of course there were a few better faces among them. Every alternate house was a gambling saloon, and each of them was carrying on a brisk business. In the middle of the street a little knot of men had gathered, and were holding a prayer-meeting, which showed in sharp contrast to the bustling activity of wickedness surrounding it.

Richardson had a letter of introduction to Charles H. ("Colorado Charlie") Utter. He met Utter a few minutes after he arrived in Deadwood, and was invited to share Utter's camp. On the way to the camp they met Utter's partner, James Butler Hickok, otherwise known as Wild Bill.

Wild Bill:

. . . was about six feet two inches in height, and very powerfully built; his face was intelligent, his hair blonde, and falling in long ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes blue and pleasant, looked one straight in the face when he talked; and his lips thin and compressed, were only partly hidden by a straw-colored mustache. His costume was a curiously blended union of the habiliments of the borderman and the drapery of the fashionable dandy. Beneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the handles of two silver mounted revolvers, which were his constant companions. His voice was low and musical, but through its hesitation I could catch a ring of self-reliance and consciousness of strength. Yet he was the most courteous man I had met on the plains.

On the following day I asked to see him use a pistol and he assented. At his request I tossed a tomato-can about 15 feet in the air, both his pistols being in his belt when it left my hands. He drew one of them and fired two bullets through the tin before it struck the ground. Then he followed it along, firing as he went, until both weapons were empty. You have heard the expression "quick as lightning?" Well, that will describe "Wild Bill. . . ."

Early in the forenoon of my third day in Deadwood, word was brought over to camp that he had been killed. We went immediately to the scene, and found that the report was true. He had been sitting at a table playing cards, when a dastardly assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing his victim instantly. That night a miner's meeting was called, the prisoner was brought before it, his statement was heard, and he was discharged, put on a fleet horse, supplied with arms, and guarded out of town.[8] The next day

8. Richardson's time table is incorrect. Wild Bill was killed in the afternoon of August 2, a preliminary meeting was held that night and plans were made for the trial of Jack McCall, and the actual trial lasted from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. August 3. The funeral of Wild Bill was held in the afternoon of August 3, while the trial was in progress.

"Colorado Charley" took charge of the remains of the great scout, and announced that the funeral would occur at his camp. The body was clothed in a full suit of broad-cloth, the hair brushed back from the broad forehead, and the blood washed from the pallid cheek. Beside the dead hero lay his rifle, which was buried with him. The funeral ceremony was brief and touching, hundreds of rough miners standing around the bier with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes,—for with the better class "Wild Bill" had been a great favorite.

Richardson stayed in the Deadwood region five days. The rest of his article was devoted to a brief evaluation of mining conditions in the Black Hills. He wrote that all mines then in operation were placer mines, although prospecting for quartz was going on.[9] He thought that five or six, or possibly ten mines paid from $200 to $2,000 per day. The largest amount he saw taken from one mine in a single day was $1,085, the result of the work of seven men. But these were exceptional amounts, and it was Richardson's opinion that the average Deadwood Gulch mine would just about pay "grub".

Seven out of every ten men in the whole region have no money and no means of getting any. The Deadwood ground is all taken up, and men do not dare to go out prospecting away from the main body, on account of the Indians. Summed up briefly, the condition of mining affairs is this: placer mines are all taken up; quartz mines the only resource left. In order to work these, capital, machinery, and mills for the crushing of ore must be introduced. Men of wealth will hesitate about sending capital into a country so far from railroad communications, and about which so little is definitely known. Most of the men now in the Black Hills are laboring men, inexperienced as miners. Their chances for employment in the mines, then, are small, and their prospects in quartz mining are even poorer. The mineral riches of the Black Hills cannot be developed for fully twenty-five years to come. . . .

Farming there is out of the question. Throughout the greater part of the district heavy frosts begin in September; snow-storms did not cease last spring until the eleventh day of June. . . . It follows then, that the necessaries of life must always be imported at immense cost. There is to be considered the collateral fact that during a greater part of this long season of ice and snow, placer miners cannot work. . . .

I have no hesitation in saying that I think the Black Hills will eventually prove a failure.

Of course we know now that most of these opinions were at least partly wrong, and the predictions somewhat absurd. Yet there was considerable justification for pessimism in Deadwood Gulch in August, 1876. Only one really rich deposit of placer

9. Lode claims were located in the Black Hills as early as December 11, 1875. The original Homestake claim was located April 9, 1876. Francis Church Lincoln, "Mining in South Dakota", in *The Mining Industry of South Dakota,* South Dakota School of Mines Bulletin No. 17, Rapid City, South Dakota, 1937, p. 12. However, milling machinery had not reached the Black Hills at the time of Richardson's visit.

gold had been discovered in the Black Hills at that time, and it was natural to think that lode mines could not be developed for a long time. Many of the miners had come to the Hills poorly equipped and provisioned, and there was much destitution. The Indian danger was real enough; several miners were killed by Indians near Deadwood and Rapid City within three weeks after Richardson left Deadwood.

But the difficulties that really existed in the Black Hills in 1876 were mostly temporary. The Sioux Indians relinquished their rights to the region in 1877; farming and stock-raising became profitable occupations; hard-rock gold mining developed; men of wealth did send capital into the country; and employment at relatively high wages was soon plentiful, not only in the mines but in all the various activities of a rapidly developing region. In fifteen years two railroads reached Deadwood. By the end of 1948 the Black Hills produced 21,831,345 fine ounces of gold with a total value of $545,694,284.00.[10]

10. United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines *Minerals Yearbook, 1948.*

March of 2d Dragoons

Report of Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke on the March of the 2d Dragoons From Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bridger in 1857

Edited by

HAMILTON GARDNER

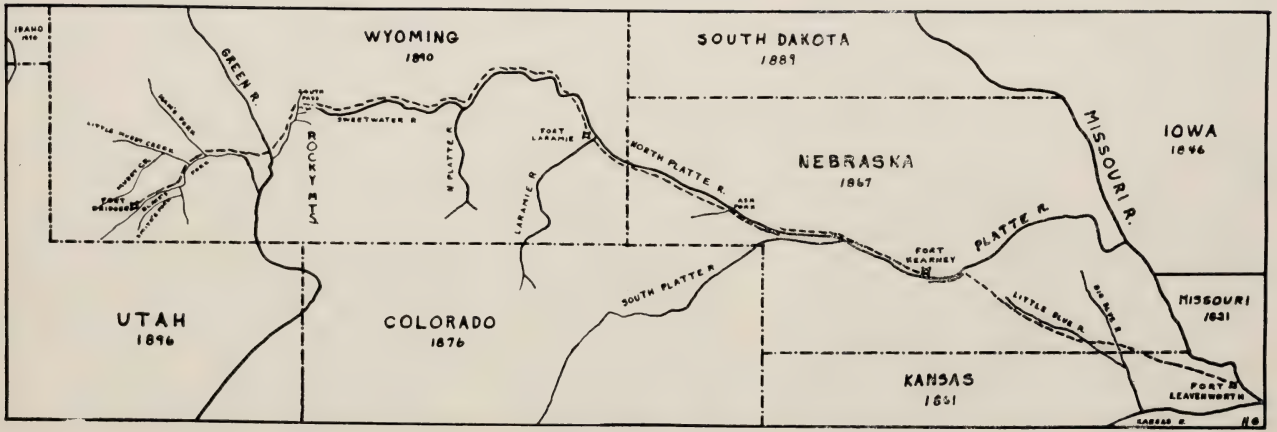
When the Utah Expedition was activated early in 1857 upon instructions of President James Buchanan and Secretary of War James B. Floyd, the one officer in the United States Army who had had the most extensive experience in trans-continental military marches was Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, Commanding Officer, 2d Dragoons.[1] Beginning in 1829, as a young

1. Cooke was born June 13, 1809, near Leesburg, Virginia, son of Colonel Stephen Cooke, a surgeon in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, and Catherine Esten, daughter of a one time British Governor of Bermuda. He entered the United States Military Academy at the age of fourteen and was graduated with the Class of 1827. Assigned first to the 6th Infantry, he participated in the Black Hawk War in Illinois during 1832. He became one of the officer-founders of the 1st Dragoons in March, 1833, (the first permanent cavalry regiment in the Army, which was redesignated the 1st Cavalry in 1861), with which he served until 1847. Then he transferred to the 2d Dragoons, which he commanded from late in 1853 until 1861, although Brevet Brigadier General William S. Harney was carried on paper for several years as Regimental Commander.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War Cooke remained loyal to the Union, although his only son, John Rogers Cooke, and his sons-in-law, J. E. B. Stuart and Dr. Charles Brewer, espoused the Confederate cause. As a Brigadier General in 1862, he commanded the cavalry of the Union Army of the Potomac in the Peninsular Campaign. Later he became Commanding General, Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha and directed the campaign against the Sioux in Wyoming during 1866. At the close of the War he was promoted Brevet Major General. He retired in 1873 and died at Detroit, Michigan, March 20, 1895.

General Cooke became recognized as one of the Army's leading cavalrymen and in 1859 completed his *Cavalry Tactics,* which was adopted for the service. He was equally well known as an Indian fighter.

For brief biographies of Cooke see my articles: *A Young West Pointer Reports for Duty at Jefferson Barracks in 1827, Missouri Historical Society Bulletin,* IX, 124; (St. Louis, January, 1953); and *The Command and Staff of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War, Utah Historical Quarterly,* XX, 331; (Salt Lake City, October, 1952); and even more recently: Carolyn Thomas Foreman, *General Philip St. George Cooke, The Chronicles of Oklahoma,* XXXII, 195; (Oklahoma City, Sumner, 1954). For Cooke's part in the Wyoming-Sioux campaign see: Alson B. Ostrander, *The Bozeman Trail Forts Under General Philip St. George Cooke in 1866;* (Seattle, 1932).



THE MARCH OF THE 2d DRAGOONS IN 1857

2d Lieutenant, he accompanied Major Bennet Riley with four companies of the 6th Infantry on the Army's first expedition along the Santa Fe Trail.[2] He participated in the original march of the 1st Dragoons from Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, to Fort Gibson, in the present Oklahoma.[3] In 1843 he made two round trips on the Santa Fe Trail.[4] Cooke first crossed Wyoming in 1845, when Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny brought six companies of the 1st Dragoons from Fort Leavenworth to the South Pass and returned by way of Bent's Fort, Colorado, and the Santa Fe Trail.[5] In the Mexican War he contributed to the conquest of the Southwest by leading the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to San Diego as part of the Army of the West.[6] He travelled again across Wyoming on his return from California in 1847.[7] So, as Cooke commenced his march to Fort Bridger in 1857, he was not only experienced in traversing the Western prairies and plains, but was no stranger to the Oregon Trail and Wyoming.

As background, a brief summary of the current military situation is necessary for a proper understanding of Colonel Cooke's march. By General Orders No. 12, Head Quarters of the Army, New York, June 30, 1857,[8] Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, General-in-Chief, had assigned Brevet Brigadier General

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2. Philip St. George Cooke, *Scenes and Adventures in the Army; or Romance of Military Life,* 39-88; (Philadelphia, 1857); and Otis E. Young, *The First Military Escort on the Santa Fe Trail, From the Journal and Reports of Major Bennet Riley and Lieutenant Philip St. George Cooke;* (Glendale, Calif., 1952).

3. Hamilton Gardner, *The March of the First Dragoons from Jefferson Barracks to Fort Gibson in 1833-1834, The Chronicles of Oklahoma,* XXXI, 22; (Oklahoma City, Spring, 1953).

4. Cooke's official *Journal* of these two expeditions was published as *A Journal of the Santa Fe Trail, 1843,* in *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* XII, 72-98, 227-255; (Lincoln, June and September, 1925); with annotations by William E. Connelley.

5. Cooke, *Scenes and Adventures in the Army,* 282-432; Hamilton Gardner, *Captain Philip St. George Cooke and the March of the 1st Dragoons to the Rocky Mountains in 1845, The Colorado Magazine,* XXX, 246; (Denver, October, 1953).

6. Cooke's official daily *Journal* of the Battalion march was published in *Sen. Ex. Doc. No. 2,* 31st Cong., Spec. Sess., and reprinted in *The Southwestern Historical Series,* VII, 65-240; (Glendale, 1938); edited by R. P. Bieber and A. B. Bender. His *Report* to General Kearny from San Luis Rey, California, February 5, 1847, may be found in *House Ex. Doc. No. 41,* 30th Cong., 1st Sess., 551-563. It was republished in *Utah Historical Quarterly,* XXII, 15, (January, 1954); edited by Hamilton Gardner.

7. Cooke, *The Conquest of New Mexico and California; an Historical and Personal Narrative;* (New York, 1878); and *Proceedings of the Court Martial in the Trial of Lieut. Col. John C. Fremont, Sen. Ex. Doc. No. 33,* 30th Cong., 1st Sess.

8. National Archives and Records Service, War Records Branch, Washington, D. C.; cited as N. A. R. S. W. R. B. Many orders of the War

William S. Harney to command the Utah Expedition as it assembled at Fort Leavenworth. Previously allocated to the force were the 2d Dragoons, 5th Infantry, 10th Infantry, Phelps' Battery, 4th Artillery, and Reno's Battery. The leading element of the Regular column, which was the 10th Infantry, did not depart from Fort Leavenworth until July 18. But numerous wagon trains and herds of beef cattle, belonging to Army contractors, had gathered or had already started west. Thus when the 2d Dragoons cleared the Fort on September 17, the Expedition and its trains were spread over several hundred miles along the Oregon Trail. In the meantime General Harney, by issuing his General Orders No. 7, Head Quarters, Army for Utah, Fort Leavenworth, September 11, 1857, "relinquishes the command of this Army to Colonel Albert S. Johnston of the 2d Cavalry".[9] The new Commanding Officer left the Post with an escort of Dragoons September 18.[10]

Department to mobilize the Utah Expedition may be found in *House Ex. Docs. Nos. 2 and 71,* 35th Cong., 1st Sess. These volumes also contain General Scott's original letter of instructions to General Harney, considerable correspondence passing between the Army commanders and with Utah Territorial authorities, and other historically pertinent documents.

9. N. A. R. S. W. R. B.

10. The definitive biography of Albert Sidney Johnston is by his son: William Preston Johnston, *The Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston;* (New York, 1878). An interesting phase of his military career is the repeated contacts with Cooke over the years.

A native of Kentucky, Johnston was appointed to West Point from that State and was graduated in the Class of 1826, one year ahead of Cooke. With them in the Corps of Cadets at that time were several embryo officers who later rose to outstanding distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars—for the North, Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumpter fame, Charles F. Smith, George P. Heintzelman, Silas Casey; for the South, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, John B. Magruder.

Like Cooke, Johnston served with the 6th Infantry in the Black Hawk campaign of 1832, as did two future Presidents of the United States, Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln. He resigned from the Army April 24, 1834; Cooke succeeded him as Regimental Adjutant, 6th Infantry. Johnston then moved to Texas where he eventually became Secretary of War of that Republic. In the War with Mexico he was elected Colonel, 1st Regiment of Foot Riflemen of Texas Volunteers. He returned to the Army October 31, 1849, as Paymaster, with the rank of Major.

In 1855 Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, induced the Congress to activate two additional regiments of cavalry. Command of the 1st Cavalry was bestowed on Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, like Cooke, an officer-founder of the 1st Dragoons in 1833. For the 2d Cavalry Secretary Davis went outside the mounted service, as represented by the 1st Dragoons, 2d Dragoons and Mounted Rifles, and picked Johnston as Colonel. His designation to command the Utah Expedition has already been noted, although he had had no experience in trans-continental military marches.

On November 18, 1857, the War Department announced the promotion of Colonel Johnston to Brevet Brigadier General "for meritorious conduct, in the ability, zeal, energy, and prudence displayed by him in command of the Army in Utah". On that precise date he had proceeded only as

One additional military fact of the utmost significance must be pointed out. *The Expedition to Utah started altogether too late in the season.* Experienced Army officers such as Cooke were well aware of the inherent danger and General Scott himself later stated:

> Scott protested against the expedition on the ground of inexpediency, *and especially because the season was too late for the troops to reach their destination in comfort or even in safety.*[11]

For the hardships, privations and losses which the Army for Utah suffered during the winter of 1857-1858 while camped in tents high in the mountains near Fort Bridger the Army itself was not to blame. Knowing in advance the risks they incurred, they performed a soldier's simple duty by obeying the orders of the constituted civilian authorities in Washington.

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far as the South Pass and had not yet joined the Army for Utah. Notification of his new rank reached him April 10, 1858. Late that spring he left his Army's temporary winter camp near Fort Bridger and passed through Salt Lake City June 26, 1858. About 40 miles to the southwest he established Camp Floyd, which remained his headquarters for the Department of Utah until March 1, 1860, when he departed for Washington on leave. Colonel Cooke followed him in command of the Department on the ensuing August 1 and changed the name of Camp Floyd to Fort Crittenden.

General Johnston's last assignment in the U. S. Army was as Commanding General, Department of the Pacific. He arrived at his headquarters in San Francisco January 15, 1861. His sympathies being entirely for the South, he resigned his Federal commission April 9, when he learned that Texas had seceded from the Union. He had hardly signed the resignation, however, before Brevet Brigadier General Edwin V. Sumner suddenly appeared at his office with secret instructions from the War Department and summarily relieved him. Certain California newspapers claimed Johnston had attempted previously to incite a rebellion in the Golden State, but General Sumner's official report cleared him from that accusation.

He now travelled overland from Los Angeles, through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and reported to President Jefferson Davis, Confederate States of America. On September 10, 1861, by Special Order No. 149, Headquarters, Confederate States Army, President Davis named five officers to the rank of full General, theretofore unknown in America. In order of seniority, they were Samuel Cooper, (for many years The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, who assumed the same office for the Confederacy), Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Pierre G. T. Beauregard.

General Johnston's assignment was to command virtually all Southern troops west of the Alleghany Mountains. During the winter he achieved little of importance. Finally in the spring he decided to attack the Union forces under Major General U. S. Grant. The Battle of Shiloh ensued April 6, 1862. While with his troops in an advanced and dangerous part of the battlefield, he fell mortally wounded.

11. *Memoirs of Lieut.-General Scott, LL. D., written by Himself,* 604; (New York, 1864). The italics are mine.

Cooke reported to Colonel Johnston November 19 and submitted his official version of the march exactly two days later. Despite this hurriedness of preparation, the *Report* still shows examples of his outstanding literary style, so abundantly illustrated in his more leisurely published writings.[12]

"Headquarters Second Regiment of Dragoons
Camp on Black Fork, U. T.,[13] November 21, 1857

Sir:

As required, I have the honor to report that, in obedience to instructions from the Colonel commanding the army for Utah, I marched in command of six companies[14] Second Dragoons three miles from Fort Leavenworth, and encamped on the afternoon of the 17th of September.

The regiment had been hastily recalled from service in the field,[15] and allowed three or four days only, by my then commanding officer to prepare for a march of 1,100 miles over an uninhabited and mountain wilderness. In that time the six companies of the regiment which were to compose the expedition were reorganized; 110 transfers necessarily made from and to other companies; horses to be condemned, and many to be obtained; the companies paid, and the commanders of four of them changed. About fifty desertions occured. To these principal duties and obstacles—implying a great mass of writing—were to be added every exertion of experience and foresight to provide for a line of operation of almost unexampled length and mostly beyond communication. On the morning of the 16th, at the commencement of a rain-storm, an inspector general made a hurried inspection by companies, which could not have been very satisfactory to him or others; the company commanders, amid the confusion of Fort Leavenworth, presenting their new men—raw recruits—whom they had scarcely found or seen, under the effects usually following the pay-table.

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12. Because of the remarkable achievement of Cooke's Dragoons, the *Report* was the only one of its kind published by the Government in connection with the Utah Expedition. It first appeared in *House Ex. Doc. No. 71,* 35th Cong., 1st Sess., almost a century ago.

13. In 1857 the area south and west of the South Pass was still part of the Territory of Utah, constituting Green River County. The eastern boundary line was the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

14. Companies A, B, C, F, G and I. The other four companies of the Regiment, D, E, H and K, remained on duty in Kansas Territory. The unit designation of "troop" for the cavalry had not been put into use as yet.

15. The 2d Dragoons had been on duty for much of the two preceding years assisting the Kansas Territorial authorities in pacifying the turbulent conditions arising from the bloody struggle between the "Free Soilers" and "States' Rights" factions.

I marched, then, on the 17th. My preparations, though hurried, were as complete as possible. Then it was to be proved that three or four more days were to be lost in waiting for the Quartermaster's Department to supply the absolutely necessary transportation. On the 18th, 107 mules were furnished, which the same day had arrived from a march of perhaps 2,000 miles from Bridger's Pass; above 100 of the others were nearly worthless from want of age, and requiring several hours to harness a team. On the morning of the 19th, twenty-seven teamsters were wanting, and men were furnished utterly ignorant of the business and without outfits. I marched late that day, fourteen miles, and the last of the train reached the camp at twelve M. on the next day, the 20th, eleven wagon tongues having been broken. On the 21st, after a hard rain, I marched six miles, which, on slippery roads, was as much as such a train could well accomplish; and only that night nearly half of one of the companies which we had met returning to Fort Leavenworth, from a march of 600 miles, reached my camp.

Half allowance, or six pounds a day of corn for horses and mules, was the largest item of transportation. Three or four laundresses, with their children, were with each company.[16]

September 23.—I received an application of Governor Cumming[17] for his (54) public animals, and was first informed that an order from the War Department, communicated to the Quartermaster's Department at Fort Leavenworth, ordered it furnished.

The weather now for ten days proved very fine; but there was generally a deficiency of grass, that was not compensated by the corn allowance. This was owing to the many troops and contract-trains which had passed, the camps being on streams running across the route.

October 1.—On the Little Blue I reached the train of 25 wagons and teams which the Colonel commanding had there stopped on their return from the Cheyenne expedition, to make out my outfit for the longer marches beyond assistance. Hard bread for the whole march to Salt Lake City was to be taken from Fort Kearney. Such was the condition of the young mules furnished at Fort Leavenworth that only fourteen of these additional wagons were available, 66 mules being necessarily exchanged. Here, as

16. Under current Army tables of organization each company was allowed a number of laundresses, who were usually the wives of enlisted men.

17. Alfred Cumming of Georgia. He had been named by President Buchanan as Governor of Utah Territory to succeed Brigham Young and served until 1861. His wife accompanied him on the Cooke march, as did several other newly appointed Territorial officials.

had been ordered, Assistant-Surgeon Covey[18] joined the regiment, relieving Assistant-Surgeon Milhau.[19]

October 3.—There was so severe a northeast storm that I lay in camp. I knew that there would be no fuel at the next, on the Platte River.

October 4.—I marched in the rain, and on the 5th arrived at Fort Kearney[20] at 10 A. M., my rate of marching after September 21 having averaged 21 miles a day. There I remained the next day. I could not increase the number of wagons, but exchanged a few mules; nor could the required amount of corn be furnished.

On the 7th I marched in the rain, which had continued since the 2d of the month.

Up to the 12th—eleven days—the rainy weather continued, clearing up with thick ice; but the marches averaged twenty-one miles. The grass was very scarce and poor. It was not a season and prospects for delays. Every care was taken to sustain the horses;[21] they were led, at that time, about two hours a day, and grazed on spots of grass found in the march. The length of the march was also accomodated to it, and diligent search made. That night I was encamped on an island west of Fallon's Bluff. This long rain made the want of fuel more severe; it rendered useless the now scarce *bois de vache*.[22]

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18. Dr. Edward V. Covey of Maryland had been appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Army Medical Department August 29, 1856. He resigned June 1, 1861; and became a Surgeon in the Confederate States Army.

Information in these footnotes concerning Army officers mentioned in the *Report* has been obtained from Francis B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army;* by "Authority of Congress"; 2 vols.; (Washington, 1903); and George W. Cullum, *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.;* (New York, 1868).

19. Dr John Jefferson Milhau, a native of France, was granted an appointment in the Army as Assistant Surgeon April 30, 1851. He rose to the rank of Colonel in the Union Army during the Civil War and was cited three times for gallantry. He resigned October 1, 1876, and died May 8, 1891.

20. Fort Kearney was named in honor of Brevet Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, already mentioned. The name was inadvertently misspelled. See: Albert Watkins, *History Of Fort Kearney, Collections of the Nebraska State Historical Society,* XVI, 227; (Lincoln, 1911).

21. Cooke's *Report* frequently discloses his solicitude for his animals. As a result of his long experience in extended marches in the West and as a true cavalryman, he was keenly conscious that the mobility of his column depended largely on the condition of the mounts and draft animals.

22. "Buffalo chips", used by travelers on the plains as fuel from time immemorial.

After this, the repeated hard frosts, with the previous consumption of grass by the troops, trains, and sixty thousand emigrant cattle, almost left us without this all-important support—I mean of a sort or condition fit for the support of our animals.[23]

October 15.—I crossed the South Platte with a very cold northwest wind. Descended Ash Hollow,[24] and marched a mile or two on the North Platte in the vain search for any grass. These twenty-two miles, with the two serious obstacles overcome, were accomplished by the whole train in good time. This must be attributed to the excellent management of that most efficient officer, First Lieutenant John Buford,[25] Regimental Quartermaster.

After this the horses began to die and necessarily be left on the road. On the 17th two corn-trains were passed which had left Fort Kearney twelve days in advance of the regiment. I renewed my deficient supply, relieving them. A northeaster, with sleet, was distressingly chilling that evening in camp on Smith's Fork. Next day there was a snow-storm, falling three or four inches, which the teams were scarcely forced to face; and twenty-three mules, all three-year olds, were relieved from harness, exhausted. Bunch-grass was sought and found that night in the hills, several miles from the river.

Private Whitney, of Company G, died in the camp near Chimney Rock, of lock-jaw. He was buried on the bluff, with the honors of war, next morning at sunrise. The thermometer was 33°; but a fierce wind made the cold excessive. We found ice floating in the river.

October 20.—I crossed Scott's Bluff by the old (the best and shortest) road, snow still nearly covering the ground.

A mail, which had been in company for eleven days, did not get up until the night of the 21st.

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23. Mounted expeditions of the Army west of the Missouri depended entirely on the seasonal buffalo grass as forage for their animals. Rations of grain were usually carried in the baggage trains, but never hay.

24. Ash Hollow was the scene of the Battle of the Blue Water against the Brule Sioux, September 3, 1855, in which Cooke had commanded the mounted troops.

25. John Buford, born in Kentucky but appointed to the United States Military Academy from Illinois, fulfilled the promise implicit in Cooke's commendation. After graduating in the Class of 1848 he joined the 1st Dragoons, but was shortly transferred to the 2d Dragoons. He entered the War Between the States as a Major, but in July, 1862, he had attained the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers. Within a year he had become a Major General. How far he would have gone had he remained alive is conjectural, because he died December 16, 1863, while the War was at its height.

On the 22d, my camp was four miles below Fort Laramie,[26] with scarcely any appearance of grass, and there was none other for miles. I had made twenty-one miles a day from Fort Kearney, the road being pronounced worse than ever remembered by a number of old and frequent travelers on it.

On the 23d, the regiment camped a half-mile below the the fort on Laramie River. Mr. Buford, sent the night before, although then directed elsewhere, had found the only grass, a mile and a half higher up, where the mules were herded during my stay. He was now directed to make a critical examination and report upon all the mules, and a board of the oldest company officers was ordered to carefully inspect and report upon the horses.

Fifty-three were reported, on the 24th, ineffective for active service, and two hundred and seventy-eight fit to prosecute the march. The Regimental Quartermaster reported his ability to proceed with a diminution of only ten wagons, but eleven others of the train only capable of going five or six days, when their loads of corn would be consumed if the others were not lightened. There was but little hay there, and I ordered an issue from it to the horses during their stay. The corn-trains were expected in a day or two. It was absolutely necessary to await their arrival.

I had received your communication of October 5, giving discretionary authority to winter in the vicinity of Fort Laramie; but that evening I determined to continue on. I ordered the laundresses to be left. Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman[27] stated that he could provide for them. Those too sick to ride were ordered to be left. The allowance of equipage in the general order for the summer march was greatly reduced, as in fact all other baggage; and even two ambulances, brought for the sick, were loaded with corn until they might be needed. I considered it prudent to take rations for thirty days.

On the 26th of October, the corn arrived, and was instantly taken and packed, by great exertions, for the march that afternoon, it being recommended by the guide, Jeaniser, who now joined me, in order to make camps with grass.

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26. Cooke had previously visited Fort Laramie in June, 1845, during the march of the 1st Dragoons to the South Pass. He wrote a vivid description of the Post and its inhabitants in his book, *Scenes and Adventures in the Army,* 335. His impressions are quoted in part in Le Roy Hafen and Frances Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West,* 109-111; (Glendale, 1938).

27. William Hoffman, of New York, a West Point graduate in the Class of 1829, was an officer of the 6th Infantry. In 1857 he was detached as Post Commander at Fort Laramie. He had been twice cited for gallantry in the War with Mexico. He spent most of his service in the Civil War as Commissary General of Prisoners and at its close received the brevet rank of Major General. He retired in 1870 and died August 12, 1884.

At one o'clock, the 'General' was sounded. Soon after I received the despatch of October 18 from South Pass. This, announcing, in fact, hostilities[28] in front, the great want of cavalry, and the strong hope of the Colonel to see us with him, I read to the officers assembled in front of the mounted regiment, adding a few words expressing my confidence in their every exertion to meet the kindly-announced expectations of the commander of the army.

I had corn for the night brought to the camp—seven miles—by two wagons of the fort. Half allowance for eighteen days was then in camp. The horses were all blanketed from that time, and on the march led and mounted alternate hours, besides dismounting on difficult ground.

October 27.—Marched twenty miles. The guide found very good grass far from the usual road, making a cut-off to the North Platte. There I commenced herding the horses till dark, and the mules all night.

The marches were twenty miles a day until October 30, when, finding on the river very unusually good grass, after marching eight miles, the camp was made and horses and mules herded, no corn being issued in that camp, save a half-feed to horses next morning.

Next day there was rain; but we marched twenty miles, to the first grass in the vicinity of Deer Creek—two miles west of it. At the trading house I caused some good hay to be purchased—all there was, and less than an allowance for the horses. A hunter was there hired, a beef procured and slaughtered. An expressman[29] was also engaged, and I wrote to communicate with headquarters; but the man did not present himself until the next night.

November 1.—Owing to a total absence of grass, the march was prolonged to twenty-three or twenty-four miles, and a camp

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28. As early as August 26, in the vicinity of Pacific Springs near the western end of South Pass, the leading element of the Utah Expedition had encountered patrols of the Utah Territorial Militia. The first contact was between an Army supply train and a detachment of the Utah 1st Regiment of Cavalry. Contrary to General Scott's specific instructions, the train had been left practically unguarded. On that specific date Colonel Edmund B. Alexander's 10th Infantry, in lead of the Army column, was still on the march east of Fort Laramie and the remaining units were strung out behind on the Oregon Trail. Colonel Johnston had not yet been appointed and an entire month was to elapse before the Dragoons departed from Fort Leavenworth. Later, as Colonel Alexander advanced westward from the South Pass, the Mormon riders kept his infantry and trains under constant observation, harrassed his outposts, drove off several herds of cattle and burned three wagon trains. The 10th Infantry arrived at Fort Bridger early in October and found the Mormons had burned it. A temporary camp called Camp Winfield was established in the vicinity.

29. A mounted messenger.

was made above the bridge. Next morning was very cold; the few tents were with difficulty folded and packed, having remained frozen from the sleet two nights before. The old road was taken, leaving the road at the crossing, and, it not having been used by the troops, we were not disappointed in finding grass for a camp at the first spring—fifteen miles. Five wagons and teams of worst mules were that morning left in camp, to return to Fort Laramie after resting a day.

November 3.—Twenty miles were accomplished, against an excessively cold headwind, to a camp on Sago Creek. The horses were mostly led. The fatigue of walking up and over the high hills, in the face of the wind, was very great. A bad camp, with poor hill-grass and a cold rain, was our welcome on Sago Creek.

November 4.—The camp was on Sweetwater, a mile above Independence Rock. The hunter brought in at night four hundred pounds of good buffalo-meat, and also for me a canteen of petroleum from a spring at the base of one of the small black mountains not distant from the road. Five empty wagons and teams were ordered back to Fort Laramie.

November 5.—We passed Devil's Gate, with a landscape up the Sweetwater Valley. We crossed the little river to within half a mile of a deep grassy vale, extending into the mountain masses of naked granite. There all the animals were loosed for the night, the mouth of the canon only being guarded.

On the 6th, we found the ground once more white and the snow falling, but then very moderately. I marched as usual. On a four-mile hill the north wind and drifting snow became severe. The air seemed turned to frozen fog; nothing could be seen. We were struggling in a freezing cloud. The lofty wall at 'Three Crosssings' was a happy relief; but the guide, who had lately passed there, was relentless in pronouncing there was no grass. The idea of finding and feeding upon grass in that wintry storm, under the deep snow, was hard to entertain; but, as he promised grass and other shelter two miles further, we marched on, crossing twice more the rocky stream, half choked with snow and ice. Finally, he led us behind a great granite rock, but all too small for the promised shelter. Only a part of the regiment could huddle there in the deep snow, while the long night through the storm continued, and in fearful eddies from above, before, behind, drove the falling and drifting snow. Thus exposed, in the hope of grass, the poor animals were driven with great devotion by the men once more across the stream, and three-quarters of a mile beyond to the base of a granite ridge, but which almost faced the storm. There the famished mules, crying piteously, did not seek to eat, but desperately gathered in a mass; and some horses, escaping the

guard, went back to the ford where the lofty precipice first gave us so pleasant relief and shelter.

Thus morning light had nothing cheering to reveal; the air still filled with driven snow. The animals soon came, driven in, and, mingled in confusion with men, went crunching the snow in the confined and wretched camp, trampling all things in their way. It was not a time to dwell on the fact that from that mountain desert there was no retreat nor any shelter near, but a time for action. No murmurs, not a complaint was heard, and certainly none in their commander's face a doubt or cloud; but with cheerful manner he gave orders as usual for the march. And then the sun showed his place in the sky, and my heart, for one, beat lighter. But for six hours the frost or frozen fog fell thickly, like snow, and again we marched as in a cloud.

The deep snow-drifts impeded us much, and in crossing Sweetwater the ice broke in the middle. Marching ten miles only, I got a better camp, and herded the horses on the hills. It was a different road, where a few days before the bodies of three frozen men were found.

November 8.—The mercury that morning marked forty-four degrees below freezing-point. The march was commenced before eight o'clock, and soon a high north-west wind arose, which with the drift, gave great suffering. Few could ride long, but of necessity eighteen miles were marched to Bitter Creek. The snow was blown deep in its valley, to which the hills gave little shelter. On them, the guide said, there was some grass; but few animals went, and none stayed there, so bitter was the wind. Twenty-three mules had given out, and five wagons and the harness were ordered to be abandoned at the camp.

Next day nineteen miles were to be marched, the road over high hills and table-lands; the snow was deep and drifted; the officers and men leading must break through the drifts in the road, where the wagons must follow it; the cloud was still on us, and freezing in our faces. Seven hours thus, and the Sweetwater Valley was regained; the wagons arrived at night. The animals were driven over the ice to herd on the high hills bounding the very narrow valley; but in the night a very great wind arose and drove them back from the scant bunch-grass there, freezing to death fifteen. We had there for fuel, besides the sage, the little bush-willow sticks.

November 10.—The northeast wind continued fiercely, enveloping us in a cloud, which froze and fell all day. Few could have faced that wind. The herders were to bring up the rear, with extra but nearly all broken-down mules, but could not force them from the dead bushes of the little valley, and they remained there all day and night, bringing on next day the fourth part, that had

not frozen. Thirteen miles were marched, and the camp was made four miles from the top of the pass. A wagon that day cut partly through the ice of a branch, and there froze so fast that eight mules could not move it empty. Nearly all the tent-pins were broken in the last camp; a few of iron were here substituted. Nine trooper-horses were left freezing and dying on the road that day, and a number of soldiers and teamsters had been frost-bitten. It was a desperately cold night; the thermometers were broken, but, by comparison, must have marked twenty-five degrees below zero. A bottle of sherry wine froze in a trunk. Having lost about fifty mules in thirty-six hours, the morning of the 11th, on the report of the Quartermaster, I felt bound to leave a wagon in the bushes, filled with seventy-four extra saddles and bridles and some sabres. Two other wagons, at the last moment, he was obliged to leave, but empty. The Sharp's carbines were then issued to mounted as well as dismounted men.

November 11.—Pleasant in the forenoon to men well wrapped and walking in the sun; we nearly surmounted the pass,[30] and, marching seventeen miles, encamped on Dry Sandy. The guide's search then resulted in his reporting 'no grass'. There remained but one day's corn after that night. It proved intensely cold, which must needs be seven or eight thousand feet high in the winter, in latitude above 42°. The mules for once were ordered tied to the wagons. They gnawed and destroyed four wagon-tongues, a number of wagon covers, ate their ropes, and, getting loose, ate the sage fuel collected at the tents. Some of these they also attacked. Nine died.

The fast growing company of dismounted men were marched together as a separate command by day; the morning of the 12th a number of them were frost-bitten from not being in motion, although standing by fires.

That day eighteen miles were marched to Big Sandy, where the guide found grass, and fuel with it, so good that the 13th was made a day of rest; the animals were all herded at the grass. Fifty horses had been lost since leaving Laramie. The regiment had maintained through its sufferings an excellent spirit.

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30. As Cooke's Dragoons crossed the South Pass on November 11, it may be helpful to place other units of the Utah Expedition. On October 10 Colonel Alexander, claiming to have received no instructions from Colonel Johnston as to plans of operation, had decided on his own to move along the Bear River to Soda Springs, now in Idaho, and approach Salt Lake City from that point in the spring. Heavy snow storms impeded his progress, however, and he was finally called back by an order from the Army Commanding Officer, dated October 16. Colonel Johnston himself had reached the South Pass October 18 and arrived at Fort Bridger about November 5. He now decided to spend the winter there in a temporary establishment which he named Camp Scott.

November 14 was cold with a dense fog, which caused much delay and difficulty in collecting the animals. I marched, however, to 'Second Crossing'; there was scarcely any grass. The weather had now much moderated.

The 15th I reached and crossed Green River; there was very little grass, near or far; the horses were herded at night half a mile from camp, crossing the river on the ice. The United States October mail, which preceded me by two days from Fort Laramie, arrived there soon after me. Nine wagons were left at the house, and forty-two mules, with teamsters to herd them.

The sick report had rapidly run up from four or five to forty-two, thirty-six soldiers and teamsters having been frosted.

A man of Green River named Migette, was authorized to collect and winter such animals as he might find surviving on the road.

November 16.—We had to face a very severe wind, and to march, too, eighteen miles before a camp-ground could be got, on Ham's Fork, and there was little or no grass. At mid-day my return express, now sent to Fort Laramie, was met. Twenty horses were abandoned in that twenty-four hours.

November 17.—The guide was sent early to look for grass; we found some, and I marched, leading the horses six miles, and encamped there, on 'Little Muddy', running into Black's Fork.

November 18.—Thirteen miles were marched, and some very good bunch-grass was found, by careful search, between the barren clay ridges, within half a mile of which I camped on Black's Fork.

November 19.—Marched, leading through the mud and snow, as yesterday, fourteen miles, passing the camp of the Tenth Infantry. I encamped several miles above them, on Black Fork, and about three miles below Fort Bridger.

From there I reported in person yesterday, and one of my companies joined the army headquarters, Camp Scott.

I have one hundred and forty-four horses, and have lost one hundred and thirty-four. Most of the loss has occurred much this side of the South Pass, in comparatively moderate weather. It has been of starvation. The earth has a no more lifeless, treeless, grassless desert; it contains scarcely a wolf to glut itself on the hundreds of dead and frozen animals which for thirty miles nearly block the road with abandoned and shattered property; they mark, perhaps beyond example in history, the steps of an advancing army with the horrors of a disastrous retreat.[31]

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31. Cooke did not exaggerate. Colonel Johnston's march from Pacific Springs to Fort Bridger—some 120 miles—had been a terrible experience. Constant snow storms had been encountered; the temperature dropped to 16°; the draft animals and beef cattle weakened pitifully because of lack of forage. As a result they dropped alongside the road and in camp by

A list of the officers is subjoined.

With high respect, your obedient servant,

P. St. George Cooke,
Lieutenant Colonel, Second Dragoons.

To the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Army of Utah
Camp Scott, Utah Territory.

Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke
Major M. S. Howe [32]
First Lieutenant John Buford, R. Q. M.
" " John Pegram, Adjutant [33]
Assistant Surgeon Edward N. Covey
Brevet-Major H. H. Sibley, Comdg Co I and squadron [34]
Captain James M. Hawes, " " C " " [35]
First Lieutenant Jonas P. Holliday " " F " " [36]
" " Thomas Hight " " B [37]

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the hundreds and quickly froze. Progress was so slow that fifteen days were required to negotiate the last 35 miles! (Johnston, *Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston,* 212-215).

On arrival the troops faced a frigid winter with what little shelter could be provided by tents. All of this suffering was directly attributable to the fact that the Utah Expedition had started entirely too late in the season. It had been launched against competent military advice. Final blame must be squarely placed upon the stupidity of the politicians in Washington.

32. Marshal Saxe Howe, a native of Maine and graduate of West Point, spent all his Army service in the cavalry attaining the rank of Colonel in September, 1861. He retired in 1866 and died twelve years later.

33. Born in Virginia, John Pegram was a West Point graduate in the Class of 1854. On September 8, 1857, he was designated Regimental Adjutant of the 2d Dragoons. He gave up his Federal commission May 10, 1861, and turned to the South. He early was promoted Major General in the Confederate Army and was killed in action in a battle in his home State, February 6, 1865.

34. Henry Hastings Sibley, a New Yorker, was graduated from U. S. Military Academy in 1838 and served until the Civil War with the 2d Dragoons. He was cited for gallantry during the Mexican War. Despite his birthplace, he joined the Confederacy and became a Brigadier General, C. S. A.

35. A Kentuckian by birth and a West Point graduate in 1845, James Morrison Hawes was brevetted 1st Lieutenant for gallantry in Mexico two years later. He resigned from the Army early in 1861 and became a Brigadier General in the Southern forces. He died in 1889.

36. Jonas P. Holliday, of New York, was a member of the West Point Class of 1850. He immediately joined the 2d Dragoons and succeeded Lieutenant Buford as Regimental Quartermaster August 4, 1858. In the Civil War he became Colonel of the 1st Vermont Cavalry, but died on the following April 5.

37. Thomas Hight was appointed to the Military Academy from Indiana and was graduated in 1853. He entered the War Between the States as Lieutenant Colonel, 1st Maine Cavalry, but resigned from the Army for unstated reasons in April, 1863. He reentered the service with the 3d Maine Infantry, of which he became Colonel April 29, 1864. He was honorably discharged July 2, 1864, and died three years afterwards.

"	"	John B. Villepigue	dismounted men		[38]
Second	"	George A. Gordon	"	" A	[39]
"	"	John Mullins			[40]
"	"	Ebenezer Gay	"	" G	[41]
"	"	John Green			[42]

So ended the most remarkable march in Cooke's wide experience. His solicitude for his men and animals, his courage under highly adverse conditions, his efficiency in handling his command won the praise of all his superior officers. General Scott, the General-in-Chief of the Army, in an order dated August 10, 1858, voiced what all cavalrymen felt:

> The march in the depth of winter of Lieutenant-Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, commanding the Second Dragoons, from Laramie through the South Pass to Green River, deserves, as it has already received, special commendation.[43]

Almost twenty years later Cook wrote of the experience of his Dragoons during the winter of 1857-1858:

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38. John Bordenave Villepigue was born in South Carolina and was graduated from West Point in 1854. He resigned from the Army March 31, 1861, even before hostilities began, and became a Brigadier General under the Stars and Bars. He died November 9, 1862.

39. Another native of Virginia, George Alexander Gordon, became a West Point graduate in 1854. Unlike nearly all other Regular officers from the Old Dominion, he retained his commission in the Union Army. His highest rank during the Civil War was Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, bestowed for gallantry.

40. John Mullins, of Tennessee, was also a member of the U. S. M. A. Class of 1854. He followed the South in 1861 and became Colonel, 19th Mississippi Infantry.

41. Ebenezer Gay was a New Englander from New Hampshire and likewise belonged to the Class of 1854. He became a Lieutenant Colonel in the Civil War, but was "dismissed the service" in 1869. Reinstatement followed one year later.

42. John Green was the only non-West Pointer among Cooke's line officers. Moreover, by one of those strange quirks of military fortune, he was the only one to win the Congressional Medal of Honor subsequently. Foreign born in Germany, he enlisted in the ranks in 1846, worked his way up through the non-commissioned grades and was commissioned 2d Lieutenant, 2d Dragoons, June 18, 1855. He finished the Civil War as Lieutenant Colonel, but in 1890 was promoted Brigadier General for service in Indian campaigns. He received his Medal of Honor in an engagement against the Modoc Indians at Lava Rocks, California, January 17, 1873.

43. N. A. R. S. W. R. B.

. . . To the regiment was assigned the charge of herding, in distant mountain valleys, between six and seven thousand oxen, mules, and horses, to which its own were added; these, thus peculiarly exposed to renewed raids of the Mormons, had, by day, to be spread over thousands of acres. On application for assistance the smallest company in the army was sent . . .[44]

44. Colonel Theophilus F. Rodenbough, *From Everglade to Canon with the Second Dragoons,* 192; (New York, 1875).

Additional military information concerning Cooke's march, by way of background, may be found in: Brigadier General Oliver L. Spaulding, Jr., *The United States Army in War and Peace,* 236-240; (New York, 1937); Colonel Albert G. Brackett, *History of the United States Cavalry,* 177-181; (New York, 1865); Percival G. Lowe, *Five Years a Dragoon,* 294-308; (Kansas City, 1906); William Drown, *Personal Recollections—A Trumpeter's Notes,* 206-218. Diaries of two Regular officers serving with the Utah Expedition have been published by State Historical Societies. The first, *The Utah Expedition, 1857-1858; Letters of Capt. Jesse A. Gove;* published by the New Hampshire Historical Society; (Concord, 1928); sheds some interesting side lights on the Expedition as a whole. The second, *The Utah War; Journal of Albert Tracy, 1858-1860;* issued by the Utah State Historical Society; (Salt Lake City, 1945); does not begin until Cooke's march had been accomplished, but describes several incidents in which Tracy became involved with Cooke at Camp Floyd.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART IV—1857-1859

XXXVIII

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES W. DENVER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED G. S. L. CITY, SEPT. 12, 1857[102]

Sir,

Enclosed please find Abstract account current and vouchers from 1 to 35 inclusive (also abstract of employees) for the current quarter up to this date, as owing to the stoppage of the mail I have deemed it best to avail myself of the opportunity of sending by private Conveyance not knowing when I may have another chance. The expenditure as you will observe by the papers amount to $6411.38 for which I have drawn my drafts on the department in favor of Hon. John M. Bernhisel delegate to Congress from this Territory. You will also observe that a portion of these expenditures accrued prior to this quarter, which may need a word of explanation. Santa Clara is in Washington County the extreme Southern County of this Territory and this labor was commenced and partly performed, seeds, grain &c furnished prior to the time that Major Armstrong visited those parts of the Territory, hence failed to find its way into his reports and failed being included in mine because the accounts & vouchers were not sooner brought in and hence not settled untill recently; but little has been effected in that part of the Territory at the expense of the Government, although much has been done by the citizens in aiding the Indians with tools, teams and instruction in cultivating the earth. The bands mentioned are part of the Piede

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102. U/19-1857. This letter, written as the Utah Expedition was marching toward Utah, reflects the general insecurity of the Mormon position. Brigham Young later made much of the fact that the Federal government had failed to notify him of his having been superseded as governor and superintendent of Indian Affairs, and the letter is an example of scrupulous avoidance of these topics.

tribe of Indians who are very numerous, but only in part inhabit this Territory. These Indians are more easily induced to labor than any others in the Territory and many of them are now engaged in the common pursuits of civilized life. Their requirements are constant for wagons, ploughs, spades, hoes, teams and harness &c to enable them to work to advantage.

In like manner the Indians in Cache Valley have received but little at the expense of the Government although a Sore tax upon the people; West and along the line of the California and Oregon travel, they continue to make their contributions, and I am Sorry to add with considerable loss of life to the travellers. This is what I have always Sought by all means in my power to avert, but I find it the most difficult of any portion to control I have for many years Succeeded better than this. I learn by report that many of the lives of the emigrants and considerable quantities of property has been taken. This is principally owing to a company of some three or four hundred returning Californians who travelled those roads last spring to the Eastern States shooting at every indian they could see, a practise utterly abhorrent to all good people; yet I regret to say one which has been indulged in to a great extent by travellers to and from the Eastern States and California, hence the Indians regard all white men alike their enemies and kill and plunder whenever they can do So with impunity and often the innocent Suffer for the deeds of the guilty. This has always been one of the greatest difficulties that I have had to Contend with in the administration of Indian Affairs in this Territory. It is hard to make an Indian believe that the whites are their friends and the Great Father wishes to do them good, when perhaps the very next party which crosses their path shoots them down like wolves. This trouble with the Indians only exists along the line of travel west, and beyond the influence of our Settlements. The Shoshones are not hostile to travellers so far as they inhabit in this Territory except perhaps a few called "Snake diggers" who inhabit as before stated along the line of travel west of the settlements. There have however been more or less depredations the present season North and more within the vicinity of the Settlements owing to the causes above mentioned and I find it of the utmost difficulty to restrain them. The Sound of war quickens the blood and nerves of an Indian. The report that troops were wending their way to this Territory has also had its influence upon them. In one or two instances this was the reason assigned why they made the attacks which they did upon some herds of Cattle they seemed to think that if it was to be war they might as well commence and begin to lay in a Supply of food, when they had a chance. If I am to have the direction of the Indian Affairs of this Territory and am expected to maintain friendly relations with the Indians, there are a few things that I

would most respectfully suggest to be done. First, that travellers omit their infamous practise of shooting them down when they happen to see one.

Whenever the citizens of this Territory travels the roads, they are in the habit of giving the Indians food, tobacco and a few other presents, and the Indians expect Some such trifling favor, and they are emboldened by this practise to come up to the road with a view of receiving such presents. When therefore travellers from the States make their appearance they throw themselves in Sight with the Same view and when they are Shot at Some of their numbers killed as has frequently been the Case, we cannot but expect them to wreak their vengeance upon the next train.

Secondly. That the Government should make more liberal appropriations to be expended in presents I have proven that it is far cheaper to feed and clothe the Indians than to fight them. I find moreover that after all when the fighting is over, it is always followed by extensive presents which if properly distributed in the first instance might have averted the fight. In this Case then the expense of presents are the Same and it is true in nine tenths of the Cases that have happened.

Third. The troops must be kept away for it is a prevalent fact that where ever there are the most of these we may expect to find the greatest amount of hostile Indians and the least Security to persons and property

If these three items could be complied with I have no hesitation in Saying that so far as Utah is concerned that travellers could go to and from pass and repass and no Indian would disturb or molest them or their property.

In regard to my drafts it appears that the department is indisposed to pay them, for what reason I am at a loss to conjecture. I am aware that Congress Separated the office Superintendent of Indian Affairs from that of Governor, that the Salary of Governor remained the Same for his Gubernatorial duties, and that the Superintendent was fifteen hundred I do think that inasmuch as I perform the duties of both offices that I am entitled to the pay appropriated for it, and trust that you will so consider it.

I have drawn again for the expenditure of this present quarter as above Set forth. of course you will do as you please about paying as you have with the drafts for the two last quarters.

The department has ofen manifested its approval of the management of the Indian Affairs in this Superintendency, and never its disapproval. Why then should I be subjected to such annoyance in regard to obtaining the funds for defraying its expenses? Why should I be denied my Salary, why should appropriations made for the benefit of the Indians of this Territory be retained in the

treasury and individuals left unpaid? These are questions I leave for you to answer at your leisure, and meanwhile Submit to Such course in relation thereto as you shall See fit to direct. . . .

XXXIX

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES W. DENVER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED CAMP SCOTT, GREEN RIVER COUNTY, U. T., NOV. 30, 1857[103]

Sir,

I arrived here several days ago, with Col Cooks command. Circumstances compells the Army, to remain here untill spring. All the civil officers for Utah are here & must of course remain under the protection of the Army. The Gove[r]nor will in a few days organize the Territorial Government.

I expect within two weeks, to have an interview, with the Cheif of the Snake Tribe, which are in winter quarters a short distance from here. I will also within a few months visit in company with Agent Dr. Hurt, several other Tribes

Dr Hurt, was driven from his "indian Farm" in "Salt Lake Valley," by the Mormons, & is & will remain in this camp. the Dr. will report to me as soon as we get fixed. We are at present enguaged building Houses (cabins & fixing up for the winter. I am at present writing in my carraige with gloves on my hands—the thermometer below zero. . . .

XL

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO JAMES W. DENVER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED CAMP SCOTT, GREEN R. COUNTY, DEC. 14, 1857[104]

Dear Sir

In compliance with a regulation of your department, making it the duty of superintendents to report annually, I submit the following report.

Having been in the Territory of Utah, but a few weeks, I have consequently but little to report. I arrived at this Camp the latter part of last month, & was informed by Col. [Albert Sidney] Johnston, the Commanding Officer, that the Army, would go into Winter quarters at this place. All the civil officers are Stoping here, and I am oblidged to do the same. I have been buisily en-

103. F/172-1858
104. F/176-1858

guaged erecting a cabin in some degree suitable for an office and dwelling, will have it finished in a few days.

"Little Soldier," Cheif of a Small Tribe of Sho-Sho-Ne Indians visited me last Tuesday and remained in Camp Two days. This Cheif had with him several of his men, and also an Indian named Ben Simons, formerly of the Deleware Tribe, but for the last Twenty years a trader among the Indians of this Territory. Ben Speaks most of the languages of this region, and English sufficiently well to answer for an interpreter.[105]

Little Soldier's Tribe is at present encampted in Weber Valley, on the road leading from this Camp to Salt Lake consequently in close proximity to the Mormans, and in a position to render assential service to the Mormons, should they be so disposed. Little Soldier assures me however, that they have always kept aloof from Mormon delusions and maintained strict integrity towards the U. States and any of her Citizens, who have traded through his country. I have satisfied myself that they have not deceived me. Inasmuch as this Tribe have not acceeded to the wishes of the Mormons, & as an inducement for a continuence of friendship I have given them some presents for which they were very thankfull and much pleased.

I herewith transmit to you, the Report of Agent Dr Hurt. I have examined the Report carefully and have talked with men, of unquestionable integrity who have seen the Indian Farms, and so far as I have been able to investigate the matter, justice compells

105. Most of what is known about Ben Simons emerges in the records of 1857-58, and a considerable part of that is developed in the documents now printed. He is said to have been a Cherokee, or a half-breed Cherokee of French parentage, and attained to the status of a sub-chief with Little Soldier's band of mixed Shoshoni and Utes. Another man of like character, variously referred to as Jim Simons or Jim Cherokee, appears fugitively in the same records. Perhaps the earliest documentary reference to Ben Simons occurs on Oct. 14, 1852, in the letter by Brigham Young quoted in Note 60. He frequented, with Little Soldier's band, the Weber River area in particular, and Lieut. E. G. Beckwith, carrying on the Pacific Railroad survey after Gunnison's death, in the spring of 1854 referred to his presence in the Morgan Valley, even calling a creek by his name. On Aug. 7, 1858, Richard Ackley referred to Ben's presence with a detachment of troops as far east as the North Platte (*Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1941, vol. X, p. 203). During the winter of 1857-58 he moved back and forth between the lines of the Mormons and Camp Scott, and was a principal source of information for both. He appears to vanish from the record in 1859; the last reference I have to him is a report of a conversation made by Dimick B. Huntington on Feb. 14, 1859 (L. D. S. Journal History for this date). Arrapine and Ben Simons had been visiting Huntington in Great Salt Lake City, and Ben, who apparently was a black-bearded man, is represented as having told Arrapine "that somebody had got to die for shooting at him last winter in the mountains—he did not say who it would be."

me to bear favourable testimony to the policy of Dr. Hurt, in introducing agriculture among these Tribes.

Dr. Hurt has undouptably given his entire time & energies to improve the condition of the Tribes, in his neighbourhood, & has by his devotion to their interests endeared himself much to them, and also stimulated other Tribes, who have come many miles, to visit these farms, and are asking instructors, Dr H. has accomplished all this without any assistance from those around him, but in many instances had to encounter obsticles thrown in his way. For the reasons, for which Dr. Hurt, abandoned the farms, I refer you to his letter to Col. Johnston.[106]

Permanently locating the Indian Tribes of this Territory, and the introduction among them, of agriculture and Mechanical persuits, shall be my cheif aim. . . .

XLI

Jacob Forney, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to James W. Denver, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Camp Scott, Green River Co., Utah T., Jan. 1, 1858[107]

Dear Sir.

There is now, no probability of the Army or civil Department getting into Salt L. City, before May or June or even then.

In compliance with the Special request of the Acting Commissioner Mr Mix—I have availed myself of every opportunity to get reliable information of the true condition of the Indians in this Territory. I have obtained Some usefull and interesting information. Since my last communication, Five chiefs and Seventy to Eighty of their principal men, visited me—representing two of the Utah Tribes or Bands. The Utahs claim the country—between Salt L. City, Rocky Mountains—New Mexicó & Serrie Neveda. Those that were here seemed peacefull, but, evidently poor, they belong to Dr Hurt Agency, & the Dr. informs me that they have renderred him some service on the Indian farms. These Bands are anxious to enguage in Agriculture & asked me to assist them, and also send a white man to instruct them. they informed me, that game, was very scarce in their country, but plenty of good land. Wash-a-Kee—principal Cheif of a small Tribe called "Snakes," send me a special Message last week, informing me, that he would visit me before the Army left. This Tribe is at

106. For the general background to Indian Affairs at this time in Utah Territory see Dale L. Morgan, "The Administration of Indian Affairs in Utah, 1851-1858," *Pacific Historical Review*, November, 1948, vol. XVII, pp. 405-409.

107. F/189-1858.

present on Wind River, on lands belonging to the Crous,[108] they claim Green River County, but game is too scarce here, & hence they go elsewhere for subsistence. The Snakes, & Some of the Utah Bands, have been at variance for some years, but both Seem willing, to make friends, which I will endeaver to consummate in the Spring or sooner if possible.

Several persons who have done business among these different Tribes, inform me that they have never molested any Whites. I give the Utahs that visited me some presents. The Department have directed me to examine the financial accounts of Agents Hurt & Armstrong, which I cannot do, untill we get into (If Ever) Salt Lake City.

I have received a communication Since here, informing that the person appointed to the Agency at Salt L. City, had declined, & I am consequently requested to continue Mr. Armstrong—Mr A. is a Mormon, & untill further instructed, I must decline recognizing him as an Agent. I beleive the last Congress passed an Act for an Indian Agency, in Carson Valley. I think it would be advisable to appoint a suitable person to that Agency. Mr John Kerr, is here, in the employ of Mr Livingston, and who I think would make a very good & reliable Agent. Mr Kerr has lived several years in this Territory, and seems familiar with Indian affairs. I also reccomend the appointment of some person in the place of Mr Armstrong, at Salt Lake city. . . .

XLII

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED CAMP SCOTT, GREEN RIVER CO., U. TERRITORY, FEB. 10, 1858[109]

Dear Sir.

The bearer Lewis M. Stewart Esq—is my Brother-in-Law, who I take pleasure in introducing to your favourable consideration, he is a Scholar & Gentleman, & in every way worthy your confidence. Mr Stewart, come out with me, & has renderred me assential service. Mr. S. visits the States, to attend to some private business for me, & bring out my family;

I requested Mr. S.—to visit Washington, for reasons, that will appear in this letter. The Mails have been very irregular; indeed no Mails, at all, untill within the last three weeks, & then only part of the Oct. Nov & December Mails. These Mail delinquences are insufferable, especially when the roads, have ben in a traveling

108. This is one of the earliest documents that shows Washakie's Shoshoni frequenting the country that eventually became their reservation.
109. S/273-1858.

condition all Winter. There is a strong presumption, that the Mail, has been intercepted, we are forced to this beleif, from the fact that no official, Civil or Military officer have received any thing from Washington, & very few letters of any kind. I have received but three letters since I left home.

I have communicated all my official acts, among the Indians, to your Department, which I hope, has met with approval. I came into this country, with a full determination to do my duty, both to the Government & Indians. The duties pertaining to my office, are very different from my former habitudes, and it would not be very strange, if I would commit some errors, in the outstart of my Mission. Rest assured, my Dear Sir, that I have not been idle, to inform myself, of the duties of my office. My principal associate, is Gov. Cumming,[110] a man of extraordinary acquirements, & my warm friend. I beg leave to remind, you, of a promise to send me a Book, containing a general & special Hystory, of all the Indian Tribes, in the U. States. I will regard it as a very great favour, to send me said Book, by my friend Mr. Stewart.

I forwarded several weeks ago, my first financial Report, which from the peculiar condition of affairs here, may need some explanation. If so, I feel confident, Mr. Stewart can make a satisfactory explanation. I am very anxious to make a right beginning.

I wish to be rightly understood, in refference to my motives, for comming out, into this country, that it was or is not to make money, but reather a hope & prospect, of improving a broken down constitution, & avoiding the development of already incipient CONSUMPTION. I am happy to inform you that my Health is already greatly improved.

I see it stated in the papers, & the impression seems to be general, that some of the Indian Tribes, are in the employ of B. Young, there is no truth in this, & I think I stated so, to the Department, in my communications. I am assured, by reliable persons, that the Indian Tribes, in this Territory, with the exception of those in & about Carson Valley, have been uniformally peaceable, & never molested any of our people & the Government, altho frequently impertuned by the Mormons, to steal from & murder Emigrants. To improve the condition of the Indians, in Carson Valley, I reccommended the appointment of an Agent for that locality—the person whom I reccommended, left here, a few weeks ago, for the States, & may be at Washington about the

110. Alfred Cumming, a Georgian, governor of Utah from 1857 to 1861, had previously been Superintendent of the Central Superintendency at St. Louis, and had ample background to give Forney wise counsel.

first of March. I also advised the appointment of a new Agent at Salt Lake City, I cannot think, that you, will want to continue a Morman in office. I beleive I reccommended no one for this Agency—I do now respectfully reccommend Dr. C. B. Gillespy, Bradys Bend P. O., Armstrong Co. Pa. I know the Dr well, and consider him well qualified for any position, & I feel confident he would come out.

I see it stated, that Genl [James W.] Denver has been appointed, Secretary for Kansas, how is this—I was in hopes that the Kansas, troubles were all rightly fixed up long before this. With a veiw to the prospective good of Kansas, I would respectfully reccommend, the Hanging or exporting, some of the scoundrals, who seem so bent on mischeif. Did Walker & Stanton, brake down. I hope the President will not suffer by the Kansas difficulties.

It is my full purpose, to visit every full Tribe, in this Territory, within the next ten months. I will have an interview with the "Snake" Tribe, before we leave this point, these are wintering on "Wind River," this section of the Territory belong to this Tribe.

My opportunities have been too limited, to enable me to say much of the real & true condition, of the Indians, in this Territory. I have talked with the representatives of two Tribes, from these & other sources, I have learned, that all are poor, scarcity of game, is the cause. The Cheifs, & principal Men, with whom I have talked, are anxious to be taught farming. The "Utah" Cheifs, who visited me last Month, told me that they had very little game, but plenty of good Land, and asked me, to send a white to teach the Art of farming. I am anxious to give these people an opportunity to work

If the Department, have any communication to make, please send it by Mr. Stewart, as the Mail is uncertain. Mr. Stewart will give you any information about the condition of things here, It is very uncertain when the Army will leave, not perhaps untill June. Present my compliments to the Secretary of the Interior. . . .

XLIII

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED CAMP SCOTT, GREEN RIVER CO., MARCH 11, 1858[111]

Dear Sir.

I received a letter from Col. Johnston, several days ago, requesting my Co-operation in furthering the operations of the U. Army, by employing some expert Indians, for the performance

111. F/227-1858.

of certain kinds of duty, which might prove effecacious to all here encampted.

The intention is not to enguage Indians, for actual fighting, but as scouting parties. On reflection, I have concluded, that it is my duty, to render the Army, all the aid in my power. I have send for the "Snake Tribe," they being the most intimately acquainted with this portion of the Territory.

I received a letter, yesterday evening, from "Little Soldier" principal Cheif, of a small Tribe, at present encampted on Bear River, some fifty miles from this camp. Weaver & part of Salt L. Vally, was the home, of this Tribe, untill driven from all their best land, by the Mormons. They were encampted, all winter near "Ogden City," Weaver Vally—they left there several days ago, crossed the Mountain & Cannons—between this & S. L. City, the road, they inform me, is in a good Condition. I will see the Tribe in a few days.

"Little Soldier"'s Tribe—have been suspected, by some, for having formed friendly relations with the Mormons. This Cheif, with some of his principal men, visited me last fall, shortly after our arrival here. There own Statements, & the testimony of reliable men, convinced me, that this Tribe, have ever, been faithfull, to the Government & our citizens. All subsequent information of this people, strengthens my good opinion of them.

It is uncertain, when I may have another safe opportunity of sending letters—this goes by the Army Express. . . .

XLIV

D. W. Thorpe to Charles E. Mix, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington, D. C., March 26, 1858[112]

Sir

In the establishment of an Indian Agency for the "Snake Nation" I would respectfully mention that if the Government should Deem the season to[o] far advanced to make the usual arraingements for the purchas[e] and transportation of Goods for that Tribe, I will be able to have the goods furnished and fraigtted at the ordinary Government rates, by the direction of the Department.

In this connection I would beg to suggest that a limited amount of goods for that destination would be most advisable untill those

112. T/286-1858.

Indians have been visited and there chiefs and head men assembled and the numbers and wants more certainly ascertained.

A few thousand dollars properly and carefully distributed amoung them would be an e[a]rnest of the kind feelings of Government in their behalf and would be most salutary in the prevention of any undue influence being used over them by the mormons in connection with the difficulties now pending in that region. . . .

XLV

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, APRIL 17, 1858[113]

Dear Sir.

There has nothing peculiarly interesting transpired in my department, since my last Communication.

I visited last week the Sho-Sho-Ne- Tribe at present encamped on Bear River, fifty miles from here, in the direction of Salt L. City. I promised the Cheifs of this Tribe, sometime ago- and when yet encamped in Weber Valley, that whenever they had moved to Bear River, I would endeavor to visit them, consequently Tuesday evening of last week, two Cheifs, with seventy men, came to my place, all well mounted, to escort me to there Camp. There was no backing out, on the following day we starded. This was my first visit to an Indian Camp. I was decidedly pleased with the general appearance & appearently industrious habits of these people. I was informed by one of the Cheifs, Ben Simons, who acted as Interpreter, that they had out almost constantly hunting parties They have killed this Winter, over a hundred elk, & a large quantity of small game — They have also commenced traping in Bear River, & have already Caught considerable Otter & Beaver.

A small party, from this Tribe, were the first Indians that visited me, after our arrivel here. This is one of the Tribes — B. Young, boasted, would assist him, in the event of a conflict with the U. States. Several days intercourse, on my recent visit, ennables me to say most confidently, that this Tribe, is true, to the Government, beyond all peradventure.

I received your communication informing me of the appointment of an Agent at S. L. City.

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113. F/260-1858.

I will send my financial report, for the quarter Ending March 31, the first of next month. My visit to B. River, last week, & other official matters, prevents me, sending it by to Morrow's Mail.

Wash-A-Kee.—Principal Cheif of the Snakes, has send me word, that he & his principal men will visit me within two weeks.

White-Eye—Principal Cheif, of a large Tribe, of "Utes," spend part of a day at my Tent, he is evidently a man, Calculated to rule, he wants me to see all his Cheifs & principal men, before we leave this. Three of the Sho-Sho-Ne Cheifs, have requested me, to meet them & all there people at "Bear Lake," in May, & give them a talk - which I can do on my way to Salt Lake City. . . .

XLVI

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, MAY 21, 1858[114]

Dear Sir.

I succeeded on the 12th inst. of consummating a Treaty of Peace, between the Snake Tribe, under Cheif Wash-A-Kee—his five sub-Cheifs, and the Utah Tribe, under White-Eye— Sow-At- & Sam Pitch—equal Cheifs, These two Tribes have been at enmity for years, fighting and killing each other, and endangering the lives & property of Whites.

I seen and talked with both Tribes, before they met here, and at my request met in Council, at my office. All differences are adjusted, and I have good reason to beleive, that the peace will be permanent.

The line deviding these Indians, was never deffinately explained to them, both Tribes, now understand where the dividing line between them is.

The Bannack Tribe, were present at the Council. I will give you, on the first June a full account of the above transaction, and also, all my other official doings, since in the Territory & to the end of the fiscal year.[115] It is my intention, and will make my arrangements accordingly, That from the first of July, to December or January, my time will be principally occupied traveling—visit-

114. F/252-1858.

115. His official duties so pressed upon him that Forney, as he reported later, did not find the time to prepare this "full account" of the "Treaty of Peace" he brought about between the Shoshoni and the Utes; the same cause prevented his making the visit to Bear Lake which he had contemplated. In view of what Forney says about his having defined a "dividing line" between the two tribes, this dereliction in duty becomes the more lamentable.

ing the Tribes & Bands, in other portions of the Territory, unless prevented by political entanglements. I have satisfactorily arranged the boundaries, and concluded permanent friendship with four Tribes, of considerable importance.

I will leave this next Monday or Tuesday, for Salt L. Valley, & the Indian farm, near Provo City. My friend Govenor Cumming, visited the Indian farm, during his trip through the Mormon Settlements, and found things on the farm in a very different condition, then represented to me by the Agent. The Govenor seen about 2000 bushels of wheat—Cattle and farming implements. The person on the farm, was requested to remain untill my arrival there, which will, I trust, be next week, & in time, to have some potatoes &c—planted.

I will return here again in a few weeks, I have an appointment to meet the whole Sho-Sho-Nee Tribe, on Bear River Lake, in June. I intend also, if possible, to make a visit to several Valleys, from thirty to fifty miles, south-East of this, and also explore some along Green River, and a Valley east of this River. This exploration is being made, with the veiw of determining the feasibility of permanently settling the Snake Tribe, for Agricultural purposes. Wash-A—kee, principal Cheif, of this Tribe, is very anxious to settle his people permanently, he assures me, that all he wants is a good White man, to instruct his people, & farming implements, & his young men will do the work.[116]

I respectfully invite your attention to my financial report, the amount expended in presents may seem large. I may have exceeded the bounds of discretion in making so many. I will explain my principal motives for doing as I have done. All the Tribes I have had intercourse with, have always been faithfull to the Government, & never molested any of our people. Three of the Tribes, have never received any presents. These Indians were & are in a position, which, if disposed, could have done us more harm than the Mormons. After consulting a few friends last fall, & the destitute condition of the Indians, many really almost naked & starving, I felt it to be my duty, to do as I have done. I have given all the presents, I intent to give, to the Indians, in this portion of the Territory, which at the price even here will not exceed Eight thousand dollars, to the end of the fiscal year. . . .

N B. I have much more to say, but have been & still too sick an express will leave here June 1st, when I will write again.

116. Each succeeding wave of Indian officials heard a similar tale from the Indian chiefs of Utah Territory. Alas, the young men did not take kindly to "doing the work," which in their view was properly the sphere of the squaws.

XLVII

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, U. T., June 30, 1858[117]

Sir:—

Enclosed please find an abstract account current, property return, and vouchers from one to seventeen inclusive. Showing an expenditure during the quarter ending June 30, 1858, of Seven thousand and Sixty eight 57/100 Dollars, for which I have drawn two drafts No 95 for Three thousand five hundred and thirty four Dollars, and No 96 for Three thousand five hundred and thirty four 57/100 Dollars, in favor of Hon. J. M. Bernhisel Delegate in Congress.

Of the above amount, One thousand three hundred and sixty eight 44/100 Dollars, was expended as you will perceive at Fort Bridger in presents to Wash-e-kik, Standing Rock, Tib-en-de-wah and their respective bands, all of the Shoshone tribe of Indians, at their annual visit made at that place in August last.[118] These accounts would have been included in my former reports, but have not been rendered until the 3rd of April of the present quarter, as appears in voucher No. 1.

Since my last report the Indians have generally been rather more quiet and in a few instances returned some of the horses which they had previously stolen. One exception however to this is a portion of the Utahs under White-Eye, Anthro, Peeteeneet, Sandpitch and Tin-tic who with their bands numbering above six hundred, came into the Settlements, about the last of May, from the vicinity of Fort Bridger, very hostile in their feelings and appearently only awaiting the advance of the troops from that point to make a general attack. As it was they committed many depredations, by stealing horses, Killing Cattle Sheep &c., but since they have learned the peac[e]able advance of the troops, their hostile feelings seem to be somewhat subsiding.

Owing to these causes, it became necessary to not only hold them in check but to feed them in order to conciliate and keep them from actual outbreak until matters could be explained to them understandingly.

I trust that the foregoing explanations will be deemed sufficient and satisfactory and the account paid accordingly.

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117. Y/34-1858.

118. "August last" would have been the summer of 1857. Very little information has turned up bearing on the movements of the Shoshoni in 1857.

Dr Forney Superintendent of Indian Affairs, tho doubtless having been some time in the Territory and probably officiating partially in his office while at Camp Scott did not until quite recently sufficiently assume its duties that I could feel relieved therefrom. Being now at the scene of his duties, these matters will hereafter devolve upon him, thus closing my official intercourse with this department.

Trusting that Dr. Forney's intercourse with the department may be congenial, as well as satisfactory to the native tribes. . . .

XLVIII

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY, SEPT. 6, 1858[119]

Sir: In accordance with the regulations and requirements of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit to you a report of my doings among the Indians of this Territory.

I received my commission on the 9th day of September, A. D. 1857, and with the least possible delay thereafter commenced my journey to my superintendency. It was the opinion of the Secretary of the Interior and yourself that I could reach Fort Leavenworth in time to come out under the protection of Colonel [Philip St. George] Cook[e]'s command, but I found on my arrival at the fort that the command had left and were *en route* twelve days. I did not overtake it until it reached Fort Laramie.

My party reached Camp Scott, near Fort Bridger, on the 17th day of November last, after experiencing extremely cold weather in the mountains; and it was only through the kindness of Colonel Cook (to whom I am much indebted) that we were enabled to reach the camp of the Utah army.

On account of the inclement state of the weather, and the troubled condition of affairs in this Territory, I was compelled to remain during the whole of last winter at Camp Scott, and of course was not very favorably situated to attend to the duties of my office. I had a building erected, however, and entered upon my official duties in the best manner possible under the circumstances.

The tribes and fragments of tribes with whom I had business relations during my forced residence at Camp Scott are as follows, to wit: on the second day of December last I was visited by

119. The original manuscript having disappeared, this report is reprinted from the published version in the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1858, 35th Congress, 2nd Session, *Senate Executive Document* 1, Part 1 (Serial 974), pp. 561-565.

San-Pitch, a principal chief of the Utahs, and a few of his men. I will speak more elaborately of this tribe in the progress of this report. They wished to see Agent Hurt, who was then residing at Camp Scott. I gave them a few presents; this was my first official act with the Indians.

On the 10th of December following, Little Soldier, chief, and Benj. Simons, sub-chief, of a band of Sho-sho-nes, with some of their principal men, called on me; several merchants, however, who had recently and for several years resided in Salt Lake City, and who were well acquainted with this tribe from their proximity to the Mormon settlements, regarded their visit with suspicion. It was believed by many that they were spies. I learned, however, that their reason for visiting camp was to ascertain the object and ultimate destination of so many soldiers in the Territory. All this was explained to them, and after receiving some presents they departed for their homes in Weber valley. Ben Simons understands and speaks English sufficiently well to answer for an interpreter. I visited this tribe in April last. They then encamped on Bear river. The territory claimed by them includes Salt lake, Bear river, Weber river and Cache valley. Almost all the arable land belonging to them is occupied by white settlers, and, if not in actual cultivation, is held by virtue of certain legislative grants as herd grounds. I can learn of no effort having been made to locate any portion of this tribe.[120] This is to me surprising, as they have frequently solicited me to select some suitable place to enable them to raise wheat and corn. It was my intention to visit Weber and Cache valleys with this object in view. Several events, however, which have lately transpired, render this impossible this season. There is no tribe of Indians in the Territory with whom I have any acquaintance that have been so much discommoded by the introduction of a white population as the Sho-sho-nes. For the past few years they have been compelled to live in the mountains, (as the game has all been driven off the lowlands,) where the snow frequently falls to such depths as to be destructive to man and beast. But notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which they labor from the introduction of a white populace, I cannot learn that they have ever molested any of our citizens, but, on the contrary, have always been friendly.

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120. The Mormons at Ogden, in November, 1854, undertook the expedient of disarming Little Soldier's band and distributing them among the families in Weber County, "where the people were best able to feed and clothe them for the winter, and set them to work"; the whites succeeded in disarming the Indians, as related with some gusto by James S. Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 347-350. Brown implies that after the initial excitement died down, Indians and citizens got along very well together. But his forced acculturation of Little Soldier's people had no permanent results.

About the 22d day of December last, I was visited at Camp Scott, by White-eye and San-pitch, Utah chiefs, with several of their bands. They were destitute of provisions and almost in a starving condition, while it was not in my power to procure provisions for them. I was assured by Agent Hurt that they had always been peaceably disposed towards the whites. After making them some presents I dismissed them, and they returned to their camp on Henry's fork. These Indians belong to one of the principal tribes of this Territory. There is but one other large tribe, (the Snakes,) as I am informed. Both the principal tribes are, of course, divided into a great number of small bands, but all submit to the authority of one or the other of the chiefs of their respective tribes.

The best land belonging to the Utahs is situated in Utah valley, which is well watered by numerous small streams. All the land that is susceptible of cultivation is occupied, and most of it is now being farmed. There are eight towns in this valley, with populations ranging from three hundred to four thousand souls. It was once the favorite hunting ground of the Utahs, but civilization has driven the game from the valleys; there remains, however, an abundance of fish in all the streams. Much has been done and is doing for this tribe, (the Utahs.) Three years ago Agent Hurt opened up two farms for them on land claimed by them, one on Spanish Fork creek, in Utah county, the other on Salt creek, in Sanpete valley, one hundred and seventy miles south of this city. I visited Spanish Fork farm in June last, and, together with ex-agent Armstrong and Thomas J. Hurt [Hunt?], took a list of the government property on the farm.

There is quite a discrepancy in relation to the extent of this reservation between the agent who commenced it and the authorities of Spanish Fork City. Upon my first visit to the farm Agent Hurt had not returned to it. Not knowing the quantity of land he intended to include in the reservation, I marked some natural boundaries myself. Upon the return of Agent Hurt he assured me that the points I had designated were the ones he always intended as the boundaries of the reservation.

In regard to the reservation I had a personal interview with the authorities of Spanish Fork City, and it is really extraordinary to me that they have never raised objections to this reserve prior to this time. It is with extreme regret that I am forced into a controversy with them, imperative duty requiring me to take the course I do. Years ago, at the request of the then superintendent, (B. Young,) Agent Hurt commenced the Indian reservation precisely where indicated—has made improvements from time to time at a cost of from $15,000 to $20,000, and now, for the first time, is required to give an account of his "stewardship" to the

inhabitants of Spanish Fork City. I am clearly of the opinion that this claim is unfounded, from the letter of Agent Hurt as well as from my own observation. I shall, therefore, proceed to have the reserve enclosed as soon as possible.

Strenuous efforts will be made to induce this tribe (the Utahs) to locate permanently, as no permanent good can ever be done for them so long as they roam about in their wild state.

I visited San-Pete creek farm last month, (August,) which is situated in the west end of San-Pete valley and county. This farm was opened about two years ago, under the directions of Agent Hurt, for a band of the Utahs under Chief Arapeen, a brother of San-Pitch. It is the second farm within the boundaries of this tribe, and is well watered and timbered, and has a sufficiency of good grazing land; for these reasons I consider it a more eligible location for an Indian reserve than that at Spanish Fork.

On this farm there are one hundred and ninety-five acres of land under cultivation, and will produce this year (1858) about twelve hundred bushels of wheat, besides small quantities of corn and potatoes.

From the loose manner in which business has been previously conducted on the farm, I appointed a new overseer, who is acquainted with the Indian language.

The Indians are to perform all the work; with proper care in imparting instruction, not only this but all the other Indian farms may in a short time be worked by Indian labor.

The experiment of agriculture among the Indians of this Territory has not been as successful as might have been anticipated, when we consider the destitute condition of those for whom it has been introduced.

Indians are proverbially lazy, and only the pinchings of hunger will drive them to work, so much white labor has heretofore been employed to do work for them, and they have not been sufficiently taught that their subsistence depends upon their own labor. But notwithstanding, the comparative ill success of the agricultural experiment, it is the only available means of ameliorating the condition of the Indians in this Territory, as game enough could not be found to subsist them for one year. In my opinion, reservations should be made without delay. Every acre of arable land that can be irrigated will be occupied in a very short time. I will give this subject my earliest attention. I have instructed Agent Dodge to attend to this as soon as possible in Carson valley.

A farm was commenced several years ago for a small tribe called the Pah-Vants, on Corn creek, in Millard county, under the direction of Agent Hurt. Ranosh [Kanosh], the chief of this

tribe, visited me, and expressed a desire that some good white man might be placed upon the farm to direct them, assuring me that the Indians would do all the work. His request was not as Indians' generally are, for paint, beads, &c., but for agricultural implements. I employed a Mr. [Peter] Boyce to take charge of this farm, at fifty dollars per month. No other white labor will be employed. Eighty acres of wheat were raised upon this farm this year. I will visit it in January and define a reservation.

I have visited a small tribe called the Go-sha-utes, who live about forty miles west of this city. They are, without exception, the most miserable looking set of human beings I ever beheld. I gave them some clothing and provisions. They have heretofore subsisted principally on snakes, lizards, roots, &c. I made considerable effort to procure a small quantity of land for them, but could not find any with water sufficient to irrigate it. I will give this matter my attention as soon as possible after my return from the Humboldt.

I have heretofore spoken of a large tribe of Indians known as the Snakes. They claim a large tract of country lying in the eastern part of this Territory, but are scarcely ever found upon their own land.

They generally inhabit the Wind river country, in Oregon and Nebraska Territories, and they sometimes range as far east as Fort Laramie, in the latter Territory. Their principal subsistence is the buffalo, and it is for the purpose of hunting them that they range so far east of their own country. This tribe numbers about twelve hundred souls, all under one principal chief, Wash-a-kee. He has perfect command over them, and is one of the finest looking and most intellectual Indians I ever saw.

He prides himself that neither he, nor any of his tribe, have ever molested a white, although the great overland route from the States to California passes immediately through their country.

It seems somewhat strange that this tribe has never received any attention whatever from any of the officials of this Territory.[121] This I learned, not only from the Indians, but from other persons who have been among them for several years, and especially from Major Bridger, one of the earliest pioneers of this country.[122]

The only portion of the country of this tribe suited for agricultural purposes is the valley of Henry's Fork, about forty miles south of Fort Bridger and opening out into Green River valley.

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121. It was a consistent ellusion of various agents of the Indian office that nothing was ever done before they, individually, took a job in hand, and it will be seen that Forney's remark is not strictly true.

122. Jim Bridger returned to his fort in the fall of 1857 as a guide for Johnston's army. He remained in the military service until July 2, 1858.

This Wash-a-kee wished to reserve, and is very anxious I should open a farm for them. For this purpose I sent Agent Craig to Green River county; but I fear the matter will have to be postponed for this winter for want of a suitable person to take charge of the farm.

For several years an enmity has existed between the Utahs and the Snakes. My attention was directed to this soon after entering upon my official duties. I alluded to the feud during my first interview with the Utahs, in December last, but their war-chief, White-eye, did not seem disposed to talk about it, and it was not until April last that they signified their willingness to make peace with the Snakes. On the 3d day of May I received information that the Snake tribe of Indians were encamped on Green river. Reports were in circulation that they had come to make war upon the Utahs, who were encamped in the vicinity of Camp Scott. Immediately upon hearing the report, I despatched a messenger to Wash-a-kee to learn his intentions, and if he intimated hostility to the Utahs to persuade him to encamp at some convenient place, until I could have a talk with him. On the 6th day of May my express man returned, and informed me that Wash-a-kee was willing to leave the adjustment of the difficulties between his tribe and the Utahs to me.

Accordingly, on the 13th of May, Wash-a-kee, of the Snakes, White-Eye, Son-a-at, and San-Pitch, of the Utahs, with the sub-chiefs of the different tribes, and also several chiefs of the Ban-acks, (of whom I will speak further hereafter,) assembled in council at Camp Scott, when, after considerable talk and smoking, peace was made between the two tribes. After I had given the Snakes and Ban-acks some presents they left camp.

The latter tribe (Ban-acks) I had frequently heard of, but supposed they were part of a tribe of the same name who live in Oregon Territory, and consequently not within my superintendency; but upon making inquiry I learned that they were a separate and distinct people, claiming a country lying within my superintendency.

In their habits and appearance they are much like the Snakes, with whom they are on terms of the greatest intimacy. They number between four and five hundred, and are all under one principal chief, named Horne.

Immediately after I received your communication in relation to the massacre of the Arkansas emigrants, three hundred miles south of this, on the southern California road, I procured the services of a reliable person [Jacob Hamblin], well acquainted with the southern Indians and their language, and since the latter part of June have been in constant communication with these Indians. My endeavor to establish peaceful relations with them has proved

successful beyond my expectations. This route to California is now free from all danger from Indians.

I have succeeded in recovering ten of the children remaining from the massacre of last September. It is supposed that there are more in the neighborhood; if so, they will be found.[123]

I am now busily engaged in preparing for a trip to the Humboldt river. Having learned that the Indians in that region were committing depredations upon travellers, and, in one instance, having attacked the mail party and stampeded their stock, I will travel with an escort. In addition to which, one hundred and fifty men, (one hundred mounted and fifty infantry,) upon a requisition from his excellency Gov. A. Cumming, will proceed to the Humboldt, subject to my orders.

It is my present intention to proceed to Gravelly Ford [near present Beowawe, Nevada], which is one hundred miles beyond the first crossing of the Humboldt, and, if circumstances permit, will proceed to Carson valley and establish Agent [Frederick] Dodge, who accompanied me, in his position. . . .

XLIX

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO CHARLES E. MIX, ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED NOV. 5, 1858[124]

Sir,

I have already apprised you, in several Communications, of my intention to visit the Humboldt Indians and latterly of my having done so. I returned from this trip last friday evening. It has been my intention from my first advent into this Valley, so soon as compatible with other official duties, to visit the Indians, on the great Northern Rout to Califa.

It was only since the middle of last June, that my movements have been unincumbered by political entanglements. Since then, as I have frequently advised your Department, my entire time has been devoted to official duties.

In pursuance of your request, that I would visit, with as little delay as possible, the Indian Tribes, and ascertain their locality and condition. This I have done, so far as time and other duties would permit.

The Tribes & Bands in this Territory, with but one or two exceptions, live almost entirely in, and adjacent to, the Valleys

123. See Juanita Brooks, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre,* Stanford, 1950.

124. F/337-1858.

through which the Northern and Southern Roads to California from this City, pass. As also on and near the road to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

Previous to my trip to the Humboldt, I had visited or had had business relations, with the following Tribes; the Snakes, under their Chief Wash a keek, the Sho Sho Nees, under Little Soldier, the Utes, the Bannocks, the Pah-vantes & Go Sha Utes. I have given a hasty account of all the above tribes in my late report.

About the last of August or beginning of September last, I was apprised that the Indians of Humboldt Valley had committed depredations on the U. S. Mail, and took immediate steps to ascertain the facts from what seemed, reliable testimony. It was said that several thousand hostile Indians were assembled in that Valley, and that the mail and all connected with it, and all travellers were threatened. I immediately made known the statements to his Excellency Govr Cumming, who at once, made a requisition on Genl Johns[t]on for One hundred and fifty troops, to march to the Humboldt without delay. In pursuance of this request, Captain Haws with 150 men, were sent on said expedition, with orders not to proceed beyond the first Crossing of the Humboldt.

Twenty men of said command were (if necessary) to accompany me to Gravelly Ford. I left this City Sept 12 for the Humboldt, having with me, an ambulance, one Govt wagon with provisions and presents, One hired wagon & team & driver in all seven men including Interpreter, guide, drivers, cook &c.

Mr. Dodge, Agent for Carson Valley, also accompanied me. Septr 13. At Farmington 16 miles north of this City I met "Little Soldier" a Chief, with about fifty Sho-Sho-Nees. For prudential reasons, it was deemed advisable to give them some provisions. This Band, with others of the Sho-Sho-Nees, have been solicited by the hostile Indians in Oregon to aid them against the Government, but without success. Chief "Little Soldier" expressed great solicitude for my safety, was fearful I would not return safe. By my directions a small quantity of flour and beef was distributed to his Band.

[A lengthy account follows of meetings held with other Indians along the overland trail, especially down the Humboldt, including two bands of Shoshoni — concerning whom Forney observes: "There are now four chiefs present viz Py-poo-roo-yan—San-Pitch —We-ra-yoo—Tse-Mah & Paw-sha-quin Representing. . . probably 4 to 600 Indians. . . . One of these 'Bands' have some horses and ponies, and a few of the men have Buffalo Robes. They are Sho-Sho-Nees and recognize Wash-a-keek as their great chief." Forney went as far west as Stony Point, treating with a

band of White Knife Shoshoni, before turning back to Great Salt Lake City.]

On my way home, at Box Elder, seventy miles north of this, a Band of Sho-Sho-Nees, numbering 128 met me. These have recently broken off from Little Soldiers Tribe. I was unable to learn from them the Cause.

They made demands for sundry things. I distributed among them a small quantity of flour, beef and a few presents. The Indians loafing about the Northern Settlements, are a source of considerable annoyance to the inhabitants, much complaint was made to me, while passing through there, recently. . . .

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Jacob Forney, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to A. B. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 29, 1859 *(Extracts)*[125]

Sir: In accordance with the regulations of the Indian department, I have the honor to submit the following as my annual report for the year 1859.

* * * * * *

The Indians, claiming a home in Utah Territory, are evidently the offspring of two nations who migrated west of the Rocky mountains from the northwest many years ago. It is probable that most of the descendants of those nations are now within the boundary of this Territory. They have greatly decreased in numbers, and proportionately in their mental and physical condition, during the past thirty years. Their degeneracy in the mode of living and comforts has been more manifest during that period.

This I learn from old mountaineers who have lived among them, corroborated by Indian testimony.

The descendants of the two nations above alluded to are now called Sho-sho-ne or Snake, and Utah or Ute.

The only exception is a small tribe of Bannacks, numbering about five hundred. "Horn," the principal chief of these, with his people, visited Fort Bridger in April, 1858, where I had an interview with them. This chief claimed a home for himself and people in this Territory, and informed me that he and those

125. This document, like No. XLVIII, has to be recovered from its printed occurrence, in 36th Congress, 1st Session, *Senate Executive Document* 2, Vol. 1, (Serial 1023), pp. 730-741. Owing to its great length, some parts have been omitted—a few paragraphs at the beginning concerning a rape by two Utes and its aftermath, and at the end a considerable discussion of the reservations then existing in Utah, an equally lengthy account of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and some remarks on difficulties with Shoshoni in the Idaho area.

old men around him were children, young men, and now old men, in this country.

Major Bridger, my interpreter at the time, assured me that for the last thirty years he had traded, almost yearly, with this tribe in that section of country, and that, when he first knew them, they numbered twelve hundred lodges.

I granted to this tribe of Bannacks a home in the portion of this Territory claimed and inhabited by Wash-a-kee and his tribe of Sho-sho-nes, and with that chief's entire consent. These two tribes are extensively intermarried, and live together amicably.

SHO-SHO-NE OR SNAKE.

This division of the Indians is subdivided into fourteen regularly organized bands.

One of these, by common consent, is denominated a tribe, and is under the complete control of Chief Wash-a-kee, assisted by four to six sub-chiefs. These number, at least, twelve hundred.

The remaining thirteen bands have each one principal and several sub-chiefs.

Five of these bands, numbering about one thousand, roam through Salt Lake, Weber, Ogden, Bear River, Cache, and Malad valleys, and the adjacent mountains and canons. One band, of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty, mostly confine themselves to the regions along the northern California road, from Bear and Malad rivers to the Goose Creek mountains.

Seven bands roam through the valleys of the Humboldt, and in the regions over one hundred miles south of the Humboldt, to the Peyute country, and east and west about two hundred miles. These bands frequently subdivide into many small squads, to clean thoroughly the country, through which they roam of everything containing a life-sustaining principle.

Included among the Sho-sho-nes is a band called Go-sha-utes, who speak the same language, and live in and roam over those portions of the territory claimed and inhabited by the latter. This band is a mixture of Snake and Ute, the former preponderating. A few years ago the Go-sha-utes were a considerable tribe. Their principal and only chief died about four years ago, since which they have remained broken and subdivided into small fragments, except about sixty, who have organized into a band, and have a quiet and well disposed chief to control them. This band is now permanently located on the Deep Creek Indian farm. The remainder roam over a region of country from forty to two hundred miles west of this city. A concentration of them all into Deep Creek valley is in progress. I have had intercourse with every tribe and band of Sho-sho-nes in the Territory, and have endeav-

ored to learn from them their number. And, in my opinion, they number about forty-five hundred. They occupy about one-third of the Territory, the northeast portion.

UTAH OR UTE.

The Utah, Pah-vant, and Pey-ute, constitute the second division of the Indians.

Although these are designated by several different names, yet they all emanate from one nation or tribe, and speak the same language.

The Utes are subdivided into several tribes and many bands. Those known as Uinta-utes, claim Uinta valley and the country along Green river. A portion of these have lived, part of last and this summer, at the Spanish Fork Indian reservation.

This tribe is governed by four chiefs, and numbers about one thousand.

There is a band of Utes, with several chiefs, numbering about five hundred, who, in pursuance with my request, mostly located last May on the Spanish Fork reservation, where it is presumed they will continue. Another band of about eighty are living on the San-Pete Indian farm.

PAH-VANT.

These are Ute Indians, but are a distinct, organized tribe and number about seven hundred. They obey and are controlled by one principal, and several sub-chiefs. About half of them have their home on the "Corn Creek" Indian farm. The other wing of the tribe lives along the "Sevier lake" and surrounding country, in the no[r]theast extremity of Fillmore valley, and about fifty miles from Fillmore city.

There are seemingly two distinct, organized divisions of Pey-Ute Indians. One division inhabit the Humboldt, north, from about fifty miles west of Strong [Stony] Point to the California line, and northwest to the Oregon line. These are estimated to number about six thousand, by Agent Dodge.

For further particulars, I refer you to the accompanying report from Frederick Dodge, Esq., Indian agent in Carson valley.

There is a tribe of Indians who dwell along the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, from Honey Lake to one of the forks of Walker's river: these are called Wa-sho, and are supposed to number from five to eight hundred. I am not certain whether or not they belong to the Ute division.[126]

126. The Washoe are regarded as a separate linguistic stock.

The ten bands (Ute Indians) inhabiting the southern portion of the Territory are scattered along the California road, generally adjacent to the settlements, from Beaver valley, along the Santa Clara, Virgin, Los Vegos, and Muddy rivers, to the California line and New Mexico. These bands number about two thousand and two hundred. I am credibly informed that there are large numbers of Ute Indians roaming at and in the neighborhood of the Elk mountains, in the southeast part of the Territory. The number of these is variously estimated at from one to three thousand.

The supposed total number of Indians in Utah Territory is as follows:

Sho-sho-nes, or Snakes	4,500
Ban-nacks	500
Uinta Utes	1,000
Spanish Fork and San Pete farms	1,000
Pah-vant, (Utes)	700
Pey-utes, (South)	2,200
Pey-utes, (West)	6,000
Elk mountain Utes	2,000
Wa-sho of Honey lake	700
	18,500

The Sho-sho-nes claim the northeastern portion of the Territory for about four hundred miles west, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles south, from the Oregon line. The Utes claim the balance of the Territory.

I have visited within the last twelve months every portion of this Territory where it is supposed Indians are living, except the Carson agency and Elk mountain.

The public interest required me to visit different portions several times during the last year, and my almost constant intercourse with the Indians has afforded me ample opportunities to become familiar with their true condition.

The tribe of Snakes, under chief Washakee, and the small tribe of Ban-nacks, living in the regions northeast, near Fort Bridger, go east yearly to hunt elk and buffalo; this, with still considerable game in their country, keeps them from absolute want.

The balance of the Indians in Utah are extremely poor. The utmost ingenuity is put in requisition to sustain life; they eagerly seek after everything containing a life-sustaining element, such as hares, rabbits, antelope, deer, bear, elk, dogs, lizzards, snakes, crickets, grasshoppers, ants, roots, grass-seeds, bark, &c.

Many men, women, and children are entirely naked.

With some of the Indians, stealing cattle, horses, mules, &c., is a matter of necessity—*steal* or *starve*.

It is my clear conviction that the immigration of a white population into the Territory has had a deleterious effect upon the Indian. Game cannot exist except in the fertile watered valleys; these, with a few exceptions, are occupied by a thrifty population, and, consequently, the game is exterminated.

It is proper to remark that those Indians who roam adjacent to the settlements, have received, and are receiving, considerable aid from the inhabitants.

All the tribes and bands visited by me have received presents, such as blankets, various kinds of clothing, and ammunition: the last was not dealt out indiscriminately. To some of the bands I have given frequent material aid in flour, beef, &c., especially to those who have been forced to give up to whites the valleys which furnished them with subsistence.

About five bands of the Sho-sho-nes are severe sufferers by the influx of whites; those who inhabited Great Salt Lake, Weber, Bear, Cache, and Malad valleys, extending eighty miles north. These valleys, which, in their natural state, furnished the Indians much subsistence, are now entirely occupied by permanent inhabitants.

Game in this country must become exinct when the valleys adapted to farming purposes are occupied by white men, which is already the case, with few exceptions: so much so, that it will be difficult, even now, to procure an advantageous location for a reservation for the Sho-sho-ne bands above alluded to, without paying for more or less improvements.

With the exception of the Uinta and Elk Mountain Utes, the country of the Utahs is fast filling up with settlers. The government has, however, made three eligible Indian farms in the country claimed by the Utes. The Uinta Utes, the band at Spanish Fork, the one at San Pete, and the Pah-Vants, at Corn creek, have received much more assistance heretofore than all the other Indians in the Territory; and, unless I am much deceived, these same Indians have been guilty of more depredations than any others in the Territory. It is gratifying, however, to be justified in saying that these Indians have done better this season than ever heretofore, and they promise fair for the future. I am endeavoring to have them permanently located on the several farms; and, until this is accomplished, no salutary improvement can be expected in their habits and condition.

The bands of Pah-Utes, in the southern portion of the Territory, are extremely destitute; the country they inhabit is almost a continuous desert. This is especially the case with those bands south of Cedar city, and which constitute by far the largest portion of

them. Almost every band yearly cultivates small patches of wheat, corn, beans, &c., along the banks of the streams. The small expenditure I made the last year among the southern Pah-Utes has had a salutary tendency.

I saw many of those Indians last spring, and it was my intention to send an agent to remain among them for some time. This, heretofore, has not been possible; but I will instruct Agent Humphreys to start for that quarter in a few weeks, to visit all the bands, if practicable, with instructions to ascertain their true condition, and the geographical character of the country they inhabit.

An intelligent gentleman, who was guide to the first emigrant company which passed through the southern part of the Territory to California, twelve years ago, informs me that he then saw wheat and cornfields, with at least six acres in each, successfully cultivated by those southern Pah-Utes, and that his company would have fared badly but for the wheat, corn, peas, and beans purchased by them from the Indians.

It is to be regretted that this condition of things has not been continued. These Indians have evidently degenerated very rapidly during the last twelve years, or since white men have got among them.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

FRANK L. BOWRON

The first day of January, 1955, marked the final date for persons interested in Wyoming history to become charter members of our State Historical Society. The deadline was extended by action at the Annual Meeting of the Society on October 17.

The charter membership, which has exceeded 900 in number, gives our society a solid foundation for future growth and expansion. It must be stressed that although they cannot now become charter members, all persons interested in the objectives of the Society are welcome to join and we must constantly be alert for ways and means of increasing membership.

The annual meeting, held in Casper in October, was highly successful. Virtually every section of Wyoming was represented and more than 100 persons were in attendance at the business session. The meeting marked the first full year of Society operation and it is appropriate to express the thanks of the Society and myself to the fine services rendered by all the county and state officers, particularly our very efficient executive-secretary, Miss Lola M. Homsher and her staff at the state museum, to Miss Maurine Carley, diligent and helpful secretary-treasurer of the Society, and the many other people in Wyoming who have contributed to the growth of the group.

Financially the Society reflects a sound financial structure, with more than $1,000 set aside in the Life Members fund, and a healthy balance in our general fund which has enabled the Society to undertake several projects including a $300.00 grant to a University of Wyoming student to assist in the writing of a county history of a selected Wyoming county.

Renewal of annual memberships is now underway and all charter members will probably be interested in maintaining their status by remitting their dues immediately.

Charter membership of the Society, now over the 900 mark, still has some problems to be ironed out. With some eight chartered county organizations in the state, coordination between state and local societies is of the utmost importance and such

coordination can be achieved only through the close cooperation of both state and county officers. Several problems regarding payment of dues through the county group to the state and the acceptance of state dues by our state office without payment of county dues, have arisen. These matters will have to be worked out on a temporary basis by the Executive Committee and will be placed upon the agenda for action at the next annual meeting. A committee to make recommendations for improving the Society membership arrangements was appointed at the annual meeting.

The Society has also established a number of annual awards to be presented at each annual meeting. In future years it is planned that awards will be made in several categories of historical work. In 1954 awards were made to Dr. T. A. Larson for his book *Wyoming's War Years, 1941-1945,* and to Mr. L. C. Bishop for his outstanding work on the Oregon Trail treks. Additional achievements in the field of history were awarded honorable mention certificates at the 1954 meeting. In future years awards will be made upon the recommendation of local historical societies or the state Executive Committee.

As we enter 1955, your Society has nine chartered county organizations. As our objective of this year, we should concentrate upon forming county groups in most of our other counties. To date we have chartered Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona and Washakie counties. One other county in Wyoming, Sheridan, has more than enough members of the state society to organize, and nine other counties lack only a few members before they will have enough to set up their county organizations. They are: Converse, Big Horn, Hot Springs, Niobrara, Park, Platte, Sublette, Sweetwater and Teton counties.

I want to urge the Society members in the above named counties which are not presently chartered to meet and organize and make application for a charter from the state group. Our Society can function with the greatest efficiency when we have accomplished our goal of a county organization in each of the state's 23 counties.

Election of officers at the annual meeting resulted in reelection of most of the incumbent officials. The only changes in the roster of state officials of the Society were in the offices of vice president, Mr. William Marion of Lander being elected first vice president to replace F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan who declined renomination, and Dr. DeWitt Dominick of Cody being elected to the post of second vice president.

Members of the Executive Committee were slated to meet in Cheyenne on January 8 and 9, 1955, with the Society legislative committee, members of the legislature, and the new state officials to go over legislative proposals of the society. Briefly the legis-

lation sponsored by the Society in the 1955 session includes a statue for Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., a bill to allow counties to levy a one-half mill tax for historical purposes, and support of appropriations for increased services by the Archives and Historical Department and State Museum. In addition the Executive Committee will be asked to approve bills to designate Charles Winter's "Wyoming" as the official state song, to designate a state motto, and to give their support to proposals for microfilming state documents.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that as a result of the last election, quite a number of members of the Society are now serving in the state legislature and state offices. Governor Simpson, Mrs. Minnie Mitchell, State Auditor, and Miss Velma Linford, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, are members and have expressed interest in the aims of our Society. We feel sure that these officials, as well as our members in the Legislature itself, will do a great deal to assist our Society's program in coming years.

MINUTES

WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OCTOBER 17, 1954

CASPER, WYOMING — TOWNSEND HOTEL

The Second Annual Meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society was held in the Jade Room of the Townsend Hotel on October 17, 1954. After a luncheon at which Dr. T. A. Larson gave a humorous talk, "Sage Brush Tonic", the meeting was called to order by the president, Frank Bowron.

The treasurer gave the following report:

Receipts

Life members	18		$ 900.00	
Five year member	1		17.50	
Annual member	1	had pd. for *Annals*	1.50	
Annual members	669		2341.50	
	689	members		$3260.50
Charters	7		70.00	
Interest Building & Loan			9.81	79.81
				$3340.31

Expenditures

Stationery, charters, membership cards, Secretary book		$ 102.46	
Postage			
Statue Committee (V.L.)	$ 25.00		
Secretary	6.00	31.00	
Annals			
January	463.00		
July	688.00		
		1151.00	
			1284.46
Bank balance	$ 338.04		
Savings (Building & Loan)	1717.81		
Balance, October 17, 1954			$2055.85

This report was approved as read.

The following chairmen reported on their committees:

Mr. George Snodgrass—Dues
Mr. W. F. Bragg, Jr.—Junior Historians
Mr. William Marion—Awards
Mr. Tosh Suyematsu—Incorporation
Dr. T. A. Larson—Statue

The president gave his report of the progress of the Society for the year October 1953 to October 1954.

693 members (4 had joined in the last two days).
7 counties have been organized—Albany, Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Laramie, and Natrona.
3 counties are practically organized—Hot Springs, Johnson, Washakie.
The treasury is in good condition.
The officers and county delegates have paid their own expenses to the four Executive Meetings this year.
Much credit is due Miss Homsher for her untiring service and interest.

Mr. Snodgrass moved the adoption of the following recommendations from the Dues Committee:

a. That the fiscal year be the same as the calendar year from January 1 to January 1. The county chapters are to conform with the calendar year of the State Society. Motion carried.

b. That since it is the function of the county chapters to collect and remit dues to the State Society, the State Society should collect dues and remit to the local chapter if the occasion arises. Motion carried.

c. That since the county chapters collect and remit dues to the State Society the county chapters will issue the membership cards. Motion carried.

d. That a joint family membership of $5.00 for 2 persons living at the same address be permitted providing they receive only 1 copy of the *Annals*. Motion carried.

e. That a joint life membership for a man and wife living at the same address be set up for $75.00 (1 copy of *Annals* to be sent them). This membership is not to be assessed in the future by the State Society. After considerable discussion about the relationship of county life memberships to state life memberships the recommendation was amended as follows: that the question of life memberships be referred to the Executive Committee who should produce a solution to the problem this year. Passed as amended.

f. That provisions be made to pay for life memberships on the installment plan at the rate of $10.00 per year for 5 years on single life memberships and $15.00 per year on joint life memberships. Motion carried.

g. That the closing date for charter membership be extended to December 31, 1954. Motion carried.

By these actions the constitution was amended as follows:

By-Laws

Article II, Sec. 1 at the end of the first sentence the following sentence to be added:

"Joint membership for two persons of the same family living in the same house shall be $5.00 payable in advance."

Article II, Sec. 2 be changed to read:

"The fees for life membership shall be $50.00 for a single membership and $75.00 for joint membership of man and wife, and when once paid no further dues shall be imposed upon these members."

Article II, Sec. 5 be added:

"The fiscal year shall be the same as the calendar year from January 1 to January 1. The counties are to conform to the fiscal year of the State Society."

Article V, Sec. 2 be added to the By-Laws to read:

"The Executive Committee is empowered to receive invitations for the Annual Meeting at the Third Quarterly Executive Meeting which will be held in July."

Mr. Bragg moved the adoption of the following recommendations:

a. That a scholarship of $300.00 be set up at the University of Wyoming for a graduate student who is writing a history of a county in Wyoming. That said student contact the County Historical Society and work through it. That parts of the thesis be published in the *Annals* so that eventually there will be a complete history of the State by counties. Motion carried.

b. That county chapters contact the manual training teachers in their counties to make signs to indicate the distance to historical markers which are off the highway. That the Chambers of Commerce and County Societies help defray the expenses, and the Boy Scouts or some like organization help erect them. That all this be done with the approval of the State Landmark Commission. The State Society is responsible for setting up uniform specifications for the markers. Motion carried.

Mr. Suyematsu moved that the Wyoming State Historical Society be incorporated so that it can hold property and have exclusive right to its name. Motion carried.

Mr. Marion announced the recipients of awards as decided by his committee. He also gave the basis for the decision as follows:

1. Publications to be considered must pertain to Wyoming history and must be copyrighted.
2. Activities must be connected with preserving Wyoming history.
3. Awards are to be given for the current year only.

Mr. L. C. Bishop received an award for his organization of historical treks on the old Oregon Trail.

Dr. T. A. Larson received an award for his book *Wyoming's War Years, 1941-45.*

Honorable Mention Certificates were given to:

a. Fremont County Pioneer Association for placing 500 names of pioneers on the pioneer monument in Lander and for collecting historical material for their museum.

b. Mrs. Mary H. Scott for her work on the Oregon Trail in Western Wyoming.

c. Goshen County Historical Society for its cooperation with the Torrington Chamber of Commerce for setting up a Museum for a Day on Main Street.
d. Kalif Temple of the Mystic Shrine in Sheridan for organizing the All American Indian Days.
e. Sertoma Club of Casper for its protection and preservation of the replica of old Fort Caspar.

Dr. Larson gave a report of the Statue Committee. He recommended that the Society go on record as favoring placing a statue in Statuary Hall. He suggested that the resolutions and ballots be handed to the proper commission of the next Legislature.

Dr. Larson also moved that the W.S.H.S. sponsor legislation urging the Legislature to place a statue in Statuary Hall. Motion carried.

It was moved that the Society get behind a bill similar to the one Mr. Hitchcock presented in the State Senate in 1953. It authorized the County Commissioners to levy ½ mill tax for the support of museums. Dr. Dominick amended the motion to read —County Commissioners be allowed to use ½ mill levy toward a museum or other historical project. Motion passed as amended.

It was moved, seconded, and carried that the Executive Committee have authority to pay current bills.

It was moved, seconded, and carried that the Constitution be amended to provide opportunity for the Executive Committee to receive invitations for the Annual Meeting at the Third Quarterly Executive Meeting in July.

The secretary read the Resolutions of Appreciation for Mr. W. R. Coe (copy attached). The secretary was instructed to send a copy to Mr. Coe.

Mr. Steege, chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the following slate of officers:

President	Mr. Frank Bowron
1st Vice President	Mr. William Marion
2nd Vice President	Dr. DeWitt Dominick
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss Maurine Carley

Mr. MacDougall moved that the nominations be closed and a unanimous ballot be cast for those named above. Motion carried. The secretary cast the ballot.

The secretary was instructed to write notes of appreciation to (1) the Natrona County Historical Society for its splendid cooperation in arranging for the Annual Meeting—fifty people enjoyed the tour to Fort Caspar in the morning, sixty-five enjoyed the luncheon at the Townsend; (2) the Casper Chamber of Commerce

for help in registration; and (3) to the Townsend Hotel for their courtesy in providing rooms for the meetings.

The president thanked the Executive Committee and the members for their fine cooperation during the past year.

Meeting adjourned at 5:00.

Maurine Carley
Secretary-Treasurer

WHEREAS the promotion of a better understanding of our national heritage is a matter of the greatest importance, and

WHEREAS the Conference on American Studies at the University of Wyoming has for three summers past spread such an understanding among the teachers of this region, while the establishment of a greatly expanded American Studies Program at that institution will have an even more potent influence,

BE IT RESOLVED that the Wyoming State Historical Society expresses deep appreciation to William Robertson Coe, of Cody, Wyoming, for his perception of the importance of this work and for his generosity in financing past Conferences on American Studies and in endowing American Studies at the University of Wyoming with $750,000.

NOTE—Since a complete listing of Charter Memberships to the State Historical Society was not available at the time of publication, the listing planned for this issue will appear in Volume 27, Number 2, October 1955.

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

REPORT ON AN ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES (Public—No. 209)*

By

L. C. STEEGE

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that any person who shall appropriate, excavate, injure, or destroy any historic or prehistoric ruin or monument, or any object of antiquity, situated on lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States, without the permission of the Secretary of the Department of the Government having jurisdiction over the lands on which said antiquities are situated, shall upon conviction, be fined in a sum of not more than five hundred dollars or be imprisoned for a period of not more than ninety days, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. That the President of the United States is hereby authorized, in his discretion, to declare by public proclamation historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are situated upon the lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States to be national monuments, and may reserve as a part thereof parcels of land, the limits of which in all cases shall be confined to the smallest area compatible with the proper care and management of the objects to be protected: Provided, that when such objects are situated upon a tract covered by a bona fide unperfected claim or held in private ownership, the tract, or so much thereof as may be necessary for the proper care and management of the object, may be relinquished to the the Government, and the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to accept the relinquishment of such tracts in behalf of the Government of the United States.

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* Editor's Note: Because so much of Wyoming's archaeological material is being lost to the state through neglect, improper excavation, and through removal from the state by other institutions, the Executive Committee of the Wyoming State Historical Society has become concerned over the situation. Mr. Steege, as a member of the Executive Committee, was requested to investigate into the federal laws governing such antiquities. This report is the result of his inquiries.

Sec. 3. That permits for the examination of ruins, the excavation of archaeological sites, and the gathering of objects of antiquity upon the lands under their respective jurisdictions may be granted by the Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, and War to institutions which they may deem properly qualified to conduct such examination, or gathering, subject to such rules and regulations as they may prescribe: Provided, that the examinations, excavations, and gatherings are undertaken for the benefit of reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific or educational institutions, with a view to increasing the knowledge of such objects, and that the gatherings shall be made for permanent preservation in public museums.

Sec. 4. That the Secretaries of the Departments aforesaid shall make and publish from time to time uniform rules and regulations for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act.

Approved, June 8, 1906 (34 Stat. L. 225)

You will note that there is no provision for State Historical Societies to be eligible to do any excavating, or to gather any objects of antiquity under this act. However, through the untiring efforts of one of the most outstanding men of our State, The Wyoming State Historical Society has been given consideration to make application for archaeological permits.

I believe that it would be most fitting at this time to pause for a moment to pay our respects to the memory of this great Statesman, our late Senator, Lester C. Hunt. Senator Hunt devoted a great deal of time towards the preservation of history in Wyoming and his efforts in this particular case were unlimited.

The following are the uniform rules and regulations as prepared by the departments of Agriculture, War, and Interior to carry out the provisions of the Antiquities Act.

1. Jurisdiction over ruins, archaeological sites, historic and prehistoric monuments and structures, objects of antiquity, historic landmarks, and other objects of historic or scientific interest, shall be exercised under the act by the respective Departments as follows:

By the Secretary of Agriculture over lands within the exterior limits of forest reserves, by the Secretary of War over lands within the exterior limits of miliary reservations, by the Secretary of Interior over all other lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States, provided, The Secretaries of War and Agriculture may by agreement cooperate with the Secretary of the Interior in the supervision of such monuments and objects covered by the act of June 8, 1906, as may be located on lands near or adjacent to forest reserves and military reservations, respectively.

2. No permit for the removal of any ancient monument or structure which can be permanently preserved under the control of the United States in Site, and remain an object of interest, shall be granted.

3. Permits for the examination of ruins, the excavation of archaeological sites, and the gathering of objects of antiquity will be granted, by the respective Secretaries having jurisdiction, to reputable museums, universities, colleges, or other recognized scientific or educational institutions, or to their duly authorized agents.
4. No exclusive permits shall be granted for a larger area than the applicant can reasonably be expected to explore fully and systematically within the time limit named in the permit.

5. Each application for a permit should be filed with the Secretary having jurisdiction, and must be accompanied by a definite outline of the proposed work, indicating the name of the institution making the request, the date proposed for beginning the field work, the length of time proposed to be devoted to it, and the person who will have immediate charge of the work. The application must also contain an exact statement of the character of the work, whether examination, excavation, or gathering, and the public museum in which the collections made under the permit are to be permanently preserved. The application must be accompanied by a sketch plan or description of the particular site or area to be examined, excavated, or searched, so definite that it can be located on the map with reasonable accuracy.

6. No permit will be granted for a period of maore than three years, but if the work has been diligently prosecuted under the permit, the time may be extended for proper cause upon application.

7. Failure to begin work under a permit within six months after it is granted, or failure to diligently prosecute such work after it has been begun, shall make the permit void without any order or proceeding by the Secretary having jurisdiction.

8. Applications shall be referred to the Smithsonian Institution for recommendation.

9. Every permit shall be in writing and copies shall be transmitted to the Smithsonian Institution and the field officer in charge of the land involved. The permittee will be furnished with a copy of these rules and regulations.

10. At the close of each season's field work the permittee shall report in duplicate to the Smithsonian Institution, in such form as its Secretary may prescribe, and shall prepare in duplicate a catalogue of the collections and of the photographs made during

the season, indicating therein such material, if any, as may be available for exchange.

11. Institutions and persons receiving permits for excavation shall, after the completion of the work, restore the lands upon which they have worked to their customary condition, to the satisfaction of the field officer in charge.

12. All permits shall be terminable at the discretion of the Secretary having jurisdiction.

13. The field officer in charge of land owned or controlled by the Government of the United States shall, from time to time, inquire and report as to the existence, on or near such lands, of ruins and archaeological sites, historic or prehistoric ruins or monuments, objects of antiquity, historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures and other objects of historic or scientific interest.

14. The field officer in charge may at all times examine the permit of any person or institution claiming privileges granted in accordance with the act and these rules and regulations, and may fully examine all work done under such permit.

15. All persons duly authorized by the Secretaries of Agriculture, War, and Interior may apprehend or cause to be arrested, as provided in the act of February 6, 1905 (33 Stat. L., 700) any person or persons who appropriate, excavate, injure, or destroy any historic or prehistoric ruin or monument, or any object of antiquity on lands under the supervision of the Secretaries of Agriculture, War, and Interior respectively.

16. Any object of antiquity taken, or collection made, on lands owned or controlled by the United States, without a permit, as prescribed by the act and these rules and regulations, or there taken or made, contrary to the terms of the permit, or contrary to the act and these rules and regulations, may be seized wherever found and at anytime, by the proper field officer or by any person duly authorized by the Secretary having jurisdiction, and disposed of as the Secretary shall determine, by deposit in the proper national depository or otherwise.

17. Every collection made under the authority of the act and of these rules and regulations shall be preserved in the public museum designated in the in the permit and shall be accessible to the public. No such collection shall be removed from such public museum without the written authority of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and then only to another public museum, where it shall be accessible to the public; and when any public museum, which is a depository of any collection made under the act and

these rules and regulations, shall cease to exist, every such collection in such public museum shall thereupon revert to the national collections and be placed in the proper national depository.

In reviewing a report of archaeological activity in Wyoming for the years of 1952-1953, in *Southwestern Lore* Volume XIX No 4 March 1954, I find work being done by four universities and institutions in addition to our own university.

Did you know that the material collected by these archaeologists from other states will probably be lost to our state forever? Also, that the history of these archaeological sites will be written by the universities and institutions from ouside our borders who have these archaeologists in the field? Wake up Wyoming! Let's start writing more Wyoming archaeological history in Wyoming.

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

CLASSIFICATIONS

In determining just what classification should be given a certain artifact, let us consider first of all how it was used by the ancient man who made it. He obviously manufactured his artifacts to fulfil certain needs such as a type for scraping, another for grinding, still another for cutting, etc.

As a general rule, I find that almost all stone artifacts can be placed into one of eight individual categories and that each one of these categories can be given a simple name which all persons can understand. These names usually describe the uses or the purposes for which the artifact was made. Types and sub-types are listed with each category.

A Pounding
- 1 Percussors, Hammers or Mauls

B Grinding
- 1 Mano and Metate
- 2 Pestle and Mortar
- 3 Abraders

C Chopping
- 1 Direct Percussion
  - a Axes
  - b Hoes and Spades
  - c Choppers
- 2 Indirect Percussion
  - a Celts and Wedges

D Scraping
- 1 End Scrapers
- 2 Side Scrapers
  - a Straight
  - b Concave
  - c Convex
  - d Notched

E Cutting
- 1 Blades, Knives, Slitters
- 2 Points
- 3 Saws
- 4 Gravers

F Drilling
- 1 Drills
- 2 Perforators

G Ceremonial
- 1 Pendants, Gorgets, Amulets
- 2 Effigies
- 3 Pipes
- 4 Perforated Disks

H Hunting and Warfare
- 1 War Club
  - a Flaked
  - b Polished
- 2 Projectile Points
  - a Stemmed-S
  - b Stemless-N
  - c Shouldered-Sh

DESCRIPTIONS OF STONE ARTIFACTS

The first essential for the description of stone artifacts is the identification of the various parts of the artifact.

Figure 1 is a sketch of a projectile point or arrowhead as some prefer to call it. This type of artifact has the most parts for identification. The same descriptive terminology holds true for all stone artifacts and is not necessarily confined to projectile points alone.

The main part of an artifact is called the "body". The flat or broad part is known as the "face". The face as viewed from the top is known as the "dorsal face". The underside is called the "ventral face".

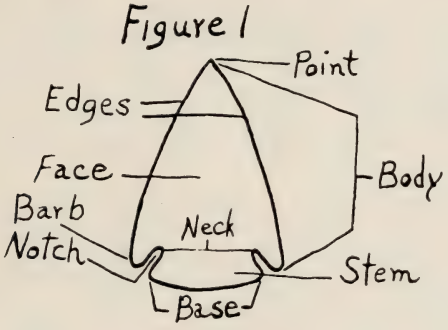
The pointed end of an artifact is called the "point" or "tip" and the opposite extremity is the "base". Sketches and photographs of

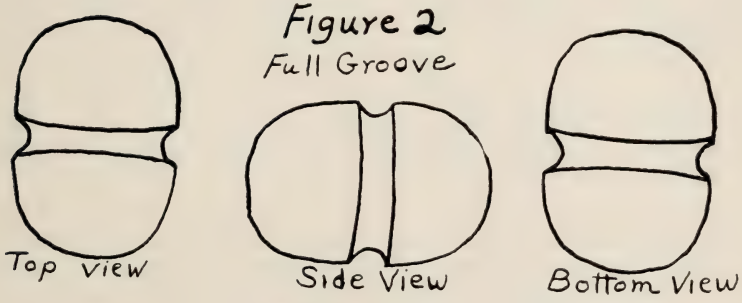
pointed artifacts should always be made with the "point" up. When this is done there will be no mistake as to which end is the "point" or "tip" and which end is the "base".

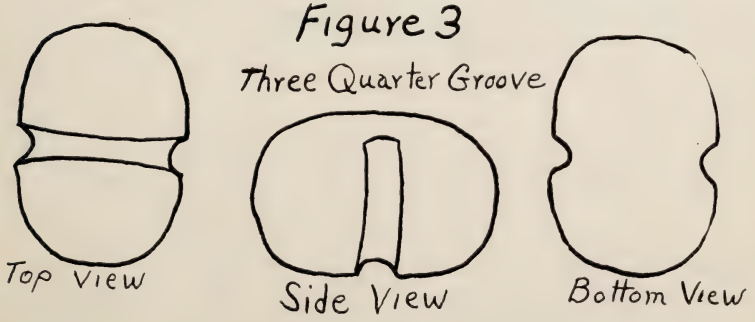
When the base is narrower than the body, we refer to the artifact as being "stemmed" or "tanged". Stemmed artifacts are a result of shouldering or notching of the edges or base.

The "neck" is the narrowest portion of the stem.

The narrow or sharpened sides of the artifact are called the "edges".







Stone Artifacts

The sharp and pointed ears which are a result of corner notches and sometimes of base notches are known as "barbs".

POUNDING ARTIFACTS

Probably the first "pounding" artifact to be utilized by ancient man was a plain ordinary rock. By holding this rock in one or both of his hands, he could batter and break bones or rocks with direct pounding. These artifacts are known as "percussors". They have no definite size or shape. Most of these percussors were water worn rocks from a river bed. They were quite smooth and would not injure the hands of the operator. Some archaeologists refer to these stones as "Eoliths", which may be defined as a rock found in nature and utilized by man without any rework or retouching. These percussors can easily be recognized by the scars on the ends and edges which were caused by consistant pounding and battering.

Sometime during the early periods, this ancient man discovered that, by constant pecking with a percussor, a groove could be formed around the body of a stone which would enable him to tie on a handle. This hafted tool would be much more efficient than the original hand percussor. At first the grooves were shallow and were confined to the broader sides only. Little by little these grooves were made deeper and longer until eventually some completely encircled the stone. Thus the hammer or maul was invented.

When the groove completely encircles the body of the stone, we refer to it as being "full grooved". Figure 2

When the groove is confined to three sides only, it is known as "three-quarter grooved." Figure 3

Mauls or hammers have been found in every county of Wyoming. The most common is the full grooved hammer. Percussors are found in the more ancient workshops and campsites. Some of the finest specimens of percussors, that I have seen in this State, were found in the "Spanish Diggings" vicinity, and also in Uinta and Sweetwater Counties.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

The Human Side of Wyoming

(At the regular meeting of the Campbell County Chapter of the State Historical Society on November 23, 1954, Mrs. Margaretta Gratz gave an interesting paper on the background and philosophy of Wyoming history in which she stresses the importance of the Wyoming heritage. Her article, entitled "The Human Side of Wyoming" is printed here in its entirety.)

A state is like a house which a man builds. He takes the materials at hand and shapes the house to his dreams and needs and pleasures. He builds his foundation of stone, chiselled by experience, rears his walls straight, strong and enduring into which he cuts many windows that light may enter to brighten the darkest corners. He makes his doorway wide, that all who wish may come in freely and welcome. He shapes his sheltering roof, making it a bulwark against rain, snow, wind and adversity. Now he has a house, a material thing, but he knows that the living must enter before it can become a home.

Wyoming is our house, strongly built of material things but it is the people themselves whose vision, tolerance, courage and wisdom, make it a HOME, a state home by the people, for the people.

The history of any people or country is the sum total of discovery, exploration and settlement. Discovery is born of a curiosity urged on by the love of adventure or the desire to make known to the world, the vastness of the unknown. Settlement is born of the inherent love of personal freedom. A freedom where the individual has the liberty to go from where he is, to where he wants to be; to courageously tear himself from all ancestral ties, comforts and ways of living in order to lay his hands on a wide stretch of lonely land and say, "This land is mine —to have and to hold!" In this simple statement, lies the very secret of our country's progress and greatness.

It is in this manner that the history of Wyoming is built. Each phase of development has written its own record of achievement. The explorers, Lewis, Clark, Bozeman, Bridger, DeSmet, Fremont, La Ramie, Colter, Verendrye, Ashley and others have opened the way to this new land. Theirs is a saga of vision, bravery, patience

and self-denial. They gave to a land-hungry world the endless acres of Wyoming. They beckoned, and all who yearned for a more independent way of life came and found it on the rolling prairies of Wyoming. After the explorers had mapped these vast areas, the trek of the pioneer began. Each with little of this world's goods came with eager hopes and willing hands. History was in the making!

At the turn of this century after Wyoming had received her statehood, there were three types of settlement. First, the pioneers who dreamed of vast empires for cattle and sheep-grazing. Second, the pioneering group who came in search of the mineral wealth that lay beneath her surface. Coal, oil, gas, iron, uranium and other vital minerals so necessary to a state's growth were here for the mining engineer to develop and to build into an industrial force that contributes to Wyoming's posterity. Third, the pioneering homesteaders who enriched her history by their steadfast faith in this new land which they had come to love.

Perhaps no other group of people in this century worked harder and with so little as did these homesteaders. Stoically, they accepted the dust, the scorching winds, the blizzards, the drouth, the grasshoppers, the hail and the loneliness with fatalistic patience.

"Next year will be better" was their philosophy. Here among these statebuilders is history, so human that it touches all of us with memories not to be forgotten. The loneliness in a tar-paper shack with only wolves and coyotes to break the silence; the moaning ceaseless winds, the longing hope for rain to give moisture to the withered grass, the anxiety in the face of the homesteader as he watches a thunderhead roll towards his wheat fields, the clutching fear of sickness with a doctor fifty miles away. This is a vital page in her history, this struggle that helped build into its people the heritage of courage and right values of living. Someday, history will honor these valiant ones, preserving and passing on to later generations the elemental drama, the humor and the tragedy of these early days when a great rural life was starting and a mighty farming industry was being born!

No history of any state is complete without a record of the cultural contributions of the people who built that state.

As the settlers poured into the new land, they brought with them the tools of their former way of life. Each brought his gifts to the new land and the sharing of these gifts with each other, gave to Wyoming a cultural background that shaped the very destiny of her people.

The vast un-broken stretches of prairies, the awe-inspiring beauty of her mountains, the glory of her sunsets, the restless

movements of her cattle and sheep, the swift flight of her wild things, all have found expression in music, poetry and art and through these avenues of expression there has been brought into sharp relief her individuality as a people and as a state. Through them, feelings and emotions have become tangible and real.

In perspective, let us look at the onward march of Wyoming. Look at her people, who out of tireless energy and heartbreak, have carved a state worthy of every honor. Note the historic contributions of her grazing industry, her progress in the development of vital ores for our country's defense, her agricultural advancement in the fields of science. All have given this state a rural strength that reflects the spiritual grandeur of our great country. The spirit of free enterprise, equality and better standards of living is the inherent privilege of all free Americans. It is here written in the pages of Wyoming history. It is also found in the hearts of her people----the privilege to go from where you are to where you want to be!

From Our Newspaper Files:

Cheyenne Leader of April 2, 1868.

ROADS

We have heretofore called public attention to the importance of establishing and improving the wagon roads leading from this city in the direction of Fort Sanders, Laramie and Sweetwater, and considering the large amount of emigration which is expected to outfit and start with wagons from this city during the present season, we can conceive of no one subject in which this city is interested which is worthy of greater attention, and at the same time which has been so inexcusably neglected. To a city like this, which partially depends on travel for its business, the importance of good roads leading into and from it is a matter of the first importance. If parties can purchase their teams and supplies cheaper here than at any point a short distance further along and feel satisfied that good and direct roads are provided for their convenience in travel, a few miles more or less by rail will not be of much consideration in a long journey when economy in dollars and cents is the chief point to be looked after; but if no facilities are offered for transit by wagon from this point, the question of time and labor to say nothing of avoiding risk of breakdown, will be the main point for their consideration, and the matter of saving a few dollars and cents becomes a question of secondary importance. Of course there is a road or two leading toward the localities above mentioned, but it is equally as true that those roads can very easily and cheaply be materially im-

proved in character, as well as that the distance might be considerably diminished.

The road to Sanders, via Cheyenne Pass, is now considered eight to ten miles shorter than that by the way of Carmichael's Camp and Dale City, and this same route could easily be shortened five or six miles, by opening a road in a direct line to the Pass, instead of going out, as at present, in a northeasterly direction, to Pole Creek. This cut-off could be made at a very trifling expense, as the character of the country over which it would pass is of low, rolling hills, similar to those surrounding this city. The road through Cheyenne Pass might also be improved, and these unexpensive changes might be of much influence and weight in inducing freighters and traders to select this point at which to make their purchases. It has generally been found that the city which is most liberal in such matters as good roads and bridges, as well as prices, receives, as a natural result, the most liberal share of trade, and consequently attains the greater prosperity. In this particular we believe Cheyenne is similar to other cities similarly situated, and it will be found that something more than the mere building of houses and importation of goods is required to establish and *retain* an extensive trade. Commerce, in this country, depends upon the roads, as in other places it may depend upon seas or lakes; and as your roads are so will be your receipts.

Statement Made by the Stock Tender at Cold Spring.

(The following item has been taken from the original manuscript written in longhand by Luke Voorhees, Superintendent of the Cheyenne Black Hills Stage and Express Co. The manuscript is located in the collection of Russell Thorp of Cheyenne.)

Cold Springs robbery Sept. 29, 1878

Statement made by the Stocktender after the robbery.

Shortly before time for the stage to arrive from Deadwood a man on horseback rode up and asked for a drink of water. Upon dismounting he ordered me to throw up my hands which I did and then pushed me in the grain room of the stable. By this time the band of five I thought there were of them all got in the stable and proceeded to make arrangements for the capture of the coach.

They removed the mud or chinking from between the logs near the door of the stable where the Stage always stops and on its arrival opened fire from their position on the inside after the killing of Campbell and wounding Gale Hill. Scott Davis [Captain of the Shot Gun Messengers] got away from the coach and taking position behind a tree opened fire on the robbers. Soon after this the band rounded up all of the men about the place and

tied them to trees saying that at 1 o'clock a man would be along to release them. Immediately upon securing their victims they removed the safe from the coach and opened it. This the Stocktender says required several hours of work. On completion of this job the robbers took to the woods. The men remained tied to the trees until half past 9 or 10 o'clock at night when the stocktender was released from being tied he started to report the affair to headquarters at Deadwood.

Fremont County Pioneer Association Adds Names to Monument

In the January 1954 *Annals of Wyoming* appeared an article "History of the Fremont County Pioneer Association," in which was told the story of the erection of the Pioneer Monument in Lander on which were carved 152 names of Fremont County pioneers and the dates of their arrivals in the county.

During the year 1954 an additional 171 names and dates of arrival have been added to the monument. The total list now includes practically all of the real pioneers of Fremont County. The following names and dates were added in 1954:

FREMONT COUNTY

PIONEER FAMILIES

Abra, E. T. "Ted"—1898
Adams, Ellis H.—1883
Adams, M. F.—1895
Adams, Alice—1883
Alger, L. H.—1899
Ansell, Joseph H.—1878
Appleby, A. C. "Dutch"—1882
Appleby, Leona E.—1888
Baldwin, Chester E.—1887
Baldwin, George L.—1869
Barquin, James D.—1904
Bates, Chas. E.—1886
Battrum, A. P.—1880
Beaton, Donald A.—1886
Beck, Russell R.—1892
Beckwith, T. C.—1897
Boardman, John R.—1898
Brown, N. H.—1882
Bunce, A. M.—1881
Burch, I. L.—1902
Burnet, John C.—1880
Burlingham, John H.—1889
Bybee, Chas. L.—1893
Carmody, John—1876
Carpenter, A. W. "Pete"—1891
Carpenter, C. E.—1890
Carpenter, Ellen M.—1890
Carpenter, James H.—1890
Carpenter, Nellie W.—1890
Carr, John—1885
Carter, Edward A.—1880
Chambers, Jesse S.—1897
Cheney, Helen—1885
Cheney, Matilda—1873
Chittim, John—1880
Cochrane, Ben F.—1900
Cole, Chas. T.—1881
Coon, E. E.—1884
Cooper, Dr. A. H.—1905
Connell, Emmett—1890
Countryman, Mark W.—1886
Cross, Edith H.—1871
Cross, George A.—1893
Dale, James—1902
Day, J. S.—1885
Delfelder, J. A.—1892
Doane, Frank—1889
Dollard, Chas. F.—1878
Duncan, Thomas S.—1893
Duncan, W. L.—1893
Driskell, C. A.—1893
Earle, Edson A.—1889
Earl, Fred A.—1887
Farthing, Edward—1880
Fields, Chas. B.—1878
Firestone, W. A.—1883

Firestone, Winnie—1886
Fischer, F. B.—1900
Fister, Andrew J.—1886
Fourt, E. H.—1890
Fuller, D. E.—1898
Gaylord, Anna B.—1893
Gaylord, Joshua B.—1900
Gaylord, L. B.—1886
Graham, James M.—1893
Hagans, Wm. J.—1900
Hall, Chas. M.—1903
Harris, Edward S.—1882
Harrison, W. N.—1887
Hayes, Vince V.—1886
Hays, John—1892
Henton, Elisha—1881
Henton, Matt—1881
Hereford, Robert L.—1893
Higby, Guy W.—1904
Hilmer, Fritz—1900
Hornecker, Albert—1877
Hornecker, George—1883
Hudson, Dan F.—1882
Hufftile, Mart—1874
Iiams, Elmer E.—1881
Jammerman, Emil—1888
Johnson, Albert J.—1895
Johnson, Ella M.—1905
Johnston, Alex—1886
Jones, E. "Brockey"—1886
Kimball, Ralph—1901
Kinnear, N. B.—1888
Kirk, J. M.—1887
Kirkland, A. R. "Bird"—1883
Landis, John E.—1882
Lee, Albert D.—1900
Leseberg, Ed.—1880
Leseberg, Phoebe—1883
Leseberg, Lyle—1904
Lockard, H. R.—1900
Macfie, Wm. H.—1901
McDonald, Angus J.—1878
McIntosh, James L.—1885
McIntosh, Wm. P.—1886
McIntosh, P. J.—1885
McIntosh, Arthur G.—1885
Manseau, L. Andrew—1879
Martel, A. H.—1896
Merriam, Ed.—1893
Mills, Gardner S.—1885
Moore, Chas. C.—1880
Moore, Frank—1896
Moriarty, Tom C.—1884
Moriarty, Jack F.—1899
Moudy, Mable C.—1878
Murray, L. Signor—1887
Myers, Albert—1900
Nalls, Stuart—1903
Nalls, Esther—1885
Nipper, Grant—1903
Noble, Fred F.—1882
Nottage, E. Cheney—1876
Oakie, J. B.—1882
Obert, Carl—1884
O'Neal, J. W.—1896
O'Neal, Rose G.—1878
Oswald, Walter—1883
Pogue, J. C.—1888
Parks, Sam C. Jr.—1884
Parks, S. Conant—1885
Picard, Dave—1880
Picard, Mary Hayes—1886
Preston, D. A.—1888
Ranney, E. L.—1889
Rate, Frank—1895
Read, Leslie W.—1894
Rhodes, Chas. W.—1892
Rice, M. Owens—1904
Roberts, Dr. John—1883
Roberts, Arthur C.—1880
Robinson, Ben—1883
Rogers, Emma F.—1885
Royce, Pat—1889
Sanderson, A. H.—1886
Scarlett, Wm. R.—1898
Sheehan, Jerry H.—1885
Sheehan, Dan P.—1898
Sheldon, F. B.—1885
Sherlock, Peter—1868
Simpson, Wm. L.—1884
Simpson, J. P.—1888
Smith, Byron H.—1900
Souter, John—1904
Spencer, P. C.—1903
Stack, Mrs. Lou—1880
Steers, W. H.—1876
Stelzner, Ed.—1886
Stewart, James D.—1902
Stone, Virgil H.—1904
Stowe, J. Milton—1896
Stratton, Fred D.—1904
Stringer, Carl R.—1901
Stringer, Albert F.—1901
Stronach, Alex—1903
Tweed, Edward—1879
Tweed, Albert—1879
Vaughn, W. L.—1882
Vincent, Joe—1902
Wadsworth, H. E.—1884
Welty, Dr. F. H.—1889
Williamson, David—1883
Williamson, John—1883
Winchester, John H.—1895
Young, U. S. "Grant"—1884
Young, Rufus L.—1901

Recent Acquisitions

MUSEUM

Accardo, Jas. Cheyenne	One metal dog collar and tag dated 1890.
Albertson, Ace Ottumwa, Iowa	Jasper nodule found 5 miles S.E. of Lance Creek, Wyoming.
Benson, George C. Port Hueneme, Calif.	67 artifacts: 10 mortars and fragments; 42 pestles and fragments; 1 abrader; 6 mano; and 8 perforated dishes and fragments; 2 flints; and 15 fishhooks.
Benson, Leroy Baggs	Uranium sample from Poison Basin seven miles West of Baggs.
Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce Cheyenne	Two chairs that were used in the old Inter-Ocean Hotel, Cheyenne.
Cushing, Mrs. M. M. New York 22, N. Y.	14 guns, 15 pistols, 1 bullet mold, 1 sword, 1 driving whip, 3 knives, 1 leather pocket, 1 metal frame for gun butt, 1 wooden butt for gun, and 1 gun chest.
Ekdall, Dr. A. B. Cheyenne	Curry comb used by William Boyce; dipper used at well, Boyce Ranch.
Gillespie, A. S. Laramie	Model of horse with pack on back using diamond hitch. Rawhide hackamore, used on "Steamboat", with black horse hair Theodore, used 50 years ago at Bosler on the Coble Ranch. The Theodore was made just recently by Donor. Also braided horse hair rope made by Donor.
Harwood, Bill Cheyenne	Skull of a mountain sheep, with bullet imbedded in forehead, from Cody county.
Hayes, James L. Rawlins	Colt revolver—44 calibre carried by Lawrence Hayes in Rawlins. Patented 1872.
Hoge, Owen S. Cheyenne	Spurs with leather straps, inlaid with donor's initials made 40 years ago by his brother-in-law, S. Perry Abner, Wolf, Wyo., from scrap metal on latter's Ranch. Mr. Hoge wore these spurs when he was manager of the Horse Shoe Ranch.
Howard, Don Cheyenne	Metal wood axe found on Sweetwater Trail (Oregon Trail) in Split Rock country.
Hubbard, W. P. Cheyenne	Baby Beaver mounted. Found about 3 years ago in Snowy Range with front paws frozen.

Huinzinga, Janice Laramie	Broad axe found near Keystone, Wyoming.
Jack, William "Scotty" Cheyenne	14 First day cover airmail envelopes—from the 14 Niobrara county post-offices, May 19, 1938. 3 brochures on Cheyenne Black Hills Stage Lines and this special flight.
Jones, Craig Powell	Pure sulphur block from Elk Basin Unit Plant.
Kremer, Leo Cheyenne	Rattlesnake rattles, one with 36 rattles from three different snakes, two others small, from Roy E. Moore Collection.
Kremer, Mrs. Leo Cheyenne	Four pair glasses worn by Mrs. Minerva Moore, Donor's Great Grandmother, before 1900.
Laramie County Historical Society Cheyenne	Six iron pieces from "Portugee" Phillips Ranch near Chugwater.
Latham, Mrs. Bill Chugwater	Straight edge razor; initialed watch fob made of human hair; 9 artifacts.
Lumley, Teri Jean Grand Junction, Colo.	Axe about 50 years old found on site of old ghost town of Carbon.
Mabie, Mrs. Virgil R. Cheyenne	Hair wreath in glass frame which belonged to Mrs. Homer Mabie.
Moberly, W. E. Cheyenne	Fossil found north of Medicine Bow.
Moor, Mrs. Ross W. Lamar, Colo.	Six early Frontier Day Ribbons—five silk and one leather; six photos of Theo. Roosevelt, Taft, early bi-plane, first car—all in Cheyenne; tooth-puller of 1900's; opium pipe; two original Edison bulbs; two ox shoes.
Ogle, Mr. James R. Burns	Blickensderfer typewriter #7, Serial #30093.
Peabody, A. S. Laramie	Wedding dress of Mrs. Alfred S. Peabody who was married in Capetown, S. Africa, May 11, 1864. Lived in Laramie from 1878 to 1933.
Richardson, Warren Family Cheyenne	Twenty-five cents (paper currency) given to Warren Richardson by General U. S. Grant in 1879 when he delivered a telegram to him while a guest at the Railroad House, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Ridings, Reta Laramie	Hickory cane; glass cane made by Laramie Glass Works; black umbrella; folding umbrella in soft leather case.

Schaedel, Mrs. Grace Cheyenne	Square nail from John Phillip's Ranch at Chugwater; metal ice shave found at 609 E. 27th Street, Cheyenne, on site of early day ice house which burned down.
Schrader, Mrs. Wesley Cheyenne	Holy Bible printed by George E. Eyre and William Spottiswoode, N. Y. Office, 1863, "from Library of E. A. Slack."
Shiek, Mrs. Frank N. Long Beach 2, Calif.	Two strings of Indian beads; blue and white bone beads from an Indian grave, Platte county, Wyo. Odd-sized smaller beads gathered from ant hills near Chugwater, Wyo., in 1907 by Mrs. Shiek.
Trollope, O. L. Cheyenne	Artifact, probably an Indian tanning tool.
Underwood, Emily and Gertrude and Sorensen, Charles Cheyenne	1921 Frontier Day button.
Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin N. Cheyenne	Bible, 1840, H & H Phinney's Stereo. Edition, Cooperstown, N. Y.; gun, German W. W. I, M78 Model #173868.
Washburn, Bernard Wheatland	Iron sausage grinder found on top Squaw Mt. 25 miles west of Wheatland.
Whiteley, Dr. Philip W. Denver, Colo.	Three tokens used by M. E. Kirk Bros. at their trading posts in New Mexico.
Willson, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lander	Hummingbird nest with baby bird found by S. D. Winship several years ago in Sinks Canyon.
Wyoming Stock Growers Ass'n Cheyenne	Hand wrought links-rough lock used as a brake on steep hills on freight wagons and sleigh runners; spade bit.
Zollinger, Frances L. Tulsa 5, Okla.	Jicarilla Hamper; Jicarilla Apache basket; round Pomo basket; small Pomo basket (cup and saucer); Hoopa Valley basket, top and handle; Hoopa Valley basket; three pairs Shoshoni beaded gloves; one Shoshoni beaded bag; one Santa Domingo Pueblo pottery.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PAPERS

Bishop, L. C. Cheyenne	Manuscript, "Early History of Laramie County", original of speech given Aug. 25, 1954.
Bissell, Paul Wellesly, Mass.	2 envelopes from U.P.R.R. Office Supt. dated Cheyenne, Dakota Territory.

Brown, Mr. Miller Cheyenne	Letter and two broadsides on campaign of Miss Estelle Reel dated 1894.
Champ, Mrs. Myrtle Gillette	Map of Wyoming highways 1906; pamphlet on Sundance.
Chatterton, Hon. Fenimore Arvada, Colo.	Newspaper clipping of his speech as Wyoming Governor at Great Fair, St. Louis, 1904.
Ferguson, Mrs. R. A. Wheatland	Five picture postcards, pamphlets, "Sketches of The West," one map of Yellowstone Park 1950, newspapers, newspaper clippings; "Sketches of the West" by John L. Hunton (piano solo).
Graf, Mrs. Geo. J. Green River	Set of World War II Ration Books and tokens.
Hill, Burton Buffalo	Bulletin, entitled *The Cattle Baron's Rebellion* as published in the Buffalo Bulletin—History of Johnson County War.
Hunt, Lester C. Mrs. Washington, D. C.	Original drawing of "Bucking Horse" used on Wyoming's license plate; one picture post card of Stub Farlow on War Dog.
Kamber, Abraham Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 newspaper clippings on death of F. W. LaFrentz, from N. Y. Times, July 1954.
McCreery, Alice Richards Los Angeles, Calif.	Letters, newspaper clippings and writings about Wyoming by donor.
Mercer, Ralph Hyattville	Typescript, "The Family Lineage of the Mercer Family" with letter dated 4/15/1911 to Mr. B. H. Tillotson, Olathe, Kansas.
Miller, Mrs. Arthur Cheyenne	Fashion magazine of early 1900's.
Morgan, Floyd Pine Bluffs	Manuscript poems: "The Homesteader" by A. S. Crandall; "To my Buddy Over There", "The Locator Replies to Mr. Crandall" by Frank Burdick, "The Departing Homesteader" by J. A. Mooney.
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles Cheyenne	Framed list of candidates, 1883; framed newspaper account by Louise O'Leary of Mrs. A. J. Parshall's experiences during winter of 1879.
Peabody, A. S. Laramie	2 Maps: Topographic of Albany county-Laramie, Quadrangle, July 1908 edition; map of city of Laramie, April 10, 1909. Also a prospectus of Wyoming Central Land and Improvement Co., Laramie, 1884.

Schaedel, Mrs. John Cheyenne	Copy of Typescript "Memoirs of Mrs. George W. Snow" by donor; pen sketch map by donor "Bear Creek Stage Station, Later George W. Snow Ranch".
Shiek, Mrs. Frank N. Long Beach, Calif.	Typescript, "Early History of Laramie County" a speech given by Donor's husband about 1902.
Taylor, Miss Dorothy K. Cheyenne	Newspaper *The Idea,* Durango, Colo., May 22, 1886, Vol. 2, No. 95, with a full page Litograph by J. E. Dillingham, 1861, "View of Black Hawk Point".
Van Tassel, Charles Los Angeles 17, Calif.	Pamphlet; "The Passing of the West and Other Poems of Frontier Days" by Donor.
Weston, Mrs. Daphne Cheyenne	Manuscript on death of Frances Warren Pershing and her 3 daughters; newspaper clipping "Memorial Hospital had Historic Beginning in Tent 87 Years Ago", Wyo. State Tribune, 5-12-54.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

Coe, W. R. New York City	Gard, Wayne, *The Chisholm Trail.* Ruiz & Vigil, *Provisional Regulations . . . of Upper California.* DeVoto, Bernard, *The Louisiana Purchase.* Hafen, LeRoy R. and Ann, *Old Spanish Trail.* Vol. I of South West and Rockies Series. Hafen, Leroy R. and Ann, *Journals of The Forty-Niners,* Vol. II of South West and Rockies Series. Wheat, Carl I., *Mapping The American West 1540-1857.* Hooker, Wm. Francis, *The Bullwacker.* Horgan, Paul, *The Rio Grande,* Vols. I and II, Great River Series. Graham, Col. Wm. A., *The Reno Court of Inquiry.* Malone-Milhollen-Kaplan, *The Story of the Declaration of Independence.* Simkin, Colin, *Currier and Ives' America.* Pamphlets: News from Home, Summer 1954, by Kenneth H. Dunshee; Our Presidents—At A Glance, by Rolf Benj. Vinmont. Think, November 1954, editorial by Thos. J. Watson.
Hanway, Earl Casper	Hanway, J. Edwin, *The Memoirs of J. Edwin Hanway.*

Hobbs, George H. Cheyenne	Benton, Frank, *Cowboy Life on the Sidetrack.* David, Robt. B., *Malcolm Campbell Sheriff.* Ridpath, John Clark, *Ridpath Universal History,* Vols. I-XVII.
Homsher, Lola M. Cheyenne	Pamphlet: *Story of All-American Indian Days,* Kalif Shrine Temple.
Lovell Chamber of Commerce Lovell	Pamphlet: *The Medicine Wheel,* 1954.
McGrath, Mary A. Washington, D. C.	*Wyomings Resources,* 1889.
Meek, C. L. Lincoln, Neb.	Meek, Carleton L., *Meek, Genealogy 1640-1954.*
Ridings, Reta Laramie	Polk & Co., *Polk's Laramie City Directory,* 1939.
Rogers, C. J. Gov. Cheyenne	Navy Dept., *Combat Connected Naval Casualties World War II,* Vols. I & II. Pamphlet: *Army & Navy Legion of Valor.*
Schell, Dean Herbert Vermillion, S. D.	Schell, Dean Herbert, *Dakota Territory During the 1860's.*
Van Tassell, Charles Los Angeles 17, Calif.	Pamphlet: *The Passing of The West.*

PICTURES

Benson, Geo. C. Port Hueneme, Calif.	47 early photos of Cheyenne Pioneers presented by the Benson and Bray families; 32 pictures taken some 50 years ago in and around Cheyenne and Saratoga by Lawson Bray, uncle of Mr. Benson.
Ferguson, Mrs. R. A. Wheatland	23 miscellaneous pictures of Wheatland area.
Hemple, Carl Cheyenne	2 photos of air field, Cheyenne, 1922. Sent to Donor by H. T. Bean, Airmail Pioneer Assoc., Salt Lake, for presentation to Museum.
Latham, Mrs. Bill Chugwater	Views at Niagara, New York, and Niagara Falls, dated 9-20-1896.
Lebhart, Minnie (Miss) Cheyenne	Framed photo of a stage and six-span of horses with four men. Driver, Thomas Cooper, Union Pacific Stationmaster.
Lewis, Ton, Paul and Marvin Colorado	Roll of film containing 78 exposures of 60 pictures in the department picture file, taken by Paul, Ton and Marvin Lewis, Oct. 28, 1954.

McCreery, Alice Richards Los Angeles, Calif.	52 pictures of people and scenes, Cheyenne, 1890's.
Metz, Mrs. P. W. Basin	7 photos of early Yellowstone highway, Wind River Canyon, Thermopolis, Wyoming.
Ohnhaus, Mrs. Chas. J. Cheyenne	Photograph of officers and men of Battery A, Alger's Lt. Artillery, W.N.G., all Cheyenne men, taken in front of Capt. Parmer's House on Warren Ave., 1898; 1907 Frontier Days.
Rogers, C. J. (Gov. Office) Cheyenne	Picture of USS Battleship Wyoming, taken at Coco Solo Canal Zone, July 25, 1919.
Stolt, Edna Cheyenne	7 Photos: Astorian Marker; 2 photos of people at Morris grave; Sacajawea's grave; 2 photos of Rev. Roberts; Tetons Mts. viewed through window of Church of Transfiguration at Moose, Wyo.
Wittenburg, Clarice F. Laramie	3 photographs: Mary G. Bellamy; Rachel (Brown) Mathews; Wm. Jennings Bryan and party at Laramie residence of W. H. Holliday, 1907.

The Pioneer

To the Pioneer, who came and gave their worldly all.
Who gave their strength and selfless lasting love,
Who planted seeds of courage with enduring faith
In a country waste, for a home of rugged grace.

To the Pioneer, who stood the trials of cruel clime,
Who braved the isolated stretch of lonely years,
Who knew so little luxury, but made it rich
With toiling hands, understanding God's great land.

To the Pioneer, who dreamt the dreams that would come true,
Who made the trails for later ones to seek and tread.
Who lived their lives in humble thankless tasks,
To build a mighty freedom in this western land of ours.

To the Pioneer, who worked and died in hearts content
For a waste of land that bloomed from toil and sweat,
Enriched their souls from a barren space that bred
A loyal love, and earned with honors, a resting place.

Jessa Eula Wallis
Laramie, Wyoming

Book Reviews

The Reno Court of Inquiry. By Col. W. A. Graham. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Company, 1954. 303 pp., $5.00)

The Reno Court of Inquiry, by Col. W. A. Graham, United States Army Retired, is an abstract of the record of the court of inquiry which was convened approximately two and one-half years after the Battle of the Little Big Horn for the purpose of inquiring into that military incident and especially as it reflected upon the military service of Major Reno. The record of the court of inquiry is the only record of sworn testimony given by the principal surviving participants of that historic battle between the Seventh U. S. Cavalry and the Plains Indians.

The practice of abstracting the record in legal or quasi-legal proceedings has been one of long standing between lawyers and appellate courts. The purpose of the abstract is to reduce the volume of material without essential omissions yet dispensing with irrelevant, repetitious and unimportant testimony and forming a narrative of the evidence at the expense of verbatim quotations of questions and answers. Whether or not the author was aided by one skilled in the law in preparing this abstract is not known, but a magnificent job has been accomplished.

At infrequent intervals the author has injected short summaries and comments in the abstract which aid the reader materially in retention of the big picture as the evidence unfolds and should be especially helpful to those of little or no knowledge of military matters.

Included in the publication is a reproduced United States Geological Survey contour map of the battle area, a number of illustrative sketches drawn by participants and a heretofore unpublished battle map drawn and annotated by Captain Benteen soon after the battle, but undiscovered until May of this year. Captain Benteen's map is a valuable addition to the slight record data on this famous engagement.

The Reno Court of Inquiry is a most valuable addition to the many publications on the Custer Massacre. Here the reader for the first time can judge for himself as to the weight and preponderance of the evidence, the credibility of the witnesses and the probability of correctness of impression and analysis of the various participants. One thing is certain: there is no greater conflict of testimony or impressions than is present in any formal hearing concerning a situation which occurred two and one-half years

before the hearing, and probably less than one would normally expect where the hearing involves an incident impregnated with the stress and confusion which invariably accompanies battle conditions, and especially so when the troops were in an extreme state of fatigue, as was true at the Little Big Horn.

To those of us who have read and studied the many publications which have appeared over the years since 1876, *The Reno Court of Inquiry* appears to be the long needed concluding publication, and although it represents probably the most valuable of the lot, let us sincerely hope that it is the last.

Laramie, Wyoming ALFRED M. PENCE

The Buffalo Hunters: The Story of the Hide Men. By Mari Sandoz. (New York: Hastings House, 1954 xii + 372 pp., map, illus, $4.50.)

This deeply interesting book is the second title in the American Procession Series, and sets a high standard for future authors to follow.

Marie Sandoz needs no introduction to Western readers; she is widely known as an interpreter of the Great Plains country, of the Indians whose home it was, and of their hopeless struggle to keep that home and their way of life.

The Buffalo Hunters covers the 16 years between 1867, when the Plains were dark with buffalo in the millions, until 1883 when the vast herds had virtually disappeared, and only the few individuals were left who would be the progenitors of the present herds in game preserves. This happened with incredible swiftness. It was unthinkable: those moving seas of animals must last forever! No plague, no drouth, no ice coating over the Plains grasses could have accomplished what men with the Big Fifty and the Sharps rifle and the West-creeping railroads accomplished. And with the vanishing buffalo, the Indians who lived on them, for whom the buffalo was food, clothing and shelter, they also dwindled to the pitiful, starving remnants of tribes on reservations, betrayed as only an archaic people can be, by a better organized, economically pushed culture in competition for their lands.

Miss Sandoz' descriptions of the Plains, of the stampedes, the grass fires, the storms; of life in the hide and bone towns, are magnificent and thrilling. Her style is distinctive, recognizably her own. It is spare and tragic, deeply moving and without sentimentality. A great number of the hide hunters are named and characterized, among them Wild Bill Hickok, the compulsive killer; flamboyant Buffalo Bill Cody, becoming the character Ned

Buntline was creating; General Custer of dimming glory; Charlie Rath, the Mooar brothers, Johnny Cook, who was troubled—the treaties *had* said that Indian lands were closed to white hunters. Their dialogue, however, seems less convincing than the swift characterizations, and perhaps out of place in this type of historical narrative. Unfortunately also, there is no index for reference back and forth among the many characters as they shift in time and place. But this is minor in the great spectacle that Miss Sandoz brings into focus as she recreates the history of the extinction of each of the four great herds in turn.

The Herds each moved in an orbit, a great, irregular ellipse of their migrations, winter to summer and back again, always feeding into the wind. First the Republican Herd in Wyoming, Nebraska and South Dakota, then the Arkansas and Texas Herds reaching into Wyoming on their northern swing, were exterminated, and only the rotting carcasses, the white bones remained. After the hide men had gone even the bones disappeared, shipped East by the thousands of carloads for fertilizer. Last to disappear was the Northern Herd in the early 1880's. Its more than a million animals had ranged through northern Wyoming, Montana, the edge of the Dakotas and into Canada. With buffaloes and Indians gone, the settlers swarmed in and *Finis* was written to the hide men's epoch in the history of the West.

Of all the characters who played their parts in the development of the early West the hide men were, as a group, the least "simpatico", as the Mexicans say. They failed to fire the popular imagination or to arouse popular enthusiasm, though many were incredibly brave, were dead shots and superb horsemen. Did the fundamental dirt, the incredible waste of the great bodies left to rot, the unbridled slaughter of a great and interesting animal and of the Indian who called him brother, leave uneasy consciences, glad not to remember this epoch?

Soon after "The Buffalo Hunters" appeared, a novel by Milton Lott, "The Last Hunt" was published by Houghton Mifflin. The action covers the period from the Spring of 1882 to the Fall of 1885 when the great Northern Herd was wiped out. The two chief characters are hide hunters, Sandy McKenzie, with something of the philosopher in him, like Johnny Cook, troubled by what was happening to buffalo and Indian; and Charley Gilson, the killer who was always alien to the land. The story is a compelling one, and the two books complement one another remarkably. Read "The Buffalo Hunters" for the fine historical background and then identify yourself with the hide men through the characters whom Milton Lott has created in "The Last Hunt". Like DeVoto's "Across the Wide Missouri" and Guthrie's "The Big Sky", which also should be read together, the two books will

give the reader an appreciation and an understanding of a moving epoch in the history of the West.

Mrs. Lois Butler Payson

Albany County Carnegie

Public Library, Laramie.

Wyoming's War Years, 1941-1945. By Dr. T. A. Larson. (Stanford University Press, 1954. 400 pp, illus., $6.50)

"All Sunday afternoon and through the night, we sat at our radios, stunned by the stark, horrible news coming to us over the air. By Monday, we had our mixed emotions pretty well in hand. We're still concerned, plenty worried, but we're not quite so frightened and we're carrying on."

This quotation from the volume *Wyoming's War Years, 1941-1945* by Dr. T. A. Larson sets the mood of the people of the State of Wyoming during the four years of World War II and that mood is accurately reflected in the excellent history of that critical period and its effect upon the state and its people which Dr. Larson has presented.

In some 400 pages of intensely interesting reading, the head of the Department of History at the University of Wyoming sets forth the amazingly rapid transition to war-time economy and philosophy by the people of the state. The cross section of life reflects the failures as well as the successes of our citizens in meeting the thousands of new problems of war, but the final conclusion which must be made from the facts presented is that, by and large, Wyoming's citizens successfully met the crisis.

Publication of a history of a short period in the life of Wyoming is a milestone in written Wyoming history. Sifting through the mountain of statistical information available and exercising a rare gift of judgement of historical value of that data, Dr. Larson has brought forth a volume which ranks as a source book for the years 1941 through 1945 for future writers, and he has presented his facts in such a way as to make the book entirely enjoyable to the average reader as well as the student of history.

The author displays an unusual talent for transforming statistics into literature and it is a talent which might well be applied to other periods of Wyoming history with a resulting benefit to the accuracy of our written historical reports. This volume is relatively free of error.

While Dr. Larson has used newspaper and magazine files, state and federal publications and other books and manuscripts as his source material, the files of former Governor Lester C. Hunt have afforded the author a considerable share of his information, especially in those chapters dealing with state government and politics, and in those war-time fields in which state and federal government played a part. He appears to have taken advantage, also, of leads furnished by the Governor's correspondence, to follow up with personal interviews in a very successful effort to dispel some of the clouds of wartime security, supposedly made necessary for home front morale.

Names and home counties of all men killed in the war, names of the civilians who served upon the boards vital to successful prosecution of the war and other statistics are included in the appendixes of the volume, and a bibliography and careful note citations are included.

Dr. Larson richly deserves the recognition accorded to him on October 17 by the Wyoming State Historical Society in its award to him for the outstanding contribution of 1954 in the field of written Wyoming history. He has rendered an outstanding service to the State of Wyoming and to all of its citizens, and it is hoped that this volume is only the first of a series of accurate, readable accounts of the important periods of history in Wyoming. The work certainly marks Dr. Larson as one of the front-rank writers of Wyoming history and should win him recognition as one of the foremost writers in the West today. The volume is one which should have a place of honor in every Wyoming home, for it is a monument in itself to the sacrifices that Wyoming's citizens made during the Second World War.

Casper, Wyoming FRANK L. BOWRON

Pictorial History of The Wild West. By James D. Horan and Paul Sann. (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc. 254 pp., illus, index. $5.95.)

This new book on the notorious portion of the western population contains some 380 pictures, the majority of which are of the desperadoes themselves. This is the largest collection of such photographs to be found in any one source book, and certainly persons interested in this side of western history cannot overlook this pictorial history.

The authors define the Wild West as a time—roughly from the end of the Civil War to the turn of the century—and a place—roughly from the Middle Border country of Kansas, Missouri, and the neighboring states to the Pacific.

The first chapter, however, covers briefly earlier outlawry in Eastern United States and includes such names as the Doanes, active during the Revolutionary War; the Harpes and Sam Mason who followed shortly after; John A. Murrel, Joseph Hare, Captain Lightfoot of the early 1880's; and the Loomis Gang of the middle 1800's.

The majority of desperados who hit the outlaw trail in the West and a number of law officers are included in this book in picture and story. The authors, however, have given a good deal of space to outlaws who appeared in earlier books by James D. Horan, *Desperate Men* and *Desperate Women,* including the James Brothers, the Daltons, the "Wild Bunch", Calamity Jane, Belle Starr, Pearl Hart, Pauline Cashman and China Polly.

The book is a rapid survey of outlawry with a light narrative written for rapid reading as a background to the pictures. There is nothing definitive in the stories of the various characters who parade through the pages, and the book cannot be, as advertised, "the whole story truly told with pictures of the winning of the West from lawlessness to order." It can be claimed, however, that "Never before has there been contained in one volume such a wealth of Wild West pictures."

Cheyenne, Wyoming HENRYETTA BERRY

The Saga of Tom Horn: The Story of a Cattleman's War, with Personal Narratives, Newspaper Accounts and Official Documents and Testimonies. By Dean F. Krakel. (No imprint. Printed in Laramie, 1954. ix, 277 pp. Illus., bibliography and index. $4.75.)

Every community cherishes some Robin Hood—a man of violence who lives beyond the law, yet fascinates lesser, law-abiding mortals. From Pennsylvania, with its pioneer Tom Quick to California with Joaquin Murrieta, fabulous local gunmen walk in an atmosphere of story-book romance. Of them all, New Mexico's Billy the Kid has achieved the most literary prominence, if the number of books written about him is any criterion. Wyoming's Tom Horn has had but three—Tom's own autobiography, a book by this reviewer, and now Dean Krakel's *The Saga of Tom Horn.* Horn's exploits are mentioned in varying detail in some dozen other "Westerns," also. Of all the famous gunmen, Tom Horn lived a life which has perhaps the most intriguing possibilities for an aspiring Western writer.

Billy the Kid's claim to fame rests largely on the alleged fact that he killed twenty-one men—not counting Indians and Mexicans—before he was twenty-one years old. However, research

has divided this number of homicides by four, leaving Billy a count about equal to the five credited to Tom Horn. Billy was a killer in a "war" between rival families in New Mexico. Tom used his trigger talents in the fight for the open range between big and little cattle ranchers. This alone makes him the more significant of the two and there is still opportunity for much original investigation of Tom's career from heretofore untapped sources, especially unrecorded personal reminiscences. Only last month this reviewer met in California a man—now wealthy—who as a boy washed the Cheyenne undertaker's carriage in order to get a view of Tom's corpse.

Dean Krakel has limited his study to the nine years of Horn's life spent in Wyoming. An account of the thirty-two years Tom Horn lived in Missouri, Kansas, Arizona, and Colorado must be found elsewhere. But for the period from 1894 to 1903 this is the most complete book yet published. The author has achieved this feat largely with paste-pot and scissors, for less than twenty-five of the 264 pages of the text are original composition. The bulk of the volume is made up of extracts from *An Autobiography* by Joe LeFors (the peace officer who finally trapped Horn), an abstract of the testimony taken at Tom's trial, contemporary newspaper accounts, copies of pertinent correspondence, the final appeal to Governor Chatterton for clemency, and the account by John C. Thompson of Horn's execution, as published in the *Brand Book* of the Denver Westerners in 1945—a grim and realistic eyewitness narrative describing the condemned man standing on the scaffold while water ran out of a tank which, when empty, would spring the trap and lunge him into eternity.

Probably the most important parts of Krakel's book are the transcription of the Horn confession and the abstract of the questions and answers at the trial. There are 126 pages of this —more than half the text. This is laborious reading for anyone unfamiliar with the case but interesting to people who have studied it. The author writes vividly in the few pages devoted to his own account, but it is noticeable that he does not draw his conclusions from the original sources which he quotes. For instance, he describes the doomed Willie Nickell as riding to his death dressed in his father's hat and slicker. This is the version which has long been told in Wyoming by Tom Horn's apologists who infer that the murderer mistook the thirteen-year-old boy for his father. The fact that the author repeats this version and then, within a few pages, prints the testimony of Willie's mother to the effect that the boy wore no slicker, perplexes a reader. In the trial several other witnesses testified about the appearance of the dead boy, and Willie's bullet-pierced shirt was exhibited. Yet none of these witnesses mentioned a slicker.

Another similar discrepancy needs clarification. The author says that Willie's brother, Freddie Nickell, drove a hay wagon down the road and through the gate where Willie was killed. Willie's mother, in her testimony, stated that Freddie drove the cows down that morning. Which is correct? If Mrs. Nickell's testimony can be impeached several other questionable points arise and perhaps Tom Horn may be given a new trial by posterity. Certainly he failed to get a new one before he died.

The book, in addition to serving as a roundup of many sources for the Horn story, also includes an excellent assemblage of pertinent pictures. Many of these have been copied from contemporary newspapers and from the personal collection of Leslie Snow. Certainly such a gallery of the participants in the Horn trial has never before been available in book form. The legends on two of them seem questionable. The man on page 246 designated as Charles Horn does not look like the Charles Horn this reviewer remembers, and the Victor Miller on page 131 seems much too young to be the eighteen-year-old boy at the trial. Perhaps this picture of him was taken years earlier. It would be interesting to have some of the Millers still living explain this. Let us hope, too, that Krakel's book will elicit other observations, additions, and possible corrections of the Horn story from the few remaining survivors of that time, before the water runs out on them as it did for Tom Horn on November 20, 1903.

University of California JAY MONAGHAN

Santa Barbara College.

American Heritage, The Magazine of History. Sponsored by American Association for State and Local History and the Society of American Historians. Edited by Bruce Catton. American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17. Annual Subscription in U. S., $12.00, single copies $2.95.

American Heritage, a magazine of history originally published by the American Association for State and Local History beginning in 1949, now appears in a new format. This outstanding publication, while a magazine in name and frequency of issue, is actually in bound book form.

American Heritage will add to any library a constant flow of heretofore unpublished history. Its editors intend to bring out the drama in the day to day events which make history instead of being merely repetitious in a presentation of "great moments of history". This drama is to be found in local history depositories

and will be made available through members of the American Association for State and Local History and the Society of American Historians, Inc.

The articles presented in this first issue relate to no one special area of the United States but cover a great diversity of area and subjects—"The Old Fall River Line" which is accompanied by a concise story of its equipment and operations and is beautifully illustrated with 12 reproductions chiefly in color; "Holiday Time at the Old Country Store", a poignant description of an early institution which is rapidly disappearing from the American scene; "Painters of the Plains" by Eugene Kingman is beautifully illustrated by the works of such artists as George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, Alfred Jacob Miller, Albert Bierstadt, Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell and Henry F. Farny. Other stories, all illustrated, include "The Great Club Revolution" by Cleveland Amory, "A King's Funeral" as reported by Theodore Roosevelt, "The Day They Burned the Capitol" by Willis Thornton, "Henry Ford" by Allan Nevins, "Acadia Country" by Bradley Smith, "Panamint: Suburb of Hell" by Lucius Beebe, a review of the Oral History Project of Columbia University, a selection from "Great River" by Paul Horgan, seventeen book reviews, and a short section devoted to recent developments in the historical field.

The yearly subscription rate to this series is $12.00, a considerable savings over the purchase price of $2.95 when they are sold singly in bookstores.

Cheyenne, Wyoming DOROTHY K. TAYLOR

Contributors

MARY COBURN BRAGG (Mrs. William F., Sr.) is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Coburn of Carroll, Iowa. Her father was one of the founders of the town of Worland where she lives. This fact has always inspired her interest in Wyoming history.

HOWARD B. LOTT was born in Buffalo, Wyoming, September 23, 1896, and passed away on May 10, 1947. During his lifetime his chief interest was the history of Wyoming and the western area, and he wrote numerous articles on the West. From 1923 until shortly before his death he was clerk in the Buffalo post office.

DAVID G. THOMAS arrived in Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, on March 11, 1878, at the age of 21. Following his move to Wyoming he studied law and later served as county attorney for Uinta County and later Sweetwater County. His career in his adopted state also included service as a coal mine inspector for the state and he was for a number of years superintendent of the U. P. Coal Company mines in the Rock Springs area. Mr. Thomas was interested in both history and poetry and was the author of the book of poems entitled "Overland and Underground". He died in February 1935 at his home in Rock Springs.

LLOYD MCFARLING was born in Iowa in 1901, moved with his parents to South Dakota in 1902, and grew up on a farm and in a small town in Beadle County. He has since lived in California, Nebraska and Colorado. He has studied at one college, two art schools, and three universities; and worked at various occupations, including ten years of clerical, auditing and accounting work in the United States Department of Agriculture. He now lives at Palmer Lake, Colorado, dividing his time about equally between art activities and writing. He has published a few magazine articles and is the editor of one book, *Exploring the Northern Plains, 1804-1876,* an anthology of writings by explorers and travelers, which is scheduled for publication early in 1955.

JESSA EULA WALLIS (Mrs. Oliver Wallis) was born in Paris, Illinois, where she received her education. She came to Wyoming in 1903 with her parents, making her home in Laramie. In 1906 she was married to Oliver Wallis, a ranch boy and a native son of a pioneer family who arrived in Wyoming in 1864.

Her hobby has been painting and writing verse. Her poetry has been published in poetry magazines and daily papers, and "Wyoming Breezes", a book of poems published several years ago.

HAMILTON GARDNER, Colonel AUS (Retired), is a graduate of the University of Utah and of the Harvard Law School. He practiced law in Salt Lake City from 1919 to 1942. Following World War II he held a government position in Washington, D. C., until his recent retirement. He is a veteran of World Wars I and II and has been active in the Organized Reserves and the National Guard. He is the author of a number of published articles on several phases of the military history of the West.

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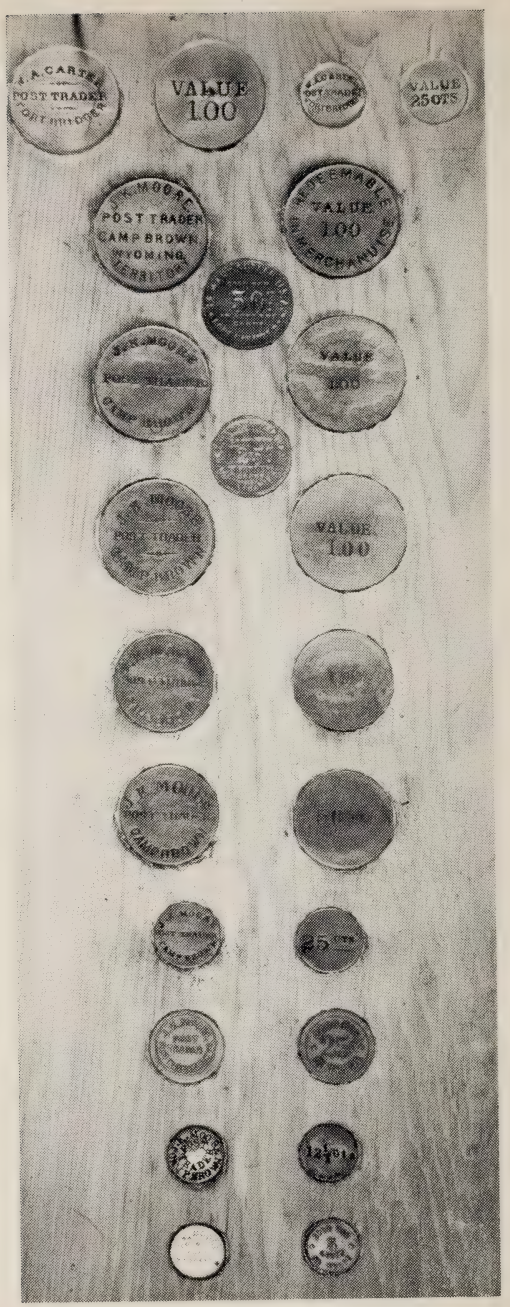
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Trader Tokens used at Fort Bridger, Camp Brown, Fort Washakie and Fort Laramie. Courtesy J. K. Moore, Jr.

Post Trader and Indian Trader Tokens

By

J. K. Moore, Jr.

Transcript from a speech at a meeting of the Fremont County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society held in the High School Library in Riverton, April 17th, 1955.

The assignment to speak at this meeting upon the subject of Indian trader tokens led me to prepare an exhibit of the tokens in order that it could be passed around so everyone could see both sides of the pieces at a glance, the names and localities being in one row, and the values in the other.

In value they run from $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, to 5¢. A 12½¢ piece, called a "bit", also is included, but probably was not much used, as there were not many such pieces left in the collection I recovered.

The two S. E. Ward, Fort Laramie, Dakota Territory, pieces "good for trade in sutlers goods" are no doubt the oldest in this collection. They are made of a different metal and by a stamping process different from the others, with no inscription on the reverse side. They were in circulation before the Territory of Wyoming was set aside out of Dakota Territory on July 25th, 1868.[1]

The W. A. Carter, Fort Bridger, and J. K. Moore, Camp Brown, pieces were made of brass and were cut out and stamped by hand with heavy steel dies, some of which I have in my collection. W. A. Carter probably introduced the use of tokens in his business some time during the 1860's.[2] I wrote the Curator of the Fort Bridger Museum for information about them, and, strange to relate, the answer was that there was not a single token in the museum and no knowledge of them. Immediately I sent them two complete sets to place on display.

As the W. A. Carter tokens and those used by my father, J. K. Moore, Sr., are almost identical in type, I think Father got the

1. Seth Ward was Sutler and Post Trader at Ft. Laramie from 1858-1871.

2. Judge W. A. Carter came to Ft. Bridger with the Army in 1857 as a sutler. He established his business in a large store he built there and in which he had a stock of goods valued at $90,000.00.

idea of using them from having handled them in Judge Carter's store, as he had clerked in the Fort Bridger store for a number of years.

Indian traders were commissioned by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs upon application through the Indian Agents at local Agencies and were required to furnish bond in the sum of $10,000, renewable annually.

Post Traders were appointed by military authority and held their position indefinitely, without bond.

Father was commissionned to accompany the soldiers when they were ordered from Fort Bridger in 1869 to proceed to the Popoagie Valley to establish Camp Brown (now the site of Lander) on June 28th, 1869.

In May, 1871, new Camp Brown, the present site of Fort Washakie, was determined upon as affording greater facilities for carrying out the orders from Headquarters. The site was selected at the junction of the North Fork and the South Fork of Little Wind River, and Captain R. A. Torrey, Company A. 13th Infantry, was instructed to use the troops of his command for the protection of the officers and employees of the Shoshone and Bannock Agency and as a safeguard to the Indians of said Agency against wandering and hostile tribes.

Accordingly on the 26th of June, 1871, site of the camp was changed and the work of dismantling the old Post of its serviceable lumber and transporting it to the new site was begun.

The Shoshone and Bannock Agency had previously been located and established on the west bank of Trout Creek about a mile and a half south of the Camp Brown site.

The name, Camp Brown, was carried through December, 1878, when, by Governmental Order, the name was changed to Fort Washakie in honor of Chief Washakie of the Shoshones.

The J. K. Moore-Camp Brown tokens were probably made and put into use soon after the Camp Brown move, and the 25¢ and 5¢ Fort Washakie pieces were introduced after 1878 when the name of the Post was changed.

To us, behind the counter, and I was one of the clerks before the use of the tokens was discontinued, they were known as "brass checks". The Shoshones called them "Oha-boo-u-way" (yellow money) and the Arapahoe name was "Ne-ha-yah - bich-thay", also meaning yellow money. The tokens were kept in a separate till made especially for them.

The purpose of their use was principally to pay the Indians in tokens for whatever they offered for sale, as a means of barter or exchange for merchandise in the store. And when an Indian asked for and was granted credit, tokens were issued and charged against the account as one item. This did away with having to itemize the purchases on their accounts. It was a great help in

waiting upon the trade as the Indians were very slow in picking out one item after another in trading. They preferred to buy one thing at a time, pay for it and receive their change. Then they would buy the next item, put the money down, receive the change, if any, and proceed in this manner until they had finished trading.

Because the Indians, as a rule, were slow in making up their minds about what they wanted to buy, it was quite satisfactory to them to trade with "yellow money" and very easy for a clerk to wait upon several customers at a time and keep them all in good humor.

The tokens were also used to pay for services rendered. The Indians were sometimes hired and paid in tokens to saw logs from the mountain into stove lengths and to perform various other jobs for the store and home, and when they hauled freight for the store they were paid in tokens. They were paid frequently for the recovery of lost live stock and sometimes were suspected of having had something to do with aiding the stock to stray.

After the Shoshones had been moved to their Reservation in the Wind River country from their old home on the Green River, near Fort Bridger, and until the buffalo herds had about disappeared in the early 1880's, the tribe's principal source of income and living was derived from the meat of wild game they consumed and the sale of robes and pelts and goods they made of buckskin to sell.

Meat of the wild animals was the chief and important food, and none of it was wasted, as they sun dried, to take home with them, every morsel they could not consume while it was fresh. The men did the hunting and killing and the squaws took care of the meat and the dressing of hides in their camps.

Brains and liver from the slaughtered animals were saved and used for tanning. Hides they tanned to sell were not smoked. Buckskins used for making gloves and moccasins, and for other uses for themselves were smoked after being tanned, the smoking process making the buckskin more durable for the use they had for it.

The hunting area for the Indians was not confined to their reservation. By the Treaty of 1868 the Shoshones were guaranteed the unrestricted right to hunt and fish whenever and wherever they pleased. The Shoshones had a big country in which they hunted, extending East into the Big Horns, North into the Absarokas, South into the Sweetwater country, and West along the Wind River Range. They moved into the different sections in groups during the hunting season, often spending many weeks on the hunt.

Before leaving they would ask for credit for supplies, agreeing to bring their hides to Father for sale upon their return. He would extend credit in tokens for their needs which included, principally,

flour, coffee, sugar, salt, baking powder, dry salt bacon, rice, dried beans, yellow laundry soap, matches, tobacco, candles, calico for shirts and dresses, canvas for tee-pees, ammunition, powder and lead, and other staple articles. The Indians did some trapping, and, in addition to the buffalo robes brought in after the hunt ended, were buckskins and the pelts of a number of fur bearing animals.

When presented for sale the robes, buckskins and pelts were carefully graded and paid for in tokens according to market prices, condition of fur, and the degree of care used in skinning the animals and fleshing the hides.

There were big times for many days around the store and in the camps when hunting parties returned and were paid for the things they brought home to sell.

In the back yard at the store were two baling presses—one for buffalo robes and the other, a smaller one, for buckskins. The hides were pressed compactly in bales about four feet square, weighing from 300 to 400 pounds each.

The bales were bound with quarter inch rope and were covered with burlap before being shipped. The principal fur markets were located in Boston, New York, and St. Louis.

Quoting from a copy of a letter to a fur dealer in Boston under date of March 26th, 1878, requesting quotations on furs, Father wrote: "It is my belief now that I will have no less than 1,000 buffalo robes, and more likely 2,000 for shipment."

The Indians not only sold buffalo robes, buckskins, and furs of all kinds, but many of the things they made, such as buckskin gloves, moccasins and beaded trinkets of all kinds. When they needed something from the store for home use they would sell some of their handiwork for which they were paid in tokens.

If they had a considerable amount to spend, trading was in the nature of a family affair and they would often spend half a day or more at it.

During the days of the buffalo, the trade was principally with the Shoshones, as the Arapahoes were not placed on the eastern, or lower part, of the Shoshone Reservation until 1878, at which time the buffalo herds were dwindling in number.

The life of the brass tokens was about twenty years and during the time they were used their circulation on the reservation probably about equaled the amount of currency and silver that reached the Indians.

At Monte, their "hand game", and other games of their own making the Indians were inveterate gamblers. The Indian Office made an attempt to stop this in an order that the use of tokens in traders' stores be discontinued. So in 1894 the tokens were withdrawn from circulation, and I became the custodian of them. By this time the Indians had fenced some land which had been put

under irrigation for them, had been issued farming implements, wagons, harness, etc., and had learned to grow some hay and grain which they sold to the Quartermaster at the Fort for feed for the Government horses and mules. They also hauled freight from Rawlins which was then the nearest railroad point.

Since the establishment of the Agency the Indians had been receiving annuities every year, and rations once a week, until recent years. All this made for much weight to be hauled from the railroad in the course of a year, and the Indians were given the preference of hauling as much of it as they were capable, as a means of giving them employment and teaching them the advantage of being self supporting.

In closing I would like to dwell briefly upon the subject of the difference in the lives of the long haired, often hatless, blanket wearing Indians of the times of which I write, and the generation of today.

Confined to the boundaries of their reservation as they were, with permission to leave granted only by the Indian Agent in charge, they were happy and contented, in their tee-pees and tents, to camp by the side of some mountain stream where they herded their little band of ponies nearby and drove them to water every day.

After the days of the buffalo they were restricted from hunting big game beyond the boundaries of their reservation, so they killed rabbits, prairie dogs and sage chickens, which were plentiful, and fished the streams. They lived simply on the rations they drew at the agency each week, supplementing them with foods of their choice and some clothing from the stores.

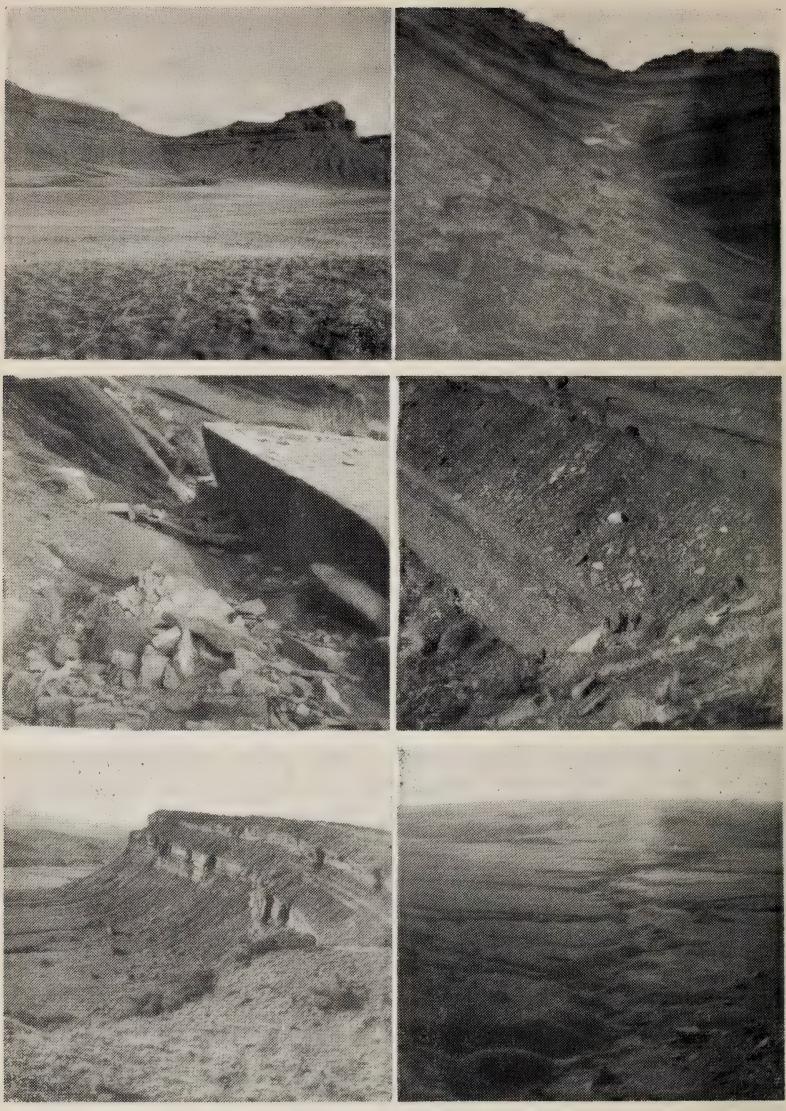
The men wore blankets, leggings and moccasins and the squaws were dressed in calicoes and ginghams, covered by shawls they bought in the stores, with a silk handkerchief for a head covering. The children got along without much clothing.

Their diversion was mostly hunting near home, fishing, dancing and gambling, and as a whole they were contented, happy, and satisfied with life.

Today, located on allotments scattered over their reservation; in cabins and modern homes, many of them with electricity and gas installed for modern appliances; driving high powered automobiles and trucks over good roads instead of horses; farming with power machinery; raising live stock instead of depending upon the hunt, the Indians are living a life entirely different from the lives of their immediate ancestors.

I mention these matters to show the course of the Indians as I have seen it, from the days of the buffaloes and trader's tokens to the ways of their white brothers.

The day of the American Plains blanket Indian is past, and the days of the sutlers and Indian trader tokens are a memory cherished by only a few survivors of their time.



1. *Looking east into the Hole-in-the-Wall Trail.*
2. *Closer view of Hole-in-the-Wall Trail.*
3. *Rock which could be moved to block the Trail.*
4. *Looking down the trail from the rim. Note the rock which could be moved to block the Trail.*
5. *Red Butte north of the Trail. This is used as a landmark to locate the Trail.*
6. *Close-up view of the country just below the Hole-in-the-Wall Trail.*

The Hole-in-the-Wall

By

THELMA GATCHELL CONDIT

PART I—LOCATION AND ORIGIN OF NAME

Johnson County has occupied a unique position in the development of the west, both in regard to geographical setting and the spirit of her people who contributed so colorful a share of western history.

While all of the Johnson County story is a rich exciting drama, those events centering around the Hole-in-the-Wall in the southern part of the county are by far the most typically outstanding. Largely located in the heart of the upper Powder River country it, by nature, was a favorite place for game, Indians, hunters, trappers and cowmen. By virtue of its position it became the beginning place of Johnson County history. Where could these actors playing their humorous, tragic, and manlike parts have found a more spectacular setting?

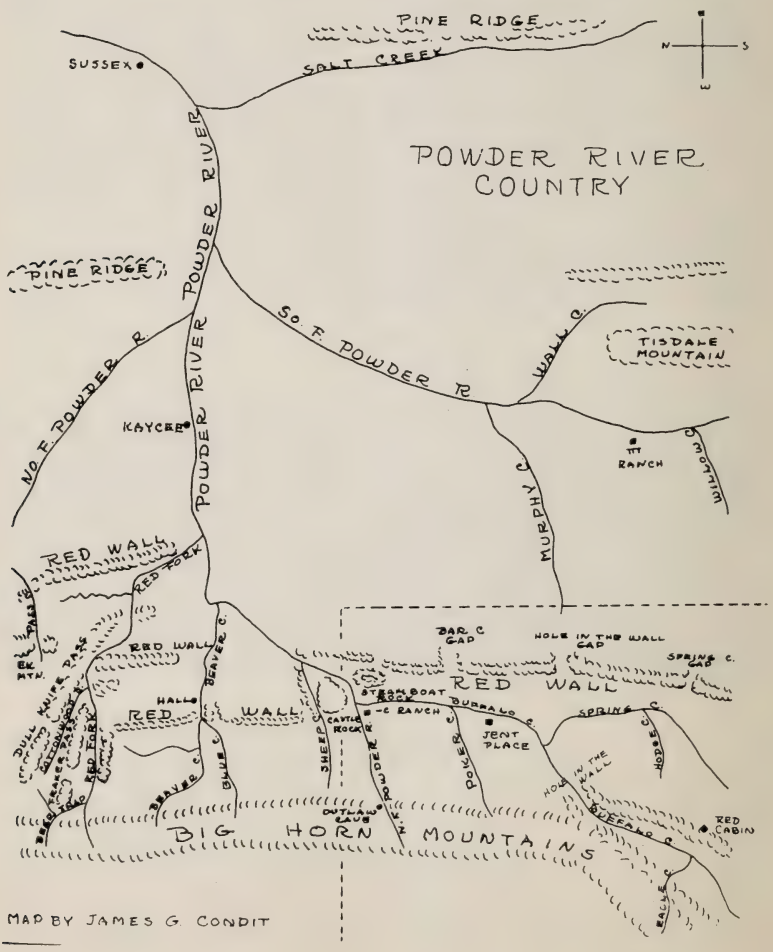
The Hole-in-the-Wall country lies 19 miles west of Kaycee. It is easily approached by following the Barnum road, 12 miles of which is a good oiled secondary highway. The road follows the valley of the Middle Fork of Powder River. About 10 miles from Kaycee, Red Fork of Powder River flows into Middle Fork (at the first bridge) a few yards to the left of the road. About 5 or 6 miles farther on, at the third bridge, Beaver Creek enters Middle Fork. After a cloud-burst or heavy rain up-country, it is fun to stop and see the two streams come together, Beaver Creek muddy red and Middle Fork clear and bubbly. (From here the road follows Beaver Creek into the valley behind the wall).

Just before entering the valley you see the old Barnum Community Hall neatly framed in red cliffs, standing to the right of the road. Three fourths of a mile farther on the road forks (now having entered the valley proper), the right hand road leading north into the Barnum community, the left going west and south into the Hole-in-the-Wall Country.

The valley behind the red wall is truly a rare beauty spot; its very unusualness as to coloring and location immediately sets it apart from other places. The high red wall to the east, extending north and south for 50 miles, is in itself vividly impressive. Running along on top of it are grasslands on which grow rich winter feed. On the west, the valley is bounded by mountains (the end of the Big Horn) called the "slope", which is covered with good grass and trees, small gullies, and big and little canyons. The valley affords plentiful water for irrigation of hay meadows from

loaf of bread and literally covered with giant mahogany bushes, Red Fork, Beaver Creek and Middle Fork of Powder. The green of the alfalfa fields presents a contrast of coloring that makes the wall seem more red and the slope more blue. The valley is not very wide and is nice in winter, being sheltered from the storms by the wall. Its red soil is of such a nature that it does not remain wet long—so heavy snows in the valley are not of as long duration as in other, more exposed places. It is full of little sheltered nooks and crannies and low brush which afford natural protection for livestock and game. It's just a step up the slope to summer feed. It's a perfect set-up for the cow business.

To the extreme north lies Fraker Mountain, shaped like a huge

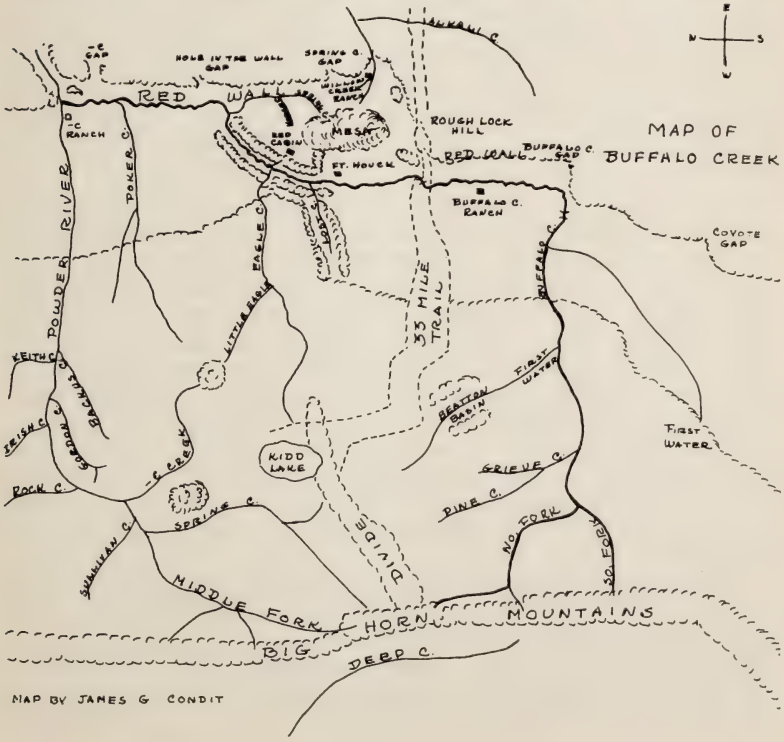


utterly shutting off all approach from the north except for the Sioux Trail which comes off this mountain, a trail never commonly used except by Indians and trappers because of its steep roughness.

The northern, Barnum part of the valley, is a nicely settled little ranching community; but the southern part, which widens out more, is not thickly settled—it's just plain old cow-country, untouched by the clutter of civilization—it's jeep or horse country, a man's country—rough and unshaven—no place much to stop and no one to see.

The Hole-in-the-Wall part of the valley starts at the Bar C ranch, 25 miles from Kaycee, and extends about 10 miles beyond to the mouth of Buffalo Creek canyon. Here Buffalo Creek comes out of the mountain area and begins its 9 or 10 miles of twisting and turning until it empties itself into the Middle Fork of Powder River just below the Bar C ranch (between the buildings and Steamboat rock—a huge isolated piece of red wall which resembles a steamboat, and is easily seen and recognized from the road).

The Hole-in-the-Wall country proper centers around the upper Middle Fork of Powder River and Buffalo Creek. (A study of



the map is necessary to understand Buffalo Creek). The Hole-in-the-Wall headquarters was located where Buffalo Creek first emerges from the canyon walls and makes a leisurely bend to the north. It is here that the old buildings stood. This place is quickly identified by the yellowish-white cliff standing there, the contrast of its lightness with the darkness of the wall being a rare thing and easily remembered. This spot *is* literally a big hole, but the name "Hole-in-the-Wall" did not originate at this particular site. It dated back many years to the days when this Powder River country belonged to the elk, wolf and buffalo.

About 1½ miles to the east of this natural hole is a trail over the red wall leading out into the Murphy Creek country *(see picture)*. This trail was a natural wolf run, leading to and from the upper and lower Powder River country. So the wolf trappers were the first ones to enter this valley (after the Indians) as they set their traps along this trail. They started calling this place "the country behind the wall", for they had to call it something in order to refer to it. Places then had a natural way of naming themselves.

It went as "the country behind the wall" until Murphy Creek took its name. Just below the South Fork of Powder River crossing on the old road south of Kaycee, where Murphy Creek flows into South Fork, is a large-scale rock or bank-like cliff whose side in relief against the sky resembles a man's face. The old timers started calling the face "Old Man Murphy", and so the stream became Murphy Creek. Then the trappers began referring to the trail into the red valley as the "Murphy Creek Gap".

Later, in 1882 or thereabouts, when the big cow outfits came into the red wall country, cattle and horses were put over this trail. A little over half way up the trail *(see picture)* is a huge rock lying to one side, forming a sort of hole. Cattle rustlers found they could slip "critters" up Murphy Creek, over the red wall trail, and find perfect sanctuary in this hidden valley—a valley with the wide slope to the west full of innumerable canyons of rich feed, conveniently and naturally hidden from prying eyes. Eight men could slide the rock into the trail, thus blocking it. Being a hard, shale-like path no tracks were left, and with the rock blocking the way everything looked innocently impassable. So the place began to be called the Hole-in-the-Wall from this rock, which *does* make a hole plainly seen (if you climb the trail to look).

The important thing to remember is that the Hole-in-the-Wall name was in existence as such long before the Johnson County Invasion, and long before it became an outlaw hide-out. It was commonly established as the Hole-in-the-Wall country before anyone ever filed on the land and took its name *naturally* from the hole-forming rock on the trail and also from the gap itself which

is clearly shown in the picture. It all centered around the trail coming in from Murphy Creek.

To appreciate and understand the Hole-in-the-Wall you must visualize it as a whole. You must see it below (in the valley) and above, both from the top of the wall and the slope. You cannot know this place by seeing it in isolated parts, for it's the kind of country you can't confine to fences and little ownerships—you cannot think of the Hole-in-the-Wall apart from its surrounding areas. They are inseparable. You must see them all and think of them as one big whole.

Sanford Thompson, a roughneck type, first lived on the land west of the "gap". He ran horses. It's very doubtful if he ever filed on this land; but, he built a cabin of sorts which he shared with his questionable friends. "Sang" Thompson he was called, Sang Thompson from the Hole-in-the-Wall, and he was rough and tough. It is easy to see why he called his place the Hole-in-the-Wall. It was the appropriate thing to do, and it was natural, too, that this country later became a hide-out for outlaws, the land itself affording isolation and convenient protection in its vast number of little blind canyons, caves and shelters. After the Invasion the name itself was a drawing card for outlaws, eastern writers building it up so as to sound excitingly wicked, when actually its use as an outlaw hide-out was the shortest part of its life and certainly not its primary use.

Men have come there and gone, all leaving something of themselves in the inimitable whole. The scenery remains for the most part the same through the years, although the main performers have long since gone their way. As the curtain falls on the thrilling scenes of frontier life which took place here, we realize how stupendous they were and try desperately to recapture them What better way is there than knowing the land itself to give us a clearer understanding of the men who lived there. And truly the region behind the red wall remains unchanged to such an extent that it would seem not at all improbable or unbelievable should a tribe of Indians drop off Fraker Mountain on the old Sioux Trail, or Wild Cat Sam with his buffalo gun and wolf traps appear for a moment in outline on the top of the Hole-in-the-Wall Trail.

Sometimes the valley, the slope and wall are vivid and distinct. Again they are hazy and lazy-looking, quietly peaceful as if of no importance. So were the scenes enacted there—as varied, as exciting and often as mysterious as the land itself. Its very duplicity makes its beauty more than beauty—it has an added ruggedness and an elusiveness that makes it definitely life-like. It has depth of character which is not revealed to the casual observer. It is a setting worthy of the mettle of the men who acted their parts there. It is as varied and unusual in its moods as those who coped with it. It took stout men to live in the Hole-in-the-Wall country.

Events of the Year 1865

PERTAINING TO JOHNSON COUNTY

Paper by T. J. Gatchell Before the Johnson County Historical Society, June 9th, 1921

For a topic to present to this society at this time I have decided on the events of the year 1865, as being of decided historic value to Johnson county; being the first military invasion of this territory, and furnishing the first chronicled happenings in this immediate vicinity. It might be well, however, to state that the laying out of the Bozeman Trail in 1863, by John Bozeman, of Bozeman, Montana, had a decided bearing on the subsequent events; in fact our early history, so far as it deals with the development of this part of the country, is closely associated with that famous highway.

The main subject of this paper will be the "Connor Powder River Indian Expedition," with its numerous complications; and the Sawyer road making party; as both enterprises were in force at about the same time.

I will, therefore, take up the different divisions separately, and blend them where occasion demands.

It has been necessary to take into consideration many things that happened in other parts of this western country, but only those that have a bearing on Johnson County have been introduced.

The closing of the great Civil War in this year turned loose a large number of adventurous men; some seeking further excitement; and others impoverished by the long struggle turned toward the "golden west" to improve their fortunes, and win homes for their families in this land of promise. Those men hardened in body by their experience in the war, and inured to danger, were the perfect type of pioneer; and though they passed through untold hardships and privations, they eventually came to their own.

During the winter of 1864-65, to further the development of the newly discovered mines in Montana and to stimulate the settlement in that territory, Congress made an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to survey and build a wagon road from the mouth of the Niobrara river, Nebraska, Territory, to Virginia City, Montana. This road was to follow the river grade as far as the Black Hills country and then run north and intersect the Bozeman Trail at or near Powder river, from which place it would closely follow that trail.

Taking into consideration the fact that this road passed through the country over which the Indian held absolute control, the magnitude of the undertaking is apparent.

The Powder River and adjacent country was the home of several branches of the Sioux tribe, especially the Oglala and Brules; and allied with them were the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians; so it was to be expected that they would offer desperate resistance against the white man's invasion of these lands. This country was, from the Indian standpoint, all that could be desired; plenty of shelter, mild winters, sufficient food for their ponies, and an abundance of game in the broken country surrounding them for their own sustenance. It was an Indian paradise.

In this territory, so ideally located, the Indians had established their families where they could leave them in comparative safety while the warring element of the tribes could raid the lower country at will.

So serious had conditions become for the settlers along the border; so terrible the toll exacted from the travelers along the Overland trail, that the military authorities finally awoke to the fact that something must be done to effectively subdue the marauders, as the force of soldiers in the few scattered military posts were totally inadequate to handle the situation. To this end, the following orders were issued:

"General Orders No. 80"
Department of the Missouri
St. Louis, Mo., March 28, 1865

1. Brig. Gen. R. B. Mitchell, U. S. Volunteers is hereby relieved from the command of the District of Nebraska and will assume command of the District of North Kansas, headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

2. The Districts of Utah, Colorado and Nebraska, are hereby merged into one command to be known as the District of the Plains.

3. Brig. Gen. P. E. Connor, U. S. Volunteers, is assigned to the command of the District of the Plains, headquarters at Denver, Colo., Ter.

By command of Major Gen. Dodge;
J. W. Barnes,
Ass't. Adjutant General.

The direct result of this order was the organization of what is known as the "Connor Powder River Indian Expedition."

General Dodge had implicit confidence in General Connor's ability to cope with the situation, and it is but fair to say that he had every reason to justify him in so believing.

Connor had done masterly service in trying years of the Civil War as Commander of the District embracing what is now Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah; had held the Mormons in check; and controlled the Indian situation along the exposed borders and the

Overland Trail with surprising efficiency, when the small number of men under his command is taken into consideration. The Powder River expedition, however, was an almost total failure so far as any lasting impression left with the hostiles is concerned; and an extensive research through the records and other sources of information bearing on the subject that I have been able to gather, places the blame for such failure on General Connor.

There is no question as to General Connor's ability as an Indian fighter; he was thoroughly versed in such warfare, and a man of splendid judgment; but on this occasion he failed to properly organize his columns so that cooperation resulted, and it is nothing less than a miracle that the Cole and Walker contingents escaped as well as they did.

The original plan was to send four columns into the stronghold of the Indians, each taking a different route and all to meet at an appointed rendezvous on the first day of September.

The left column was to have been in command of Colonel Kidd; and the west column to under Captain Albert Brown, but the plans were changed somewhat and these columns were combined and commanded by General Connor in person. The eastern or right column was commanded by Colonel Nelson Cole, and his instructions from General Connor, which are in the official records, I give in part as follows: "You will proceed with your column by the best and most practicable route to the east base of the Black Hills, in Dakota Territory move thence along the east base of the Black Hills to Bear's Peak; situated at the northeast point of the hills where a large force of hostile Indians are supposed to be camped. From Bear's Peak you will move around the north base of the hills to the Three Peaks; from thence you will strike across country in a northwesterly direction to the north base of Panther mountain, Wolf where you will find a supply depot and probably part of my command. . . . You will not receive overtures of peace or submission from the Indians; but will attack and kill every male Indian over twelve years of age."

The center column was in command of Lieutenant Colonel Walker and his instructions directed him via Rawhide Creek through the Black Hills, across the headwaters of the Little Missouri River, in a northwesterly direction to the Powder River to a point nearly opposite the north end of Panther mountain; and thence in a westerly direction to the rendezvous on Rosebud river. His instructions in regard to the hostiles were the same as those given Cole.

It is decidedly unfortunate that General Connor failed to make a report, other than a few dispatches to General Dodge, of the expedition; so what I have been able to gather of the part taken by the column under him has been through those that had part in the affair; the only official report touching the matter having been the one made by General Dodge. A number of years ago

I had the pleasure of meeting Captain N. J. O'Brien, who was an officer with the Connor command; and the information obtained from him, together with the diary of Captain H. E. Palmer, covering this campaign and published in Coutant's *History of Wyoming;* a brief account of the campaign by Capt. J. L. Humfreyville, and what few war records I have been able to find that bear on the subject furnish about all the reliable information obtainable relative to this column's part in the affair.

Colonel Cole made a report covering the campaign of the troops under him, to General Connor, at Fort Connor, on September 20, 1865, but this report was never forwarded to the authorities, nor made a part of the official records. Feeling that the troops under him had not received proper credit for their strenuous effort during the campaign, and that he himself had been the subject of unjust criticism, Colonel Cole made a more comprehensive report of the affair some two years later, which he forwarded directly to General Grant, together with the one made to Connor.

Supplementing Colonel Cole's report are the reports of Colonel Oliver Wells, commanding the Twelfth Missouri Cavalry; Maior Clem Landgraeber, commanding second battalion, Second Missouri Light Artillery; and from battery commanders: Captain Samuel Flagg, Captain E. S. Rowland, Lieut. Wm. Rinne, Lieut. Louis Holland, and Lieut. John H. Kendall. Several years ago Mr. Wm. Devine, of Sheridan, Wyoming, wrote a splendid article, giving a very complete account of the Cole column, which was published in the Sheridan Post, and to this article I am indebted for a great deal of information.

I have also found some valuable data from the pen of G. Bird Grinnell, who in his excellent work, the *Fighting Cheyennes,* furnishes some valuable history touching on this expedition as well as on the Sawyer party. Mr. Grinnell has made an exhaustive study of these affairs, both from the standpoint of the white man and the Indian. I consider him an authority. Relative to the Sawyer expedition I have the report of Captain Geo. W. Williford, commanding the military escort, the war records, the *History of Wyoming,* by Coutant, and a number of other reliable sources of information.

CONNOR COLUMN

The Western, or left wing, of the Connor expedition was formed at Ft. Laramie, and was composed of the following organizations: Troop F, Seventh Iowa Volunteer Cavalry, under Captain N. J. O'Brien; Troop E, Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, under Captain J. L.Humfreyville; Troop M, Second California Volunteer Cavalry, under Captain George Conrad; six troops of the Sixth Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, commanded by Colonel J. H. Kidd;

a detachment of fourteen artillerymen from the Second Missouri Light Artillery, with a section of rifled cannon, in charge of Captain O'Brien; a detachment of the U. S. Signal Corps, under Lieut. J. W. Brown; and a detachment from the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry serving in the Quartermaster's department. There were also seventy-five Pawnee Indian scouts, under Captain Frank North; and seventy Omaha and Winnebago Indian scouts under Captain E. W. Nash.

Their wagon train consisted of 185 wagons, mostly requisitioned from civilian freight outfits, with 195 teamsters and wagon bosses, all under Robert Wheeling.

As guides they had Major James Bridger, Nick Janisse, Jim Dougherty, Jean Resha, Mich Bouyer, Antwine LaDue and a scout named Bordeaux. In two of these scouts especially they had valuable men, Major Bridger being thoroughly familiar with Indians, and having an absolute knowledge of the country; while Mich Bouyer was one of the most reliable and efficient scouts of that time. Mr. D. C. Cummings, of this place, was well acquainted with Bouyer, having met him first in 1871, and the following year they spent together at the home of Mr. Cummings' uncle in Montana. Mr. Cummings says that Mich Bouyer was a half-breed Indian by birth, but in all other respects he was a white man. Bouyer was among the brave men who gave up their lives in the service of their country at the battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.

This column left Fort Laramie on the thirteenth day of July, 1865, and marched up the Platte river and crossed at the LaBonte crossing, which was a little below where Fort Fetterman was afterwards located, and from there their course led them in a northwesterly direction, practically following the Bozeman Trail, to Powder river.

The California troops and the Indians under Nash, however, kept up the Platte river as far as Platte bridge where is now the city of Casper, and joined the main command a few days later. The expedition reached Powder river on the 11th of August and went into camp on the south side of that stream on land that is now embraced in the ranch of Young Bros. After sending scouting parties up and down the river to find a suitable site for a fort and after hearing their reports Connor decided to build the post on the north side of the river opposite their camp, and on the fourteenth of August the work of building Fort Connor was started.

The location of Fort Connor (afterward Fort Reno) was well chosen, being on a mesa closely abutting the river, and which extended back in a level prairie for several miles before reaching the hills to the north. The intention of the War Department was to build two posts on Powder river, one at this point, and one

near its conjunction with the Yellowstone, but the other post was not built.

Fort Connor, as near as I have been able to learn from those who were there, was not a very elaborate affair, being built of cottonwood logs, and only a few of the principal buildings being stockaded.

In conversation a few days ago with Mr. John Ryan, of Buffalo, who visited Fort Connor in 1866 with the Carrington expedition, he told me that the post was "nothing but a collection of cottonwood shacks."

On August 16th, while engaged in building the post, they got their first sight of Indians; Captain North and his Pawnee discovering a band of twenty-four Cheyennes, immediately started in pursuit. They followed these Indians nearly sixty miles before overtaking them; and in the resulting engagement succeeded in killing the entire party, captured 29 head of horses and other property with no loss to themselves but four head of horses. This fight took place on Powder river a little below the mouth of Crazy Woman Creek.

On the nineteenth, one of the scouts discovered a large party of Sioux, and North and his Indians again took up the pursuit, and killed a chief and captured six head of horses. Colonel Kidd, with twenty-five men of the 6th Michigan Cavalry, who were on a scouting party, reported having seen from five hundred to a thousand Indians; and Captain Marshall, with 40 men of Troop E, Eleventh Ohio Cavalry, who were scouting in another direction, attacked another band of Sioux, and killed two Indians and captured eleven head of horses.

These bands were traveling north and were presumably among those that later attacked the Cole and Walker columns.

Colonel Kidd was placed in command of Fort Connor, with the six troops of his regiment as a garrison, and August 22nd the expedition moved north, leaving a large part of the wagon train at the post.

The first day's march brought them to Crazy Woman creek and they camped on the flat on this side of the stream about a mile below where Trabing is now located.

Leaving this camp they marched down to the mouth of Wallow creek; thence up that stream to its intersection with the Bozeman Trail, following that road to Clear creek, and went into camp on this stream just above the mouth of French creek.

From here their route led them along the Bozeman trail across Piney creek and Massacre hill to Prairie Dog creek; down which stream they traveled to Tongue river.

Captain North and his Pawnees had been sent on a scouting expedition to the upper Tongue river country, and while the command was encamped at near the mouth of Prairie Dog creek two Pawnee Indians from his detail came in and reported that

North had discovered an Indian village at the mouth of Wolf creek on Tongue river. General Connor decided to move to attack at once; made a forced night march, and the next morning, August 28th, surprised and destroyed the village, which proved to be a band of Arapahoes and a few Cheyennes, under Chief Black Bear.

There is a wide range of reports concerning this battle, but the only thing official is the report of General Dodge, who says: "Killed fifty, captured village, all winter provisions, and six hundred horses—all the stock they had."

This fight took place on Tongue river at the mouth of Wolf creek, near where the town of Ranchester is now located, on land that is part of the 04 Bar ranch.

In the summer of 1895, in company with Captain N. J. O'Brien, who had command of a troop of cavalry and also the artillery detachment during the engagement, I visited this battlefield. Captain O'Brien's account of the affair does not differ in substance to any extent from that given by Captain Palmer, only that it was given in an absolutely impersonal way. According to Captain O'Brien's account, the troops charged the position about nine o'clock in the morning, driving the Indians from the village, and a running fight was kept up for several miles after the hostiles, both up Tongue river and Wolf creek; the soldiers keeping up the pursuit as long as their horses held out. In the meantime most of the ponies had been rounded up, and when about noon the troops returned from the chase, the work of destroying the village was started. The encampment consisted of some two hundred and fifty lodges, which were burned, together with the entire camp equipage, consisting of their winter's supply of food and many other things valuable to the Indians.

Notwithstanding their fight, the Indians were not entirely subdued, and when the soldiers started the work of destroying the camp, they rallied and made a brave attempt to regain their property, and the troops were hard pressed to maintain the position, but by bringing the mountain howitzers into action and placing a few well timed shots in their midst the Indians retired to a safe distance and the work of destruction was completed. The troops started back to their bivouac at the mouth of Prairie Dog creek late in the afternoon; the Indians following and making desultory attempts to recapture their ponies, but the rear guard had no trouble in holding them off, and with the coming of night they abandoned the idea, and Connor's little army reached its destination without further molestation. A few prisoners had been captured, but the following day General Connor ordered them released to rejoin their tribe. The loss to the troops in this engagement was two soldiers and four Pawnee Indians killed. There were quite a number wounded, however, some of whom afterwards died.

On September 1st, according to Captain Palmer's diary, we

find the command camped on Tongue river, a short distance below the mouth of Prairie Dog creek. This was the day that the three columns were due to meet at the rendezvous at the northeast base of the Panther mountains on the Rosebud, and this column was at least eighty miles from the appointed place.

WALKER COLUMN

The center column as in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Walker consisted of six hundred men of his regiment, the Sixteenth Kansas, and a supply train of pack mules. They left Fort Laramie on the 2nd day of August, forming a junction with a Cole command on the 15th, at Pine creek, in what is now South Dakota. As this column practically finished the campaign with the Cole contingent, it will hereafter be included in the report of that column.

COLE COLUMN

The Eastern division of the expedition was in command of Colonel Nelson Cole, 2nd consisted of eight companies of his regiment, the Second Missouri Light Artillery, equipped as cavalry, and eight troops of the 12th Missouri Cavalry, under Colonel Oliver Wells; a section of three inch rifled cannon, manned by a detail from the artillery; and a wagon train of 140 six-mule teams. The command numbered about 1400 men.

This command left Omaha City, Nebraska Territory, on the first day of July, 1865, and marched by way of Fremont to Columbus, from which place they followed up the North Loup river to its head; then across the sand hills to Niobrara river, and thence up Antelope creek and down Wounded Knee creek to the White river. From the White river they followed the Harney trail (1855) through the bad lands, past Ash Springs to Bear creek; then leaving the Harney trail to the right, they moved direct to the South Fork of the Cheyenne, (Belle Fourche), and then over the divide to the Little Missouri; thence to the head of O'Fallen creek and across to the Powder river, striking that stream at a point about fifty miles above its junction with the Yellowstone, on the 28th day of August.

The command by this time had nearly depleted their rations; the animals were playing out for want of forage; and it became necessary to locate the supply depot that General Connor's instructions, delivered to Cole at the Loup river, said would be on the Rosebud.

To this end, and to report to General Connor as the message delivered to him at the Loup inferred that his column was late, Cole dispatched Lieutenant Hoagland and twenty men of the Second Missouri Light Artillery, with a guide named Raymond, to find Connor's troops or the supply depot.

The scouting party returned on the first day of September,

having failed to find any trace of either Connor or a supply depot, or any evidence that any troops had been there. The scouting party also discouraged any attempt to take the worn out train across the broken country between them and the Tongue river. Being satisfied that Connor had not gone to Panther mountain, and Palmer's account proves that he had not, Colonel Cole decided that his best move was to get to rations as soon as possible; and Fort Laramie was the nearest point to get them, as far as he knew, as the existence of a post at Powder river was not known.

On the first day of September they had their first skirmish with the Indians; the men who were herding the stock about a mile from camp being attacked by about five hundred of the hostiles. Captain Rowland, with seven men of the Second Missouri Light Artillery, closely pressed the Indians and killed a number of them; but while chasing a detached party another band of about forty-five suddenly charged out of a ravine and killed or mortally wounded all of the party with the exception of Captain Rowland. Colonel Cole immediately ordered out his entire force, excepting a camp guard; but by the time the main force arrived the Indians retreated and the soldiers could not pursue them because of the exhausted condition of their horses. Cole estimates the number of Indians killed in this engagement at about twenty-five and quite a number wounded.

During the afternoon a column of smoke was observed in the direction of the mouth of Powder river and they arrived at the conclusion that it was either a big Indian village on the Yellowstone, or that General Connor, unable to get down Tongue river, had gone around by the way of the Big Horn river, and was holding his force at the mouth of Powder river, and endeavoring to attract the other columns by signal fires.

It was decided to march down the river as they would be justified in either case; if Connor was there they would find rations; and if it was an Indian village they could engage the hostiles; and it was also hoped that grass and game was more plentiful in that direction.

On the morning of the 2nd they moved to the west side of Powder river and marched down that river twenty-five miles; but finding that it was impossible to take the wagon train through in that direction had to abandon that route. During that night to further add to their discomfort the weather changed from extreme heat to excessive cold and a terrific storm came up that killed a large number of their worn out horses.

On the 3rd, they turned back up the river to the first place grass could be found for the horses; and Cole states in his report that during the march down the river and back to this point they lost about 225 horses and mules. The following day a party, sent back to the camp of the day before to more thoroughly

destroy the property necessarily abandoned at that place, were attacked by about seventy-five Indians; but were able to drive them off and pursue them several miles down the river.

On the morning of the 5th, when the command was about ready to move, Indians were discovered in large numbers in the hills to the west, their intention being to cut off some teamsters who were rounding up stray mules; but well directed shots from the train relieved the situation and the Indians retired, carrying their dead with them.

Cole says: "Larger detached parties showed themselves on the adjacent hills, and upon advancing the command in their direction I discovered that there were many hundreds in the ravines beyond who had until then not shown themselves. Whilst in person on the west side of camp I discovered that large bodies were moving up the valley toward the south and also that there was a considerable force on the east bank of the river. Captain Boardman, with his company, (M, Second Missouri Light Artillery) had been stationed in the woods along the bank of the river, and covered the rear of the camp, whilst the Twelfth Missouri Cavalry occupied the right flank, the line of the Second Missouri Light Artillery extending to corral of the commissary train on the left, with parts of three companies deployed from the train to the woods. The company teams of the Twelfth Missouri Cavalry were formed in line perpendicular to the left of this regiment and extended from the section of artillery to the woods. The Indians made efforts to attract small parties of men from camp in pursuit of bands of from ten to a hundred of their number repeatedly charging up within 250 yards and rapidly moving away again. Frequent attempts were also made by them to get at the horses of the men who were on foot in the skirmish line, but the excellence of the Spencer arm and the promptness of the men, who gallantly met and repulsed them, though frequently outnumbered twenty to one, defeated the attempt at this quarter. In this desultory manner the engagement continued some three hours, until a dash was made upon a detachment of the Twelfth Missouri Cavalry, who without orders had crossed the river. When attacked they very improperly turned to gain shelter, but the superior condition of the Indians' horses enabled them to overtake the broken down horses on which they were mounted. This detachment was driven into the river, with the loss of two men killed and two wounded. They only escaped annihilation by the prompt action of Captain Boardman, who moved a portion of his company to their support, and by well directed volleys drove the Indians back with heavy loss. The number of Indians in this charge could not have been less than a thousand. All the hill tops, divides, and margins of the nearest bluffs were literally covered with Indians, whose savage yelling was distinctly heard above the noise of the immediate conflict. On one hill a large

number of them had collected; a red flag and the constant use of their signal glasses (a piece of looking glass flashed in the sun), denoted it to be their headquarters. I opened with shell upon this particular spot, and although not doing any serious damage caused the evacuation of this and all points within the range of my part of guns and a cessation of attack on the part of the Indians most of whom retired out of sight and could not be induced to remain within reach of any of the detachments sent in pursuit."

From this point they moved up the river for the next three days when they again engaged the Indians.

Of this fight Cole says: "Seeing nothing more of the Indians until September 8th, when Colonel Walker, Sixteenth Kansas, who was in my advance about three or four miles, sent back a courier, informing me that he was attacked by between 3,000 and 4,000 Indians, who were driving him back. I was crossing my train over the river at the time, and ordering it moved up out of the timber and I pushed on with one battalion of the Second Missouri Artillery, leaving the balance of this regiment to guard the train, and sent the 12th Missouri Cavalry to skirmish through the woods along the river bank to drive out a body of Indians who were posted in the timber. I also moved the section of artillery up to the front and opened upon a large force in a ravine, who were apparently preparing to take in flank a skirmish line of the Sixteenth Kansas. My pioneer company (Captain Boardman's Company M, Second Missouri Light Artillery), had been marching with the Sixteenth Kansas, and in conjunction with them constructing roads. When the attack was made it had been judiciously dismounted and deployed as skirmishers upon the right flank of Colonel Walker's line and with the Spencer carbine was making its way some hundreds of yards in advance of all others, clearing the front entirely of Indians, who turned their attention to the other and more poorly armed troops, whose rapid evolutions had damaged much of their ammunition and were now firing but little. Driving the Indians from a well selected position for attack, I found them exerting but little of the energy they had displayed on the fifth instant, as they gave way before every attack made on them boldly by parties of even half their number. The conformation of the ground necessitated crossing the river at this point before proceeding further, and to prevent this a large force had gathered in the timber as if to dispute our passage. I directed the fire of my rifled piece among them and killed a number as they endeavored to escape across the river having an enfilade fire on them whilst they were huddled together at the various gulches running through the bank to the water. Crossing the opposite side of the river, camp was formed of both commands together."

That afternoon a terrific storm came up which increased in

intensity during the night; and, as the camp was in an exposed position, Cole moved the command up the river about two and a half miles to some heavy timber in which the suffering animals could get some shelter, where by surrounding them with huge log fires, and feeding them on cottonwood boughs and what little grass was attainable, decreased the death rate considerably.

To again quote Cole: "During the thirty-six hours that the storm prevailed 414 of my animals perished on the picket ropes or along the road between camps."

The location of this camp was on the Powder river, not far from the mouth of the Little Powder, and about five miles above where the town of Broadus, Montana, is now located.

On the tenth, the command again moved up the river, crossing at this point under cover of their cannon, as the Indians had assumed a position where they could dash down at the troops if opportunity offered; but a few shots scattered among them forced them back out of range and the command moved on unmolested. This was their last brush with the hostiles, although they hovered in the rear of the troops for several days, but prudently kept out of range.

On the 13th, a couple of soldiers and two Pawnee Indians arrived at camp with dispatches from General Connor directing Cole to either move his command over to Tongue river and join him, or to proceed up the river to Fort Connor. The advice of the dispatch bearers being that his worn out train could not negotiate the trip to Tongue river decided Cole to proceed up the river to Fort Connor. Lieut. Jones was sent with a detachment of the Second Missouri Light Artillery to accompany the Connor dispatch bearers back to that column and to report the condition of the Cole and Walker commands. It has always been supposed, and most writers so state, that Captain North located the Cole command; but Cole says different, and so does Mr. Devine. Mr. Devine was well acquainted with Captain North, and as he is positive in the statement as above, it must be accepted as a fact.

The command was now in a deplorable condition, being practically out of rations and subsisting on horse and mule meat; nearly all the men barefooted; many suffering from scurvy and the effects of their exposure in the storms, but with the cheering news that up the river was a good supply of food they again took heart and started for the haven—Fort Connor.

Considering the exhausted condition of both men and horses the trip up Powder river was made in surprisingly short time, reaching the mouth of Clear creek on the 14th, and Crazy Woman creek on the 16th, arriving at Connor on the 20th, and going into camp on the south side of the river.

The loss to this column in the several engagements was as follows:

Twelfth Missouri Cavalry, three killed, one missing; Second

Missouri Light Artillery, five killed, five wounded, three of whom died.

Cole estimates that they killed from 200 to 500 Indians and captured and killed a large number of ponies. From what I have been able to learn from the Indians this loss is considerably overestimated.

SAWYER EXPEDITION

The Sawyer road party left the mouth of the Niobrara river, Nebraska Territory, on the 13th day of June, 1865, and was in charge of Colonel J. A. Sawyer, of Sioux City, Iowa.

Colonel Sawyer had been an officer in the Civil War and was an engineer of considerable experience, and was considered a competent man for the enterprise.

His working force consisted of about a hundred men and he had fifty two teams of oxen. His military consisted of companies C and D of the Fifth U. S. Volunteers, and twenty-four men of Troop B, Dakota Cavalry commanded by Captain Geo. W. Williford. They were also provided with two pieces of artillery.

Their route led them west along the Niobrara river for about two hundred and fifty miles, when they crossed to the South Cheyenne river, up which stream they traveled to the mouth of Black Thunder creek; following that stream to its head they crossed the divide to the Belle Fourche river, and from there headed in a northwesterly direction for Powder river; their object in going in that direction being to find a suitable crossing on the Powder lower down than the Bozeman trail crossing at Fort Connor, and thus shortening the route.

From official reports it seems that Connor had sent word to Sawyer not to attempt to go in that direction, the guides with Connor contending that the route was not feasible; but it was not until he found the rough and broken country impassable for his train that he turned back, intending to retrace his steps to the Belle Fourche, from where he intended to turn south and take the crossing higher up.

The Indians in the meantime had been closely watching the expedition and on the second days' journey back to the Belle Fourche the train was attacked by a large number of the hostiles, being Sioux under Red Cloud and Cheyennes under Dull Knife, who kept the train corralled for four days and nights. Of this engagement Captain Williford in his report says:

"Fighting through the day; and at night the enemy would withdraw to commence hostilities again at early dawn, but finding that every effort to capture our train and massacre its defenders only resulted in their loss of many killed and wounded braves, they abandoned the siege."

According to General Dodge, however, after the failure of the

attack they held a parley, George and Joe Bent, Cheyenne half breeds, appearing on behalf of the Indians; and Colonel Sawyer gave them a wagon load of goods to let him proceed through the Indian country without further molestation.

Captain Williford was not in favor of Sawyer's proposition and protested against the giving of the goods to the Indians; and subsequent events showed that he was right, as the next day the Indians again attacked the train as they were proceeding on their way to the Belle Fourche. In this attack the Indians were again repulsed and did not again molest the party.

Captain Williford reports that he lost three men in the engagements, Privates Orlando Sous and Anthony Nelson, Troop B, First Dakota Cavalry, and Nat Hedges, citizen, and Sutler for the expedition, and that only a few were wounded and those slightly. The train then proceeded south of the South Butte, near which they camped, while Captain Williford with a detachment of the cavalry made a reconnaissance; finding that they were within thirteen miles of the road constructed by General Connor and only a day's march to the newly constructed Fort Connor.

The party arrived at Fort Connor on August 24th, and Captain Williford and the U. S. Volunteers were relieved from escort duty and ordered to garrison the fort, a detachment of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry under Captain Cole being sent with Sawyer.

General Dodge is authority for the statement that as far as roadmaking was concerned the Sawyer expedition was a failure, that private outfits joining the party swelled the train to about 80 wagons, and that more attention was paid to getting the train through than to survey and construct roads; that Captain Williford went simply as an escort to the party, and had no control whatever over it, and exercised none until he was obliged to do so in order to save his command, in which, by his superior ability and skillful management, he succeeded.

The site of the first attack on the train is on the divide between Kingsbury and S Bar creeks, in Campbell county, about twelve miles in a southwesterly direction from where the city of Gillette is now located.

Geo. E. Smith and D. C. Cummings, of Buffalo, and R. C. Rasmussen, of Barber, have each at different times visited this place and have found many evidences of the engagement, such as pieces of burned wagons, old iron, etc., and the rifle pits are still easily identified.

The second engagement took place at a point near the Bishop road in a direction southeasterly between the scene of the first attack and the Belle Fourche river. Their camp when arriving at the South Butte was at a point about two and a half miles south of the Butte, and was on land that is part of the Earl Brown ranch.

Mr. Milo B. Tanner, who for many years was a resident of

Buffalo, was with the Sawyer expedition, having been a sergeant in Co. D, Fifth U. S. Vols. Mr. Tanner's experience was an unusual one, even for the exciting days of the Civil War. The Fifth U. S. Volunteers was an organization made up of Confederate prisoners, who had taken the oath of allegiance but refusing to fight against the South, had volunteered for the Indian wars. Mr. Tanner was a Union soldier, having enlisted in Co. C, 121st N. Y. Volunteers and while serving with that organization was captured at the battle of Salem Heights by the Confederates, being exchanged in about seventy days; recaptured at the battle of Cold Harbor, was confined at Andersonville prison. He escaped from Andersonville in a Confederate uniform and while endeavoring to regain the Union lines fell in with a Confederate patrol, being obliged to join them. The entire patrol was captured by Greson's cavalry, and he was taken with the other prisoners to the Alton, Ill., Federal prison where he was held as a rebel prisoner, and was unable to get the authorities to recognize his claim, they absolutely refusing to write or make any attempt whatever to let him prove his contention that he was a Union soldier. Finally, being discouraged in being held unjustly as a prisoner, he took the oath of allegiance and enlisted as above. The company to which he belonged being detailed to garrison Fort Connor, he remained at that post until the following summer, when the Carrington expedition relieved the U. S. Volunteers, and he went with them to Fort Kearny, Nebraska, where on October 11, 1866, he was discharged from the service. After many years his claim was recognized by the Government and he was granted a pension, but did not live long enough to receive any benefit from it, as the first payment did not arrive until after his death, which occurred on December 29, 1917, at the Wyoming Soldiers' and Sailors' Home.

From Fort Connor the Sawyer party proceeded unmolested until they reached Tongue river, where they were again attacked—presumably by the same Arapahoes that Connor had engaged—and they were again forced to corral the train. A courier dispatched to General Connor—then on Tongue river—resulted in his sending Captain Brown with two troops of the California Cavalry to their relief; but the Indians had desisted in the attack before the arrival of the Brown forces and the next day the train resumed its journey. Captain Brown, however, accompanied them as far as the Big Horn river. In this engagement on Tongue river Captain Cole and two of his troopers were killed.

The return of the Connor contingent to Fort Connor, on September 23rd, at last found the three columns united, but the deplorable condition of the Cole command made the continuance of the campaign out of the question.

I do not feel that in justice to all concerned that I can close

this paper without making some comparison of dates and facts, and as Mr. Devine has in his article most thoroughly gone into these details I am going to briefly place the important points of his article before you. Before quoting Mr. Devine, however, I wish to state that the report of Colonel Cole is official; undoubtedly having been made from his headquarters records, and consequently but little chance of his dates being wrong, while the Palmer account—the only record we have of the Connor command—was private diary. Therefore, we are forced to accept the Cole report as authentic. Supplementing the report of Colonel Cole and his officers is the story by Devine and his account of the artificial one, which adds material proof to its correctness.

Copying from Mr. Devine's article:

CONNOR COMMAND.

See *History of Wyoming,* [Coutant] pp. 517 to 523, where you will find that the 29th and 30th of August were spent on Wolf creek and Tongue river.

"On the 31st we traveled down Tongue river. . . . September 1st, early in the morning a cannon shot was heard. No two persons could agree in what direction the sound came from, but as that was the day fixed for the general rendezvous of Cole and Connor's command near the mouth of the Rosebud, some eighty miles away, it was supposed that the sound came from there, as that was the day fixed for the rendezvous. General Connor directed Captain North, with about twenty of his Indians and Captain Marshall, with thirty men of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry, to push on rapidly to the rendezvous to communicate with Cole."

COLE'S COMMAND.

"September 1st, scouting party returned, having found no indication of Connor's command or any other white man ever having been in that part of the country. September 2nd, moved down the river twenty-five miles. 3rd burned some wagons and turned back up the river. Traveled about eighty miles, getting very cold. September 4th, moved about one and a half miles for grass and shelter. September 5th, attacked by the Indians from all sides and had to bring our section of artillery into action for the first time. The fighting that had taken place heretofore had been by small parties of our men and Indians."

MR. DEVINE'S STATEMENT:

"When General Connor's command heard that cannon shot, not only one but a half dozen of them, it was no mystery to Jim Bridger or Frank North where the sound came from; in fact it was not a mystery to any of the command whom I came across at Fort Laramie during that winter. But the mystery to me is

how it came to be the first day of September on the Tongue river, when it was the fifth on Powder river."

Taking into consideration the difference in the dates, the statement of Mr. Devine, and the other facts bearing on the matter, I am forced to the conclusion that it was the Connor column that failed to make the rendezvous.

Another factor in the failure of the campaign was the lack of competent guides with both the Cole and Walker columns. Cole marched all the way from Omaha for the most part through unknown country, at least unknown to any of his command. Added to this he was burdened with a cumbersome wagon train, and was forced to make roads as he went along. While it was true that he started with three Indians as guides, one of these was accidentally killed, one died of the scurvy, and the other left between two days, taking one of the best horses of the command with him.

On the other hand, with the Connor column were seven scouts, any of whom placed with Cole or Walker could have guided them by the best and shortest route to the appointed meeting place.

Having pack animals for transportation Walker might have done better, but this is only speculative when we consider what might have been the result had not Cole come to his assistance on the 8th of September and it perhaps safe to presume that he acted wisely in keeping in close touch with the larger command. As it was, with the assembling of the commands at Fort Connor, further attempts to push the campaign were abandoned, and after a few days' rest the entire force took up the march for Fort Laramie, and the "Connor Powder River Indian Expedition" was history.

The Quest for La Bonte

By

Pierre La Bonte, Jr.

Possibly not one of the sons and daughters of early pioneers or any resident of Converse County, Wyoming, today has any doubt whatsoever that an actual La Bonte lived and trapped in the environs of the Creek (near Douglas) bearing his name.

Historians and students of Western history have until now been unable to uncover any authentic data on La Bonte. Legends and brief passages have been published through the years but none of these have carried any documentary proof nor been supported with findings of fact.

Recently, however, proof of a La Bonte having appeared in the Laramie Region is about to be disclosed.

In 1950 L. C. Bishop, Wyoming State Engineer, in behalf of the Wyoming Pioneer Association, edited a review of George Frederick Ruxton's book (1847) "Life in the Far West." Ruxton's story of La Bonte (his principal character) lost much of his color in the abbreviated work. In its entirety, however, it is a magnificent job, and for a single book affords the best understanding of the mountain fur trade. After reading the volume it is likely anyone could accept it as being an historical record of the time.

Summarizing his contribution, Mr. Bishop conceded the correctness of the incidents, as related by Ruxton, and stated in a final paragraph: "I am sufficiently acquainted with the geography of the entire territory covered to feel sure that La Bonte did visit the places named." Further he adds: "For my part, I believe the story of La Bonte to be substantially true and as I view it he was a resolute, resourceful and rugged character of the Old West, worthy of being remembered by our pioneers."

Certainly no one would quarrel with that last observation if it were supported by proof data. At its face value we might be mistaken to accept the Ruxton La Bonte as specifically historical.

Le Roy Hafen re-edited and annotated "Life in the Far West" in 1951. In his introduction in the new edition he maintains the volume is "fictionized history, factual but not a reliable chronicle." To support this he quotes Ruxton, writing to the editors of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine and saying: "I have no doubt jumbled the *dramatis personae* one with the other." Obviously, since Mr. Hafen found no record of La Bonte in his research he assumed La Bonte might have been substituted for these possi-

bilities: Joe Walker, Bill Williams, William Bent, Black Harris, Dick Wooten, John Hatcher or Rube Herring. He could have hazarded others but he stopped there.

Bernard De Voto, noted historian and prolific writer, has found no actual La Bontes other than Louis and Jean-Baptiste La Bonte who were among the forty-five engages led by Wilson Price Hunt to Astoria in 1810. He says: "Nobody has any information about the career of either of the La Bontes—what happened to them after 1812, where they went, what they did, how long they lived or anything else." He also adds: "No LaBonte was an Ashley man and *the name does not appear in the records of the mountain fur trade,* except as the name of the Creek."

Of Ruxton, De Voto declared his admiration for the author's natural gift for writing fiction but quite certainly considered the work just that. "Nothing in it violates plausibility but much of it is entirely untrue, in the sense that novels are untrue—that is, much of it is imaginary."

Bennett Cerf observes: "If you ever hope to get along with an author (may we add the historian?) there is one thing you must understand from the outset. Every word that he sets down on paper automatically becomes a priceless gem and the merest suggestion that he alter or condense his text is an unforgivable insult"

Frequently historians coming up with additional research have been known frankly to admit errors and omissions, to have filled in gaps with conjecture and otherwise been flatly wrong.

If we are to assume then from Hafen's and De Voto's point of view that Ruxton's story is nine-tenths historical—well may it be! We look for an actual La Bonte of the Creek elsewhere and believe we have found him. So much for historians—we'll stick to the men who were there.

We remember Parkman had left an ill Shaw to recuperate at La Bonte Camp and had told his friend he would meet him at Fort Laramie in August. As we consider the distances men travelled then Fort Laramie was not very far from the present La Bonte Creek. It is reasonable to infer Shaw was not left alone. Their friendship was profound. Since Parkman referred to the camp as La Bonte's it is equally reasonable to believe the man (suffering from dysentery) was left in La Bonte's care, if no one else—on La Bonte Creek.

Going on with this reasoning, we establish La Bonte Camp or Rendez-Vous on the Creek of that name. Its location, therefore, was in the Laramie Region (Fort Laramie). Fremont had mentioned the site also as not too distant from Fort Laramie, or about 60 miles.

In the interest of thoroughness here are recent factual findings on La Bonte which may fall into place in the history of the

Laramie region. They were obtained after minute research from Mrs. Frances Biese, Archivist, Missouri Historical Society:

"Pierre Chouteau, Sr. Account Book (1802-1812)
page 247 September 23 1L caffe livree a Labonte 1. . -
page 252 May 30, 1808 St. Louis, Par La Bonte Pelleteries 8.50

"In *The Diary of William H. Ashley* (March 25 to June 27, 1825) edited by Dale L. Morgan in the April, 1955, *Missouri Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin,* Ashley states in the "narrative" (that part relating to his dealings with the trappers at Rendezvous, July 1, 1825) the following charges:

1 yd Blue Cloth	La Bontee	6
1 doz Rings		2
3 lb Sugar		4.50
3 Coffee		4.50
2 yd Ribband		1

"And, again, under the heading of

Mr. Provo

1½ Beads pr La Bonty	4 50

In his footnote to the above Mr. Morgan states that "David" Labonte figures in the American Fur Company Account books in the Thirties and Forties". I do not know why Mr. Morgan identifies the La Bontee, or La Bonty of the narrative as "David." In addition to "David" La Bonte in the American Fur Company accounts we also have a "Daniel" Labonte (1841-1852), an "Etienne" LaBonte (1831-1836), and a "Rousseau" Labonte (1827-1839).

"No La Bonte in the records", said both Hafen and De Voto! We might be daring the "unforgivable insult" but the records are proof, notwithstanding. Where do we go from here? The quest is still on!



Fort Laramie—1910

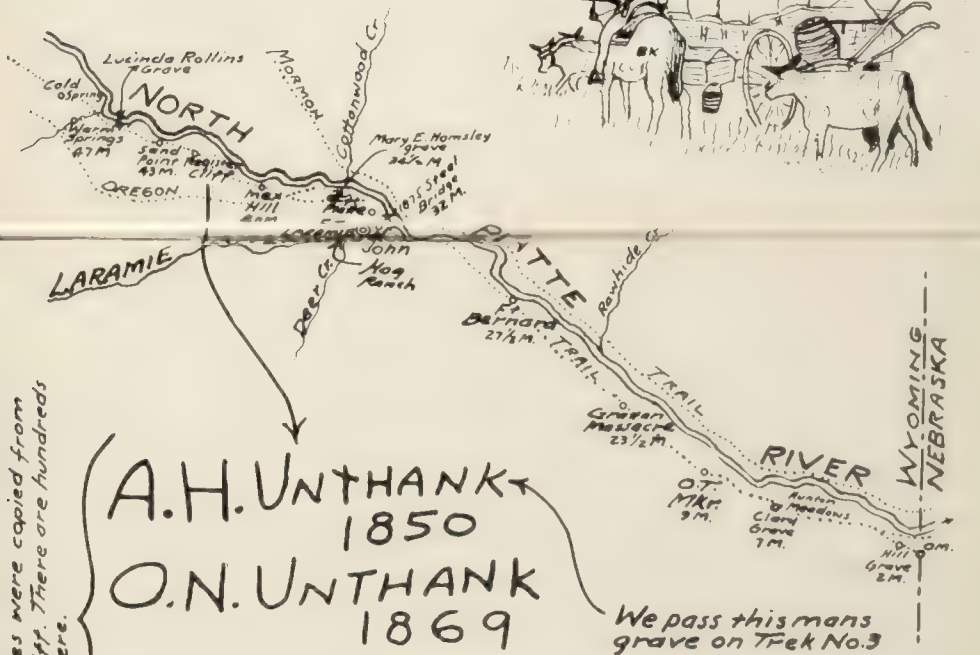
Sketch Map to Accompany

HISTORY OF OREGON TRAIL TREK No. 1

— June 28, 1953 —

Maurine Carley, Historian





These names were copied from Register Cliff. There are hundreds of them there.

A. H. UNTHANK
1850

O. N. UNTHANK
1869

O. B. UNTHANK
1931

We pass this mans grave on Trek No. 3

L.C.B. 1953

Oregon Trail Trek No. One

Compiled by

MAURINE CARLEY, *Trek Historian*

June 28, 1953

The road known as the Emigrant Road, the Overland Road, the California-Oregon Emigrant Road, and the Medicine Road of the Whites is now commonly called the Oregon Trail as it winds its way westward from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. This road was the first great transcontinental highway in the United States. Over it, thousands of people and animals crossed Wyoming in the 19th Century. The white-topped wagons traveled from two to six abreast in many places, while at other times the terrain made it necessary for them to follow one road.

Now, more than one hundred years later, in some places the road is hard to find. Nature has obliterated parts of it by erosion, winds, and rains; man has done his share erasing the ruts with his plow while cultivating his fields.

Two Wyoming men decided, as a hobby, to locate and map the trail correctly for future generations. Mr. L. C. Bishop, State Engineer, and his friend, Mr. Albert Sims, a rancher from Douglas, conceived the idea of Oregon Trail Treks so they could share their information and pleasure with others who were interested in preserving the historical lore of Wyoming. Armed with government reports, diaries, quadrangle maps of the U. S. Geological Survey, aerial photos, any historical data obtainable, and equipped with uncanny ability to read the terrain of the country, these men set out on their exploring trips.

After fifty miles of the main trail and its principal branches have been located and verified, a Trek is announced. Someone is then asked to tell the story of each historical spot along the trail. These places may be Indian battle grounds, hog ranches, old fort sites, or lonely graves. The person chosen is someone who is well qualified to speak on the subject.

While reading about these Treks, we hope you, who were a part of them, will enjoy again your trip along what is now a scar of the old road. And you, who were unable to go, will have this information without the discomfort of heat, wind, or rough roads; but, of course, you will be without the pleasant companionship of people brought together by a common interest.

OREGON TRAIL TREK NO. I
June 28, 1953

115 Participants - - - - 46 Cars

NOTE: Numbers preceding "M" indicate miles on the map west from the Nebraska-Wyoming line.

OFFICERS

Governor C. J. Rogers.....Captain of the train
Col. A. E. Froyd.....Wagon Boss
Frank Murphy.....Ass't Wagon Boss and Guide
Maurine Carley.....Historian
Red Kelso.....Photographer and Press
Gen. R. L. Esmay.....Corporal of Guard and Registrar
Mrs. Sam Thompson.....Chaplain
Glenn A. Conner.....Trumpeter

8:30 A.M. The Caravan left the Bungalow Hotel in Torrington.

8:50 A.M. Arrived at the HENRY HILL GRAVE (2M) 100 feet north of a south branch of the old road about 8 miles east of Torrington. This grave was framed with wood posts and an iron pipe which has been broken by range cattle. Now stones are piled on the mound. There is a concrete marker with the following badly worn inscription.

> "Henry Hill, Born June 8, 1820. Age 59
> Reengraved August 28, 1930, by M. H. Stewart
> A. H. and C. G. Jones."

The following graveside prayer was given by the Chaplain.

Dear Lord and Father of us all—as we pause at the side of this final resting place of Henry Hill, we are reminded of the moral and physical courage the early pioneers possessed. We honor them for the part they took in opening up and furthering travelways to the new frontiers. The knowledge of their strength and fortitude in privation and danger should inspire us all this day to rededicate ourselves to the preservation of our heritage, so that each individual will, in thought and deed, uphold the wonderful way of life these intrepid Pioneers sacrificed in ways to preserve. Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the many blessings of this land. May we, Thy children, prove true to Thy precepts and teachings. We ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Remarks by Robert O. Davis, Regional Engineer, U. S. Geological Survey.

The Geological Survey for many years has been using available historical information in the preparation of its topographic maps.

Historical trails, markers, and other points of interest have been shown on many of our topographic quadrangles.

In our mapping program, we are preparing a series of maps covering Continental United States. These maps are general purpose and contain many types of information as to terrain, water, and manmade improvements, and the historical data, we feel, is an important part of the record.

Naturally, the Geological Survey is unable to go into any detailed research for the procurement of the various types of historic information, but we are very glad when the information can be made available to us to include it in our published maps.

In the case of the Oregon Trail that we will follow today, we have been very fortunate in obtaining a very great amount of accurate, detailed information from Mr. L. C. Bishop and his associates.

For the past 5 years, our mapping operations in Wyoming have produced about 225 new topographic quadrangle maps. Throughout the Platte River area, the Oregon Trail naturally crosses most of these maps and, as it stands today, we have accurately positioned the Oregon Trail on quite a number of these new topographic maps. We feel that the information collected and recorded on these maps will be of great interest and value to later generations, as it is also of value to us today, who are interested in the historical aspects of the Oregon Trail.

On the latter part of the trip today, we will cross several of these new maps and it is hoped that you will be able to see this record as we have a few copies of the map in our car.

I think you will realize that one of the most important aspects of this map record of the Trail is the fact that, in the future, as the marks that exist today have become indistinct or obliterated, it will be possible, by some simple survey methods, to relocate and trace this Trail very accurately, even hundreds of years from now.

I would like to encourage all of you people, as individuals and also through the various organizations that are interested in the Trail, to assist us in obtaining good and precise data on the Trail in order that the map record will be as correct as possible.

9:00 A.M. Departed from Henry Hill grave. At 2-2/3 M. a north branch enters. There are two to four ruts here. At 5 M. left the trail on the north branch.

9:20 A.M. Arrived at the OLD RIFLE PITS (6-1/4 M.) at the upper end of the Hunton Meadows. Mr. Hunton cut hay here for Fort Laramie in the early days of the fort.

Pat Flannery read excerpts from Mr. Hunton's Diary after telling about this well known pioneer.

This historic location is named for John Hunton a true Virginia

gentleman of the old school. In the 60's after the surrender of the Confederacy, John Hunton whacked bulls to Wyoming and settled in this area, where he grew up with the country and played an important part in its development for the next half century. He was one of Laramie County's early commissioners when it included Platte and Goshen. He was the United States Land Commissioner before whom the early settlers proved on their homesteads in this area. He was a deputy assessor who darkly hinted and grumbled from time to time that some of the founders of Wyoming's first families did not always give him full and accurate count of their herds. He was the engineer who surveyed most of the early irrigation ditches and reservoirs in this section, and he was with the party that made the first survey of what is now Sublette and Teton counties, then a natural wilderness. He was the Post Sutler at old Fort Laramie, appointed by President Grant. This gave him a monopoly on the sale of civilian goods at that historic post. He also had extensive dealings as a contractor with the army, furnishing to the troops the important commodities of that day—meat, firewood and hay.

This is a brief sketch of his official and business life. The adventures and problems of his private life comprise an even more fascinating human story.

John Hunton was a methodical and meticulous individual who kept an accurate and concise day by day record of the things that happened to him and his neighbors, and of each day's events, together with his very frank opinions of the same. This record comprises more than 50 volumes, one for each year, covering more than a half century of his life and Wyoming history, as he saw it. Some things are not exactly as the history books have them but they are interesting, anyway.[1]

I shall call on John Hunton himself for a few brief remarks about the year 1875. Following are his own words from his diary.

"January 1, 1875. I have been butchering since 17th December. By looking over my books and guessing together I find that I owe between $16,000 and $17,000 as a memorandum of this book will show." The memo lists 41 names of early Wyoming men and firms as his creditors to whom he owed a total of $16,201.25.

He completed his gloomy New Year's day picture in 1875 by saying, "The above is a liberal estimate of my indebtedness, which I think very doubtful if I ever get through paying it—as I only own about $9,000 worth of property. But will keep trying. Will make a big effort this year to reduce materially."

1. "Excerpts from John Hunton's Diaries" edited by L. G. (Pat) Flannery for the years 1875-1876 appeared in the Lingle *Guide Review* from February 3-July 14, 1955.

However, Mr. Hunton did pay off all these debts and made a lot of money besides during the next ten years. One year his receipts from the government alone were around $100,000. But he got his financial body blow in the late 80's when things were tough all over for everybody.

"Thurs. January 28 [1875]—Finished putting up ice at the Fort. Received of Capt. Luhn $564 on beef for this month. Staid at Fort all night, and won $30 at poker of Hathaway, Harwood, and Joe.

"Tues. Mar. 23, 1875. Expedition under Capt. Mix started to bring Miners out of Black Hills. Mr. Bullock went with expedition. Considerable Indian excitement about Black Hill.

"Tues. Sept. 7, 1875. Staid at Post with Kelly. Went to three mile ranch to election. Voted Democratic ticket. Also Lollie. 120 votes polled. 95 democratic. Dull time. Borrowed $20 of Kelly!" Lollie, it should be explained, was a half breed—half Indian and half French, and reputed to have been one of the most beautiful women in the territory. I gather from other entries that she was a sister of Baptiste Puerrier, or Big Bat, with whom Mr. Hunton was closely associated for many years.

There are many fascinating items about military movements in the area, Indian depredations and fights, freighting, wood cutting, haying and similar operations that year, but for the benefit of any hunters in the crowd we'll let Mr. Hunton tell you briefly about an elk hunt on Deer Creek, which enters the Laramie at the old Fort. For days they had observed thousands of elk moving up Deer Creek.

"Tues. Dec. 21, 1875—Stayed last night near Deer Creek. This morning moved on to Deer Creek and saw large band of elk. Heavy drifts of snow here and in the hills.

"Wed. Dec. 22,—8 A.M. moved to place near elk on Little Creek. Went in camp and went after elk. Killed and gutted 97. Bat and I done the killing. Nath and the boys gutted them.

"Thurs. Dec. 23—Broke camp early. Wagons and four men went after elk killed yesterday. Bat, Austin Long and myself killed and gutted 26 more. Party with wagons killed three and camped ten miles west on Deer Creek."

John Hunton didn't say so, but the soldiers at Old Fort Laramie probably had elk steak for that Christmas dinner seventy-eight years ago.

In these meadows hay was cut for the army at Fort Laramie. Often the Indians would attack while this was being done so the men would have to run to these pits, which you still see here, for protection. Several skirmishes with Indians occurred on this very spot.

9:30 A.M. Department from Hunton Meadows.

9:40 A.M. Arrived CLARY or CLARK GRAVE (7M) 90 feet north of a south branch of the old road. A fence surrounds the grave. A small badly eroded stone marks the grave. On it is carved

Wm. L. Clary [K] June 21, 1856.

One half mile north of the Clary grave is another gravestone, but the markings are completely gone. There are four plain scars or ruts of the old road visible on this mesa.

9:50 A.M. Departed from the Clary grave.

10:00 A.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER (9M.) 2-½ miles south of Torrington on the oiled road. The old trail is no longer seen here.

10:30 A.M. Paused at an OREGON TRAIL MARKER 2-½ miles south of Lingle and 750 feet north of the old trail. (North of 19-½ M. on map—about 14 miles by the present road from the Clary grave.)

11:00 A.M. Arrived at the site of the GRATTAN MASSACRE (about 24-½ M) near where the old Bordeaux Trading Post was located. An historical marker is on the present road ½ mile south of this historic spot.

Mr. W. W. Morrison told the following interesting story of the GRATTAN MASSACRE.

It was late afternoon of August 19th, 1854, when Lieutenant Grattan and twenty-eight soldiers under his command lost their lives here in a sudden and vicious battle against an overwhelming number of Sioux Indians under chiefs Little Thunder and Sitting Bear. The interpreter with these men lost his life, too, making a total of thirty in all.

Many and varied are the stories having to do with this massacre; but according to some of the best accounts we have followed, and which are found in *History of Ft. Laramie* by Hafen & Young, Coutant's *History of Wyoming,* Notes from John Hunton, Records from the War Department and other sources through which much research has been done we will give you the story as nearly accurate as we can, often quoting from those well known writers. Here is the story.

On, or about August 17th, 1854, when a Mormon caravan composed of Scandinavian Proselytes, under the leadership of one Hans Peterson Olsen, passed the Brule camp near here, a cow from the emigrant herd became lame, fell behind the main herd, wandered near the Indian camp, and was killed and eaten by some of the Indians who said they thought the cow had been abandoned.

The Indians, some 3000 of them, were in camp along the

Platte river and were waiting for the Government to distribute the goods and annuities which they had coming to them at that time. They had been camped here for ten or fifteen days, and they said they had been without much food during this time, except for what little game they were able to shoot close by.

Their camp was not altogether here in one spot, but was scattered along for several hundred rods. Some of the teepees were east of here, and quite a number were west of here.

The company of emigrants reported the loss of the cow to Post Commander, Brevet-Second Lieutenant Hugh B. Flemming, when they reached Fort Laramie. Lieutenant Flemming made preparation to send Brevet Second Lieutenant John Lawrence Grattan of the 6th Infantry with Sergeant Faver, Corporal McNulty, and an interpreter and twenty-six privates to the Indian camp to receive the offenders. A few of the men were on horseback, but the main body of soldiers left Fort Laramie in an army wagon drawn by mules. Two mountain howitzers were taken along.

At that time the American Fur Company had a few buildings some five or six miles below Fort Laramie, and when Lieutenant Grattan and his men reached this place a halt was made. The men were ordered to load, but not to cap their guns. Instructions as to what they should do were given them before reaching Bordeaux's Trading House which was near the Indian camp.

When the soldiers were nearing the Indian camp the mountain howitzers were loaded. At Bordeaux's trading house, Bordeaux himself was called for and was asked to notify the chief of the soldiers' mission.

Chief Bear appeared saying that the Indian who had shot the cow was a Min-i-con-jou; that he was unable to get the Indian to surrender; that when he had gone to the lodge of the offending Indian to pursuade him to give himself up he found six other Indians in the lodge loading their guns; and they, too, refused to give up the offender.

Chief Bear said they told him "Last year the soldiers killed three of us, and again this year we sat by the roadside, and an emigrant shot at us, and hit a child in the head. The child still lives. Our chief, the Little Brave is dead, and we want to die also."

No doubt what the Indians had in mind was the skirmish they had on June 15th, 1853, with Lieutenant Flemming and twenty-three soldiers under his command when some of the Indians had taken over the Ferry boat on the Platte river near Fort Laramie. Three Indians were killed in that skirmish. The boat was recovered.

Soon after Chief Bear had returned to the men he was again sent to the Min-i-con-jou lodge to have the Indian surrender, but again was unsuccessful. Grattan was then compelled to seek out

the offending Indian, and take him by force if necessary. He entered the Brule camp here, nearly in the center, and not far from the lodge of Chief Bear.

That part of the camp here was a semi-circle shape with its convex side toward the river. It was probably situated just north of this irrigation ditch. Immediately to the north of the camp was an abrupt depression partly overgrown with bushes. This is the depression you can see from here.

While talks between Lieutenant Grattan and the chiefs were under way this depression was being occupied by warriors. At the same time the women and children of the tribes were seen working their way toward the river. What happened from this point is not altogether clear as none of the soldiers survived; but it appears after reaching the center of the village, Grattan placed his men and howitzers facing the Min-i-con-jou lodge and opened another parley.

"He was greatly handicapped by the interpreter Lucin Auguste" says one writer. "This man was not only disliked by the Indians, but had special grievance in that two of his animals had recently been stolen by the Indians. But most tragic he was intoxicated. . . In passing the upper village he was reported to have called out to the Indians, daring them to make good their threats to wipe out the whites, 'adding that he was coming with 30 men and a cannon, and that this time he would eat their hearts raw'."

Bordeaux, who owned the trading post a few hundred yards from here, told Grattan the interpreter would make trouble, and if the interpreter were locked up in his cabin, he, Bordeaux, could settle the trouble in thirty minutes.

As soon as Lieutenant Grattan halted in the center of the lodges he was immediately surrounded by several Indians. One of the chiefs came running to Bordeaux and said "My friend, come on; the interpreter is going to get us in a fight, and they are going to fight if you don't come."

At the close of the interview, Lieutenant Grattan took out his watch and said it was getting late, and that he could wait no longer. To which the Chief Bear was reported to have said, "I have done all I could; and since you will have him, now push on and take him." And then turned and walked away. During the skirmish the chief was shot in three places.

A Mr. Allen who had accompanied the troops from Fort Laramie, and whose horse had been borrowed, had seated himself on top of Bordeaux's house. "The Council", he said, "lasted about three quarters of an hour and during this time I saw many Indians collecting and mounting their horses near the river, and the women and children were leaving the village. At length, I saw the soldiers stand up and bring their guns down as if to fire, and at that moment I heard, I thought, the report of Indian guns, followed

immediately by that of muskets. Two cannon were fired directly after."

At that time the soldiers commenced to retreat, pursued by the Indians close to them and by others who had been concealed behind the depression north of the camp and who had now appeared in great numbers.

The wagon and mules started off on a run. A man tried to climb in the wagon. The wagon reached the first point of the bluffs which crossed the road nearly a half mile southwest of here before it was overtaken. About eighteen of the soldiers reached the road between the two bluffs about three quarters to a mile from here. They were killed by the Indians who followed them, supposedly by those Indians who came from the Ogalala camp above.

Lieutenant Grattan and three or four men were killed near the cannon. The interpreter was mounted on a horse, and a soldier who was on Lieutenant Grattan's horse was overtaken by some Indians who came from near the river below Bordeaux's house, passing close to it near the wagon where they were killed. The soldiers were loading and firing as they retreated.

When the firing took place there were only about 50 Indians in front of the troops, the others were either concealed in the slough, or were getting ready near the river which is about three or four hundred yards distance. All the soldiers except one was killed, and this one was so badly wounded that he died within two or three days. The principal Indian casualty was the chief of the Brules. He was severely wounded and died within a week. It was reported one or two others were wounded but not killed.

The Indians wreaked vengeance on the bodies of the soldiers. Heads were crushed, throats cut, legs were amputated and horribly mutilated. Lieutenant Grattan's bristled body was found with 24 arrows in it. And was identified later by his watch.

As the fighting began, Bordeaux barricaded his doors and prepared to defend his house. Maddened warriors were determined upon its destruction, but were talked out of it by friendly Indians and traders with Indian wives. He gave over supplies without hesitation. The American Fur Company west of here was broken into and the Indians helped themselves to the goods.

The next day Lieutenant Flemming sent to Fort Leavenworth for reinforcements. At that time there were probably not more than 100 men left at Fort Laramie.

Then on August 20th, or 21st, Sergeant Snyder was sent from Fort Laramie with the remainder of the Garrison Co. G, 6th Regiment to assist Bordeaux in burying the dead. By this time all of the Indians had disappeared toward the north. Lieutenant Grattan's body was sent away for burial, but the 28 enlisted men were placed in a common grave some eight or ten feet in diameter.

The exact location of this grave just now is lost. We are standing, however, within a few feet of where it was located. My camera, in 1945, recorded the spot when the old wooden marker was yet standing on the spot. I have the picture with me. Anyone may be welcome to see it if they wish.

In memory of the 28 men, and Lieutenant Grattan who made the Supreme Sacrifice here I shall call the roll:

Lt. John Lawrence Grattan
Sgt. Wm. P. Faver
Cpl. Charles McNulty
Musician H. A. Krapp
Musician H. E. Lewis
Pvt. Charles Burkle
Pvt. Wm. Camerson
Pvt. Micheal Collins
Pvt. John Courtney
Pvt. Charles Platenius
Pvt. A. Plumhoff
Pvt. S. H. Rushing
Pvt. Stan's Sanienski
Pvt. Thomas Smith
Pvt. Edward Stevens
Pvt. John Sweetman
Pvt. Wm. Whilford
Pvt. John Donahoe
Pvt. James Fitzpatrick
Pvt. John Flinn
Pvt. David Hammell
Pvt. John McNulty
Pvt. John Mildron
Pvt. Patrick Murley
Pvt. Walter Murray
Pvt. Patrick O'Rourke
Pvt. Anthony Boyle
Pvt. John Williams

The picture I have is that of a weather-worn marker made of wood, and is standing directly over the grave site. This was all that remained to mark the site where these men fought, died and were buried in one common trench-like grave. It was here their mutilated bodies lay for nearly thirty-seven years before they were removed to the National Cemetery on the grounds of old Fort McPherson in Nebraska.

Here today, are perhaps some half dozen people who have visited this spot when it was marked, and they know about where it is located. After this generation will have passed who can

locate the site if it is not marked properly. The plow has passed over the hallowed spot. Crops have grown above it. The winds have blown dirt over the remaining rocks which Mr. Hunton placed there into the hold.

A suitable marker should be erected on the spot where these men were buried, and their names, and the dates they made the supreme sacrifice, inscribed upon it. If this is not done, in time this battle ground will go into oblivion. Quite some distance from the highway though it may be, it is my opinion that the State should purchase this tiny God's Acre from the private owner and enough land for drive-outs so that all Americans can easily reach this spot and pay tribute to those brave men whose lives were lost here.

In the years that followed the massacre, badgers began digging in the burial site, and some of the human bones were brought to the surface and were exposed. John Hunton, an old-timer in this valley, hauled rocks and dumped them into the depression to stop the badgers from digging further. And then in 1891 when the Government was moving remains of soldiers at old Fort Laramie to a National Cemetery, Mr. Hunton wrote to the War Department suggesting the remains of Grattan's men also be moved from the lonely grave. This was ordered done. Mr. Hunton guided the men in charge of the work to the scene of the massacre.

When the remains were exhumed many arrow heads were found sticking into the ribs and other parts of the bodies of those unfortunate men who died here.

The bones were taken to Fort Laramie where they were matched and assembled as nearly correct as possible. This was done on the long porch in front of where the museum is now. When this work was accomplished the remains were placed in caskets and shipped to Fort McPherson. The caskets were buried in a circle trench overlooked by a large marker bearing the following inscription upon its four sides.

> "In Memory Of Enlisted Men, Co. G. Inf.
> Killed In Action Near Ft. Laramie, Wyoming
> August 19th, 1854."

At Fort Leavenworth National Cemetery, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, lie the mortal remains of Lieutenant John Lawrence Grattan. His grave is number 290, A, Section A. A modest stone is at the head of his grave bearing this inscription:—

> "In Memory Of Lieutenant John L. Grattan,
> Who Was Killed In An Engagement With The
> Sioux Indians Near Fort Laramie, Neb. T.
> August 19, 1854."

Young Grattan was 24 years old at the time of his death. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy from New Hampshire, and was admitted July 1, 1848. Was graduated from West Point in the class of 1853, and was appointed Brevet 2nd Lieutenant 6th Infantry, July 1, 1853.

How unjustly, perhaps, have we measured them. Young Grattan and his men were not intoxicated despite some reports to the contrary, and we are here to defend them. Nor can we justly accuse the young officer of being rash and hot-headed. It was simply a case where a mission was given him to carry out, and he and his men died in trying to accomplish it. If blame is to be placed, then let it be on the Government for lack of proper fortification and man-power in a land so thickly peopled by savages, and for sending a handful of young men among such overwhelming odds.

Nestled in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is the little town of Lisbon where young Grattan was born, and where he grew to manhood. It has been our good fortune to contact people yet living who knew Peter Grattan, the father of Lawrence Grattan. These people were children of parents who had known the Grattan family many years, and who passed on to their children the story of the young Lieutenant and his untimely death in "far-away-Laramie." He was a fine looking, upright, honest and intelligent young man of fine character of whom his parents were very proud. His Mother lived but three years after his death. His sweetheart across the street soon followed. Both died of a broken heart. His father lived to the ripe old age of 89 and never ceased to mourn him. Ah! the tears that have fallen elsewhere because of the tragedy here on that day in 1854.

And now in closing I should like to thank each and everyone for the kind attention shown here in the great open, and under a hot summer's sun while listening to this bit of early Americana.

11:15 A.M. Departed from the Grattan Massacre Site.

11:30 A.M. Arrived at the location of OLD FORT BERNARD. (27-½M.) In 1854 at the time of the Grattan Massacre this was known as Gratiot's House and The American Fur Company Post, by the commanding officer at Fort Laramie.

Mr. R. J. Rymill read the following paper about FORT BERNARD.

Not much information is available about Ft. Bernard. In fact I found mention of it in but two accounts of the period—Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and Hafen and Young's *Fort Laramie*. Hafen and Young obtained their information from Edwin Bryant's *What I Saw in California* and *Rocky Mountain Adventures*. Authentic reference material is extremely limited. To establish for certain the exact location and dates of Fort Bernard would take a great

deal of time and research. It seems that it is a fertile and interesting field for some student of Western history to explore further for more detail.

Probably a reason for the scarcity of reference material is the post was not as important as some others and its life span brief. From Bryant's and Parkman's accounts we do know that it was in existence in 1846, the year in which each visited it. Hafen and Young locate it at 8 miles below Fort Laramie, probably basing their information on Parkman's account, as he also placed Fort Bernard at 8 miles below Fort Laramie. Bryant says it was about 7 miles below Ft. Laramie.

The trading post, known as Richard's Fort Bernard, was owned and operated by two brothers by the name of Richard. It was run in competition to the American Fur Company and must have been quite successful as two Mackinaw boats loaded with furs were sent from it to St. Louis in the spring of 1846. Traders from New Mexico often visited this post exchanging corn for furs. Bryant went back to Fort Bernard from Ft. Laramie and there exchanged his wagons and oxen for pack mules and other pack equipment. Parkman described the fort in this manner—"Nestled beneath a line of cottonwood trees, we could discern in the distance something like a building. As we came nearer, it assumed form and dimensions and proved to be a rough structure of logs. It was a little trading post belonging to two private traders and originally intended to form a hollow square. Only two sides of it had been completed." Parkman then goes on to say that they were led to the principal apartment of the establishment—a room 10 feet square with walls of black mud and a roof of rough timber. There was a huge fireplace made of four flat rocks which had been picked up on the prairie. The room held no furniture except a rough settee covered with buffalo robes.

In July of 1846 Richard left his trading post to go to Taos for supplies. In his absence someone set fire to his establishment. When the first emigrants came by that way in the spring of 1847 they found it burned. It must have been rebuilt, for E. A. Tomkins who saw it in the summer of '50 said it was an assemblage of log huts surrounded by great piles of buffalo hides, the size and shape of eastern haystacks.

12:00 Noon. Departed from old Fort Bernard.

12:15 P.M. Arrived at the old GOVERNMENT IRON BRIDGE (1875) across the North Platte River. This was also the location of an old ferry. Fort Platte was located about 1000 feet southwest of this bridge.

Mr. Lester Bagley read the following paper here.

I deem it a privilege to be numbered among this group visiting the points of interest along the old Oregon Trail. I have been

assigned to discuss briefly the following three points of interest on or near this location. (1) Old Fort Platte, which is located about 1,000 feet southwest of this bridge; (2) the Mormon Ferry, which was located probably about 150 feet above this bridge; and (3) the old army steel bridge about ¼ mile northeast of where we are now stopped.

(1) Old Fort Platte.

Old Fort Platte was built just north of this point about 100 yards. According to Hafen and Young this fort was built the fall of 1840 or the spring of 1841 by Lancaster P. Lupton. The Ridwell diary of 1841 was the first to mention it. It was constructed of adobe. Joseph Williams, a missionary in 1841, mentions "Fort Johns" being rebuilt. He says, "There are two forts here, about a mile apart." Fort Platte was built to compete with Fort Laramie in securing the fur trade of the region.

(2) The Mormon Ferry.

This brings us to the second point of interest, the Mormon ferry. It was just across the river from this point on June 1, 1847, that the vanguard of the Mormon migration camped in their trek West. It was the custom of this party to pull their wagons in a circle, thus forming a corral for protection of the stock during a portion of the night. However, at this location, since they felt somewhat near civilization and the river afforded some protection, the encampment was made in the shape of a "V", with the river forming the other side of the triangle.

Immediately upon stopping, they took out the sole leather boat which they carried and crossed the river to visit with other members of their trek who had come from Pueblo in present-day Colorado. On the morning of June 2, President Young and other leaders of the party crossed the river in the portable boat and visited the ruins of old Fort Platte. The river at that point was 324 feet wide, this being in the flood stage and before dams were built on the Platte to hold back the spring runoff. They measured Fort Platte and found that it was 144' X 103', and the walls were 30" thick. There was a tower on the northwest corner which was approximately 10' square.

The Young party visited Fort John, or Fort Laramie, which was approximately two miles away. The superintendent was James Bordeaux, who was a very fine man and showed them every courtesy. He took them for a ride on the Laramie on a flatboat which he had constructed. They in turn made an agreement to rent this boat for $18.00 and use it for ferrying their wagons across the Platte. The boat was taken down the Laramie and pulled up the Platte to this point.

Before leaving in the morning the camp had been reorganized

into work details. All necessary repairs were made on the equipment; even the plows which were to be used later on were entirely repaired. Three forges were set up and charcoal was made in charcoal pits by burning the birch and willows which were found on the banks of the Platte.

The ferrying started the morning of June 3, the crossing being made in the order of their divisions of ten. This crossing progressed very rapidly. A heavy rain and hail storm struck at about 1:30 that afternoon. The horses and stock were enclosed within old Fort Platte during the storm. As the ferrying progressed the forges were moved from the camping spot into Fort Platte and the repair work continued. They became so proficient in the use of the ferry boat that they were crossing a wagon approximately every 15 minutes; some crossings were made in only 11 minutes. All of the wagons were crossed with the exception of 15 by the evening of June 3. The ferrying continued the morning of June 4, and the trek West was resumed about noon.

(3) The Steel Bridge.

This steel bridge was built many years later, in 1875. We might imagine the criticism that was heaped upon the Army and the Army Engineers for building a steel bridge so far west and at such an early time. However, we know that wooden bridges were vulnerable to fire, and the Army had had bitter experience in having bridges destroyed in this manner. As a result, the steel bridge was ordered from the processing plants in the east and was freighted by rail to old Camp Carlin near Cheyenne, which was an army supply base at that time.

It was taken by ox team from Cheyenne, to this location in the fall of 1874, and was constructed the following spring at the location where it still stands. The decking on this bridge has been replaced once since that time.

12:30 P.M. Departed from the Iron Bridge.

12:35 P.M. Arrived at FORT LARAMIE (33M.) 1-½ miles on the present road from the Iron Bridge. Everyone enjoyed the lunch under the trees, then inspected the old buildings and the Museum.

Mr. David L. Hieb, Superintendent of the Fort Laramie National Monument read the following paper.

It is a distinct pleasure to welcome such a group as this to Fort Laramie National Monument. You devoted much time and effort to seeking out many of the lesser known story spots along the greatest of the Covered Wagon Trails and it is most fitting that you should pause, if but briefly, at this site, which is vitally linked to more of the important factors in the conquest of the West than any other spot.

THE FUR TRADE ERA

Following the trail-blazing journey of Robert Stuart and the Astorians down the North Platte during the winter of 1812-13, trappers and fur traders pushed ever westward along the valley of the Platte. They probably reached the Fort Laramie region as early as 1821, when, according to tradition, one Jacques La Ramee was killed by Indians near the stream which now bears his name.

Near the junction of the Laramie River and the North Platte was a favorite camping spot for trappers and traders en route to and from the great annual rendezvous in the Rocky Mountains. There, in 1834, the first fort on the Laramie, a log stockade called Fort William, was erected by the veteran traders, William Sublette and Robert Campbell. The site was strategically located on the great central route to the mountains.

James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, and Milton Sublette, then partners in the fur trade, purchased Fort William in 1835, but soon turned their interests over to the increasingly powerful American Fur Co. That same year Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. Samuel Parker passed by on their way to Oregon as missionaries to the Indians. From the trappers' rendezvous on the Green River, Whitman returned to the States, and in 1836 he and Rev. Henry Spalding paused at the fort with their wives, the first white women to use the overland route which later became known as the Oregon Trail.

In 1841, the company replaced Fort William with a pretentious adobe-walled post. It was officially named "Fort John on the Laramie," but in common usage it was "Fort Laramie," an immortal name in the annals of the West. At this time a rival post, Fort Platte, was built nearby on the Platte River by L. P. Lupton, but after less than 5 years of competition it was abandoned.

FORT LARAMIE AS A MILITARY POST

During his explorations of the West in 1841, Capt. John C. Fremont foresaw the coming covered-wagon migrations. He recognized the strategic location of Fort Laramie and recommended that it be purchased by the Government and made an Army Post to curb the hostile Indians and protect the wagon trains. It was not, however, until 1849 that the fort was purchased by the United States Government for $4,000. Meanwhile, the first great migration to Oregon in 1843, Col. S. W. Kearny's Dragoons in 1845, and the first Mormon emigration to Utah in 1847 had paused at Fort Laramie.

By 1849, covered wagons were making the westward trek by the hundreds, spurred on by the discovery of California gold. In 1850, over 55,000 emigrants were estimated to have passed the

fort. In their mad rush to the West they tarried only long enough to obtain mail and supplies or to repair broken equipment.

Because the Indians were becoming alarmed over this increasing encroachment on their hunting grounds by the white man, a parley to draw up a treaty with the Plains Indians was called in 1851. Ten thousand Indians gathered near Fort Laramie, and as a result of the conference the Sioux, Cheyenne, and other tribes agreed to allow passage of the wagon trains over their lands in return for annual payments by the Government of goods valued at $50,000.

However, sporadic incidents continued to strain relations between Whites and Sioux. A climax was reached in 1854 when Lieutenant Grattan, an inexperienced young officer, sought to use force in arresting an Indian for the theft of a cow. The officer, his interpreter, and 28 soldiers were slain at an Indian camp a few miles east of the fort.

The Pony Express, which began in April 1860, brought speedier mail service to Fort Laramie. A little over a year later it became one of the stations between St. Joseph and San Francisco which were linked by the Pacific Telegraph. During the Civil War, when regular troops were needed on the eastern fighting fronts, the task of guarding the telegraph, mail, and stage routes to the Pacific coast was assigned to volunteer troops. From Fort Laramie, small detachments were sent out to stations along the route such as Fort Mitchell, near Scotts Bluff, and Platte Bridge Station, near what is now Casper, Wyo.

The construction in the middle 1860's of a series of forts along the Bozeman Trail to the Montana gold fields infuriated the Indians. The resultant fighting was climaxed by the destruction of Capt. W. J. Fetterman and his entire command of 80 men near Fort Phil Kearney, 235 miles north of Fort Laramie, on December 21, 1866. John "Portugee" Phillips, trader and scout, volunteered to summon aid from Fort Laramie for the remaining Fort Phil Kearney garrison. Braving a blizzard and lurking Indians for 4 days, he reached the fort on Christmas night with the shocking news, and a relief column pushed northward at once.

Such successful resistance led the Government to negotiate a peace treaty at Fort Laramie in 1868. The Indians, under Chief Red Cloud, obtained all the concessions they demanded, including abandonment of three forts along the trouble-making Bozeman Trail. The treaty also gave the Indians control of the lands north of the North Platte River. For a few years there was a lull in Indian warfare.

Completion, in 1869, of the Union Pacific Railroad altered modes of overland passenger, freight, and mail traffic and shifted it southward, bypassing Fort Laramie and diminishing its importance.

News of the discovery of gold in the Black Hills in 1874 was brought to Fort Laramie by a scout from Custer's expedition. The resulting inrush of miners, contrary to treaty provisions, again enraged the Sioux. Indian resistance to the White advance was climaxed by their double defeat of Crook's army based at Fort Laramie and the annihilation of Custer's command on the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. But eventually the Indians had to yield this choice part of their lands.

After 1876, the fort became a station on the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Route and a social center for ranchers and cowboys, but with the Indians subdued, it had outlived its usefulness. Its abandonment, recommended in 1886, was ordered three years later and carried out in April 1890.

When the soldiers marched away, the 65 fort buildings were auctioned off at a bargain price to homesteaders who dismantled most of them. Many years passed before the historic importance of the old fort was recognized. Wyoming citizens urged its preservation, and in 1937 the State purchased 214 acres, embracing the surviving buildings, for presentation to the Federal Government. The national monument was established by Presidential Proclamation in 1938.

At Fort Laramie, the National Park Service is endeavoring to preserve the surviving features of the military period and, after exhaustive research, to restore standing buildings and related portions of the grounds to their appearance around 1888, while certain of the older structures provide glimpses of the fort scene as early as 1849.

It is suggested that visitors to Fort Laramie stop first at the Information Center which with the headquarters of the National Park Service occupy the former Cavalry Barracks. Here information and free literature are provided and a variety of publications are on sale in a small museum where displays aid the visitor in visualizing the appearance and significance of the fort at various periods in its long career. The Cavalry Barracks as originally constructed in 1875 provided quarters, kitchens, mess halls, wash rooms, reading rooms and other facilities for two 60-man units of troops.

Walking 100 yards southwest, past the site of the Sutler's Residence and a commemorative monument, the visitor reaches the Sutler's Store. Erected in 1849 or early 1850 the adobe section of this structure housed a general store. The stone section was added about 1852 in part as quarters for the Sutlers. During the next three decades many other additions were made which disappeared by 1883. At that time the present lime-concrete section was constructed. This addition housed the Officers' Club, storage rooms and a public saloon which connected with a pool room in part of the stone section. The balance of the stone

section then housed the Sutler's office and post office connecting with the original general store. Operated by the Sutler, or Post Trader as he was officially known after 1867, under a permit from the War Department, this versatile institution served more notable western travelers, residents and warriors, both red and white, than any other place in the west during its 40 active years.

With Mansard roof and lime-concrete walls, there stands next to the Sutler's Store the last officer's quarters, erected at Fort Laramie in 1885. After the abandonment of the fort, it became the home of the last Post Trader, John Hunton.

Next in "Officer's Row" stands a lime-concrete walled duplex. Erected during the building boom at Fort Laramie in 1875-1876, it is typical of Company Officers' quarters of that day.

Turning his back to "Officers' Row", the visitor sees the stone foundations of a long, three-company barracks erected in 1868 which faced one end of the historic Parade Ground, and had behind it mess halls and kitchens for each company.

To the rear of "Officers' Row", stands a rough stone walled structure originally built by 1850 as post magazine. In later years it served as an out building under several types of roofs.

Passing the sites of missing units of "Officers' Row", the visitor reaches "Old Bedlam". This two-storied frame structure has dominated the scene since the late summer of 1849 when it was partially completed of lumber milled locally by horsepower and mill work hauled overland from Fort Leavenworth. While post headquarters, home of the Commanding Officer, until 1867, and often the stronghold of bachelor officers, countless notables, soldier, civilian and redskin sat at its dinner and council tables. It has been intimately associated with many historic events, among the most dramatic of which was "Portugee" Phillips' 235 mile, four day ride through December blizzards with the news of the Fetterman disaster at Fort Phil Kearney in 1866. Its brick filled, clap-board walls echoing to historic tumult and social gaiety, it early acquired the name "Old Bedlam" which was immortalized in Gen. Charles King's novel *Laramie,* or the *Queen of Bedlam,* first published in 1889. As originally constructed, it had side wings. These were removed and the present rear wing added in 1881.

Three sets of crumbling lime-concrete walls are all that remain of two commodious duplexes and a spacious veranda rimmed mansion for the Commanding Officer which were erected in 1881. They are stark reminders of the dismantling of many fine buildings for lumber after the public auction of 1890.

Turning the corner of the Parade Ground by the remains of a small brick fountain and passing the site of another missing Officers' Quarters, the visitor reaches the site of the fort built by the American Fur Co. in 1841. Located on high ground in a bend



"Old Bedlam", Ft. Laramie, at Height of Its Glory

of the Laramie River, it dominated the then treeless valley from bluff to bluff. Many historians believe this to have also been the site of Fort William erected in 1834, but conclusive evidence as to its location is lacking.

Occupying part of the site of Fort John is a large frame officers' quarters built in 1870. Originally designed for one family, it was later divided into duplex with two kitchen wings and verandas on three sides.

Turning the far corner of the Parade Ground where once stood several minor buildings, including a printing office, the visitor reaches the ruins of the fine administration building erected in 1885 to house not only the headquarters offices but a schoolroom for officers' children and the post theater.

Facing the shallow stream, which is all that modern irrigation reservoirs have left us of the rushing Laramie River, are the stone walls and barred windows and doors of the guardhouse or prison built in 1866. The upper floor was used largely by the post guard contingent, while prisoners, regardless of the degree of their offense, languished in the basement room where remains of a solitary cell suggests the probable harshness of military penal discipline. Bricked up windows and doorway are evidences of later use of the structure for ordnance storage.

The long, low mound on the southeast side of the Parade Ground marks the site of another two company barracks behind which were kitchens and mess halls. These were also built in 1866.

At the east angle of the Parade Ground stand the walls of a guardhouse erected in 1876 to improve the lot of both guards and prisoners, while behind it are the foundations of the General Sink and the far end of the barracks foundations previously described.

One hundred yards to the east, the brick and lime-concrete Old Bakery built in 1876 to replace an earlier bake house, has been restored to its condition as a granary, the use to which it was put after 1885 when a new bakery, now in ruin to the east, was constructed.

The large, lime-concrete walled Commissary Storehouse was erected in 1883 and included offices, issue rooms, and storerooms for the variety of clothing, foodstuffs, and supplies controlled by the Commissary. In one large section of this structure are displayed vehicles, implements, stoves and furnishings of certain of the historic structures.

On the hill to the north stand the ruins of the post hospital erected in 1873 in the midst of an old military and civilian cemetery abandoned in 1867, but believed to contain burials as early as that of Milton Sublette in 1836. The hospital contained a 12 bed ward, dispensary, kitchen, dining room, isolation rooms,

surgeon's office, rooms for orderlies and storage, but no laboratory or operating rooms. It was the first lime-concrete building erected at Fort Laramie.

East of the hospital is the ruin of a long, one story building. Built in 1884 it consisted of six, four room apartments for married non-commissioned staff officers.

Looking west from "Hospital Hill", the visitor may look down on the sites of the Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Company's stables and the Rustic Hotel, another of the Post Trader's enterprises during the Black Hills rush. Farther west stand the ruined walls of a sawmill-pumphouse erected in 1887 to replace a predecessor destroyed by fire.

Now after expressing my regret at being unable to accompany you to each and every site on your trek today, I will close to permit you to visit as many of the historic structures here as your time and energy dictate.

1:15 P.M. Departed from Fort Laramie.

1:35 P.M. Arrived at the Yoder ranch where an old HOG RANCH was located on the Laramie River 3-½ miles west of Fort Laramie. One building is still standing.

Mr. John Yoder made the following remarks:

This building was built over a hundred years ago. It was preceded by a group of log buildings across the river. Those buildings burned down, so they moved over here and built this, making it as fireproof as possible out of grout.

It was a settler's trading post established in the late 40's by Seth Ward and William Guerrier to trade with immigrants on the Oregon Trail in competition with Fort Laramie.

After the army took over Fort Laramie in 1849, they did a thriving business here. Also it became an off-limits saloon and roadhouse for the soldiers at Fort Laramie. (It was located just west of the Fort Laramie Military Reservation.)

There were several frame buildings, an adobe hotel, and the barn which is still used to keep horses in when the place was a stage coach station. Although the wall was seven or eight feet high the Indians once tore a hole in the adobe wall and ran off with the horses.

The main building, built of grout, had a courtyard in the center with a well. The walls were over eighteen inches thick and were plastered on the inside.

1:45 P.M. Departed from the Yoder ranch.

1:55 P.M. Arrived at the PORTUGEE PHILLIPS HORSE MARKER (33-½ M.) at the point where the old trail branched to the west and northwest.

The following Tribute to John Phillips by Mr. Warren Richardson was read by Mr. Joseph Weppner.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was my great pleasure as a boy to have known 'Portugee' Phillips, the man we honor here today. In 1883, seventeen years after his famous ride from Fort Phil Kearney to Fort Laramie, he moved to Cheyenne and lived a block from my home. I saw him almost every day. I attended the same class in school with his little daughter, Mamie, who was a delicate girl who soon passed away. At her funeral, I, with other members of her class, was a pallbearer. 'Portugee' Phillips was a medium sized man—thin, and a rather swarthy complexion. In the fall of 1883 he wore a cape over his shoulders, and as he passed our house, I remember many kindly greetings from him. I saw recently in a magazine that the location of the grave of Mr. Phillips was unknown. He died in November, 1883, age 51 years, and I attended his funeral held at the cemetery in Cheyenne, where his wife has erected a beautiful monument. Cheyenne is proud to have his ashes.

Some twenty years ago the Wyoming Legislature created the Historical Landmark Commission and I was appointed a member of that Commission. It was my first thought that a suitable monument should be erected by the State of Wyoming in honor of the man who made the most extraordinary, difficult and courageous ride that is known in history. No other ride is recorded that is even comparable to it; think of it! Two hundred thirty-five miles in less than four days through a country full of thousands of warring Sioux Indians, the middle of the worst winter that had been known for years, with the thermometer thirty to forty degrees below zero. What courage! What endurance!

On the night of December 24, 1866, there was a dance being held in 'Old Bedlam', celebrating Christmas Eve. Some time during the night a man rode up to 'Old Bedlam'. His face and mustache were covered with ice and he was so exhausted he could hardly stand after being helped from his horse. The officer of the guard who received him that night was Herman Haas, the father of genial William Haas, our ex-postmaster of Cheyenne. Mr. Haas has related to his son, Will, the account of 'Portugee' Phillips' reception many times. Mr. Haas, who was a member of the 11th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry stationed at Fort Laramie, asked the rider his name and what he wanted. Mr. Phillips was so weak he could hardly say that he wanted to see the commanding officer. He was taken into the room where the post commander was and he related the horrible details of the Fetterman Massacre that resulted in the death of Fetterman and his command, consisting of eighty-one men at Fort Phil Kearney. He delivered his message which asked for an immediate detail of cavalry to be sent to Fort Phil Kearney for the relief of the garrison which consisted of a

small detachment surrounded by Indians. Without a moment's delay, the commander ordered a bugler to sound 'Boots and Saddles' from the parade ground, and, in about an hour forty cavalrymen—all that could be spared—were hastily prepared and on their way to the relief of the few men, women, and children at Fort Phil Kearney, two hundred-thirty-five miles away. This was some ride, too, which will some day find its way into history.

The horse Phillips rode was taken to the stables where veterinarians worked on him to no avail, as the poor horse soon died of exhaustion. He was a thoroughbred animal owned by Col. Carrington who let Mr. Phillips have him upon his request for the best horse at Fort Phil Kearney.

I am happy to be here today where the Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming has placed a marker on the spot where Mr. Phillips alighted from his horse. There is also a fine monument at Fort Phil Kearney erected by our Commission. My wish that 'Portugee' Phillips be immortalized in the history of Wyoming has been realized.

The noble horse Mr. Phillips rode has been suitably honored by a monument. Mr. Phillips rode only at night; and, allowing twelve hours a day for four days, the riding time would be forty-eight hours, or two days, which would be an average of five miles per hour riding. Mr. Phillips related to me that he carried a small bag of oats from which he fed a little each day to his horse. The faithful animal was rubbed and carefully cared for, even getting a little grass from the snow covered ground. It is to be remembered that the country was full of warring Sioux Indians, which made it necessary for Mr. Phillips to hide out in the daytime.

The trivial comments that are made as to whether Mr. Phillips started on the night of December 21st, or after midnight, running into December 22nd, or whether he arrived on Christmas Eve or the early hours of the 25th, are immaterial. He made the ride in forty-eight riding hours, which makes it the greatest ride in recorded history. It is strange that more accuracy has not been shown in reference to the ride. The man who made the ride and Mr. Herman Haas were both available for years afterward. I consulted them both.

2:05 P.M. Departed from the Phillips Horse Marker.

2:10 P.M. Arrived at the MARY E. HOMSLEY GRAVE just north of a branch of the old road and above the Ft. Laramie Canal, and 400 feet above the Tunnel (one mile northeast of 33-½ M.) Taps were sounded by the Trumpeter.

Briefly the story of the discovery of the grave is as follows:

In November of 1925 a faintly inscribed fragment of sandstone that had evidently been broken from a stone still embedded in

the earth was found on a hillside near Ft. Laramie. After some difficulty the inscription was deciphered to read—

Mary E. Homsley
Died June 25, 1853
Aged 29

A news article on the discovery, published in the Fort Laramie *Scout,* was followed by an editorial in the Portland *Oregonian* which asked the question, 'Who was Mary Homsley?'

The question was soon answered by a daughter of the pioneer woman, Mrs. Laura Gibson, of Portland who 73 years before, at the age of three, had witnessed her mother's burial. Her father, Benjamin Homsley, a blacksmith, with his two young daughters had reached Oregon and had settled on a homestead. There he reared his children, and there he passed away. A reticent, undemonstrative man, he had never talked of the tragic loss, and only through the newspaper articles did Mrs. Gibson learn the place of her mother's death.

From contributions by citizens of Wyoming a cement monument, in which the old stone is embedded, was erected at the grave and on Memorial Day, 1926, it was dedicated by Professor Hebard.

2:20 P.M. Departed from the Homsley Grave.

2:30 P.M. The Caravan paused (36-¼ M.) where a south branch of the old road entered the main one.

2:35 P.M. It again paused (37 M.) where a branch goes right to Mexican Hill.

2:40 P.M. At 39.6 M. turned north on a second branch of the old road to join the first branch at the bottom of MEXICAN HILL. From here drove ½ miles back to the rock cut on the Mexican Hill branch of the road.

3:15 P.M. Departed from Mexican Hill. Paused (40 M.) at the Dugout where a Mexican lived prior to 1850.

3:30 P.M. Arrived at REGISTER CLIFF HISTORICAL MARKER (42-½ M.) and cemetery of unknown graves.

Chester Frederick, a member of the family that donated this memorial to the state of Wyoming made the following statements here:

Honorable C. J. Rogers, Captain of the train, all the 'Wagon Bosses', and 'hired hands', I wish to extend to each of you a sincere welcome to inspect 'Register Cliff Park.' Without question it is one of the smallest parks in existence; however the historical value that it has in relation to the Oregon Trail makes the park one of great importance.

On the rugged face of this bluff you will find the names of many of the emigrants who trod westward to Oregon and California.

I seriously doubt that many of those pioneers who carved their names here intended the inscriptions to be a tourist attraction years later, but carved their names to leave a message for relatives and friends who might pass over this same trail at a later date.

Many of the eastern states are represented in the carvings and various dates are inscribed. To me it seems that Ohio appears the most frequently. In many cases the name of the state is still legible but erosion has erased the dates.

Perhaps the most interesting set of names is that of T. H. Unthank dated 1850, O. N. Unthank 1869, and O. A. Unthank 1931, because three generations are grouped here.

Dimly visible is the outline of a red horse and rider painted on the cliff so as to form a good target. Legend says that soldiers would fire at the rider from their horses at a distance of approximately 200 yards. Upon observing the target you will note that marksmen in the pioneer days were just the same as today. Some hit the target perfectly while others barely hit the bluff.

To the south and west of us is a small fenced plot which is a pioneer cemetery. Your speaker accidentally unearthed one of the graves while digging a posthole. I do now know just how many graves there are in the enclosure but at one time, judging from the sinking of the ground, it appeared that there were sixteen. The late C. A. Guernsey stated there were sixteen.

My mother came over this very trail in a covered wagon fifty-six years ago and my father was born here in 1884. Both of them were especially interested in preserving any article or bit of information pertaining to the early history of this section of Wyoming, so they dedicated it to the pioneers and donated it to the State of Wyoming. The area is now known as 'Register Cliff Park.' The Wyoming Park Commission then fenced the area to protect it from vandals. However, despite the precautions taken some individuals have succeeded in erasing a few of the names from Register Cliff and have carved their own names in the 'Open Register' of the Oregon Trail.

Register Cliff Park, though small, is one of the most important landmarks on the Oregon Trail because it bears a record that the Carsons, the Woods, the Patricks, the Churchills, and the Craigs along with hundreds of other pioneers camped here and then continued their journey westward.

3:35 P.M. Departed from Register Cliff.

3:45 P.M. Arrived at the SAND POINT STAGE AND PONY EXPRESS STATION HISTORICAL MARKER. (43 M.)

The old trading post and stone fort at Sand Point was operated by Ward and Guerrier in the 1840's. The famous old Stage Station operated by Jules E. Coffee in the 50's, was located near the

fort. A remnant of the chimney just south of the old trail still marks the location of this old station.

3:50 P.M. Departed from the Sand Point Stage and Pony Express Station.

4:10 P.M. Arrived at deep ruts in the sandstone south of Guernsey (45 M.). Halted 15 minutes to inspect ruts and base of an old telegraph pole.

4:30 P.M. Arrived at LUCINDA ROLLINS GRAVE.

A prayer was followed by remarks by Maurine Carley:

The finding of Lucinda Rollins' grave was a strange coincidence. As you can see by the marker she was buried in 1849. It was not until 1934, almost one hundred years later, that her grave was re-discovered.

The State Highway Department, through the Landmark Commission, authorized the survey of the Covered Wagon Drive. This drive was to parallel the deep ruts in the Guernsey area of the wagon trains of the old trail days. While surveying, Mr. Seward found a meander stone, which is a mark used in measuring, that had been placed there by someone while meandering here on the south bank of the North Platte River at a point where General John C. Fremont made his first camping place west of old Fort Laramie.

A week later Mr. Seward and Mr. Guernsey returned to locate the spot for the Fremont monument. While working Mr. Seward turned over a chalk-like rock and found it inscribed with the words 'Lucindy Rollins' and some other words which they were not able to read. Mr. Guernsey carried the piece a few yards away and placed it on top of the meander corner stone. Its texture and jagged points fitted perfectly. On their next trip, with the aid of a magnifying glass, they read 'age 24, died June 11, 49, Ohio.'

The first survey using the base of the headstone as a meander stone was made late in the 70's or 80's, Henry G. Hay in charge. This party started from the flag pole on the old parade grounds at Fort Laramie. The top of the stone had been broken off presumably by animals so the base was used by the surveyors.

The markings were preserved on the top portion because it lay face downward for about thirty years. Sixty years after that first survey the top part was found and fitted on the base. The present monument enclosing the original marker was erected by the FERA over the grave.

As for Lucindy Rollins, no one knows for sure who she was nor has her family been traced. Mr. W. W. Morrison, an authority on graves along the Oregon Trail, says there were two Lucinda Rollins who died on the trip West. Mr. Lester Bagley, a Mormon scholar, thinks she was not a Mormon, as she has never been

mentioned in a Mormon diary as far as is known. It was impossible for me to find anything about her in the Historical Department in Cheyenne.

Hundreds of early pioneers lie in unmarked graves along the old trails. However Lucinda Rollins must have been a loved daughter or wife of one of the early travelers as more time than usual was spent carving and placing her marker.

4:45 P.M. Departed from the Rollins Grave.

Passed up WARM SPRINGS (47 M.) on account of the late hour.

Miss Lola M. Homsher furnished the following paper on these historical springs and camp site for the record:

Upon reaching the point on the Oregon Trail at which was located the Big Spring or Warm Spring, often called the Emigrants Wash or Laundry Tub, the emigrant had traveled 680 miles from his point of departure, Independence. He had left the last remote outpost of civilization at Fort Laramie and was looking toward the even longer trek to the Pacific. By this time he had met many hardships and but few conveniences, and upon arriving at the warm spring many a train stopped long enough to allow its members to make themselves a little more comfortable and presentable.

A major problem of trail travelers was that of keeping their clothing clean and in order. Many of the emigrants failed to realize what kinds of clothing would be advisable for the overland trek and how hard on their clothes travel would be. On the plains clothes usually had to be washed in cold water because there was relatively little if any wood near the camp sites, and buffalo chips did not make a very hot fire.

The temperature of the water in this spring is generally given as about seventy degrees. However, John Steele in his diary in 1850 had this to say on his visit to the spring:

Tuesday, June 25: "This morning we left the river and struck across the terminating spurs of the Black Hills. In about seven miles, leaving the train, I descended into a deep ravine on the right side of the road, to visit a warm spring. It was very large, and with a temperature of ninety degrees."

This is much warmer than is generally mentioned, and should the water have been that hot the spring might have been named "hot" rather than "warm". W. J. Ghent in his book *The Road to Oregon* states that at thirteen miles from Fort Laramie the emigrants "passed Big Springs (also called Warm Spring, because its water was not icy cold.)" Mr. Lester Bagley, Wyoming State Game & Fish Commissioner, in a recent test of the water found the temperature registers between 60-62 degrees.

Captain John C. Fremont in his *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains* in the year 1842 is possibly the

first person to make a written account of the spring. In his report he wrote:

"The road led over an interesting plateau between the North fork of the Platte on the right, and Laramie river on the left. At the distance of ten miles from the fort, we entered the sandy bed of a creek, a kind of defile, shaded by precipitous rocks, down which we wound our way for several hundred yards to a place where, on the left bank, a very large spring gushes with considerable noise and force out of the limestone rock. It is called "the Warm Spring," and furnishes to the hitherto dry bed of the creek a considerable rivulet. On the opposite side, a little below the spring, is a lofty limestone escarpment, partially shaded by a grove of large trees, whose green foliage, in contrast with the whiteness of the rock, renders this a picturesque locality. The rock is fossiliferous, and, so far as I was able to determine the character of the fossils, belongs to the carboniferous limestone of the Missouri river, and is probably the western limit of the formation. Beyond this point I met with no fossils of any description."

Overton Johnson and William H. Winter in their guide *Route Across the Rocky Mountains,* published in 1846, reported on Warm Springs stating that it was a good place for camping. They wrote: "Warm Spring. Between Fort Laramie and this point, there is no water, without descending to the North Fork, which will be very difficult. At the Warm Springs, there is an abundance of wood, and there will be no difficulty in using the water; but the grass is sufficient for only a few companies. They are a few hundred yards to the right of the trail. These Springs are at the entrance of the Black Hills, and the road beyond them is, in many places, steep and rocky; but from the last waters of the Kansas, thus far, it is certainly an excellent one."

By the time that Joseph E. Ware published his *Emigrants' Guide to California* in 1849, he apparently did not recommend the Springs as a camping place. In his guide he indicated them as a landmark and noted that Heber Spring, 13 miles farther, was a good place to camp.

John Charles Thompson in his column "In Old Wyoming" in the *Wyoming State Tribune* of August 3, 1947, stated that the spring "was a long day's drag from Ft. Laramie for the slow-moving caravans and comparatively few, probably, made it an overnight camping place. The advantages of warm water—the temperature is about 70 degrees—doubtless inspired many a halt there, however. Clothing perhaps uncleansed since travelers left Independence, Mo., 680 miles and many weeks distant, could be comfortably washed, and human bodies too. But wood was scarce and the spot exposed to attack from every side."

He went on to say "That the Indians foregathered at these springs and spent much time there is attested by the innumerable flakings from stone implement fashioning which litter the adjacent

hillside. It was the country of the Cheyenne and Arapahoes, into which the Crows and Shoshones occasionally ventured in force. The Sioux did not come south of the river until after 'pickings' from the white men's invasion attracted them there.

"The beasts, of course, knew these springs. It requires little imgaination to visualize the buffalo shouldering one another in effort to get to soothing water of the warm pool."

William Clayton who kept a diary of the westward trek of the Mormon pioneers in 1847 made mention of the Warm Springs on June 5. He wrote that "at 11:35 a.m. halted for noon opposite a very large spring noted by Fremont as the warm spring. The water in this spring was very clear and soft, but considerably warmer than the river water. . . . While nooning some of the brethren visited the head of the spring which bubbled out of the bluff and made a rivulet about four feet wide and three inches deep—enough water to run a common flour mill."

Orson Pratt, a member of this same train, wrote also on June 5 "The name of Warm Spring; the water is not so cold as one would expect. The quantity is nearly sufficient to carry a common flour mill, being very clear. By our road it is fifteen miles from the junction of Laramie River and North Fork."

Joseph Hackney and his party on June 16, 1849, made a record of the spring but failed to stop there. Hackney wrote "traveled 20 miles roads hard and rolled but later tolerable hilly we pass the warm spring in the forenoon and then ascended a long rocky hill we camped for the night on the bitter cottonwood water grass very poor good wood plenty."

Two days before, Henry Tappan and his party had apparently stopped at the spring after leaving Ft. Laramie, for in his diary he recorded "To day remained in Camp. For the first time on the route I tried my hand in the art of washing dirty clothes. Succeeded admirabley although my fingers suffered some from the effects of very good soap."

Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly in their diary mention Warm Springs on June 15, 1849, but stated that they failed to pass by it, "having kept on the ridge road, leaving the spring to our right."

J. Goldsborough Bruff on July 12, 1849, did go to the spring, and he stated in his diary: "Soon reached the Warm-Sp'g brook, government wagon and men there, and the lime-kilns close by." Loomis in his Journal stated "Warm Springs, Lat. 42° 15' 6". This is a very strong spring of clear water, but it is warmer than river water, at all seasons of the year."

While by searching through the various trail diaries numerous mentions of the springs can be found, the stories of the human tragedies which occurred nearby are less easily located. John Steele in his diary which has appeared in the book *Across the*

Plains in 1850 and who was quoted earlier in this paper, continued with his account after visiting the spring:

"Ascending through a canon, or great cleft in the rock, I came out on a wide prairie, across which was clearly marked the red outline of the road. My own train was pursuing its way in the distance, but a group of tents and wagons near the road, indicated an unwilling halt.

"As I approached I saw in a tent, the sides of which were lifted, a young man in the last stages of cholera. Kind hands had raised him up and, no doubt, rendered all possible aid. In his delirium he was repeating familiar names, probably of brothers and sisters. At last he exclaimed, 'O mother! mother! why don't some of you come?' And looking earnestly around, as if trying to recognize some familiar face, the light faded from his eyes, and he was gone. His companions went out to prepare his grave by the side of two others which yesterday had met a like fate. All the rest of the company seemed in usual health, but language could not express how depressed and sad they were. Greatly affected by the scene I hurried away, but ere I had crossed the prairie, found six more newly made graves, showing how rapidly cholera was doing its work."

In the Guernsey Gazette of July 2, 1937, appeared a story on the burning of a wagon train near these springs during the trail days. I would like to quote the article:

"Not all history is told, nor all evidence gathered in the migration westward of the nation. Thousands of men fell by the roadside, with no evidence recorded of their passing, nor is there a crude stone to mark their last resting place. They were never heard from again by relatives back home. . . .

"At a location on a knoll about a half mile beyond the (Warm) Springs was mute evidence of a wagon train disaster. Here a train of eight or ten wagons had drawn into its circle for the night, or for defense. Here they witnessed an attack upon the train. It was burned to the ground by the Indians. For many years there lay the stark evidence of this tragedy—old wagon irons of each wagon and its contents were in place, with only here and there a piece of a charred spoke of a wheel or like fragment of charred wood, as evidence of what took place.

"This circle of burned wagons was lying in place 25 years ago (1912) and many early residents of the locality recall vividly its appearance. It has all been carried away as relics but there are many here yet who saw it as it was left after the attack.

"Exactly what took place we can only surmise. Here was complete evidence of a disaster to a wagon train. Were there any survivors? We find no reference to this train attack in history. The country was infested with the hostile Sioux.

"A few weeks ago Ed. Shoults of Horse Creek, this state, who

lived here as a boy when the town first started at the turn of the century, and hunted rabbits over the hills, investigating as boys will, all the hills and crannies in the whole immediate territory, gave the writer a vivid description of the picture of the burned wagon train.

"Will the historian learn just what took place at this location through some yet undiscovered diary, or will this probable tragedy of the trail be erased completely with the passing of time?

"Over on the south bank of the Warm Springs wash, about 50 yards west from a point directly south of the Springs, and back on the bank a short distance was a little graveyard with five or six graves, with crude markers indicating their location. Time has eroded all evidence of this little burial ground. Warm Springs draw carries the run-off of a large watershed and at times a rolling torrent comes pouring down into the Platte. The banks of the draw have crumbled away by the washing water until all evidence of the last resting place of these emigrants is gone, yet there are some here who remember it. Were they some of the unfortunate victims of the wagon train attack? We have no way of knowing."

5:10 P.M. Arrived at the FREDERICK RANCH opposite 47-½ M. on the north branch of the old road. We were welcomed by Mr. Henry Frederick, then spent twenty minutes looking at the Indian artifacts and old time relics in his Museum.

5:30 P.M. The Following Farewell statement was made by Mr. L. C. Bishop.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Here at Henry Frederick's ranch and museum 47 Oregon Trail miles from the east Wyoming boundary ends what we choose to call TREK NO. 1 of 1953 over the east section of the old trail. Some time this fall we plan to make a second trek and cover the next 43 miles of the road that we have mapped. This will take us to La Bonte Station on La Bonte Creek. Albert Sims is my partner in this mapping project which we hope to complete the next few years and as the mapping is completed, we hope to have more treks in order that those who are interested may have the benefit of the information we have obtained. Today you have heard talks by those who have made it their business to be informed on the early history of this old trail and in each future trek we plan to call on those best informed in the areas we traverse the same as we have today.

Thank you one and all for your interest in our project and for your cooperation in making Trek No. 1 a success. All who have registered will be notified of the time of the next trek and furnished a program. If you think it worthwhile we will be glad to have you with us again.

Niobrara County

By

MAE URBANEK

Like the ripple of its waters,
Rising in its prairie grass lands,
Sounds the name of Niobrara—
Indian for flat and spacious.

Niobrara linking history,
Holding past and future glory;
Niobrara, land of contrasts,
Rich in oil and food and folklore.

One hundred and fifty million years ago
The dinosaurs lived here.
Immense and slow, they ate
The swampy growth and smaller dinosaurs;
Then swallowed stones, like chickens do
To grind this food.
Their brains were small.
When the Rocky Mountains rose
And Niobrara lands were drained and dry,
The dinosaurs died. The best collection
Of their bones in all the world
Stayed here, preserved in printed rocky sheets,
Scalloped with shells of clams,
For us to read.

Crude skinning knives of the flinty rock,
Hatchets and hoes of stone
Are artifacts of an ancient race
That lived here in ages unknown.

Their shop sites tell of industry;
Of mass production time;
The "Spanish Diggings" hide many clues
Of mankind's upward climb.

The Indians came.
For centuries they wandered on these plains
And hunted buffalo. Beneath Chalk Buttes,
Along the Silver Springs they camped and chipped

Their arrowheads, perfect in form, not crude
As those of the more ancient race. Trusting,
Friendly, kind, they welcomed white man's coming
Until he killed their buffalo and stole
Their prairie land.

Came the cattle and the cowboys
Drivin' up the Texas Trail;
Silver spurs and silver buckles,
On through deserts, blizzards, hail.

Keep the herd apointed, movin';
Sing 'em lullabies at night;
Once delivered—free for prowlin'—
Poppin' corn with dynamite.

Gold discovered—fever mountin';
Stage coach rumbles on its way—
Rawhide Buttes and Running Water,
Hat Creek, Cheyenne River—change and hay.

Many were the necktie parties
All for little bricks of gold.
Cattle barons quickly flourished—
Land was free to grab and hold.

Came the teamsters and the railroad—
Silver threads through prairie grass;
Came the town sites and the bankers,
Education, polished glass.

A tent town nestled by a hill
And grew to fill the valley. Lusk
Outlived its booms and breaks, and still
Invites, as in homesteading days,
When sod shacks grew as fast as mushrooms
And like mushrooms sank away.

Gleaming towers of oil wells lit
The ancient homes of dinosaurs;
And Black Gold flowed to benefit
Enlarging schools; while farmers broke
The fertile soil, and stockmen watched
Each acre, eager to revoke
The plow—enlarge their herds.

Men still have the cowboy spirit;
Like their boot heels and their hats;

Boys can ride 'em, buckin', twistin'—
Also rate with balls and bats.

Women have their clubs and parties,
Good as cooks and good at bridge.
Life is full of flash and challenge
On gumbo flats or on Pine Ridge.

Famous for your howling blizzards;
Finest grass land in the state;
Highest in your oil production—
Niobrara, you create

Winners in the nation's contests,
A Senator, a beauty queen;
Champions in livestock judging—
Though your number is fourteen.

Niobrara, we salute you.
You have wealth, unused, untold.
In the spirit of your people
Is your lead of hidden gold.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART V—1860-1862

LI

F. W. LANDER, SUPT., U. S. OVERLAND WAGON ROAD AND SPECIAL AGENT TO TRIBES ALONG THE ROUTE, TO COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 11, 1860. *Extract.*[127]

Sir.

In pursuance of the letter of instructions of Acting Commissioner Charles E Mix of March 26th 1859, I have carried out

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127. L/318-1860. The whole of Lander's report is printed in 36th Congress, 1st Session, *Senate Executive Document 42* (Serial 1008), pp. 121-139. At the time Lander was preparing to leave Washington, Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, wrote Acting Commissioner Mix on March 25, 1859, to say:

> Mr. F. W. Lander Superintendent of the Fort Kearney South Pass & Honey Lake road is about to proceed across the Rocky Mountains to California *via* the South Pass, the Upper basin of Green River and the Valley of Snake River near Fort Hall, through the Shoshone or Snake Indian region and the country of the Pannocks and other small tribes.
>
> The opportunity aforded by this journey of Mr. Lander, to hold intercourse with these Indians and impress upon them the importance of maintaining amicable relations with the whites and to secure a pledge to abstain from molesting the Emigrants who may pass over the new road has induced me to adopt suggestions made by him in regard to distributing presents among them, To enable him to do so, you will place at his disposal a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars from such appropriations as you may deem applicable and give him such instructions as may be proper to secure the end desired, it being understood that the service is to be performed without compensation. . . .

Lander himself, under date of March 23, 1859, set forth a schedule of articles desired, adding, "The above is the amount for a single half lodge or a very small family and should be multiplied by 300 for the Washikee band of Snakes with their friends & visitors, the Northern Pannacks & sheep-Eaters——by 200—for the Pannack tribe, and by 300 for the two bands of Western Snakes." He also wanted "1 Uniform Coat or Suit for the Chief Washikee," valued at $50. (L/739-1859)

the Specifications therein embraced, visited the tribes enumerated, and have the honor to report;

The Eastern Snakes.

On the second day of July [1859], the principal payment was made to the Eastern or Washikeek Band of Snake Indians at the Crossing of Big Sandy river, forty miles west from the South Pass in the presence of a large number of emigrants. Subsequent payments were made to small parties of this tribe as the Expedition proceeded.

No instance is on record of the Eastern Snakes having Committed outrages upon the whites. The presents were given as a reward for their good behavior in the past, and as a payment for the destruction of their root and herding grounds by the animals of the emigration. They were requested to aid overland travellers by every means in their power, to restore strayed and lost stock and in case of any outrage being committed upon them by emigrants, to refrain from reprisal, but report it through their chief to proper authorities. These points were explained to them by excellent interpreters, were agreed to and have been implicitly regarded. The life of an emigrant was saved by an indian at "Green river crossing" and great assistance rendered at the same dangerous ford in passing trains, by the mounted warriors of the tribe. Lost Stock has been driven in, and by a paper bearing over nine thousand signatures, the emigrants state "that they have been most kindly treated by the indians."

At the payment, the emigrants were given to understand the object of the disbursement of presents and have treated the indians with consideration and respect.

The Eastern Snakes range from the waters of Wind river or latitude 43° 30' on the north and from the South Pass to the head waters of the North Platte on the east, and to Bear river near the mouth of Smith's Fork on the west. They extend south as far as Brown's Hole on Green river. Their principal subsistence is the roots and seeds of the wild vegetables of the region they inhabit. the mountain trout, with which all the streams of the Country are abundantly supplied, and wild game. The latter is now very scarce in the vicinity of the new and old emigrant roads.

The immense herds of antelope I remember having seen along the route of the new road [Lander Cutoff] in 1854 and 1857 seem to have disappeared. These indians visit the border ground between their own Country and the Crows and Blackfeet for the purpose of hunting Elk, Antelope and stray herds of Buffalo When these trips are made they travel only in large bands for fear of the Blackfeet and Crows. With the Pannachs and parties of Salt Lake Diggers they often make still longer marches into the northwestern buffalo ranges on the head waters of the Missouri and Yellow Stone.

These excursions usually last over winter, the more western indians who join them passing over a distance of twelve hundred miles on the out and return journey.

They are at peace with the Flatheads, hunting with them on the buffalo grounds. They seem to have no discretion in the killing of game. The antelope "surrounds" in which the whole tribe often engages are made at that season of the year when the antelope is heavy with young or has the fawn by her side. I witnessed one of these "surrounds" on the head waters of Green river in 1858. On this occasion the whole herd of Antelope was slaughtered indiscriminately.

Wash-ikeek, the principal chief of the tribe is half Flathead. He obtained his popularity in the nation by various feats as a warrior and it is urged by some of the Mountaineers by his extreme severity. This has in one or two instances, extended so far as taking life. The word Washikee or Washekeek signifies "Gambler's Gourd." He was originally called "Pina-qua-na" or "Smell of Sugar." "Push-e-can" or "Pur-chi-can," another war Chief of the Snakes, bears upon his forehead the scar of a blow of the tomahawk given by Washikee in one of their altercations. Washikee, who is also known by the name of "the white man's friend," was many years ago in the employment of the American and Hudson's Bay Fur Companies. He was the Constant Companion of the white trappers, and his superior knowledge and accomplishments may be attributed to this fact.

He is very light Colored, remarkably tall and well formed, even majestic in appearance, and in my own opinion, an undeniable half breed. He is desirious of visiting Washington with the principal warriors of his tribe, never having been further east than Fort Laramie. The policy of making provision for this visit is evident, many of the more warlike tribes in his vicinity and some of the Eastern Snakes having been led to believe that the whites are very few in number.

I have not heard the Chiefs of the more western tribes speak of such a visit, but they would probably join in it. As my instructions did not direct any such arrangement, I could only inform the Chief that I would make his wishes known to the Great Father.

Washikee expresses himself in favor of the Reserve System, and has named a section of Country near the Medicine Bow Butte [Elk Mountain, north of the Medicine Bow range] on the border lands of his tribe as a suitable place for farming purposes I should anticipate some difficulty at the present time, in any endeavor to unite the Eastern Snakes upon a reserve. I made them offers of seeds and utensils which were not well received. They express themselves very favorably in reference to herding and might be restrained to habits of discipline and self denial in this respect were suitable agents appointed to reside among

them. They are a wandering tribe and range at different seasons of the year, as necessity calls, over the entire region I have described.

The Salt Lake Diggers intermarry with the Eastern Snakes and are on good terms with them. Among these indians, are some of the worst in the mountains. Washikee will not permit a horse thief or a vagabond to remain in his band, but many of the Mormon indians go about the Country with minor Chiefs calling themselves Eastern Snakes. Old Snag, a Chief sometimes seen on Green river, who proclaims himself an Eastern Snake, and friend of the Americans, but who is, I am informed, half Pannack. is of this class.—His character is very doubtful; although no actual proof exists of his participation in robberies, he has been known to permit young men to travel in his band who have stolen horses from emigrants.—An instance of this sort has occurred the present season, to which I shall refer in my remarks upon the Pannack tribe.—

Southern indians pass, on their way "to Buffalo" (a technical term) through the lands of the Eastern Snakes and Pannacks, and the latter are often made to bear the blame of their horse-stealing proclivities.—The Southern or Salt Lake Snakes or Diggers are, as a class, more civilized than Washikee's band; many of them speak English exceedingly well and are very good farm laborers.—They are the most dangerous indians in the country. and if they could be gathered on a reserve during the passage of the emigration, where they can be made to support themselves much more readily than the Northern indians, it would be a matter of great benefit to the overland travel.—

Any steps which could be taken to augment the power of Washikee who is perfectly safe in his attachment to the Americans and Northern Mountaineers, would also prove beneficial.—

A depredation was committed in the Eastern Snake country by Salt Lake Diggers on their way "to Buffalo," a fine ox being shot down owing to a quarrel which grew out of a horse trade with an emigrant named Amberson Huff.—The man could not have gone on without another ox, which was purchased for him out of the funds of the Wagon Road Expedition and charged to your Bureau.—

The Eastern Snakes speak the same language as the Camanches and often visit that warlike tribe. The Southern Snakes or Diggers have slightly different pronunciation for some words. Their language is called by mountaineers Digger Snake.

The Western Snakes who go about the Country with the Pannacks also use a slightly different pronunciation from the Camanche or pure Snake of the Eastern Mountains.

[There follow discussions of the Bannacks or Pannacks, reported to live in the Snake country and as far south as Cache

Valley on occasion, with special attention to the chiefs Mopeah and Tash-e-pah (who, like Washakie, was reported to be half Flathead, and a friend to the Americans), with some account also of the activities of "Salt Lake Diggers" in the Snake area. Subsequently Lander remarks upon the "Western Snakes" of the Humboldt River area, mentioning that these are called by the mountain men "Sho-sho-kos."]

Schedule of the number of the various bands referred to in this report or visiting the emigrant roads via the South Pass.

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I have estimated seven individuals to the lodge This is a larger number than is usual in a buffalo Country where the skin lodge is less costly than among the Snakes.

Shoshonees or Eastern Snakes

Chief Wash-i-kee or Wash-i-keek — in english "Gambler's gourd," or Pina-qua-na, in english "Smell of sugar."—Lodges, 125. Subsistence—Buffalo, small game, fish, wild roots and seeds.—Range—Green river Country. Horses. a large number.

Salmon river Snakes; Bannacks and Snakes and Sheep-eaters

Chief. Qai-tan-i-an—in english "Foul Hand" with "Old Snag" and the Bannack "Grand Coquin"—Lodges 50—Subsistence—Salmon and trout, elk, deer and antelope Range—On Salmon river and the mountains north of it—Horses—a small number.

A Small band of the Sheep Eaters are very fierce and wild, rarely visiting whites.

Western Snakes

Chief. Am-a-ro-ko—in english. "Buffalo Meat under the Shoulder"—Lodges 75. Subsistence—Buffalo meat and wild vegetables.—Range—Kamass prairie—Horses—Large number.—Po-ca-ta-ro's band. Goose Creek mountains, heads of Humboldt, Raft Creek and Mormon settlements.—Horses—Few.

Bannacks or Pannakees or Pannacks

Chief Mo-pe-ah, in english—"Horn of hair on the forehead"—Lodges—60. Subsistence—Buffalo meat and wild vegetables—Range—In Country of Salt river and tributaries—Horses—Large number.

Bannacks of Fort Boise

Chief — Po-e-ma-che-ah,—in english "Hairy Man"—Lodges 100. Subsistence—Salmon fish, wild vegetables and roots—Range—In neighborhood of Fort Boise. Horses—large number.

Salt Lake Diggers; Lower or Southern Snakes

Chief. Indian name unknown—in english "Long Beard" Lodges —50. Subsist Amongst the Mormons and by hunting and plunder Range—Around Salt Lake—Horses—Few.

Warraricas—(in english—"Sun Flower seed eaters") or Diggers or Bannacks below Fort Boise, west of Blue Mountains.

Chief Pash-e-co or Pa-chi-co. in english "Sweet Root" Medicine man and head of all the Bannacks or Pannakees; thought a wonderful prophet by the Snakes—Lodges. 150. Subsistence—Roots and the Kamass with plunder Range—Head of John Days river and west of Blue mountains—Horses—very few—They steal the latter from the Cayuses.

All the above indians travel together and intermarry. They hold the entire country. I Consider the Eastern Snakes as in some measure isolated from the rest and as being more particularly under the direction of the reliable chief Washikee.

If the leading men of the disaffected tribes could be induced to visit Washington it would serve an important purpose. They know nothing of the number and actual power of the Gentiles, so called, and in my opinion are constantly deceived in regard to them.

I recommend to you any of the following individuals as suitable persons to carry out your views in reference to the collection of any information required or the establishment of Agents in the Country.

Timothy Goodale would make a suitable agent for the Eastern Snakes. He is very reliable and has great influence with the Chief Washikee. From circumstances occurring which led me to doubt some of the statements of individuals having influence with the tribe, and present at the payment, I sent a night express after Goodale and he was of great service to me at that time. He is now in this city [Washington, D. C.], if required for service would need a notification as he is a mountain trader, and will soon leave for the border.

Thomas Adams, a citizen of this District, but who has passed the last seven years in the Rocky Mountains is well known among those Pannacks and Western Snakes who range east of Salmon Falls and north of Snake river. He is also familiar with some of the Salt Lake Diggers.

Old Richard Grant who was for many years the Hudson Bay Factor at Fort Hall understands these western indians perfectly and is now in that Country. His son John Grant, who is married into the Western Snake tribe and is brother-in-law of the celebrated Ten-toi, is not so well educated, but can give much information about them. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Fort Hall.

Thomas Lavatti, the half breed already referred to in this report is one of the best men in the mountains; brave, reliable and sensible in all his views in relation to the Indians. I think his advice as to the best method of approaching and Controlling the western Snakes and Pannacks to prevent war by the use of presents or by a little timely severity to the worst members of the tribes in concert with their Chiefs might be received with Consideration. He is a most excellent interpreter.

Isaac Frapp or Shoshonee Aleck,—the half breed, who has been two years in the employment of the [Wagon Road] expedition, is a very excellent and faithful man. He is both brave and honest. His services of the present season are referred to in Mr. [William H.] Wagner's report.

I think it will be necessary to have a road agent at the South Pass the coming season to inform emigrants of the new road—and to prevent the emigration being directed across the desert by interested parties who pick up the abandoned, or buy, at low prices, the tired cattle of overland travellers. This road agent should have the protection of a few companions.

It is my opinion that Indian presents should again be sent into the Country, for the agent can do nothing without them.

LII

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO A. B. GREENWOOD, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 27, 1860.[128]

Sir: On the subject of new Indian farms, in addition to what I have already said, in letters and in my last annual report, I respectfully call your attention to the propriety of immediately locating the proposed new farms, as it will be difficult, even now, to obtain a sufficiency of eligible farming land, not already occupied by settlers, for two of the proposed new farms. The third is not so absolutely material, neither in regard to locality, or condition of the Indians; this third new farm is intended for Wash-a-kee's tribe of Shoshonees; numbering about 1200; and a small tribe of Banacks about 500. (See my last report.)

I recommend a concentration of all "Pah-Utes," now roaming in small bands through the southern portion of the Territory, on one reservation, if one sufficiently large can be found. These bands extend from Beaver City, & valley, south to California, and are the most destitute Indians of the Territory.

Another farm is intended for the Shoshonees, roaming in Salt Lake, Ogden, Weber, Bear river, Cache, and Malade vallies.

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128. F/103-1860.

All these could be concentrated on one reservation to be located somewhere in the northern part of the Territory. (I again refer to my last report.)

On these three new farms, and on the five already in progress, all the indians of the Territory (excepting those in the Carson Valley Agency,) could be concentrated.

The 4th farm is intended for Carson Valley Agency; the locality &c. must be determined by the Agent.

Five thousand dollars, for each proposed new farm, is in my opinion, sufficient to start these farms successfully. . . .

LIII

JACOB FORNEY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO A. B. GREENWOOD, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 11, 1860.[129]

Sir: I have resumed the duties of the Superintendency for reasons that I have stated

We have already learned from papers and other sources, of Indian depredations in the western portion of this Territory, principally on and adjacent to the California Mail Route.[130] These depredations have been principally, if not altogether confined within the limits of the Carson Valley Agency, and among the Western Pey Ute Indians.

Immediately upon hearing of these Indian outbreaks Gov Cumming promptly communicated with Col [Charles F.] Smith, the present commander of the Department of Utah, who without delay, detailed several companies of U. S. Troops for the California Mail route. This prompt action with the movement of a portion of the U. S. troops under General [N. S.] Clarke in California, and the volunteer organization and action in Carson Valley will, I am confident, speedily bring the Indians to terms.

I also despatched a reliable person, with certain appliances, among the Go Sha Utes and Sho Sho Nees along the Mail Route as far as Ruby Valley and even beyond if deemed necessary. Bad Indians and worse white men, with the aid of causes that at present exist to the great detriment of the public interest, have conspired to excite the Indians all over the Territory

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129. F/176-1860. Various charges having been brought against him, the Indian Office ordered hearings on these charges in Great Salt Lake City in the spring of 1860, during which time Forney was under suspension. Eventually he was dismissed from office. These troubles contributed to the neglect of the Indians in Utah during 1860.

130. Forney refers to Nevada's "Paiute War" of 1860, which gave a thorough scare to the miners and occasioned a good deal of trouble to the overland mail.

The Northern Sho Sho Nees and Bannacks have been anoying the northern settlements. I will leave tomorrow to visit the northern Indians. I expect to meet a considerable body of them in Cache Valley or some other point north. I sent an express for this purpose, North last Saturday.

I will give Agent [A.] Humphreys instructions about the Utes and Southern Py-Utas. I will also visit the Sho Sho Nees between Fort Bridger and Rocky Mountains

Under existing circumstances it cannot be expected that I can accomplish much. I will however devote my time, energies and private credit for the benefit of the public interest, until I leave for the East.

The great wonder to me is, that the Indians are not much worse, and even as it is, the Indians are accused of many thefts, which are committed by white men, such as discharged soldiers & teamsters, Camp followers, apostate Mormons &c . . . .

LIV

Gov. A. Cumming, et al., to A. B. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Nov. 1, 1860.[131]

To the Hon. A. B. Greenwood Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Washington D. C.

The undersigned actuated by a sense of duty, would respectfully call your attention, and through you the attention of Congress to the pressing necessity of taking immediate steps towards bringing the Indians of the Territory of Utah under treaty obligations.

It is believed that this Territory presents the only instance of the organization of a Territorial Government by Congress, — the country thrown open to settlement, without measures being first adopted to extinguish the Indian title,— The result has been repeated, and almost constant depredations by the Indians upon the settlers, the destruction of whole fields of grain,—stealing and driving away stock, and in many instances the most wanton and cruel murder of peaceful and unoffending citizens. Those more kindly disposed have resorted to petty theft, and begging; all however urging in Justification of their course, that their own country was taken possession of without their consent; their grass and water used, their game driven off, and they left to suffer and starve. The burthens of all this, to the amount of thousands of dollars annually, have been born by the people of this Territory,

131. R/1276-1860. The memorial was transmitted in a letter from Special Agent E. F. Ruth to Commissioner of Indian Affairs A. B. Greenwood, dated Washington, Dec. 8, 1860.

which has operated very oppressively when taken in connection with other hardships, incidental to the settlement of a new country, so far in the interior: —

Your memorialists need not refer in detail to the murder of Capt. [John W.] Gunnison and party by the Indians, while engaged in a government exploration and survey, or the more recent and atrocious murders in western Utah [i.e. Nevada], by which a number of valuable lives were lost—all of which we doubt not would have been prevented, had the Indians been treated by the government as other Indians in settled Territories, and placed under treaty stipulations. —

Why we might ask, has the government neglected to make treaties with the *Utes,* the *Digers,* the *Shoshones;* and left the settlers of Utah at *their* mercy; and in the meantime formed treaties with other Tribes, paying them tens of thousands annually in the way of annuities and presents. The argument we believe in justification of the course pursued towards the Indians of Utah, is that as the country was obtained from Mexico, and as that nation, never recognized the Indian title, the United States would adopt the same policy, and if necessary take possession of the country by force.[132]

We would respectfully submit whether this is not too enlightened, too great, and too humane a government, to borrow and adopt the errors and barbarities of any semi-savage nation. Besides, the country was purchased with the incumbrance of the possessory right of the Indians, and when thrown open to settlement, if Mexico does not remove the incumbrance, it seems but reasonable that the United States should.

The first great duty of the government—is to protect the citizen in the full enjoyment of all his civil and political rights, and by the organization of a Territory, it invites settlement, derives revenue from the sale of public lands, and is presumed to follow the citizen with its protecting arm; Its duties are two fold:—as the guardian of the Indian, it must see that his rights are preserved, and a fair compensation rendered for the possession which the government seeks to appropriate, and as the protector of the citizen, it must guard carefully his life, liberty and property.

All Indian treaties have been based upon the ground of policy; — *justice* to the savage, *not* title in him.—Upon the ground that it was more just, more humane, to purchase their possession, and dispossess them peacably, than to take possession by force,— The Indians of Utah have a possession which to them is as valuable, as sacred as that of any other Tribe with which the government ever treated.—To say to them that the country was derived from a nation that did not recognize their right of occupancy, and

132. This was never the policy of the United States government.

therefore the United States would not, would be using logic, which they would neither regard nor understand.

It is sufficient for them to know that the Great Spirit gave this country to their fathers, sent the deer and antelope here for their food, and that while all that remains of their fathers are their graves, the hunting ground as their decendants belongs to them.—

Already do they well understand, that Treaties have been made with other Indians, by which *their* lands have been purchased, and they are becoming impatient and indeed hostile, because the same course is not pursued with them. We are fully satisfied that much longer they cannot be restrained from open and avowed hostility. They fully realize the effect produced by settlement, taking possession of their most valuable hunting ground, driving off their game, consumeing their grass; and begging and plunder, seem to them not only Justifiable but their only alternative.—

Therefore, as an act of Justice to the Indian, for the peace of the country, for the protection of settlers and travelers, we would most earnestly recommend that immediate steps be taken, to form Treaties, with the *Utes, Pi-Utes—Diggers* and *Shoshones* or *Snakes,* conscientiously believing, that such Treaties will be less expensive to the general government, than the present Indian policy in Utah, and that such action is indispensable in preventing the sacrafice of human life.

Great Salt Lake City
Nove. 1st 1860

J. F. Kinney
Ch. Justice

Henry R. Crosby
Associate Justice

Wm H Rogers Ind Agent

Respectfully Yours
A Cumming
Gov. U Ty.

Francis H. Wootton
Secretary of State

S. C. Stambaugh
Sur. Genl.

LV

WILLIAM H. ROGERS, INDIAN AGENT, TO WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 18, 1861.[133]

Dear Sir

Knowing the interest that is felt in the Great Overland central rout, by the public, and your self, I deem it my duty as an Indian Agent to let you know the condition of Indian Affairs in

133. C/1203-1861. This letter reached the Indian Office under cover of one by Frederick Cook, Treasurer, Overland Mail Co., New York, June 3, 1861, which says further:

This, & like intimations from other reliable sources, lead us to

this Territory at present (that is in my agency).[134] I wrote a letter to Mr. Mix about the first of March last, asking him to answer my letter by pony [Pony Express]—I have not received a line from him; since writing that letter, I have had frequent appeals from the "Snake Indians" to make them a visit and give them a few presents; but have had no means to do so; and I now think if something is not done there will be trouble this summer, and I take this opportunity of informing the Department through you that if these Indians, who are the best in the Rocky Mountains and who pride themselves that they have never spilled the blood of a white man are not looked after, the Department must answer for it; they have been deceived by promises from both Forney and Davies,[135] and have received nothing since the winter of '57, and then only a small quantity of good [goods?]—they are a large band—Washakee is their Chief, they are the bravest and most intelligent Indians in the Territy:—his tribe have deserted him, or as they say they have thrown him away, he has always ruled them and could hold them in complete subjection until now. He told me last Summer that his Indians lost Confidence in him that he had made them promises of good on the word of the Superintendent to him; there is no Indian in the Tribe who can manage things so well as Washakee—he should be restored to his former position as Chief, this can be done at present with but little trouble, the Snakes say they do not intend to let the Mail or Emigrants pass through their Country if they do not get some presents this Spring; it should be attended to without delay; they seem to think that the bad Indians who kill & steal get presents while they get only promises, and seem to have come to the conclusion that bad Indians are the only ones who are rewarded, which is very near the truth as far as this Territory is Concerned—

I have had a long conversation with Mr. James Bromley your Mail Agent this morning, he informs me that if something is not done soon, there will be trouble in the Snake Count[r]y, which is in his division.—There are not enough U. S. Troops in Utah to

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believe that the immediate & most earnest attention of the Department is needed to prevent Serious trouble, which will cost the Govt. much money and many lives if it runs into actual war.

Except under the protection of the Govt., which we have supposed would be ample for emigration and for us, it will be impossible to perform our service in transportation of the mails.

William H. Russell, to whom Roger's letter was directed, was the well-known member of the firm, Russell, Majors & Waddell, which at this time was operating the Pony Express.

134. Rogers' post of duty was primarily Ruby Valley in present Nevada. He had served since September, 1859.

135. Benjamin Davies succeeded Forney as Superintendent in the summer of 1860. He served a little over a year, being in turn succeeded by Henry Martin and James Duane Doty.

whip this tribe,[136] they are the best fighters and the bravest in the Territory and are better prepared for fighting.—

Col. Davis the present Superintendent has given out a few goods only to the Indians who hang arou[n]d the Settlements, they do not deserve them, for they are a miserable lazy set who would starve before they would go on a hunt.

You can if you think proper show this letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and state to him that I think these Indians should have at lease [sic] eight or ten thousand dollars distributed to them in good immediately. — If the Department will enclose me such an amount in a draft, you can send it by Pony, and I will assure them that Washakee will be reinstated and the whole tribe reconciled; as it is of no little importance to both the Government and to the Contractors of the Central overland Mail line.

The Indians in the vicinity of Ruby Valley and Deep Creek west of this on the Mail line are becoming daily more and more hostile towards the whites who keep the Stations, I have had reliable information if something is not done soon that they intend wiping out the Stations and Stock; they say Col. Davis did not give them any good last winter on his visit to that Country, they are preparing for another summers Campain; they are principally Goshutes. . . .

P. S.

I am just from the South pass the Snake Country, and have informed Mr.- Rogers of the above facts in relation to the Snake Indians. If these Indians make an outbreak they will be hard to Stop as I am personally acquainted with this Indians

James. E. Bromley
Agent for Cent O S Comp

LVI

BENJAMIN DAVIES, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH TERRITORY, JUNE 30, 1861. *Extract.*[137]

Sir:

* * *

The immense depth of the snow, which in some places was said to be as much as fifty feet, rendered locomotion with wheeled vehicles impracticable, and although I ventured as far as the safety of my animals and men permitted, I was forced to confine

136. The Civil War having broken out earlier this year, the forces which garrisoned Utah since 1858 were in course of being evacuated.

137. 37th Congress, 2nd Session, *Senate Executive Document 1* (Serial 1117), pp. 741-743. In the earlier part of this report, Davies discussed at considerable length the Indian situation west of Great Salt Lake City.

my operations principally to the bands and tribes who came from necessity by hundreds to visit me at my quarters. Including those whom I have visited and the multitudes that have congregated around my quarters, I have seen and made liberal distribution of presents among every tribe and band in this Territory, except those in Carson valley and certain remote bands on the head of the Humboldt river and Goose creek. The chiefs and principal men, with their families, have spent some time with me, and I have conversed fully with them, through my excellent interpreter, Mr. Dimmick B. Huntington, who has lived here twenty years, converses freely in each language, is well known by every band and chief throughout the Territory, and wields great influence over them all. In these conversations I discovered that they had a suspicion that it was the policy of the whites to populate their country and drive them into the big waters west of them, and some trouble may be anticipated in attempts to negotiate the purchase of their lands by treaty or otherwise. Most of the soil susceptible of cultivation is now settled and occupied by white persons, and the tide of population, attracted hither by the peculiar religious notions of the settlers of this Territory, will soon leave but little space for the poor Indian. I have again to urge the importance of extending the limits of the reserve at Ruby valley and Deep creek, (or Ibimpah) so as to embrace the whole of said valleys, and that surveys of the same be immediately made and their boundaries regularly designated. I also recommend the establishment of reserves and farms for the Snakes (Wash-akeis band and Bannacks) on Green river, three hundred miles east of this city, and also for the Weber-Utes, Little Soldier's band, on Weber river. For the various bands of Utes, Pah-Utes, Pah-vants, and others, who congregate at the Spanish Fork farm, I recommend the establishment of a reserve, including the whole of Winter [Uinta] valley[138] in addition to the Spanish fork, Corn creek, and San Pete reserve. As the sum appropriated for the Indian service in this Territory is only about forty thousand dollars per annum, I beg to suggest that the amount expended in cultivating cereals is disproportionate to what should be invested in raising cattle, and supplying clothing.

These are unquestionably the poorest Indians on the continent. There is no game to subsist them, and from the nature of the country there never can be. Animals whose nature it is to inhabit forests will not abide in the beds of saleratus and on the barren rocks and dismal wastes of this insalubrious clime. If the system of cultivating grain be so modified as to substitute in part the rais-

138. President Lincoln set aside the Uinta reservation for the Utes on Oct. 3, 1861, spurred by representations from the then superintendent, Henry Martin.

ing of cattle for the subsistence of the Indians, it will operate beneficially in various respects. The Indian is by nature a herdsman, and he will readily fall in with the idea of taking care of cattle in preference to performing the more civilized labor of the farm. Besides, it is their nature to need meat. When fed on flour without meat for any length of time, they become diseased, and a change from that to meat will soon restore them to their wonted health. Owing to the d[i]fficulty of getting beef, I have tried to substitute the use of bacon. During last winter starvation compelled many of them to eat it, but some had to be supplied with beef. If four or five thousand dollars were invested in yearling heifers, and proper care were taken of them on the different reserves, beneficial results would soon follow. The plan of making up the goods designed to clothe them into garments, such as are worn by white persons, male and female, operates finely, and cannot be too strongly recommended. They are well pleased at being dressed like citizens, and it tends to make them more cleanly and careful of their person and their clothing, and the cost of making is saved by the less quantity necessary to be given. It also has the effect of preventing them from trading off their garments, which is invariably practiced when the raw material is given them. The destitution of these Indians and the excessive severity of the wintry seasons cause much sickness, especially inflammatory and pulmonary diseases, among them.

Great suffering and many deaths transpire, which might be mitigated, and perhaps prevented, by proper medical treatment. Syphilis prevails to a fearful extent among the Pah-vants and Pi-utes, which it is said they contract among the Navajoes, with whom they do much trading. I recommend the appointment of an experienced physician, whose duty it shall be to render medical assistance to all who may need it within this superintendency. Owing to the high price of everything in this remote region, and the laborious, perilous, and self-sacrificing labor of the offcie attached to the Indian service here, I submit that their compensation is inadequate, and recommend that their salaries be increased. The pay of the superintendent should be three thousand dollars, and that of each agent, two thousand dollars. From the best information I can obtain from traders, mountaineers, travellers, and other persons, I presume there are some twenty thousand souls embraced within the jurisdiction of this superintendency. I have, therefore, to submit that an appropriation of forty thousand dollars per annum is quite insufficient for their wants. After deducting salaries of officers, their incidental expenses, pay of farm agents, other employes, and incidental expenditures of the reserve, but little is left for clothing, which is more needed among them than anything else. To put the Ruby Valley reserve in successful operation will require—

At least	$7,000 00
Deep Creek or Ibimpah	7,000 00
Corn Creek	4,000 00
San Pete	4,000 00
To open a farm on Weber for Little Soldier's Utes	8,000 00
To open a farm on Green River for Wash-a-kees, Snakes	10,000 00
Besides what may be necessary to make repairs and carry on the Spanish Fork and Carson Valley farms, which may perhaps require	10,000 00
Making in the aggregate	$60,000 00
Add to this for clothing, blankets, lodges, arms, ammunition, &c., two dollars per capita	$40,000 00
And we have an aggregate of	100,000 00

which would not be more than might be judiciously and beneficially expended the ensuing year.

* * *

LVII

HENRY MARTIN, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCT. 1, 1861. *Extract.*[139]

Sir: In accordance with a regulation of the Indian department, requiring me to make an annual report of the situation of affairs in this superintendency, and to prepare estimates for the guidance of Congress in making annual appropriations for the support of the Indians in this Territory, I have the honor herewith to transmit to you my first annual report.

I regret that my arrival in this Territory being of so recent a date, August 6, 1861, rendered it impossible for me to ascertain, as fully as I could wish, the exact condition of all the different bands of Indians in my superintendency.

I have, however, been as diligent as circumstances would permit in finding out, from personal examination and reliable information from parties in whom I place confidence, the wants and necessities of most of the tribes and bands of Indians placed in my charge, and am sorry to say that I found them in a very poor condition, both as regards a sufficient supply of clothing to protect them

139. 37th Congress, 2nd Session, *Senate Executive Document 1* (Serial 1117), pp. 744-748.

from the severity of the weather in this mountainous country, and the necessary amount of food to keep them from actual starvation.

Too little attention, I am fearful, has heretofore been paid to the fact that there is very little game in this Territory, of any description, which the Indians can kill to keep them in food. There is no buffalo whatever that range in this Territory, and very few antelope, elk, deer, mountain sheep, or bear, and these only in certain localities.

Civilization seems to have had the same effect here as has been noticed elsewhere in this country since the first settlement by our forefathers, in driving before it the game natural to a wilderness, and the Indians complain bitterly that since the white man has come among them their game has almost entirely disappeared from their former hunting-grounds, and they are now obliged either to beg food from the white settlers or starve.

The driving away of the buffalo not only deprives them of their principal supply of food, but also of a great source of revenue and comfort in the skins, which they sold and used to keep them comfortable in cold weather.

I have had more applications from Indians for beef and flour since I have been here than anything else. They frequently come to me and fairly beg for some beef, to keep their squaws and papooses from starving.

Owing to the limited amount of money placed in my hands, I have been unable to entirely satisfy their demands, but I am confident that what I have distributed in that way has been a great deal more satisfactory to the Indians than three times the amount expended in any kind of trinkets usually disbursed by the department would have been.

The annual appropriation for this superintendency has, in my opinion, always been too small to allow the superintendent and agents to give that satisfaction to the Indians which their wants demand, and a proper regard for the rights and safety of the white settlers, by preventing depredations, requires.

The establishment of the overland daily mail and telegraph lines, and their recent completion through this Territory—consummations of such vital importance to the people throughout the Union—renders it necessary that steps should be immediately taken by the government to prevent the possibility of their being interrupted by the Indians.

On this subject I have taken much pains to consult with most of the leading men connected with these great enterprises, and also with nearly all of the head chiefs of the Indians that range on their lines in this Territory, and have, after mature deliberation, come to the conclusion that the only manner in which this can be effected to the entire satisfaction and protection of all the

parties concerned, is by a treaty between the United States and the tribes of Indians ranging in this superintendency.

In recent consultations or "talks" with Wash-a-kee and Sho-kub,[140] the head chiefs of the Shoshones or Snake Indians, Nava-coots and Pe-tut-neet, chiefs of the Ute nation, and many of the sub-chiefs of both nations, I find that they are unanimously in favor of a treaty with the United States, and agree with me in considering that to be the only effectual way to check the stealing propensities of some of their Indians; and from information gleaned from them on various occasions, I have made the following memorandum in regard to the probable cost and effect of a treaty.

They express their willingness to cede to the United States all the lands they claim in this Territory, with the exception of reservations necessary for their homes; and ask, in return, that the United States shall make them annual presents of blankets, beads, paint, calico, ammunition, &c., with occasional supplies of beef and flour sufficient to make them comfortable, which I estimate can be done with a small addition to the usual appropriation.

They seem fully to understand the nature and effect of a treaty, and the chiefs agree to hold themselves responsible for any depredations committed by any of their bands, if a treaty should be made, by deducting the amount of damage done from the annuity paid them.

I cannot too strongly recommend this course to the department, and sincerely hope that it will meet with that prompt attention that, to my mind, the importance of the subject entitles it.

I had expeced on my arrival in this city, and after assuming the duties of this office, to find matters in a shape that I could immediately proceed to the discharge of my duty towards the Indians, but was very much disappointed; and instead of finding an office properly in order, with facilities for doing business, I could find nothing but an old bundle of papers to show that there had ever been a superintendent in the Territory.

This state of affairs necessarily delayed my intercourse with the Indians until I could procure an office and the fixtures necessary to do business with, which, owing to the exorbitant price charged for everything in this country, and the scarcity of material to manufacture office furniture, delayed me much longer than I had anticipated.

I have, however, succeeded in establishing an office here in a becoming and comfortable style, at an expense much less than has heretofore been allowed for that purpose.

* * *

140. A chief of the Shoshoni living in eastern Nevada.

LIX

JAMES D. DOTY, SPECIAL AGENT OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, TO GEO. W. MCLELLAN, ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 14, 1861. *Extract.*[141]

I cannot think that Government has any cause to fear for the safety of the mail from this source; [the disloyalty of employees of the Overland Mail Company] but it has occasion to apprehend danger from the Indians.

Seeing the large supplies of provisions and feed which the Co. has been compelled to accumulate this fall and to keep at each Station, these people, who are very wild, when hungry or starving, and perhaps at other times, are disposed to take by force what they require if they are not freely given what is demanded. The men of the Co. cannot, of course, comply with their demands—for they present themselves by fifties & hundreds and hence difficulties ensue.

Two days before I passed the Red Butte, an assistant agent of that division was shot and instantly killed, as he was riding alone in his waggon near that place and his mules driven off. There can be no doubt that it was done by Shoshonee Indians who had been to a station near by demanding food which was refused. I have sent for the principal Chief of the Nation, hoping he may be able and willing to identify and deliver up the parties.

Threats and demands for food are made along the entire line to Carson Valley; they insist that the Country is theirs; that they have made no treaty for it with government, and unless troops are placed at two or three points along the line, or I am authorised as Superintendent of Indian affairs to distribute provisions to them occasionally and thus draw them away from the line, serious difficulties may be apprehended and the mail cease to be carried for some period during the winter. The cost of provisions is very great; for they must either be purchased here, in this settlement, or at Atchison; from which place there are no trains for freight during the winter season. The sum of twenty thousand dollars I should think would be required for this purpose—and even this may prove insufficient. I am the only Superintendent on the line; and for the purpose, in part, of protecting the route, I have established an Agent at Fort Bridger and another at Ruby Valley near the Humboldt Mountains—but government has placed nothing in my hands to give the Indians at those points. These are the only Agencies with permanent agents in this extensive territory,

141. This extract of a report by Doty was transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior on Jan. 9, 1862, by George W. McLellan, 2nd Asst. P. M. General (P/463-1862).

which is bounded by the Indian country upon every side. The Telegraph line follows the Stage Route; and, allow me to urge, that both of them are now of too great importance to the commercial and other interests of the United States to be interrupted or destroyed; and that adequate protection should immediately be given to these great enterprises.

LX

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, DEC. 27, 1861.[142]

Sir

On my arrival at this place I found that the Beef Cattle belonging to the Military Department had been Sold to Judge [W. A.] Carter with the Exception of two head which wer held by that Department The Commanding Officer proposed to turn them over to me if I would receipt for them I accepted his offer and gave him the following Receipt

Copy

Received December 23d 1861 of Capt J C. Clark 4th Inft. Act. C. S. two head of Beef Cattle Commissary Stores for Issue to Indians at Fort Bridger

Signed
Luther Mann Jr Ind. Agt.

The Officer in Command still holds five Mules which they have no use for The Secretary of War on application might turn them over to the Indian Department I have obtained one of the Government Buildings for an Office I shall require Some fixtures for the Same also Wood & Lights You will confer a favour by remitting me at your Earliest Convenience Some funds for that purpose as I hold no funds in my hands belonging to the Ind Department It will require Some two hundred dollars or more for that purpose There are some Indians in my agency that have not received any presents this fall or Winter I had about twenty five visit me on the 25th of the present month Should you think best to give them presents you can remit to me the funds for that purpose as Every thing they want Except flour can be obtained of Judge Carter of this place as Cheap if not cheaper than at the City

142. Utah Field Papers, 1861. As appears hereafter, Mann, the first agent regularly detailed to the Shoshoni, took up his duties at Fort Bridger on Dec. 19, 1861.

Please answer at your Earliest Convenience and Greatly Oblige.
. . .

P S I would like some Powder and lead if you have received it send by stage

LXI

WILLIAM T. ATWOOD TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBR. 13, 1862.[143]

Sir:

I have the honor herewith to transmit to you my appointment as temporary clerk by James Duane Doty Superintendent Indian Affairs for the Territory of Utah; and beg leave to report myself to you in accordance with the instructions therein contained.

I left Great Salt Lake City, Utah, the headquarters of the Utah Superintendency on Tuesday, December 23^{d}, 1861, and agreeably to my instructions, visited the Indians in the eastern part of the territory, on the mail route, and am happy to report that I found them all quiet and peaceable, and not in the least interfering with the white settlers in that section of country.

After concluding my visits to the Indians I at once proceeded on my way to this city, arriving February 1st 1862, after a cold & tedious ride across the plains.

I also enclose my account for my salary for two months from Dec. 13th the date of my appointment amounting to two hundred & fifty dollars ($250.) with the request that you will cause it to be paid as soon as practicable.

My traveling expenses were advanced to me by Supt Doty, before leaving Gt Salt Lake City. . . .

LXII

LUTHER MANN, JR., INDIAN AGENT, TO JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER, FEB. 15, 1862.[144]

Sir.

I have this day appointed Jack Robinson[145] as Indian Interpreter

143. A/465-1862.
144. Utah Field Papers, 1862.
145. John Robertson, "Uncle Jack Robinson," had been a fixture in the Fort Bridger area since Jim Bridger's day, and dwelt there until his death in 1882; he is buried in the Fort Bridger cemetery. Some early letters by him are printed in Elizabeth Arnold Stone, *Uinta County, Its Place in History,* Laramie, 1924, pp. 42-43.

for the Fort Bridger Agency, at a Salary of five hundred dollars pr year, subject to your confirmation.

Should such appointment meet your approval you will please advise. . . .

To the Commissioner

I respectfully recommend the confirmation of the above nomination of Jack Robinson to be Interpreter at Fort Bridger Utah Territory for the Shoshonee Indians in the North East part of said Territory

James Duane Doty
Superintendency Ind Affs
Superintendent
Great Salt Lake City, February 20, 1862

LXIII

JAMES DUANE DOTY, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM P. DOLE, COMMISSIONER OF INDAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1862.[146]

Sir:—The accounts & vouchers for the 1st quarter 1862, for this Superintendency are herewith transmitted. They would have been forwarded earlier but for my absence from this city from the 25th of March to the 7th of April, to the northern part of Salt Lake and Cache Vallies. I desired to have visited Bear Valley, where Washikee & his Band wish to settle, but found the Mountains covered with deep snow; and was detained four days in Cache Valley by snow storms.

The Indians have been, in great numbers, in a starving and destitute condition. No provision having been made for them, either as to clothing or provisions, by my predecessors, I have been compelled to purchase supplies where they could best be obtained, & transport them to the places where the Indians had assembled, and where they were enduring great suffering. At the time of their greatest need the rains and snows had rendered the road impassable; and the Indians condition was such—with the prospect that they would rob the mail stations to sustain life—that I felt compelled to send Agent [F. C.] Hatch to them and to purchase the wheat of James Worthington & 200 bushels of Livingston Bell & Co., charged in my account, and distribute it gradually among them. I also sent them some flour and clothing. It cost more than I wished, but it was the best under the urgency of the circumstances that could be done. If the present system is to be continued, I propose with your permission, during the autumn, when grain is cheaper and transportation can be obtained at reasonable rates, to provide at proper points the supplies of

146. D/596-1862.

provisions which will probably be required during the winter— But the Department will have no freedom from their demands— nor from those of the Mail Station Keepers, and inhabitants— until these Indians are removed from the line of the road by force, or by their settlement further south, as suggested in a former communication. If they are placed where they can have stock, and give their attention to raising it, I am confident they will soon cease to be beggars and depredators, and become the best of herdsmen. At present they are not satisfied with all that I have done for them, when they have in addition received largely from the Mail Company and from the inhabitants.

The snow on the Wausatch Mountains has, since my arrival, presented an insuperable barrier to Uinta Valley; and it will be several weeks before they can be crossed. As soon as the passage is practicable, I shall execute your instructions by making a personal examination of the Valley, which I think can be done with a guard of eight or ten men. The Elk Mountain Utahs, who inhabit that region of country, are understood to be unfriendly. None have visited the Superintendency since my arrival. It may, perhaps, become necessary to treat with them before occupying that Valley with other Bands.

The remittance for salaries of Agents & Agency expenses, has been received. . . .

James Duane Doty
Superintendent

Wyoming State Historical Society

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

Election of Officers

Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander was elected to the presidency of the Wyoming State Historical Society at the Second Annual Meeting held in Lander on September 17-18 . Other officers elected were: 1st vice president, Dr. DeWitt Dominick of Cody; 2nd vice president, Dr. T. A. Larson of Laramie; secretary-treasurer, Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne. Miss Lola M. Homsher is the permanent executive secretary.

Program

Mr. L. A. Millard, vice president of the Fremont County Historical Society, presided at the Saturday afternoon session, the theme of which was *Local History of Fremont County*. Interesting papers were presented by members of several of the earliest pioneer families of the area. Included on the program were: "Echoes From the Arapahoe-Shoshone Council" by Mrs. Maud L. Clairmont, a member of the council; "Early Incidents in Fremont County" by Mrs. Fred Stratton, Sr., daughter of Captain H. G. Nickerson; "Indian Paint Brush" by Mrs. Blanche Schroer, read by Mrs. Scott; "History of the Ervin Cheney Family" by Mrs. Mable Cheney Moudy; and "The Universal American Indian Sign Language" by Mr. J. K. Moore, Jr., who demonstrated the use of the sign language as he discussed it.

Mr. Norman R. Dickinson, president of the Fremont County Historical Society, presided at the dinner meeting on Saturday evening. Following his welcoming remarks, he introduced Dr. T. A. Larson, Head of the Department of History, University of Wyoming, who spoke on "Wyoming History in the National Archives." Dr. Larson, who recently spent some five weeks at the National Archives where he did research in the records of the State Department and the Department of the Interior relating to the Territory of Wyoming, made an interesting and revealing address on information which he secured from these documents.

Sunday morning was devoted to an historical tour of historic South Pass, the early gold rush towns of Atlantic City and South Pass City, and the site of old Fort Stambaugh. Mr. James Carpenter of Atlantic City led the tour.

Mr. W. F. Bragg, Sr., of Worland talked on "Western Fiction" at the luncheon meeting on Sunday. Mr. Bragg, himself a well known author of western fiction, discussed outstanding works on the West and mentioned sources of ideas used by various

authors. He demonstrated his own use of historical facts in his writings and gave a number of interesting reminiscences.

Annual Business Meeting

Mr. Frank L. Bowron, outgoing president, presided at the Annual Business Meeting of the Society held on the afternoon of September 18. Committee reports were considered and the following actions were taken:

1) The motion by Miss Velma Linford, chairman of the National Monuments Committee, was adopted, that "The Wyoming State Historical Society adopt in principal an overall plan for preserving examples of our culture; that the plan be given careful study and that details be suggested by the 1956 annual meeting."

2) Mr. W. F. Bragg, Jr., chairman of the Historic Signs Design committee, gave dimensions for temporary wooden signs to be placed by local chapters at local historic sites and showed pictures and seals which might be used on them. He suggested these signs be made by schools in their workshops and erected with the assistance of local youth groups such as Scouts. He moved that "The Society buy the silk screen stencils which could be used by all Chapters; that uniform signs with definite specifications be adopted; and that each local chapter use the application for signs worked out by Mrs. Thelma Condit." (Specifications and application forms adopted may be secured by writing to the Wyoming State Historical Department, Cheyenne.)

3) Mr. David Boodry presented the following changes in the Constitution and By-Laws, which were adopted:

Constitution

Article I Sec. 2—The Society is a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Wyoming. The Board of Trustees shall consist of the following officers of the State Historical Society: President, 1st Vice President, 2nd Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, and Executive Secretary.

Article IV.

Sec. 1 Delete the words "who shall be elected by the Society at its annual meeting and who".

Sec. 2 be renumbered to read Section 4.

Sec. 2—a) The nominating committee appointed by the President of the Society shall draw up a slate of nominees for President, 1st Vice President, 2nd Vice President, and Secretary-Treasurer, listing not more than 3 name fsor each office. b) The list of nominees will be announced to all members in July preceding the annual meeting. c) Ballots will be sent to all members in good standing at least one month prior to the Annual Meeting and will be counted at the Annual Meeting.

Sec. 3—The 2nd Vice President shall be the Chairman of the Committee on Awards.

By-Laws

Article II Sec. 2.—Add the following sentence at the end: "Institutions are not eligible for life membership."

Article IV Sec. 1—At the end of the last sentence add the following: "A joint membership shall be entitled to only one copy."

4) Mr. Brown asked that members write to Postmaster General Summerfield requesting a commemorative stamp in 1956 in honor of the 50th anniversary of Devil's Tower, the first National Monument. Representative Thomson has introduced a bill on this matter in Congress.

5) Mr. Marion discussed the destruction of historical sites and suggested a reward of $50.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person who defaces such property. The question was referred to the Legislative Committee for action, and the committee was to define the term "historic sites."

4) Mr. Bowron asked that members write to Postmaster General Summerfield requesting a commemorative stamp in 1956 in honor of the 50th anniversary of Devil's Tower, the first National Monument. Representative Thomson has introduced a bill on this matter in Congress.

5) Mr. Marion discussed the destruction of historical sites and suggested a reward of $50.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person who defaces such property. The question was referred to the Legislative Committee for action, and the committee was to define the term "historic sites."

Historical Awards

Dr. DeWitt Dominick, chairman of the Awards Committee, reminded the members that nominations for awards and qualifications of the nominees should be sent to the chairman of the committee by September first. He emphasized that these awards should be worthy and coveted ones. He presented the following awards:

HISTORICAL AWARDS:
Mrs. Mary F. Bragg of Worland
Mr. L. G. "Pat" Flannery of Ft. Laramie

HONORABLE MENTION AWARDS:
Dr. R. H. Burns of Laramie
Mr. James Carpenter of Atlantic City
Mr. Fred Stratton, Jr., of Riverton

Scholarship

Dr. T. A. Larson announced that Sydney B. Spiegel of Cheyenne had been awarded the $300.00 annual scholarship offered by the Society to a graduate student at the University of Wyoming who will write a history of a Wyoming County. Mr. Spiegel will write a history of Laramie County.

Treasurer's Report

Cash and Investments on hand, October 17, 1954	$2,055.85
Receipts Oct. 17, 1954-Sept. 17, 1955	2,449.77
Total	$4,505.62
Disbursements	$ 889.95
Balance of Cash & Investments on hand September 17, 1955	$3,615.67

The treasurer further reported the following membership: 21 Life members, 4 Joint Life members, 461 Annual members and 254 Joint Annual members, a total of 740 members. Nine counties have organized local chapters: Albany, Carbon, Campbell, Fremont, Goshen, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona and Washakie.

Monument Dedicated



At 4:00 o'clock on Saturday, September 17, following the afternoon meeting of the Society, the members present attended the dedication of an Historic Landmark Commission marker at the junction of highways 287 and 789 at the eastern edge of Lander. Mr. Joseph Weppner, Secretary of the Commission, assisted by Mr. Jules Farlow, member of the Commission, were in charge.

The Historical Landmark Commission has attempted an experiment with this particular marker in that they have placed on one marker several historical statements and have indicated the mileage to historical sites. In the past individual stones have been placed upon the actual site of the place of historical interest.

Charter Membership

Charter membership to the State Historical Society was originally set to close on July 1, 1954. However, at the Annual Meeting of the Society held in Casper on October 17, 1954, this date was extended to December 31, 1954. At the closing date membership numbered 974.

Following is a list of the Charter Members in the Society.

CHARTER MEMBERS

LIFE MEMBERS

Berry, Miss Henryetta, Cheyenne
Big Horn County Library, Basin
Boodry, David E., Lyman, Nebraska
Brice, Mrs. David W., Wheatland
Brimmer, George E., Cheyenne
Brimmer, William N., Rawlins
Coe, W. R. (deceased), New York City
Condit, Mrs. Thelma S., Kaycee
DeWitt, Mrs. Helen Holliday, Los Angeles, California
Helvey, Mr. & Mrs. R. T., Sheridan

Hendryson, Irvin E., Denver, Colorado
Hines, Mrs. Mary D., Denver, Colorado
Homsher, Miss Lola M., Cheyenne
Jolly, David S., Deer Trail, Colorado
Larson, Dr. & Mrs. T. A., Laramie
Lawrence, W. C., Moran
McCullough, A. Stafford, Clifton, Ohio
Metz, Mrs. Percy W., Basin
Miller, Mrs. Mildred M., Big Piney
Sackett, Carl L., Cheyenne
Salisbury, Herbert J., Cheyenne
Smith, Mack, Yoder
Spencer, P. C., New York City

ANNUAL MEMBERS

Adams, Bill, Buffalo
Adams, George M., Buffalo
Ahern, Daniel K., Buffalo
Albright, Mr. & Mrs. S. Paul, Cheyenne
Alcorn, Clyde T., Torrington
Alcott, Mr. & Mrs. A. L., Worland
Alexander, Dr. A. F., Dugway, Utah
Alleman, Mrs. Effie, Kemmerer
Allen, Bess Opal, Casper
Allen, Chester A., Sr., Laramie
Allen, Miss Cody, Cody
Allen, Mrs. Mary Jester, Cody
Allen, Mr. & Mrs. R. W., Cody
Allison, Archie, Cheyenne
Allison, Mr. & Mrs. J. A., Gillette
Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne
Amoretti, Mrs. Eloise A., Dubois
Andersen, Mrs. Marion R., Bethesda, Maryland
Anderson, Arthur J., Chicago, Illinois
Anderson, Bryant B., Helena, Montana
Anderson, Elwood (deceased), Gillette
Anderson, Mrs. G. D., Torrington
Anderson, J. B., Manor, Pennsylvania
Andrus, Herbert, Kaycee
Angwin, Miss Lucia E., Evanston
Anspaugh, Mrs. Alice and Lynn, Buffalo
Arnold, Olga Moore, Washington, D. C.
Arrott, J. W., Sapello, New Mexico
Arthur, Bill, British Columbia, Canada
Aton, Ernest, Rawlins
Aton, Mrs. Ernest, Rawlins
Aylsworth, Dr. D. W., Rawlins
Aylsworth, Mrs. D. W., Rawlins
Baker, Billie B., Denver, Colorado
Baker, Ranson, Rawlins
Baldwin, Philipa K., Denver, Colorado
Ballard, Thomas W., Torrington
Barber, Mrs. Raymond, Rawlins
Barclay, Rex L., Lance Creek
Bardo, Gerald, Lusk
Barker, Kenneth, Chugwater
Barlow, L. H., Gillette
Barlow, William L., Gillette
Barnes, Gerrit S., Denver, Colorado
Barnes, Mrs. Lottie, Torrington
Barquin, Mrs. James, Sr., Riverton
Bartek, Clarence, Rock Springs
Bartholomew, Mrs. Evelyn, Worland
Bartlett, Marie S., Saratoga
Bass, Charles, Jay Em
Beabout, Mrs. Helen F., Torrington
Beach, Mrs. Mary A., Mountainview
Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel, California
Beavers, W. I., Rock Springs
Beck, George T., Cody
Beckwith, Miss Ruth, Denver, Colorado
Bejino, Mrs. Helen M., Buffalo
Bell, William J., Cheyenne
Bellamy, Mrs. Mary G. (deceased), Laramie
Bender, Miss Dorothy, Thermopolis
Bender, Mrs. Walter, Encampment
Bennett, Ed. F. & Kathryn R., Rawlins
Bennett, Mrs. W. E., Buffalo
Benninghoven, Mr. & Mrs. Walter, Lyman, Nebraska
Bentley, Mrs. Helen M., Casper
Berlet, Walter H., Casper
Bernfeld, Seymour S., San Francisco, California
Bernhardt, Paul, Englewood, Colorado
Berry, G. W., Denver, Colorado
Bible, Mrs. George A., Rawlins
Birney, Fletcher W., Jr., Denver, Colorado
Bishop, Mr. & Mrs. L. C., Cheyenne
Bishop, Marvin L., Casper
Blakeslee, Claude L., Casper
Blakeslee, Mrs. Claude L., Casper
Bocott, C. H., Riverton
Bocott, Mrs. C. H., Riverton
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Fred D., Jr., Cheyenne
Boice, Mrs. Margaret McIntosh, Cheyenne
Bolten, Mrs. Ethel E., Rawlins
Bon, Miss Lorraine, Cheyenne

Bowen, Chester H., Gillette
Bower, Earl T., Worland
Bower, Mrs. Earl T., Worland
Bower, Ray F., Worland
Bower, Mrs Ray F., Worland
Bowron, Mr. & Mrs. Frank L., Casper
Bradbury, Mrs. Shirley B., Evanston
Bragg, Mrs. Laura I., Worland
Bragg, William F., Jr., Cheyenne
Bragg, William F., Sr., Worland
Bragg, Mrs. William F., Sr., Worland
Breitweiser, Wayne R., Powell
Breitweiser, Mrs. Wayne R., Powell
Bremers, Ralph R., Omaha, Nebraska
Bresnahen, Miss Winifred, Cheyenne
Brimmer, C. A., Rawlins
Brimmer, Clarence A., Jr., Rawlins
Brimmer, Mrs. Geraldine, Rawlins
Bristol, Mrs. Daze M., Cheyenne
Britton, Mrs. Roxie E., Basin
Brock, J. Elmer (deceased), Kaycee
Brokaw, Mrs. Ralph H., McFadden
Brown, J. H., Cheyenne
Brown, Mrs. Sholie Richards, Monterey, California
Brownell, Miss Elizabeth R., Arlington, Virginia
Brownlee, Miss Beryl, Cheyenne
Burdette, Mrs. Julius V., Cheyenne
Burleson, Mrs. Ira, Riverton
Burns, Miss Dorothy M., Sheridan
Burns, Dr. Robert H., Laramie
Burnside, Raymond A., Des Moines, Iowa
Burt, Struthers (deceased), Moran
Burwell, Mrs. Clark, Lovell
Butler, Helen, Bartlesville, Oklahoma
Bylund, Mrs. Ruth Kimball, Laramie
Byron, Mrs. Elsa Spear, Sheridan
Cahill, T. Joe, Cheyenne
Campbell, Mrs. Joe, Walcott
Canoso, Michael, Cambridge, Mass.
Carbon County Public Library, Rawlins
Carley, Miss Maurine, Cheyenne
Carlisle, Mrs. James, Cheyenne
Carnegie Public Library, Sheridan
Carpenter, Miss Ellen M., Atlantic City
Carpenter, Miss Mary J., Cheyenne
Carter, E. B., Orr, Minnesota
Carter, Edgar N., South Pasadena, California
Carter, Miss Gladys, Laramie
Cashman, Harry J. & Gertrude A., Rawlins
Casper Junior High School, Casper
Cassinat, Louis W. & Florence C., Rawlins
Cathers, Mrs. William E., Cheyenne
Catron, Peter H., Sheridan
Cavanaugh, Mrs. Frank, Worland
Chadey, Henry, Rock Springs
Chambers, Mr. & Mrs. A. D., Gillette
Champ, Mrs. Myrtle M., Gillette
Champion, Mr. & Mrs. Mervin, Sheridan
Chapman, Mrs. Mark A., Cheyenne
Chassell, Norval W., Waterloo, Iowa
Cheesbrough, John, Elk Mountain
Cheesbrough, Mrs. Nellie, Elk Mountain
Cheyenne Senior High School Library, Cheyenne
Christensen, J. Marius & Reiva Niles, Laramie
Christlieb, J. M., Omaha, Nebraska
Clairmont, Mrs. Maude, Fort Washakie
The Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, California
Clark, Frank, Jr., Cheyenne
Clark, W. F., Casper
Clausen, Miss Esther M., Urbana, Illinois
Clausen, Henry A., Colorado Springs, Colorado
Claycomb, Mrs. Geneva W., Cody
Clemens, Miss Mary K., Torrington
Cody Public Schools, Cody
Colket, Mr. & Mrs. T. C., 2nd, Sheridan
Collins, Dabney Otis, Denver, Colorado
Collins, Mr. & Mrs. John, Gillette
Columbia University Libraries, New York City
Colyer, Oliver J., Torrington
Conant, E. M., Worland
Conant, Mrs. E. M. (deceased), Worland
Condit, Mrs. Lillian B., Laramie
Condit, Richard H., Buffalo
Conklin, Robert F., Cheyenne
Cook, Mrs. C. C., Torrington
Cook, Mr. & Mrs. Charles H., Gillette
Cook, Malcolm L., Cheyenne
Cooney, Thomas F., Grand Island, Nebraska
Cooper, Ralph, Kansas City, Missouri
Cope, Everton B., Torrington
Cordiner, A. H., Laramie
Corthell, Mrs. I. E. and David, Laramie
Corthell, Irving E., Laramie
Cosgriff, Mrs. T. A., Denver, Colorado

Coulter, F. S., Worland
Coulter, Mrs. F. S., Worland
Cowley High School, Cowley
Crisler, Marie M., Cheyenne
Crisman, Rev. H. C., Torrington
Crook, Mrs. Esther M., Afton
Cushing, Mrs. Matthew M., New York City
Dahlquist, John E., Fort Bridger
Dahlquist, Mrs. Laura, Fort Bridger
Daley, Mr. & Mrs. P. E., Rawlins
David, Robert B., Casper
Davis, Mrs. Lillie G., Cheyenne
Day, Hugh S., Riverton
Day, Mrs. Kenneth P., Saratoga
Day, R. C., Rock Springs
Dayton, S. Reed, Cokeville
Dechert, G. F., Riverton
Deering, Mrs. Jean Miller, Boone, Iowa
Deimer, Henry, Lander
Deininger, Mrs. Anita, Buffalo
Delaplaine, Mrs. John H., Cheyenne
Del Monte, H. D., Lander
DeVore, Harold, Laramie
Dickey, Hubert F., Gillette
Dickinson, Mr. & Mrs. Norman R., Riverton
Dickson, Mr. Arthur J., Dayton
Dillinger, Mrs. Della C. & Robert L., Gillette
Dilts, Fred, Douglas
Dinsmore, I. W., Rawlins
Diver, Mrs. Jessie S., Long Beach, California
Dixon, Mr. & Mrs. L. E., Laramie
Dobbin, Miss Anna M. & Miss Etta M., Cheyenne
Dobler, Miss Lavinia G., New York City
Dodge, Beulah I. (deceased), Rock River
Dodge, George W., Rock River
Dolley, Frank Stephen, Los Angeles, California
Dominick, Dr. & Mrs. DeWitt, Cody
Draper, Mrs. Mary, Rawlins
Duggins, Miss Nellie R., Casper
Duis, Miss Emma, Casper
Dunn, Mrs. R. L., Cheyenne
Dykes, J. C., College Park, Maryland
Eberstadt, Edward & Sons, New York City
Ehernberger, Jim, Cheyenne
Ekstrom, Mrs. Laura Allyn, Denver, Colorado
Elder, T. H., Torrington
Ellis, Erl H., Idaho Springs, Colorado
Elmore, Mike, Gillette
Emerson, Paul W., Cheyenne
Englert, Kenneth E., Colorado Springs, Colorado
Erickson, Mrs. Katie Kinnear, Kinnear
Espy, Mrs. Day, Rawlins
Fabian, Mrs. Harold P., Salt Lake City, Utah
Farlein, Dr. J. A., Worland
Farlein, Mrs. J. A., Worland
Farlow, Mrs. A. J., Lander
Farlow, Jules E., Sr., Lander
Faville, Mrs. A. D., Laramie
Feltner, C. C., Pinedale
Ferguson, Mrs. R. A., Wheatland
Feser, Mrs. Donald, Los Angeles, California
Feuz, Mrs. Margaret C., Jackson
Fifield, Mrs. Dorothy H., Cody
Fish, Mrs. Edna, Cheyenne
Fitch, E. E., Laramie
Flannery, L. G., Ft. Laramie
Foote, David & Myrtle G., Casper
Forest, Alvin M., Laramie
Fosnight, Mrs. Verryl V., Cheyenne
Fosdick, Raymond P., Blanca, Colorado
Foster, Biford, Lander
France, Mr. & Mrs. Walton E., Rawlins
Free Library of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Freese, Mrs. Cynthia, Billings, Montana
Fremont County Pioneer Association, Lander
Fremont County Public Library, Lander
Frink, Maurice, Denver, Colorado
Frison, Mr. & Mrs. Paul, Worland
Frison, Robert E., Buffalo
Froyd, Colonel Erwin A., Torrington
Fryberger, Mr. & Mrs. Harvey D., Sheridan
Fryxell, F. M., Rock Island, Illinois
Fuller, Mrs. Caroline, Thermopolis
Fuller, E. O., Laramie
Fuller, Naomi Y., Rawlins
Fullerton, Mrs. Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, California
Gaber, Mary A., Casper
Gadberry, Mrs. Clara Frances, Casper
Gaddy, Mr. & Mrs. Albert M., Iowa City, Iowa
Gaensslen, Emil A., Green River
Gage, Jack R., Sheridan
Gallaher, Mr. & Mrs. Walter, Cheyenne
Gantt, Paul H., Washington, D. C.
Garner, Miss May, Casper

Garst, Mrs. Doris Shannon, Douglas
Garton, Mrs. Maude, Casper
Gatchell, Mrs. Jim, Buffalo
Gaumer, W. B., Derby, Colorado
Geddes, Mrs. R. W., Rawlins
Gehman, Lester, Denver, Colorado
Geier, D. O., Banner
George Amos Memorial Library, Gillette
George, Anna E., Worland
Gettys, Claude L., Story
Gibbs, Mrs. Charles, Sheridan
Gibson, Mr. & Mrs. J. M., Pine Bluffs
Gilbert, Mrs. Evelyn Hall, Rawlins
Gillespie, Mr. & Mrs. A. S., Laramie
Gillespie, David, Dixon
Gillespie, J. L., Sheridan
Gillies, Misses Bessie & Catherine, Thermopolis
Gillies, Miss May, Cheyenne
Gleason, Mrs. Eleanor, Gillette
Glebe, Miss Bess, Lovell
Goedicke, Mrs. Misha S., Riverton
Good, Mrs. Dorothea L., Wheatland
Goodrich, Mrs. Ralph D., Grand Junction, Colorado
Goppert, Ernest J., Cody
Gordon, Mr. & Mrs. Alex, Rawlins
Gorst, Mr. & Mrs. W. J., Worland
Gose, Mrs. Etta M., Upton
Gose, Vernie O., Upton
Goshen County Library, Torrington
Graf, Mrs. Louise Spinner, Green River
Graff, Everett D., Winnetka, Illinois
Gratz, Miss Margaret, Gillette
Gray, Mrs. W. O., Worland
Greet, Fred, Worland
Greet, Mrs. Fred, Worland
Gress, Mrs. Kathryn, Cheyenne
Grey, Donald C., Sheridan
Griffith, James B., Sr., Lusk
Griffith, Mrs. Vernon S., Sheridan
Grigg, Mrs. Helen M., Riverton
Groesbeck, Mrs. Betty, Cheyenne
Guild, Lorin, Wheatland
Gurney, James Whiting, Buffalo
Hackett, Frederick B., Chicago, Illinois
Haddox, Richard, Cheyenne
Hahn, Mrs. Ethel B., Daly City, California
Haines, Mrs. Dorsey, Kaycee
Haldeman, Miss Ada M., Torrington
Hall, Miss Claire, Lander
Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Hanes W., Worland
Hall, Mrs. Prentiss G., Moorcroft
Halsted, Miss Jessie Mae, Laramie
Hanner, Mrs. Charles E., Worland
Hanson, Dan, Hat Creek
Hardy, Mrs. Marrabel, Gillette
Harkins, Mrs. Charles H., Worland
Harkins, Judge & Mrs. Donald J.,
Harrington, Clarence L., Denver, Colorado
Harris, Burton, Boulder, Colorado
Harris, John & Margaret, Pacific Palisades, California
Harris, Mrs. Leland, Lovell
Harrison, Michael, Sacramento, California
Harrower, James K., Pinedale
Hart, Mrs. Shelia, Lander
Hartsell, John R., Cheyenne
Hartsell, Mrs. John R., Cheyenne
Harvard College Library, Cambridge, Mass.
Hatcher, Gunhild, Cheyenne
Hayden, Mrs. Dudley, Jackson
Hayden, Francis T., Cody
Hayen, Charles, Lingle
Haynes, Mr. & Mrs. Jack E., Bozeman, Montana
Hays, Mrs. Alice C. (deceased), Lander
Hays, Irving C., Rawlins
Hays, Mrs. Irving C., Rawlins
Healey, Fred, Saratoga
Healy, Mr. & Mrs. Alex, Sr., Worland
Heath, Mrs. Evelyn E., Cheyenne
Heindenreich, Mrs. Homer, Sheridan
Hemry, Miss Kathleen, Casper
Henderson, Mrs. Paul C., Bridgeport, Nebraska
Henry, Mrs. Joe, Denver, Colorado
Hepp, Mr. & Mrs. George, Buffalo
Heron, Lloyd, Worland
Herring, Mora, Benkelman, Nebraska
Hesse, Miss Georgia Isabel, Northfield, Minn.
Hesse, George S., Northfield, Minn.
Hesse, Miss Vivienne S., Buffalo
Hewlett, Mrs. George Wilson, Cheyenne
Hibdon, Kay, Kaycee
Hieb, David L., Ft. Laramie
Hilman, Fred W., Big Horn
Hill, Mrs. Edith M., Cheyenne
Hill, Mrs. John A., Laramie
Hilliard, E. H., Jr., Englewood, Colorado
Himebaugh, Mrs. Duke, Casper
Hinckley, Frank T., Buffalo
Hinckley, Mrs. Frank T., Buffalo
Hines, John, Gillette
Hiscock, Mrs. F. J., Cody
Hodgson, Mrs. Colin, Hanna
Hodgson, Mrs. Nellie G., Thermopolis

Holden, Miss Minnie, Riverside, California
Holliday, Miss Alice, Riverside, California
Holliday, Mrs. F. A., Laramie
Holmes, Mrs. Alice C., Saratoga
Hook, James W., New Haven, Connecticut
Hoover, H. H., Kansas City, Missouri
Hord, Mrs. Violet M., Casper
House, Brad, Kaycee
House, Mart, Kaycee
Houser, George O., Jr., Cheyenne
Houser, Mrs. Laura M., Guernsey
Houston, Miss Jane Hunt, Cheyenne
Hovey, Albert B., Encampment
Howard, Mrs. John W., Cheyenne
Howell, Mrs. Helen C., Worland
Huey, Goldie R., Casper
Hughes, Frank T., Yoder
Hughes, Nan Rhodes, Torrington
Hull, Mrs. Irene David, Encampment
Hunt, Lester C. (deceased), Washington, D. C.
Hunter, Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Gillette
Hunton, Thos. S., Los Angeles, California
Hurd, Mrs. Emilie, Denver, Colorado
Hurd, V., Green River
Hutton, Mrs. Laura M., Cheyenne
Hutton, Miss Eunice, Green River
Hutton, William, Green River
Huston, Mrs. A. T., Gillette
Ilsley, John P., Gillette
Inghram, Mr. & Mrs. Harry C., Worland
Ingraham, Mrs. Darlene Newton, Cody
Irving, Helen A., Rawlins
Jabelman, Miss Ann, Cheyenne
Jack, Wm. "Scotty", Cheyenne
Jackson, Clarence, Denver, Colorado
Jackson, Mrs. Stella R., Douglas
Japp, John, Gillette
Jayne, Dr. Clarence D., Laramie
Jennings, Mr. & Mrs. Talbot, East Glacier Park, Montana
Jensen, A. W., Cheyenne
Jepson, Carl E., Moose
Jewett, Mrs. James J., Jr., Riverton
Jewett, Mrs. Lora Neal, Pinedale
Joelner, Mrs. Fred, Casper
Johansson, Ester, Cody
Johnson, Agnes S., Torrington
Johnson, Carl D., Cheyenne
Johnson, Finlay, Spokane, Washington
Johnson, Fred J., Medicine Bow
Johnson, Helen Childs, Rawlins
Johnson, Mrs. Jessamine Spear, Story
Johnson, J. O., Watertown, S. Dakota
Johnson, Raymond B., Boulder, Colorado
Johnston, J. Pelham, Casper
Jones, Mrs. J. H., Sheridan
Jones, Lula Cobb, Billings, Montana
Kafka, Mrs. Olive Garrett (deceased) Rock River
Keeline, H. W., Gillette
Kelley, Verona B., Torrington
Kelly, Mr. & Mrs. Cash, Cody
Kendall, Mrs. W. H., Sheridan
Kennedy, Donald M., Sheridan
Kent, Raymond D., Kelly
Kerr, Ewing T., Cheyenne
Kimball, Judge Ralph, Lander
King, Norman D., Arlington, Virginia
Kintz, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph G., Gillette
Kirby, Kenneth M., Cheyenne
Kirven, William J., Buffalo
Knepper, George, Buffalo
Knox, Raymond G., Kansas City, Kansas
Krakel, Dean F., Laramie
Kukura, Edna, Casper
La Bonte, Pierre, Jr., Assonet, Massachusetts
Lacey, Mrs. Herbert V., Cheyenne
La Grange School Library, La Grange
Lambertsen, Robert M., Rawlins
Lambertsen, Mrs. Walter M., Rawlins
Landers, Mrs. Gladys, Gillette
Landers, Leland, Gillette
Lane, Charles Elmer & Alma Brockstedt, Cheyenne
Langford, Russell R., North Platte, Nebraska
Lannen, Mrs. Matilda, Cheyenne
Larmer, John, Bondurant
Larson, Ed C., Saratoga
Larson Gordon C., Torrington
Larson, Mr. & Mrs. Irving A., Torrington
Larson, Magnus and Elizabeth, Hawk Springs
Larson, Robert R., Cheyenne
Latham, Mr. & Mrs. "Bill", Chugwater
Le Beau, Mrs. A. H., McFadden
Leek, Holly W., Jackson
Leermakers, J. A., Rochester, New York
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm W., Cody
Lindsley, Alice Louise, Sheridan
Linford, Miss Velma, Cheyenne
Linn, Ralph S., Moneta

Lipscomb, William R., Denver, Colorado
Lipsey, John J., Colorado Springs, Colorado
Littleton, Mr. and Mrs. Ernnest A., Gillette
Logan, Miss Cora, Torrington
Logan, Edward O., Cheyenne
Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colorado
Lott, Mrs. Emily, Buffalo
Lott, Warren B., Buffalo
Love, Mrs. Louise, Cheyenne
Lovell Public Library, Lovell
Lucas, Mrs. Cecil, Gillette
Lund, Mrs. Alicia, Kaycee
Lund, Floyd R., Kaycee
Lund, Mrs. Glen, Kaycee
Lusk High School, Lusk
Lyall, Scott T., Billings, Montana
Lynch, Mrs. H. B., Sunrise
Lynch, Michael, Lamont
Lynch, Mrs. Michael, Lamont
MacDougall, Mr. & Mrs. A. H., Rawlins
MacLeod, D. G., Jackson
McBride, Robert W., Buffalo
McCormick, E. L., Colorado Springs, Colorado
McCormick, John S., Elk Mountain
McCoy, Col. Tim, Los Angeles, California
McCraken, Harry, Casper
McCreery, John, Torrington
McCullough, Joe J., Santa Maria, California
McDermott, Miss Genevieve, Cheyenne
McFarling, Lloyd, Palmer Lake, Colorado
McIntosh, Marguerite G., Rawlins
McKnown, James C., San Mateo, California
McMahon, Thomas B., Jr., Gillette
McWilliams, Miss Belle, Cheyenne
McWilliams, Mrs. Harold, Hillsdale
Macklin, Seddie, Buffalo
Mahoney, J. Frank, Rawlins
Mahoney, Mrs. J. Frank, Rawlins
Malody, Mr. & Mrs. James R., Laramie
Malone, Miss Rose Mary, Casper
Mankin, Mrs. Ora, Gillette
Manley, Mrs. Frank A., Spur, Texas
Mann, Mr. & Mrs. Homer C., Powell
Marble, Fred W., Cheyenne
Marion, William L., Lander
Markley, Mrs. Nellie Roberts, Fort Washakie
Marquiss, Mr. & Mrs. R. B., Gillette
Martel, Mr. & Mrs. A. H., Lander
Martin, Miss Marguerite, Cheyenne
Martin, R. D., Saratoga
Mason, Ellsworth, Colorado Springs, Colorado
Mattes, Merrill J., Omaha, Nebraska
Mazzulla, Fred M., Denver, Colorado
Meade, Irene I., Kinnear
Meade, Mrs. Virginia Haldeman, Tucson, Arizona
Melcher, George W., Hereford, Pennsylvania
Meldrum, Mrs. Jack, Buffalo
Metcalf, Mrs. Agnes Wyoming Jenkins, San Bruno, California
Metz, Will G., Buffalo
Metz, P. W., Basin
Mickelson, Mr. & Mrs. James F., Big Piney
Mihan, S. D., Lyman, Nebraska
Millar, Mrs. Mary Ethel, Colma, California
Millard, Mr. & Mrs. Lyle A., Riverton
Miller, Mrs. Bert F., Laramie
Miller, Mrs. Bertha A., Riverton
Miller, Neal E. & Lael, Rawlins
Miller, Thomas O., Lusk
Mills, Luther C., Wheatland
Mills, S. R., Wheatland
Miners, Verne T., Chicago, Illinois
Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie A., Cheyenne
Mockler, Frank C., Dubois
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Wyoming Archaeological Notes

STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

The second series of descriptions of Stone Artifacts brings to us category "B", the "Grinding Artifacts".

Type 1 of these artifacts is the "Mano and Metate". These grinding artifacts have been found throughout the entire United States, North America and in many of the foreign countries. They are still used quite extensively in Mexico and also by the Pueblo Indians of the southwestern United States. In spite of their universal distribution, the mano and metate are quite similar in appearance regardless of the locality in which they were found. The only differences are the sizes and the type of materials at hand from which they were made.

The mano varies from the "one hand" type (figure 1- a,b,c,) of the Plains Indian to the large heavy "two-handed" type (figure 1, d) of some of the Pueblo tribes. They were often made from river worn stones of granite, quartz or other hard material. They are round, oval and rectangular shaped. Many were shaped by "pecking" and others bear evidence of having been used as "percussors". The one-handed variety of mano was of a size and shape which permitted it to be manipulated very easily by one hand. Occasionally one may find a mano which has been worn to a wedge shape which would signify an extreme amount of usage. Some manos show a rather high degree of polish which would suggest a use for tanning skins.

I have found several manos which show an unusual degree of decomposition in some campsites and, in one instance, among some of the rocks in a tipi ring. Since the Plains Indian possessed very little if any pottery, it is my theory that these stones were heated in open fires and then placed in skin bags which might have contained water to be heated or some food to be cooked. The disintegration of the rock would therefore be hastened by the effects of this heating and then sudden cooling process.

The metate is the stationary part of this grinding combination of stones. The metate also varies in size from the portable type of the Plains Indian (figure 2, a) to the large "fixed" type of the Pueblo Indians. They are irregular in shape and vary in thickness. The faces of the metates are shaped by the constant "pecking" and "rubbing" with the mano on its surface. Some are worn into a deep trough (Figure 2, c), others are saucer shaped. Occasion-

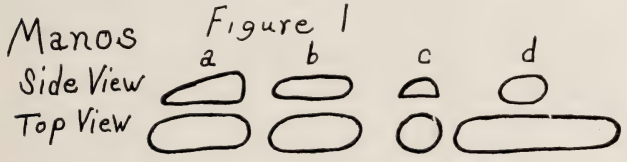
ally a metate is found with a hole worn completely through the face. This metate was discarded since it would no longer be useful.

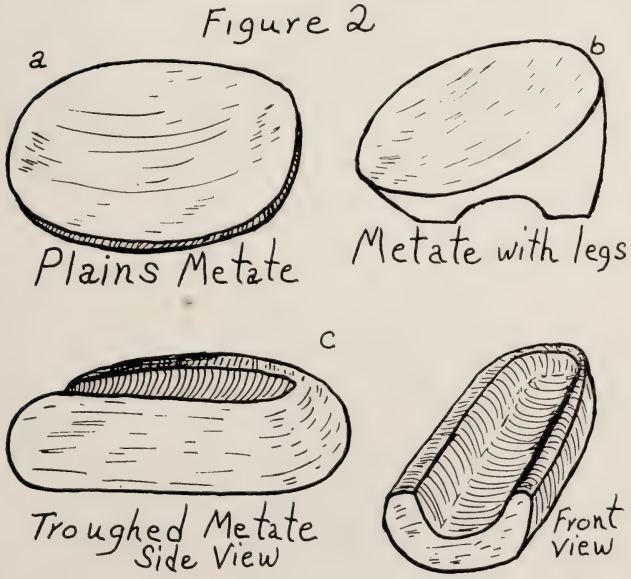
At permanent campsites one may find "fixed" metates. These are shallow troughs worn into some of the huge rocks and boulders scattered throughout the camp. In some instances, rock ledges and benches were utilized for a series of fixed metates.

Some of the more advanced Pueblo cultures of the Southwest used metates which were supported by legs. This would place the face of the metate at a desired angle for the greatest efficiency. (Figure 2, b).

The mano and metate were also used as a hammer-anvil combination. They were used, mainly, for pulverizing grains, seeds, roots and dried meats.

The pestle and mortar served nearly the same purposes as the mano and metate, only on a more moderate scale. The pestle was the pounder and the mortar was the grinder.

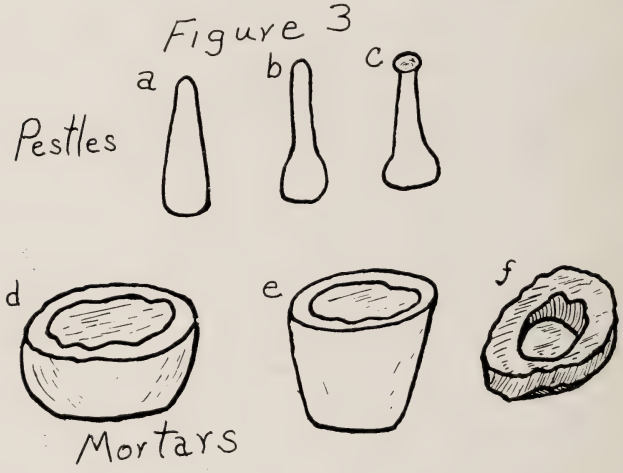


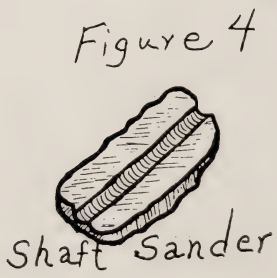


The pestle was usually an elongated piece of hard stone which was round in cross section. The base often times would be larger in diameter than the tip which was shaped to fit the hand. (Figure 3, a,b,c)

The mortar was bowl shaped, sometimes rather shallow and flattish and other times rather deep and shaped like a truncated cone. (Figure 3, d-e). Mortars were made of a variety of rocks. The Pueblo Indians of the Southwest and Mexico used lavas, some of which were very coarse grained in texture. Coastal Indians of California used a rather hard type of sandstone. Indians throughout central Wyoming used a grey colored steatite. In some sections of Wyoming, natural cavities in limestone rocks were utilized. These small mortars are sometimes called "paint-pots". (Figure 3 f)

Materials placed in the mortar could be broken into smaller fragments by pounding with the pestle. These smaller fragments could then be ground to a powder by downward and revolving pressure of the pestle against the bottom of the mortar. Roots,





herbs and seeds for medicines, hematite and ochers for paints could be crushed and mixed in this manner.

The pestles and mortars of the pharmacists today have changed very little in shape from those used by the aborigines. The only difference is the material from which they are made.

Abraders have neither definite sizes nor shapes. They were used much in the same manner as one uses a file, whetstone and sandpaper today. Sandstones and pumice were the chief materials used for abraders.

One particular type of abrader found in Wyoming is the arrowshaft sander. This is usually a piece of sandstone in which a small straight trough about one-fourth inch in width is worn. (Figure 4) An arrowshaft placed in this trough and then rotated while drawn back and forth would soon be smoothed in the same manner as if a person used a piece of sandpaper.

Bone awls, needles and fish hooks occasionally had to be repointed and sharpened. This was done with an abrader and often times left a series of scratch marks in the stone.

Abraders or smoothers were used extensively in pottery making. Gouges, celts, and axes could never have been edged or polished without an abrader.

Since these abraders nearly always were stones which were used just as they were found, they are seldom classified by archaeologists as actual products of primitive man's industry, but I believe that this implement has played a very important part in the lives of the American Indians and is therefore worthy of a separate classification.

Recent Acquisitions

The holdings of the State Archives and Historical Department and the State Museum have been enriched by gifts to the Museum, the Historical manuscripts collection, the map files, the picture files and the historical library from a number of donors since January 1955.

To the collection of the State Museum have been added such items as Indian trader tokens, uranium ores, fossils, military uniforms, valuable Indian artifacts, household utensils used in the homes of early Wyoming settlers, one of the early pianos to come into Wyoming, saddles, brands, and clothing worn during territorial days.

To the historical manuscripts files have been added Civil war letters, military records of early Wyoming posts, early maps, early newspapers and clippings, original letters by Wyoming pioneers, biographies of Wyoming men and women, original diaries, land patents, advertisements, reward notices, campaign postures, a poll list of an election held at Atlantic City, Wyoming, in 1869, church histories, scrapbooks, and an 1879 dress catalogue. Several persons have loaned personal collections of historical papers for microfilming so that the information in these files is now available to researchers at the Historical Department.

Pictures of Wyoming pioneers, of early Wyoming scenes, of a trip down the Big Horn River by boat, of the round-the-world automobile trip of 1907-10, of early airplane activity in Wyoming, and a number of glass plate negatives have been added to the picture files of the Department.

The Department is indebted to the following donors:

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Book Reviews

Exploring the Northern Plains. By Lloyd McFarling. (Caldwell: Caxton, 1955. 441 pp. Maps. $7.50).

This is an anthology of travel narratives written by 28 persons who visited the northern Plains (Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas, and Nebraska) in the period 1804-1876.

The editor has contributed what averages out to be about one page of introduction and one page of notes for each of the 36 chapters into which the material is divided.

The title is misleading, since the editor has a peculiar meaning for the word explorer: "In this book an explorer is anyone who goes and sees and comes back and tells." Included are short excerpts from such well known persons as Audubon, Brackenridge, Bradbury, Catlin, De Smet, Fremont, Hayden, Dr. James, Lewis and Clark, Parkman, Raynolds and Stansbury, as well as articles by less well known persons.

Even the 1876 military campaigns of Crook, Gibbon, Terry, and Custer find places in the volume. Custer gets brief mention in Lt. Edward Maguire's 8-page report to the Secretary of War. Maguire came up to the Custer battleground two days after Custer died. As chief engineer of the Department of Dakota he reported on operations in the department.

Fifteen of the 36 chapters touch Eastern Wyoming in one place or another. To this reviewer, most interesting were two magazine articles: "The Mule and His Driver" by Samuel June Barrows. and one describing travel from Ft. Laramie to Deadwood in 1876.

Lloyd McFarling, the editor, is an artist who lives at Palmer Lake, Colorado. According to the jacket he began the serious study of history in 1948. In keeping with his profession of art McFarling has illustrated the book with 21 handsome maps. Considering the maps, and the generally accurate introductions and notes, it is apparent that the editor has put in a lot of time preparing the volume.

Maybe the selections are too short. Probably most readers would throw out some, and substitute others. But many of the selections are quite interesting, and in some cases readers may be inspired to go to the original and read further. Caxton has done a first-class job of printing and binding.

University of Wyoming T. A. Larson
Laramie, Wyoming

Fort Laramie. By David L. Hieb. (National Parks Service Historical Handbook Series No. 20: Washington, D. C. 43 pp., illus., index. 25¢).

In a series of handbooks describing the historical and archeological areas administered by the National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior, Historical Handbook Number Twenty will please and satisfy a multitude of teachers, tourists, and students of Western Americana. This particular work completes a task which should have been done some years ago. In precisely 43 pages studded with unique pictures and photographs, practical maps, and interesting sketches this small book tells the vivid tale of old Fort Laramie in Wyoming between the years 1834-1890.

The Author, David L. Hieb, Superintendent of the Fort Laramie National Monument, not only does an excellent job of writing but is regarded as perhaps the outstanding authority in the United States today on the history and restoration of this scenic old Army post. Hieb's task was no easy one but he has placed into the hands of the curious, the uninformed, as well as the interested student of the West fundamental, concise, and accurate information regarding the growth and development of Fort Laramie which was a vital link in the chain of events which brought the Western part of this country under one flag.

Another feature which is definitely attractive is the fluid ease and simplicity with which Superintendent Hieb writes. He begins his book with this information-packed paragraph.

> On the level land near the junction of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers stands Fort Laramie, long a landmark and symbol of the Old West. Situated at a strategic point on a natural route of travel, the site early attracted the attention of trail-blazing fur trappers, who established the first fort. In later years it offered protection and refreshment to the throngs who made the great western migrations over the Oregon Trail. It was a station for the Pony Express and the Overland Stage. It served as an important base in the conquest of the Plains Indians, and it witnessed the development of the open range cattle industry, the coming of the homesteaders, and the final settlement which marked the closing of the frontier. Perhaps no other single site is so intimately connected with the history of the Old West in all its phases.

Yet, while the tourist finds *Fort Laramie* a fount of valuable information the keen student of Western history will note one glaring gap of information. Throughout the handbook colorful photographs are reproduced which were taken at the old post as early as 1864. It is sad that there is no list of names identifying these early soldiers, trappers, traders, and Indians. However this is probably not the author's fault since it may be a policy of the National Park Service when publishing historic handbooks to eliminate the label of identification underneath each and every

photograph. Still further, it may be the fault of the donor who did not or could not identify these posed photographic participants in Fort Laramie life.

One of the outstanding photographs appears on page 17 which was posed in 1864. Some sixteen men who are probably all Army officers, a small boy, and the proverbial Army "mutt" of nondescript origin are recorded in this view. They are in all sorts of statuesque poses in front of "Old Bedlam". That is, all except the dog and he is feigning to be asleep but this reviewer suspects that he is really just napping with one eye open. It would be a good thing if the men who produce Western military extravaganzas for the Hollywood motion picture business would take time off to study this photograph as well as all of the photographs in this small book in order to ascertain what the mode and dress was of the Army in the 1860's while serving in the West.

Considering the need of such a handbook, the information it contains, and the writing talent of Superintendent Hieb there is no doubt that Historical Handbook Number Twenty, *Fort Laramie* will have sold well into the thousands by this time next year.

Cheyenne, Wyoming WILLIAM F. BRAGG, JR.

Our Long Heritage: Pages from the Books Our Founding Fathers Read. Edited, with Introductory Comments, by Wilson Ober Clough. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, Published for the William Robertson Coe American Studies Program of the University of Wyoming, 1955. xv + 297 pp. $4.50.)

We Americans have been justifiably proud of the political wisdom and resourcefulness of our founding fathers, but have not fully realized how much they drew on the ideas and experiences of earlier generations. The nature of this indebtedness is disclosed in *Our Long Heritage,* a collection of passages from some of the great books which were available to American leaders at the time of the Revolution and the drafting of the Constitution.

The readings, representing about fifty authors, are grouped in four divisions: the classical, the English tradition to 1700, the continental, and the eighteenth century. Here, among many others, may be found extracts, with pertinent editorial comments, from such famous writings as Plato's *Republic,* Aristotle's *Politics,* Cicero's *De Legibus,* Magna Carta, More's *Utopia,* Milton's *Areopagitica,* Locke's *Treatises on Civil Government,* Grotius' *De Jure Belli at Pacis,* Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws,* Rousseau's *Social Contract,* Blackstone's *Commentaries,* and Burke's *Speech on Conciliation.* What cultural riches are suggested by these names and titles! They have in common man's aspirations and struggles for political freedom and liberty under law. In an

appendix are partial texts of some of the American revolutionary documents, for example, the Declaration of Rights of 1774, the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, and the Declaration of Independence, which show how skilfully and effectively the fathers adapted earlier ideals and principles to their needs.

Obviously in a book of this size there could be only a sampling of the waters drawn from the well of political experience. According to the editor, the authors and excerpts were chosen "on the evidence, admittedly sometimes inferential, as to the favored reading of the American eighteenth century" (p. 15). Since such preferences cannot be established precisely, there is room for differences of opinion as to just what should have been included. The choices that have been made are good; most of them are incontestable, and all can be defended. It is easy enough to suggest other writings that might have been added; but not so easy, on the assumption of a fixed number of pages, to designate the deletions that should have been made to make room for the additions. Certainly little could be taken out of the few pages devoted to the middle ages—two of them on England, and three more if St. Augustine and Justinian be included. Perhaps this is sufficient; but it would be unfortunate if the reader should infer that American indebtedness to this period of history was proportionally small. In some respects it was large: the patriots on the eve of the Revolution answered the claims of Parliament to complete legislative power by an appeal to the medieval conception of law; and the constitution-makers were aware of precedents that had evolved in England before 1500 with respect to impeachment, the privileges of Parliament, and certain principles of civil liberty.

This set of readings has happily been prepared so as to encourage further study. The editorial introductions, both general and special, are suggestive and stimulating; there are helpful lists of collateral references; the index has been designed to assist those who may wish to trace the development of such concepts as natural law, the compact theory, or government by consent of the governed. The emphasis is on general ideas and principles rather than on details or machinery of government. To this no objection can be made; but a question may be raised as to the slight attention paid to federalism, a word that does not appear in the index To the founding fathers federalism meant more than an administrative arrangement. It was one of the safeguards of liberty, since through it local autonomy could be combined with central authority.

This book is well adapted for use in courses in American civilization; but any mature person who is interested in our rich political inheritance can read it with profit. Its pages present the evidence to support the editor's admirable summary: "American political wisdom was the fruit of a long inheritance, stretching

back to classical times, re-emergent in the Renaissance, blended opportunely with a sturdy British tradition of common law, reinforced by the studies of continental scholars, and crossing as a whole to America as a common heritage" (p. 4).

University of Colorado COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ

Custer's Luck. By Edgar I. Stewart. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. xvi + 522 pp., illus., $5.95)

The last book we reviewed on the Battle of the Little Big Horn (The Reno Court of Inquiry) we concluded the review with the observation that probably it would be just as well if that were the last book on the subject. After carefully examining *Custer's Luck,* there would appear to be little, if any reason to modify that conclusion.

Actually the author of *Custer's Luck* has covered a great deal more territory that a narrative of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It constitutes a review of the Indian wars from the close of the Civil War until the Custer disaster in 1876. More than half of the book is devoted to events and engagements preliminary to and leading up to the Battle of the Little Big Horn. The book is footnoted extensively and actually amounts to a review or summary of virtually all of the previous publications in connection with the subject matter. In saying that the book is a summary of other writings, readers of this review might be inclined to the thought that being a summary, the writing is characterized by brevity, which would leave an entirely wrong opinion, which might well be illustrated with the observation that more than two pages are devoted to the controversy as to what extent, if any, Reno was under the influence of liquor on the night of June 25th.

It is our opinion that the book has merit in that it does bring within its covers a review of the Indian wars for the entire period and does give us some background to the entire governmental effort to reduce the position of the tribes following the Civil War in preparation for the great migration to and settlement of the West, and thus contribute to the first reader's appreciation of the big picture.

The bibliography of the book is extensive and although it appears that the author has missed some of the important available material, especially on some of the campaigns prior to the Custer incident, yet his research has been broad.

The illustrations and maps are scant and of no significance. The price of the book is reasonable considering the size, but probably high when measured in the light of any contribution of new subject matter.

Laramie, Wyoming ALFRED M. PENCE

The Settlers' West. By Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, xxviii + 258 pp., $7.50)

The story of the west and frontier experiences have been written many times and in many ways. Lately, the picture-history book with its running narrative and contemporary photographs and illustrations is becoming a favorite of the reading public.

The Settler's West, a recent pictorial history of the American West spanning a period of over sixty years, begins with the first emigrant trains in the 1840's and ends with the settlement of the west—the end of the 19th century.

The first chapters give us a picture of the settlers and their way of life as they built homes, cultivated land and started native industries. The chapter on the "Finer Things in Life" illustrates the part religion, education, literature music and frontier drama played in the everyday life of the pioneer. The authors state "The first good writing was produced unwittingly by the overlanders who kept journals or diaries of their experiences. Many such accounts were kept for remembrance' sake; their literary and historical values were discovered by a later generation." And even at that early date teachers were scarce and underpaid for "well-educated persons on the frontier could find more profitable employment clerking in a store." In other sections of the book there is the story of the western legend and the cowboy in literature, the development of the western town, a review of the amusements and recreation of the pioneers, and the origin of wild west shows and rodeos. The final chapter relates how law, order and politics came to the west.

The text is highly readable as well as informative and the book has a very attractive format. In the table of contents the pictures and chapter headings are well-itemized but a considerable amount of usefulness is lost to the user because of a lack of index. The book has a very extensive bibliography. Over one third of the references are in publications of state historical departments and societies which indicate how important this type of source material is for historical research.

The 300 western photographs included in the volume have been gathered from many private and institutional picture collections in the United States, but the Haynes Studio, Bozeman, Montana, and the University of Oregon Library seem to be two main sources of the illustrative material. Much time must have been spent on this research to have assembled this representative collection which portrays so vividly the society and institutions of the pioneer west.

This is the third book with a western theme which Martin Schmitt and Dee Brown, both librarians, have written and anyone who has an interest in pictorial records of frontier life will want to add this book to his western history library.

Cheyenne, Wyoming RETA RIDINGS

Trailing the Cowboy. By Clifford P. Westermeier. (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1955. 414 pp., illus., $5.00)

Author-artist Westermeier has here made "an attempt to enrich by means of contemporary observations the story of the cowboy." From newspapers, documents, magazine articles and books written before or near the turn of the century he has selected contemporary accounts written about the cowboy and published them in this volume.

His chapter headings, of which there are eleven, indicate the scope of his undertaking and cover the entire story of the cowboy from his origin on the western plains of the United States following the Civil War to the days of the decline of the range cattle industry, his daily work, his fun and recreation, and the code by which he lived. The book is rich in early anecdotes about the cowboy and includes some of the original "tall tales" which the cowboy could tell with such sincerity.

The author has done a fine job of research, selection and organization of his material. At the beginning of each chapter he has given a brief background of the subject covered. The selections published have received but little if any editing so the text has not been weakened or the original flavor of the pioneer journalist lost. He has carefully documented each quote, with footnotes being placed at the end of each chapter. Since the reader will be interested in the source of each quote, it is of some nuisance to be constantly turning to the end of each chapter; but this method of footnoting certainly makes the format of the book more pleasing.

Each chapter is headed with an original black and white drawing by Mr. Westermeier who was an artist for a number of years before becoming an historian. His fine topical drawings are the only illustrations in the book.

Cheyenne LOLA M. HOMSHER

Culture on the Moving Frontier. By Louis B. Wright. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1955. 273 pages, $3.50.)

Professor Wright's six papers, delivered in 1953 as the Patten Foundation lectures at Indiana University and now presented in book form, represent another of the perennial attempts to define the essential quality in American life. In his Preface the author announces his intention to show that the Anglo-Saxon tradition has been and remains, "the most significant cultural element in determining our homogeneity."

One is reminded in reading the book of Parrington's admission

in his Foreword to *Main Currents in American Thought*: "Very likely in my search I have found what I went forth to find." Unquestionably Mr. Wright has found what he went forth to find, and what few would deny—an English matrix of culture in language, literature, legal and political framework, and religious sectarianism. With considerable repetition, no doubt the result of printing the lectures as delivered, he develops this theme: The conservative strain of our British, and largely English, heritage moved across the continent and took firm foot in villages, towns, and cities from Jamestown to Seattle. The vitality and assimilative capacity of this heritage have given an English stamp to a remarkably homogeneous nation molded from diverse racial groups. Occasionally we are reminded not to overlook influences from Europe, Asia, and Africa, only to be reminded again that "such was the vigor of British culture that it assimilated all others." Our melting pot has produced "something called an American," but with "a British, and primarily English," prototype, "responsible for the American's language, his basic laws, his fundamental liberties, and much of his manners, customs, and social attitudes."

A secondary theme runs through the discussions. The author sees the development of American society as "a contest between the powers of darkness and the forces of light for the soul and mind of the American citizen," even in the most recently established "outpost." Our British heritage represents "the forces of light" in combat with "the powers of darkness" embodied in environment, foreign influences, and other "disintegrating forces." The standard-bearers of light have been "a stable minority," or "the better element," laboring potently to transplant "the ancient inheritance of things of the mind and spirit." Thus American towns and cities "all have a cultural common denominator that goes back to the seventeenth century and the stock of ideas that British settlers brought with them." This common denominator has determined the qualities of mind and character in Americans "who cannot claim a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood."

The first four lectures treat successively "The Colonial Struggle against Barbarism," "The Kentucky Borderland," "North of the Ohio," and "The Age of Gold" in California. Two other lectures review "Spiritual Agencies" and "Secular Agencies" operating as instruments of civilization. Discussions focus on the establishment of churches, schools, and libraries, the distribution of printed materials in books, periodicals, and newspapers, and the rise of lecture and lyceum series, study clubs, and theatrical productions. Slanted presumably for a "lay" audience, the lectures are presented in a pleasantly non-academic manner and illustrated with interesting citations. They are supplemented in printed form by end-notes which reveal that Mr. Wright has relied heavily for illustrative materials on well-known secondary sources.

In his Preface the author refers to his obvious inability to deal with "all frontier zones or with all subtle variations." His awareness of this limitation has in no way qualified his repeated generalization. There is some confusion throughout the discussions in his usage of the word *culture*. Usually it seems to imply "enlightenment" or "refinement." Occasionally it clearly has the sociological connotation of "total living pattern." In his concern to emphasize the continuity of "a pure British culture modified only by transplantation to the New World," the author virtually ignores the *process* of transplantation—the high degree of selection involved and the higher degree of modification by environment and other factors. By reference to places like India and South Africa, one might cite evidence that British culture has not always, as Mr. Wright insists, displayed unusual vitality and assimilative power. Even more vulnerable is his insistence on deriving his cultural germ from seventeenth century England and thus passing over later influences in thought from England and directly from the continent. And finally, Mr. Wright makes no acknowledgment of the community of heritage and outlook stemming from a common European or "Western" source in the political and philosophical systems of Mediterrenean civilization.

Possibly the shortcomings felt by this reader point up again the fallacy of attempting to single out one cause for American uniqueness—in other words, the danger of over-simplification. No doubt the book serves its real purpose in offering information, in an interesting form, to the general reader. It will serve another useful purpose if it stimulates a historian less committed than Mr. Wright to the theory of cultural determinism to try filling in the blank spaces he has left on the "cultural" map of the United States.

University of Wyoming RUTH HUDSON

Contributors

JAMES KERR MOORE, JR., was born at Camp Brown, Wyoming Territory, in 1876. He clerked in his father's store at Ft. Washakie from 1895-97, was a stockgrower from 1898-1920, and an Indian Trader at Ft. Washakie from 1911-1929. After spending three years in California from 1930-1933 he returned to Dubois, Wyoming, where he assisted his brother Charles Moore at the CM ranch until 1949 at which time he and his wife, the former Edith N. Sampson, retired to live in Lander. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are the parents of three daughters, Mrs. Ronald O. Bell of Cody, Wyoming, Mrs. George A. Butler of Santa Ana, California, and Mrs. Frederick S. Fish, Jr., of the Circle Ranch at Dubois, Wyoming.

MRS. THELMA CONDIT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs T. J. Gatchell, is a native of Wyoming. She has lived in the Hole-in-the-Wall country for 21 years and her husband, Clark H. Condit, has lived there nearly all his life. Mrs. Condit taught school for 15 years in the Barnum, Kaycee, Sussex and Mayworth communities. For a number of years she has collected the history of Johnson County and the Hole-in-the-Wall country. Mr. and Mrs. Condit are the parents of three children: James G. Condit of Kaycee, Richard H. Condit of Buffalo, and Carolyn Knapp (Mrs. David).

MR. T. J. GATCHELL was born August 2, 1872, at Black River Falls, Wisconsin. Following the profession of pharmacist, he opened the first drug store in Big Horn, Wyoming, in 1897. During the Spanish American War he enlisted and served with the Rough Riders. In 1900 he moved to Buffalo, Wyoming, where he married Ursula Sackett. In 1901 he opened his own drug store in Buffalo which he owned until his death on June 5, 1954.

Mr. Gatchell had a life-long interest in history and over the years built up a fine museum which he displayed in the back of his drug store. He was a close friend of the Indians of the locality and learned a good deal of the Indian language. Indians and whites alike who knew of his interests added many valuable items to his museum. He was presented a life membership in the Oregon Trail Association in 1930 and in 1950 he was honored by the Kiwanis Club of Casper which presented to him the citizenship plaque for that year.

PIERRE LA BONTE, JR. was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, where he attended public and business schools. His career first began in sales promotion for New England public service companies.

In 1921 he organized *Pierre La Bonte Jr., Inc.,* an advertising agency which he continues to direct, servicing New England newspapers.

Now residing in Assonet, Massachusetts, Mr. La Bonte learned a few years ago of the stream in Converse County named La Bonte Creek. He became fascinated with research on the subject since it apparently was named for a trapper but could find no proof that such a character actually had roamed the area.

Last summer Mr. La Bonte spent several weeks in the area of Douglas and La Bonte Creek seeking additional data. He now regards the section as his second home and plans annual visits to Wyoming to continue research.

MAE URBANEK, a resident of Niobrara county for twenty-five years, is interested in local history and writing, both prose and poetry. She has published three books of poetry, "Niobrara Breezes", "Wyoming Winds", and "High Lights of the Hills." She also writes a monthly column, "Ranch Ramblings" in the *Western Farm Life,* published in Denver, Colorado. Collecting rocks on their trips of personal historic research is another hobby of Mrs. Urbanek that is also enjoyed by her husband, Jerry. They have a large collection of rocks on display at their ranch home.

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